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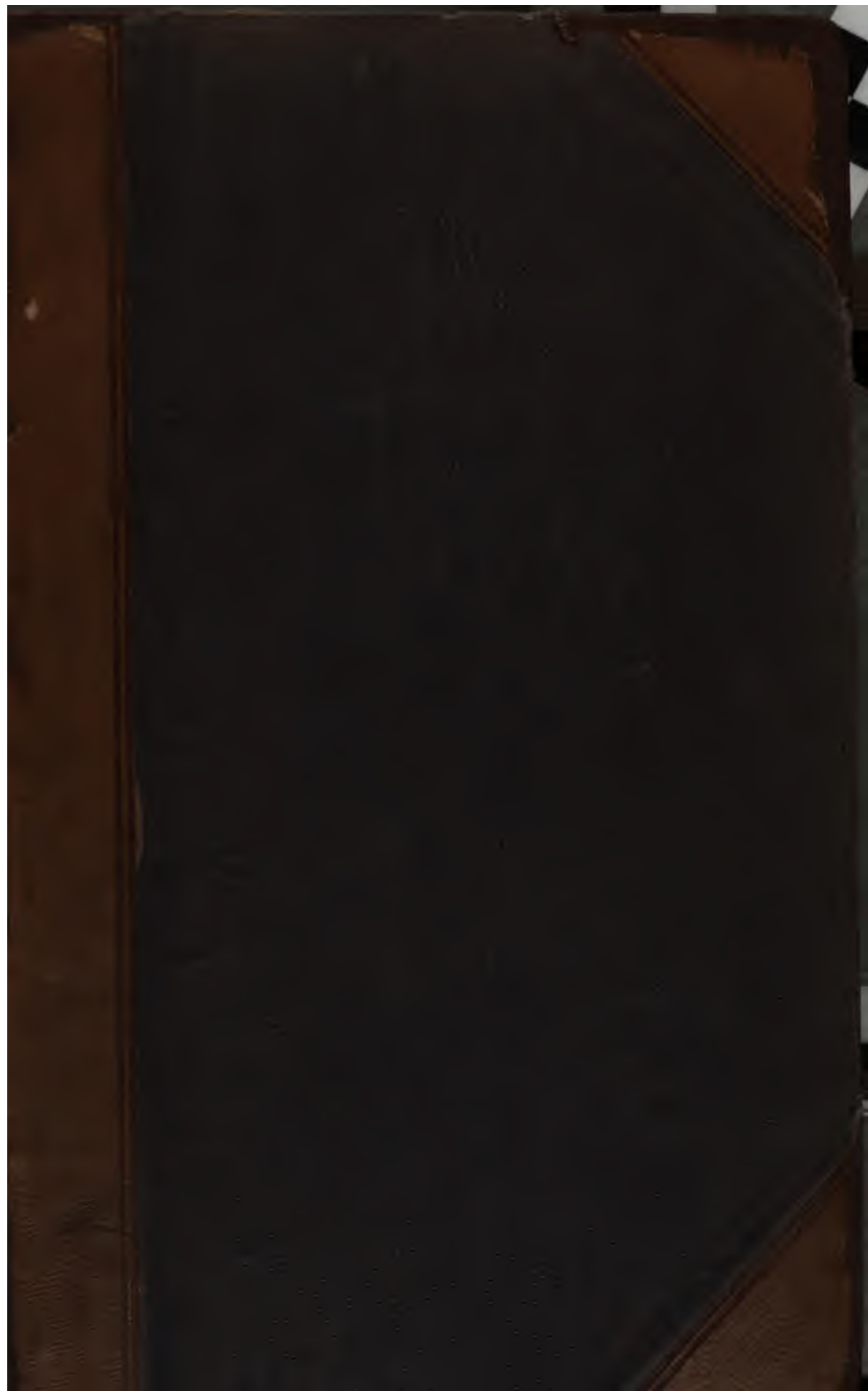
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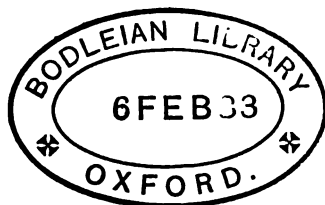
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JOHN MORLEY.



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## CONTENTS.

---

AUTHOR.	PAGE
ALLEN, Grant . . . . .	69
	Sir Charles Lyell . . . . . 69
	The Decay of Criticism . . . . . 339
AUSTIN, Alfred . . . . .	49
	Pietro Cossa: Dramatist . . . . . 49
ARNOLD, Matthew . . . . .	683
	An Eton Boy . . . . . 683
AYLWARD, Alfred . . . . .	505
	Africa and the Empire . . . . . 505
BIRD, James . . . . .	530
	No more Commercial Treaties . . . . . 530
BLUNT, Wilfrid S. . . . .	32
	The Future of Islam ( <i>conclusion</i> ). . . . . 32
CARNEGIE, Andrew . . . . .	156
	As Others see us . . . . . 156
CARPENTER, Dr. W. B. . . . .	237
	The Ethics of Vivisection . . . . . 237
	Sir Charles Bell and Physiological Ex- perimentation . . . . . 468
CHIROL, M. Valentine . . . . .	427
	French Diplomacy in Syria . . . . . 427
COBBE, Frances Power . . . . .	88
	Vivisection: Four Replies . . . . . 88
COLERIDGE, Lord . . . . .	225
	The Ethics of Vivisection . . . . . 225
CONWAY, Moncure D. . . . .	747
	Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . . . 747
EDITOR . . . . .	105
	Memorials of Caroline Fox . . . . . 105
	The Life of James Mill . * . . . . 476
FREEMAN, E. A. . . . .	273
	Jowett's Thucydides . . . . . 273
GALLENGA, A. . . . .	602
	Finland . . . . . 602
GALTON, Francis, F.R.S. . . . .	26
	Photographic Chronicles from Child- hood to Age . . . . . 26
	The Anthropometric Laboratory . . . . . 332
GEORGE, Henry . . . . .	780
	England and Ireland: An American View . . . . . 780
GOSSE, E. W. . . . .	735
	The Salon of 1882 . . . . . 735
GRIFFITHS, Major Arthur . . . . .	795
	Newgate: A Retrospect. . . . . 795
HARRISON, Frederic . . . . .	411
	A few Words about the Nineteenth Century . . . . . 411
	Curiosities of the Law of Treason. I. . . . . 587
	History of the Law of Treason. II. . . . . 698
KEBBEL, T. E. . . . .	620
	The House of Lords . . . . . 620
KROPOTKIN, Prince . . . . .	654
	The Russian Revolutionary Party . . . . . 654
LANG, Andrew . . . . .	439
	Emile Zola . . . . . 439

AUTHOR.		PAGE
LAW, E. F. G. . . . .	The Present Condition of Russia . . . .	453
LEADAM, I. S. . . . .	Substitutes for Trial by Jury in Ireland	547
LUBBOCK, Montagu . . . .	On the Development of the Colour Sense . . . . .	518
LYALL, Sir Alfred, K.C.B. . .	Relations of Religion to Asiatic States	139
MAINE, Sir Henry S. . . . .	The King and His Successor . . . . .	180
MELVIN, James . . . . .	Italy as it is . . . . .	293
MYERS, Frederic W. H. . . .	On Mr. Watts's Pictures . . . . .	195
	Marcus Aurelius Antoninus . . . . .	564
NIVEN, R. . . . .	William Lloyd Garrison . . . . .	247
POLLOCK, Frederick . . . .	The Choice of Churches . . . . .	651
POWELL, G. Baden . . . . .	Protection in Young Communities . . .	369
ROSSITER, Mrs. . . . .	Unnatural Children . . . . .	612
SAINTSBURY, George . . . .	Miss Ferrier's Novels . . . . .	314
SIMCOX, Edith . . . . .	Mr. Morris's Hopes and Fears for Art .	771
SIMCOX, G. A. . . . .	Mr. Swinburne's Trilogy . . . . .	166
SWINBURNE, Algernon C. . .	Note on Mary Queen of Scots . . . . .	13
	Three Sonnets . . . . .	155
WISKER, John . . . . .	Troubles in the Pacific . . . . .	711
YEO, Dr. Gerald . . . . .	The Practice of Vivisection in England	353
YEO, Dr. J. Burney . . . .	Health Resorts of the Western Riviera	198
	Winter in the Snow . . . . .	636
ZINCKE, Barham F. . . . .	On Land-owning Cultivators . . . . .	1
Home and Foreign Affairs . . . . .		125, 264, 400, 537, 672, 809
Some Irish Realities: A Historical Chapter . . . . .		380

THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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NO. CLXXXI. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1882.

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MR. CAIRD AND LAND-OWNING CULTIVATORS.

MR. CAIRD in his late presidential address to the Statistical Society estimates the capital employed by the English farmer in the cultivation of the land he rents at £10 an acre. Many will be of opinion that this estimate errs on the side of excess; still it may be accepted here because it distinctly indicates the character of the English farmer's undertaking. It shows that it is an employment of capital for the one purpose for which all capital is employed, that of making the ordinary profit of capital by the sale of the articles produced. In this respect there is no difference between the cotton mills of Manchester, the iron-works of Middlesborough, the ship yards of the Clyde, and English farms. In that governing particular they are all undertakings of precisely the same character, and, as far as that goes, are all subject to precisely the same inexorable law. In every one of them, and in every other undertaking of the kind, the profits, and even the capital employed, may disappear if the raw material cost too much (the rented land is the raw material of English agriculture), or if the labour cost too much, or if it be unskilfully applied, or if the articles produced sell for less, or even for no more than the cost of production. Under some one, or possibly under some combination of two or more of these conditions, the profits may disappear, or the capital itself may melt away.

The history of manufactures and commerce is only the history of the rise and of the decay, in one country after another, of the different branches of manufacture and commerce from the causes just referred to. The last great instance of this is the decay of the shipping business of the United States of America.

Is English agriculture dwindling into insignificance in the same fashion from the same causes? Mr. Caird tells us that this cannot be the case, because the English farmer pays only 3 per cent. for the use of his land, and against American competition has a protection for his wheat of 12s. a quarter, or 42s. an acre. But however near the mark these figures may come, they do not decide the matter.

English agriculture is purely an employment of capital,—that, and nothing else; and if the selling price does not yield a profit, no matter what the other conditions, the capital employed must be withdrawn, or must melt away. And as we are told on the authority of the ablest financier of the age, or probably of any age, and his estimate is accepted by Mr. Caird, that £120,000,000 of the capital of the farmers of this country has now been lost, they appear to have advanced some way on the second and last stage of this decline.

Mr. Caird's view of the cause of the present depression of English agriculture is that it has been brought about not by the lowness of prices, but by the badness of late seasons. This explanation is not convincing. At the time of the repeal of the old corn laws, and of the establishment of Free Trade, the pioneers of American settlement had not yet emerged from the "back woods" of the western slope of the Alleghany range into the wheat and cattle producing regions of the illimitable prairies, and the then recently invented means of land and sea transport had not been sufficiently developed from the interior and across the ocean to make American competition in agricultural products of any consequence to us. To a very considerable extent these vast spaces are now cultivated and stocked, and the apparatus for the land and marine transport of their produce provided. It is true that the assault this has enabled American agriculture to make on that of the United Kingdom was delivered and felt for the first time during the late period, and in which we are still involved, of a series of bad seasons. And the effect of the two combined has been the prostration, almost the collapse, of our English system of agriculture. But we may ask, What would have been the effect if American agriculture and means of transport had been in the more developed condition which is in a few years inevitable, for the tide must go on rising, and the hindrances to its flow and outspread must continue to be removed? And with this certainty as to the future in our thoughts, we may also ask what will be the effect on English prices not of bad but of good harvests in this country and Western Europe? We shall then want less of American produce, both corn and meat, but the surplus in America will go on increasing year by year, and the means of bringing it here will continue to be improved and cheapened. We shall not want all this increase of produce, but the necessity will be laid on them of getting rid of it. The only result possible is that it will be poured out on this country at prices which will astonish and stagger our farmers. This of course will greatly benefit manufactures and commerce; but what will be its effect on the value of land, and on our existing system of agriculture? Abundant harvests then may not benefit the farmer in the way Mr. Caird supposes. The contemporaneous badness of the late harvest in this country and in America still hides from us this

view of our position ; but when the clouds, that have of late years obscured the sun, shall have passed away, it will be revealed to us.

Our English system has in fact hitherto depended on two conditions, cheap labour and high prices. The progress of events has now reversed, and apparently will continue to reverse, both of these conditions ; and this, on a view of the whole position, is why capital employed in English agriculture can just now do little more towards yielding a profit than would American capital employed in ship-building and the carrying trade. They cannot build and sail ships as cheaply as we can. For a time they talked of the Alabama and her sister cruisers just as Mr. Caird and others are now talking of the bad seasons. If our system does not allow us to grow wheat as cheaply as the Americans can, then it will fall into decay just as the American shipping business, and from the same cause.

I do not at all mean by this that there is any probability of our land going permanently out of cultivation. All that I mean is that our present system, because it is a pure and unqualified employment of capital, if it does not pay a profit on the capital employed, which we are now told on all sides is the case, will come to a natural, or at all events to a quite intelligible, end.

Of course it is possible that a large use of machinery and more scientific modes of culture may rehabilitate our system. Still we must not forget that these resources are just as open to our competitors as to ourselves, and that as respects the former we actually have learnt more from them than they from us. I, however, think that there are some openings for us. Ten years ago, in the days of agricultural prosperity, I published a proposal for joint-stock farming at the rate of £75,000 capital for every thousand acres, with the stock divided into shares of £1 each. An ineradicable weakness of our present system is that it does not admit of the landlord or of the tenant thoroughly improving the land, and that it gives the labourer no interest in the success of the concern. The joint-stock system in £1 shares would meet these difficulties ; though, of course, as is the case with most things, it might have some difficulties of its own. One great and fundamental improvement we need is that of breaking up the land, where possible, to the depth of perhaps two feet, or even more, for the double purpose of increasing the sponge for retaining moisture against periods of drought, and for carrying the moisture away from the surface in periods of excessive wet. Such costly improvements as this no territorial landlord or tenant could attempt ; and, too, such a division of the stock would enable the labourer to invest every pound he might save, and would give him a motive for saving by putting before him a visible means of investment with the nature of which he would be familiar. It would make the land, as I showed, the great savings-bank of the country, which

is what it ought to be. Some months ago there was advertised a proposal for a joint-stock agricultural company, of which Lord Derby and some others of position and influence were to be patrons and shareholders. Such companies up to holdings of several thousand acres already exist in Germany.

It does not appear that reduction of rent, which does not now average thirty shillings an acre on wheat land, nor anything that could be, if anything can be, done by what is called readjustment of local taxation, nor compensation for unexhausted improvements, which, I suppose, would necessitate on the part of incoming tenants an increase in the amount of capital for which profit would have to be found, would any one of them, or all combined, if obtainable, make much difference under the circumstances by which our English system has now been overtaken.

The real difficulty is, how with the present cost of not very efficient labour, and which is more likely to be enhanced than diminished, and with the present price of wheat, which is more likely to be diminished than enhanced, capital can be profitably employed, or can escape being lost in this business as now carried on.

Mr. Caird goes on to tell us why the French peasant proprietor must be in a very inferior position to an English farmer. Again, however, his figures and inferences are not quite convincing. Of course the English farmer, as he is a capitalist and employer of labour, is altogether in a higher position in the industrial and social hierarchy than the French peasant. As was shown not long ago in this Review,<sup>1</sup> one-third of France is owned in large estates, one-third in estates of moderate size, and only one-third by the peasants. The analogue, therefore, of the English farmer is the French farmer; while the analogue to the French peasant is the English labourer. Mr. Caird's argument is a demonstration that he ought to be doing badly. An answer to that is, that he is, and for a long time has been, doing well. At all events, he lives by his land, which we should all be glad to find was done by Mr. Caird's clients, the English landlord and English farmer; and, what is more, he saves so much that the aggregate savings of his class have made France probably the richest nation in the world. This, by the way, is an answer to what we hear of the indebtedness of his class. It may also be remarked, that though he often pays for his land twice as much as land of equal goodness may be bought for in this country, he is still able to sell his fruit, vegetables, eggs, poultry, butter, &c., at so low a price that he undersells in our markets our farmers and market gardeners who live alongside the market. Mr. Caird ought to explain how he comes to do this, and to account for the wealth of the northern departments of France.

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1880.



acres of arable land, and which all the world now knows he has solved so successfully, was, how he could extract from his little estate enough wheat, eggs, poultry, pork, potatoes, cabbages, and onions to feed himself and his family, with a remaining surplus for clothes, &c., and still a little over to invest in governmental or other securities. His case is simply and purely that of a man's own labour applied to his own land. That covers the whole of the operation. In this there is no trace of Lord Beaconsfield's three profits. It is the drag on our system that these three profits have to be extracted from it. It is the happiness of the French peasant proprietor that he has nothing to do with them. What he has to do is, not to support a landlord, a non-working superintending capitalist, and a gang of hired labourers, but to support himself, and, if he can, to save.

Mr. Caird treats the French peasant as a capitalist, because he paid so much for the purchase of his land. But here the difference is essential. As has been already said, in buying the land he paid the rent once for all. There was an end of that for ever. The alternative with him is not to find an inexorable yearly rent for the land he cultivates, besides two other profits, or to become a bankrupt. He uses his land primarily for supporting life, not as an instrument for providing three necessary yearly profits.

Nor does it prove anything to say that his labour is capital, for this is a metaphor, and metaphors are neither facts nor arguments.

Mr. Caird sets the average extent of English farms at 168 acres. Even in average times, how much did the landlord save from his portion of the profits of its cultivation, how much did the tenant, and how much did the labourers? If these 168 acres were to be brought into the market, what is the probability that any one of the three parties would be able to buy them from his savings? But if 168 acres were for sale in France, we may well suppose that the district there must be very exceptional in which the neighbouring peasants would not be able and glad to buy them, and, too, at a price which in this country would choke off the whole class of rich purchasers for investment.

Mr. Caird remarks that it is commercially better for an English farmer to employ his capital in hiring a large number of acres than in purchasing and farming a much smaller number. As long as the price of labour was low and the price of wheat high, it was so. But many things have happened of late, which in multitudes of cases, perhaps in the majority, have made this system only an apparatus for pumping the English farmer dry of all his capital.

Let us now turn to the other side of the Atlantic, where the supply of land is still practically inexhaustible. We there find the same system in operation as in France, only in the form required by a

is also the dearest method the world has ever seen of cultivating the soil of a country. Besides the three profits, the poor rate, which was rendered necessary through the absorption by the rich of the small holdings of the peasantry, and the millions we pay the foreigner for what under a cheaper and more natural system might be produced at home, as eggs, poultry, much of our butter, much of the sugar we consume, fruit, vegetables, &c., are all items of its cost. So also is the diminution of the amount of wheat, and soon it may be of meat, which we might ourselves produce here under a freer system. And now we have been brought into competition with the cheapest of all methods of cultivation, that of the French and of the Americans. They have not to support landlords and supervisors of labour. Nor are they afraid of the recurrence of Saturday evening. Nor are they troubled about the accidents that turn capital sour, or break the bottles that contain it. The truth of the averment of, at all events, the comparative cheapness of their system is demonstrated by the fact that, in respect of many of the products of agriculture which we can produce as well as they, they are underselling us in our own markets.

Mr. Caird naturally has very little to say about the largest class engaged in English agriculture. Suppose, however, that when the franchise has been given to those by whose labour the soil of this country is cultivated, they turn round upon the Government and say, "You must now do something for us. It is your legislation that has brought us into our present condition. We have not, from one end of the country to the other, sites for our homes. Our homes are cottages, often very miserable ones, from which at any moment, at the caprice even of others, we may be turned out into the road. Your legislation has made it impossible for us to obtain sites for our homes. This is our country as much as it is the country of the richest; but we have no legal right to be anywhere in it, except on the public road, or in the poor-house, but by sufferance. In this country, and here only in all the world, it is no uncommon thing for working men to kick their wives, and for working men's wives to be seen drunk in the streets at mid-day, because here alone they have had none of the education nature meant for all, the education of property and of true homes. You, who through the effects of your legislation have taken away our homes, must now give them back to us." And should they say anything of this kind, what honest answer will the legislature be able to make to them?

Lord Salisbury asks, What difference can it make to the farmer whether the land he occupies belongs to an entailed or to an unentailed estate? It may be asked, in return, What confidence can the country have in the statesmanship of a noble lord, himself a creation of our land laws, who thinks that the difficulties of English

agriculture are to be met by such narrow flippancy? Agricultural land is now to be had in England at not much, if any, more than its price in parts of the States of New York and Massachusetts; and I should not be surprised if before long American farmers were to be seen on this side, showing us how fifty acres of English land, more productive than that of America, might be cultivated profitably by the hands of their owners, with the market at their doors. This, however, cannot be done by ourselves so long as our English system does not supply the schools which under a freer system would be found everywhere, for teaching the thoughtfulness, industry, and thrift necessary in a class of owning cultivators. The schools for this lore are the homes of market-gardeners who own their land, and of peasant proprietors. Out of them may arise a class of farmers, owning and cultivating, by the aid of machinery, forty or fifty acres each. The schools for the training of this class, and so the class itself, cannot exist where the land is inaccessible to small cultivators. If we are ever to have owning cultivators by the side of tenant farmers—in France, after so many centuries of peasant proprietorship, the proportion of land held by the former to that held by the latter is only as one to two—life-ownership must be abolished, and absolute property in the land made universal. This means that everywhere every owner would be able to sell, and that every would-be purchaser would have opportunities for buying.

The effect of this would be, that every one who wanted an acre, or a quarter of an acre, or a hundred acres, or a thousand acres, would nowhere find any legislative hindrances in the way of his acquiring what he wanted. If he were to offer what, when invested in railway debentures, or some other safe security, would yield two or three times the rent now obtainable, the owner would sooner or later be tempted to sell. In this way land in small parcels, in large parcels, and in parcels of all sizes, would come into the hands of those who would have the knowledge, the energy, and the capital, where that might be needed, to turn it to the best account. No one would buy more than he knew he was able to deal with profitably. Who, it may be asked, would be injured by this? What harm could it do to individual sellers, or buyers, or to the country?

When trade is bad with our cotton-spinners, or ironmasters, or shipowners, they do not immediately think of a royal commission for inquiring into the cause of their troubles. Nor do they expect government loans, or ask for remissions or transferences of taxation, or aid of any kind. The reason why it is different with the trade of agriculture is, that our system here is an artificial one, created and maintained by legislation. Our landlords, our tenants, our labourers have all been made what they are by our land laws—of course including the poor law. They are creations not of natural,

but of artificial, conditions. What is in their minds is, that as the legislature shaped them into what they are, and created their relations to each other, if it is not quite responsible for their well-being, it is at least bound to see that they do not come to grief.

This is just at present illustrated by what is passing in the minds of the teachers of our elementary schools. Government, by the system of apprenticed pupils, has called these teachers into being. They are the creation of the Government. No sooner, therefore, does Mr. Mundella hint at the possibility of opening the situation of a teacher in an elementary school to University graduates than the bounty-reared teachers begin to protest. Why? Would it be in itself a bad thing that here and there a University graduate should become a teacher in a parochial school? Was the practice or experience of Scotland evidence against the value of such teachers? Nothing of the kind. The thought in the mind of the objectors is, that as Government aided in bringing them up for the position of teachers in our elementary schools, they have a vested interest in, a right to, these appointments against all comers. Government must take care of their interests, must provide for them, must prevent competition, must keep the field, whatever may be for the advantage of the community in the matter, exclusively for them. The question, therefore, is not what is best for the schools, or for the country, but whether it is just that the Government, after having aided in bringing up some thousands of people for a certain position and employment, should admit others into this field. It is not a complete answer to say that no one forced these teachers to embark on their present career, and that to have had their training for it subsidized was a pure and gratuitous benefit conferred on them by the country. Just in the same way the legislature, if not for the benefit of the community, yet at all events for the supposed benefit of the agricultural classes, landlords, labourers, and tenants, called them in their present form into being. And now that events have shown how unwise it was to interfere in this way on their behalf with the natural course of things, they have the same kind of claim on their creators as the teachers in our elementary schools have. The moral to the Government is a double one: first, to withdraw as speedily and as thoroughly as possible from bolstering up the existing system, and then to do nothing with the view of creating artificially a class of owning cultivators.

What is required in agriculture is precisely the same as is required in every other business, that is, perfect freedom. This only means the removal of all legislative interference with the natural course of things, and with the ordinary motives of human conduct. Suppose our cotton mills, ironworks, and shipyards were henceforth to be entailed, so that the eldest son must always take the business, and

hold it for the unborn heir of entail, whether he has aptitudes for business or the contrary, and whether he has been brought up to make money or to spend it; or else that the concern must be let to a tenant, who of course, having only a passing interest, would not improve another man's factory, or whatever it might be, or keep that other man's plant and machinery up to the requirements of the day. What, under such conditions, might we expect would be the position of these industries a hundred years hence? The condition in which they would then be is the condition into which our agriculture has been brought by the legislative permission, that has now been hampering it for several generations, to entail, settle, charge, and encumber land. The competition of France and America, combined with a series of bad seasons, has revealed this so distinctly that he who runs may read the story.

In the struggle that is now going on, and in which we are being so lamentably worsted, as our own weapons have proved ineffectual, we must have recourse to the weapons of our competitors. At present, however, we have no class amongst ourselves who could cultivate the soil in French and American fashion. The long-continued universality of our system has destroyed amongst our people the moral, intellectual, and physical aptitudes and qualities requisite for such work. If suitable breadths of land were given to our labourers, they would starve upon them. And for generations, too, those amongst them who felt the stir of energy and enterprise have been emigrating to the towns, the colonies, or the United States. The same process has been going on to a great extent among the younger sons of our farmers and professional classes. We have been throwing away the good corn and retaining the dross; and at the same time we have been educating everybody connected with our agriculture only in the requirements of a system that we now see was all along mistaken; or, and this perhaps will have more effect on most persons' minds, which we now see is quite unsuitable to the conditions of the day. We have been so thoroughly subdued to a vicious system that we cannot now expect any very great immediate effects from freedom, our only remedy; but as it is the true remedy, there is nothing reasonable or possible which we may not expect from it eventually.

The French and American method, it must be insisted on, cannot be carried out on hired land; because, if a man has to pay rent for his land, he must hire more than he can cultivate himself. This hiring land necessitates hiring labour, which is the English method. Of course there is hired land in France and in America, but it is not the foundation of their method. Besides, a man cannot sufficiently improve and devote his life to improving another man's land. These costly efforts cannot be made on hired land. Fifteen acres improved to the utmost, and turned intensively to the best account, can support

a family. But if the same man has to pay £22 10s. for these fifteen acres, then he must hire ten acres more, for which he will have to pay £15 additional, that is, £37 10s. But he cannot intensively cultivate with his own unaided labour twenty-five acres. Hired labour has now become a necessity, and this costly necessity will oblige him to hire so much more land. This is seen distinctly in Ireland, where the small holdings, for which rent is paid, will not support a family.

From whatever point of view, then, we look at our position, whether from that of comparison with our competitors, or from that of the requirements in these days of small or of large holdings, we see before us but one conclusion, and that is that the one thing needed is that the land should be set free. On this point we are glad to find that we have the support of Mr. Caird. What we have to do is to knock away all the law and lawyer-forged fetters that impede the saleability, the ownership, and the cultivation of the soil. This is not what the territorial magnates or the farmers' alliance are asking for, but it is what the country needs.

F. BARHAM ZINCKE.

man—or for that matter a boy—of average intelligence from any sense of shocked astonishment when his expectation is confronted by ‘fears of the brave and follies of the wise,’ instances of mercy in the unmerciful or cruelty in the humane. But there is a limit to the uttermost range of such paradoxical possibilities. And that limit is reached and crossed, cleared at a leap and left far out of sight, by the theorist who demands our assent to such a theorem as this: That a woman whose intelligence was below the average level of imbecility, and whose courage was below the average level of a coward’s, should have succeeded throughout the whole course of a singularly restless and adventurous career in imposing herself upon the judgment of every man and every woman with whom she ever came into any sort or kind of contact, as a person of the most brilliant abilities and the most dauntless daring. *Credat Catholicus*; for such faith must surely exceed the most credulous capacity of ancient Jew or modern Gentile.

But this is not all, or nearly all. Let us admit, though it be no small admission, that Mary Stuart, who certainly managed to pass herself off upon every one who came near her under any circumstances as the brightest and the bravest creature of her kind in any rank or any country of the world, was dastard enough to be cowed into a marriage which she was idiot enough to imagine could be less than irretrievable ruin to her last chance of honour or prosperity. The violence of Bothwell and the perfidy of her council imposed forsooth this miserable necessity on the credulous though reluctant victim of brute force on the one hand and treasonable fraud on the other. Persuaded by the request and convinced by the reasoning of those about her, Lucretia felt it nothing less than a duty to accept the hand of Tarquin yet reeking from the blood of Collatinus. The situation is worthy of one of Mr. Gilbert’s incomparable ballads or burlesques; and her contemporaries, Catholic or Protestant, friend or foe, rival or ally, may be forgiven if they failed at once to grasp and realise it as a sufficiently plausible solution of all doubts and difficulties not otherwise as rationally explicable. Yet possibly it may not be impossible that an exceptionally stupid girl, reared from her babyhood in an atmosphere of artificially exceptional innocence, might play at once the active and the passive part assigned to Mary, before and after the execution of the plot against her husband’s life, by the traducers who have undertaken her defence. But for this improbability to be possible it is obviously necessary to assume in this pitiable puppet an extent of ignorance to be equalled only, and scarcely, by the depth and density of her dulness. A woman utterly wanting in tact, intuition, perception of character or grasp of circumstance—a woman abnormally devoid of such native instinct and such acquired insight as would suffice to preserve all but the

very snow-broth and whose brain a very feather. But mere innocence, as distinguished from the absolute idiocy which even her warmest admirers would hesitate to ascribe to her, will hardly suffice to explain her course of conduct in the most critical period of her life. A woman who could play the part assigned to Mary by the Whitakers, Stricklands, Aytouns, and Hosacks whose laudations have so cruelly libelled her, must have been either the veriest imbecile whose craven folly ever betrayed in every action an innate and irresponsible impotence of mind, or at least and at best a good girl of timid temper and weak intellect, who had been tenderly sheltered all her life from any possible knowledge or understanding of evil, from all apprehension as from all experience of wickedness and wrong. Now it is of course just barely possible that a girl might come innocent as Shakespeare's Marina even out of such a house of entertainment as that kept by the last princes of the race of Valois: but it is absolutely and glaringly impossible that she should come forth from it ignorant of evil. And it is not a jot less impossible that an innocent woman who was not animally idiotic or angelically ignorant, a drivelling craven or a thing enskied and sainted, the pitifullest or the purest, the most thick-witted or the most unspotted of her kind, could have borne herself as did Mary after the murder of her caitiff husband. Let us assume, though it is no small assumption, that all her enemies were liars and forgers. Let us imagine that except among her adherents there was not a man of any note in all Scotland who was not capable of treason as infamous as that of the English conspirators on her behalf against the life of Elizabeth and the commonwealth of their country. Let us suppose that a Buchanan, for example, was what Mr. Hosack has called him, 'the prince of literary prostitutes': a rascal cowardly enough to put forth in print a foul and formless mass of undigested falsehood and rancorous ribaldry, and venal enough to traffic in the disgrace of his dishonourable name for a purpose as infamous as his act. Let us concede that a Maitland was cur enough to steal that name as a mask for the impudent malice of ingratitude. Let us allow that Murray may have been the unscrupulous traitor and Elizabeth the malignant rival of Marian tradition. Let us admit that the truest solution of a complicated riddle may be that most ingenious theory advocated by Mr. Hosack, which addresses to Darnley instead of Bothwell the most passionate and pathetic of the Casket Letters, and cancels as incongruous forgeries all those which refuse to fit into this scheme of explanation. Let us grant that the forgers were at once as clumsy as Cloten and as ingenious as Iago. The fact remains no less obvious and obtrusive than before, that it is very much easier to blacken the fame of Mary's confederate enemies than to whitewash the reputation of Bothwell's royal wife. And what manner of whitewash is that which



substitutes for the features of an erring but heroic woman those of a creature not above but beneath the human possibility of error or of sin?

But if we reject as incredible the ideal of Prince Labanoff's loyal and single-hearted credulity, does it follow that we must accept the ideal of Mr. Froude's implacable and single-eyed animosity? Was the mistress of Bothwell, the murderess of Darnley, the conspiratress against the throne and life of her kinswoman and hostess, by any necessary consequence the mere panther and serpent of his fascinating and magnificent study? This seems to me no more certain a corollary than that because she went to the scaffold with a false front her severed head, at the age of forty-five, must have been that 'of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.' By such flashes of fiery and ostentatious partisanship the brilliant and fervent advocate of the Tudors shows his hand, if I may say so without offence, a little too unconsciously and plainly. And his ultimate conclusion that 'she was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr,' (vol. 12, ch. 34) seems to me not much better supported by the sum of evidence producible on either side than the counter inference of his most pertinacious antagonist that 'this illustrious victim of sectarian violence and barbarous statecraft will ever occupy the most prominent place in the annals of her sex' (Hosack, vol. 2, ch. 27). There are annals and annals, from the *Acta Sanctorum* to the *Newgate Calendar*. In the former of these records Mr. Hosack, in the latter Mr. Froude, would inscribe—as I cannot but think, with equal unreason—the name of Mary Stuart.

'She was a bad woman,' says the ardent and energetic advocate on the devil's side in this matter, because 'she was leaving the world with a lie on her lips,' when with her last breath she protested her innocence of the charge on which she was condemned to death. But the God of her worship, the God in whom she trusted, the God on whom she had been taught to lean for support of her conscience; would no more have been offended at this than the God of Dahomey is offended by human sacrifice. Witness all the leading spirits among his servants, in that age if in no other, from pope to king and from king to cutthroat—from Gregory XIII. and Sextus V. to Philip II. and Charles IX., and from Philip II. and Charles IX. to Saulx-Tavannes and Maurevel. To their God and hers a lie was hardly less acceptable service than a murder; Blessed Judas was a servant only less commendable than Saint Cain. Nor, on the whole, would it appear that the lapse of time has brought any perceptible improvement to the moral character of this deity. The *coup d'état* of August 24, 1572, was not an offering of sweeter savour in his expansive and insatiable nostrils than was the St. Bartholomew of December 2, 1851. From the same chair the vicar of the same God bestowed the same approving benediction on Florentine and on

Corsican perjurer and murderer. And in a worshipper of this divine devil, in the ward of a Medici or a Bonaparte, it would be an inhuman absurdity to expect the presence or condemn the absence of what nothing far short of a miracle could have implanted—the sense of right and wrong, the distinction of good from evil, the preference of truth to falsehood. The heroine of Fotheringay was by no means a bad woman: she was a creature of the sixteenth century, a Catholic and a Queen. What is really remarkable is what is really admirable in her nature, and was ineradicable as surely as it was unteachable by royal training or by religious creed. I desire no better evidence in her favour than may be gathered from the admissions of her sternest judge and bitterest enemy. ‘Throughout her life,’ Mr. Froude allows, ‘she never lacked gratitude to those who had been true to her.—Never did any human creature meet death more bravely.’ Except in the dialect of the pulpit, she is not a bad woman of whom so much at least must be said and cannot be denied. Had she been born the man that she fain would have been born, no historian surely would have refused her a right to a high place among other heroes and above other kings. All Mr. Froude’s vituperative terms cannot impair the nobility of the figure he presents to our unapproving admiration: all Mr. Hosack’s sympathetic phrases cannot exalt the poverty of the spirit he exposes for our unadmiring compassion. For however much we may admire the courage he ascribes to her at the last, we cannot remember with less than contemptuous pity the pusillanimous imbecility which on his showing had been the distinctive quality of her miserable life. According to her champion, a witness against her more pitiless than John Knox or Edmund Spenser, she had done nothing in her time of trial that an innocent woman would have done, and left nothing undone that an innocent woman would have studiously abstained from doing, if she had not been in the idiotic sense an innocent indeed. But it is in their respective presentations of the closing scene at Fotheringay that the incurable prepossession of view which is common to both advocates alike springs suddenly into sharpest illustration and relief. Mr. Froude cannot refrain from assuming, on grounds too slight for Macaulay to have accepted as sufficient for the damnation of a Jacobite, that on receipt of her death-warrant the Queen of Scots ‘was dreadfully agitated,’ and ‘at last broke down altogether,’ before the bearers of the sudden intelligence had left her. Now every line of the narrative preceding this imputation makes it more and more insuperably difficult to believe that in all her dauntless life Queen Mary can ever have been ‘dreadfully agitated,’ except by anger and another passion at least as different from fear. But this exhibition of prepense partisanship is nothing to the grotesque nakedness of Mr. Hosack’s. At a first reading it is difficult

for a reader to believe the evidence of his eyesight when he finds a historian who writes himself 'barrister-at-law,' and should surely have some inkling of the moral weight or worth of evidence as to character, deliberately asserting that in her dying appeal for revenge to the deadliest enemy of England and its queen, Mary, after studious enumeration of every man's name against whom she bore such resentment as she desired might survive her death, and strike them down with her dead hand by way of retributive sacrifice, 'exhibited an unparalleled instance of feminine forbearance and generosity' (the sarcasm implied on womanhood is too savage for the most sweeping satire of a Thackeray or a Pope) 'in omitting the name of Elizabeth.' *O sancta simplicitas!* Who shall say after this that the practice of the legal profession is liable to poison the gushing springs of youth's ingenuous trustfulness and single-minded optimism?

An advocate naturally or professionally incapable of such guileless confidence and ingenuous self-betrayal is Father John Morris, 'Priest of the Society of Jesus,' and editor of 'The Letter-books of Sir Amias Poulet, Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots': a volume nothing less than invaluable as well as indispensable to all serious students of the subject in hand. Writers of genius and impetuosity such as Mr. Froude's and the late Canon Kingsley's lay themselves open at many points of minor importance to the decisive charge or the wary fence of an antagonist expert in the fine art of controversy: but their main or ultimate positions may prove none the less difficult to carry by the process of countermining or other sacerdotal tactics. Father Morris is not quite so hard on his client as Mr. Hosack: for by admitting something of what is undeniable in the charges of history against her he attenuates the effect and diminishes the prominence of his inevitable and obvious prepossessions: and though he suggests (p. 275) that 'perhaps Mary was not quite "the fiery woman" Mr. Froude imagines her to have been,' he does not pretend to exhibit her as the watery thing of tears and terrors held up to our compassion by the relentless if unconscious animosity of the implacable counsel for her defence.

On one point (p. 143) the pleading of Father Morris must in no inconsiderable measure command the sympathy of all Englishmen who honestly love fair play, and that not only when it plays into their own hands. It is surely much more than high time, after the lapse of three centuries, that honest and generous men of different creeds and parties should be equally ready to do justice, if not to each other's God,—since Gods are by necessity of nature irreconcilable and internecine,—at least to the memories of their common countrymen, who played their part manfully in their day on either side with fair and loyal weapons of attack and defence. We

regard with disgust and the horror of revolted conscience that vile and execrable doctrine which assures us in childhood that the glory of martyrdom depends on the martyr's orthodoxy of opinion, on the accuracy of his reckoning or the justice of his conjecture as to spiritual matters of duty or of faith, on the happiness of a guess or the soundness of an argument; but surely it profits us little to have cleared our conscience of such a creed if we remain incapable of doing justice to Jesuit and Calvinist, creedsman and atheist, alike. It profits us little if we are to involve in one ignominy with the unscrupulous and treasonous intrigues of Parsons and Garnet the blameless labours and the patient heroism of Edmund Campion. So far, then, Father Morris has a good card in hand, and plays it well and fairly, when he pleads, for example, against Mr. Froude's charges, and on behalf of his own famous Society, that 'Gilbert Gifford had no "Jesuit training," and "the Order" never had anything to do with him;—but it is necessary to note that all through Mr. Froude's *History* he habitually styles "Jesuits" those who never had anything in the world to do with the Society of which St. Ignatius Loyola was the founder.' Gilbert Gifford was a traitor, and any man must be eager to avoid the disgrace of any connection, though never so remote or oblique, with a traitor's infamy. But I hope it may not be held incompatible with all respect for the conscientious labours of Father Morris, and with all gratitude for help and obligation conferred by them, to remark with due deference that a champion of Jesuits against the malignant errors of calumnious misrepresentation would be wise to avoid all occasion given to heretical pravity for a scoff on the old scores of pious fraud or suggestion of falsehood. Exactly two hundred and five pages after this pathetic protest of conscious virtue and candid indignation against the inexcusable injustice of an anti-Catholic historian, this denouncer of Mr. Froude's unfair dealing and unfounded statements, 'the parallel of which it would be difficult to find in any one claiming to occupy the judicial position of a historian,' affords the following example of his own practical respect for historical justice and accuracy of statement.

'Not only,' he says, with righteous disgust at such brutality, 'not only would Poulet deprive Mary of Melville and du Préau, but, writing too from his own sick bed, he betrays his wish to remove the medical attendants also, though his prisoner was in chronic ill health.'

The whole and sole ground for such an imputation is given, with inconsistent if not unwary frankness, on the very next page but one, in the text of Paulet's letter to Davison.

"The physician, apothecary, and the surgeon have been so often allowed to this lady by her Majesty's order, that I may not take upon

me to displace them without special warrant, referring the same to your better consideration."<sup>1</sup>

It is scarcely by the display of such literary tactics as these that a Jesuit will succeed in putting to shame the credulity of unbelievers who may be so far misguided by heretical reliance on a groundless tradition as to attribute the practice of holy prevarication, and the doctrine of an end which sanctifies the most equivocal means of action or modes of argument, to the ingenuous and guileless children of Ignatius. For refutation of these inexplicable calumnies and explosion of this unaccountable error we must too evidently look elsewhere.

An elder luminary of the Roman Church, the most brilliant and impudent chronicler of courtly brothelery between the date of Petronius and the date of Grammont, has left on record that when news came to Paris of the execution at Fotheringay the general verdict passed by most of her old acquaintances on the Queen Dowager of France was that her death was a just if lamentable retribution for the death of Chastelard. The despatch of a disloyal husband by means of gunpowder was not, in the eyes of these Catholic moralists, an offence worth mention if set against the execution of a loyal lover, 'even in her sight he loved so well.' That the luckless young rhymester and swordsman had been Mary's favoured lover—a circumstance which would of course have given no scandal whatever to the society in which they had grown up to years of indiscretion—can be neither affirmed nor denied on the authority of any positive and incontrovertible proof: and the value of such moral if not legal evidence as we possess depends mainly on the credit which we may be disposed to assign to the reported statement of Murray.<sup>2</sup> Knox, who will not generally be held capable of deliberate forgery and lying, has left an account of the affair which can hardly be regarded as a possible misrepresentation or perversion of fact, with some grain of discoloured and distorted truth half latent in a heap of lies. Either the falsehood is absolute, or the conclusion is obvious.

The first sentences of his brief narrative may be set down as

(1) 'Who would have thought,' says Father Morris, just seventy-four pages earlier, with a triumphant sneer at Mr. Froude's gratuitous inferences, 'who would have thought that all this could have been drawn out of Poulet's postscript?' Who would have thought that the merest novice in controversy could have laid himself so heedlessly open to such instant and inevitable retort?

(2) Mr. Hosack, with even unusual infelicity, observes (ii. 494) that 'the insinuations regarding Chatelar (*sic*) to be found in Knox were circulated long after the event.' According to the 'chronological notes' of Mr. David Laing (*Works of John Knox*, vol. i. p. 20), it is in 1566, just three years 'after the event,' that 'he appears to have written the most considerable portion of his History of the Reformation; having commenced the work in 1559 or 1560.' And whatever else may be chargeable against the memory of John Knox, this, I should imagine, is the first time that he has ever been held up to historic scorn as an insinuating antagonist.

giving merely an austere and hostile summary of common rumours. That Chastelard 'at that tyme passed all otheris in credytt with the Quene'; that 'in dansing of the Purpose, (so terme thei that danse, in the which man and woman talkis secreatlie—wyese men wold judge such fassionis more lyke to the bordell than to the comelynes of honest wemen,) in this danse the Quene chosed Chattelett, and Chattelett took the Quene'; that 'Chattellett had the best dress'; that 'all this winter' (1563) 'Chattelett was so familiare in the Quenis cabinet, ayre and laitt, that scarslye could any of the Nobilitie have access unto hir'; that 'the Quene wold ly upoun Chattelettis shoulder, and sometymes prively she wold steall a kyss of his neck'; these are records which we may or may not pass by as mere court gossip retailed by the preacher, and to be taken with or without discount as the capable and equanimous reader shall think fit. We may presume however that the prophet-humourist did not append the following comment without sardonic intention. 'And all this was honest yneuch; for it was the gentill entreatment of a stranger.' The kernel of the matter lies in the few sentences following.

'But the familiaritie was so great, that upoun a nycht, he privelie did convey him self under the Quenis bed; but being espyed, he was commanded away. But the bruyte aysing, the Quene called the Erle of Murray, and bursting forth in a womanlie affectioun, charged him, "That as he loved hir, he should slay Chattelett, and let him never speak word." The other, at the first, maid promesse so to do; but after calling to mynd the judgementis of God pronounced against the scheddaris of innocent bloode, and also that none should dye, without the testimonye of two or thre witnesses, returned and fell upoun his kneis befor the Quene, and said, "Madam, I beseak your Grace, cause me not tack the bloode of this man upoun me. Your Grace has entreated him so familiarlie befor, that ye have offended all your Nobilitie; and now yf he shalbe secreatlie slane at your awin commandiment, what shall the world judge of it? I shall bring him to the presence of Justice, and let him suffer be law according to his deserving." "Oh," said the Quene, "ye will never let him speak?" "I shall do," said he, "Madam, what in me lyeth to saiff your honour." (*The History of the Reformation in Scotland, Book IV.: The Works of John Knox; collected and edited by David Laing. Vol II., p. 368.*) 'Upon this hint I spake,' when in the last year of my life as an undergraduate I began my play of *Chastelard*; nor have I to accuse myself, then or since, of any voluntary infraction of recorded fact or any conscious violation of historical chronology, except—to the best of my recollection—in two instances: the date of Mary's second marriage and the circumstances of her last interview with John Knox. I held it as allowable to anticipate

by two years the event of Darnley's nuptials, or in other words to postpone for two years the event of Chastelard's execution, as to compile or condense into one dramatic scene the details of more than one conversation recorded by Knox between Mary and himself.

To accept the natural and unavoidable inference from the foregoing narrative, assuming of course that it is not to be dismissed on all counts as pure and simple falsehood, may seem equivalent to an admission that the worst view ever yet taken of Queen Mary's character is at least no worse than was undeniably deserved. And yet, without any straining of moral law or any indulgence in paradoxical casuistry, there is something if not much to be offered in her excuse. To spare the life of a suicidal young monomaniac who would not accept his dismissal with due submission to the inevitable and suppression of natural regret, would probably in her own eyes have been no less than ruin to her character under the changed circumstances and in the transformed atmosphere of her life. As, in extenuation of his perverse and insuppressible persistency in thrusting himself upon the compassion or endurance of a woman who possibly was weary of his homage, it may doubtless be alleged that Mary Stuart was hardly such a mistress as a man could be expected readily to resign, or perhaps, at Chastelard's age, to forego with much less reluctance than life itself; so likewise may it be pleaded on the other hand that the Queen of Scotland could not without at least equal unreason be expected to sacrifice her reputation and imperil her security for the sake of a cast-off lover who could not see that it was his duty as a gentleman of good sense to submit himself and his passion to her pleasure and the force of circumstances. The act of Chastelard was the act of a rebel as surely as the conduct of Darnley three years later was the conduct of a traitor; and by all the laws then as yet unrepealed, by all precedents and rights of royalty, the life of the rebellious lover was scarce less unquestionably forfeit than the life of the traitorous consort. Nobody in those days had discovered the inestimable secret of being royalists or Christians by halves. At least, it was an unpromising time for any one who might attempt to anticipate this popular modern discovery.

It must be admitted that Queen Mary was generally and singularly unlucky in her practical assertion of prerogative. To every one of her royal descendants, with the possible exception of King Charles II., she transmitted this single incapacity by way of counterpoise to all the splendid and seductive gifts which she likewise bequeathed to not a few of their luckless line. They were a race of brilliant blunderers, with obtuse exceptions interspersed. To do the right thing at the wrong time, to fascinate many and satisfy none, to display every kind of faculty but the one which might happen to be wanted, was

as fatally the sign of a Stuart as ever ferocity was of a Claudius or perjury of a Bonaparte. After the time of Queen Mary there were no more such men born into the race as her father and half-brother. The habits of her son were as suggestive of debased Italian blood in the worst age of Italian debasement as the profitless and incurable cunning with which her grandson tricked his own head off his shoulders, the swarthy levity and epicurean cynicism of his elder son, or the bloody piety and sullen profligacy of his younger. The one apparently valid argument against the likelihood of their descent from Rizzio is that Darnley would undoubtedly seem to have pledged what he called his honour to the fact of his wife's infidelity. Towards that unhappy trator her own conduct was not more merciless than just, or more treacherous than necessary, if justice was at all to be done upon him. In the house of Medici or in the house of Lorraine she could have found and cited at need in vindication of her strategy many far less excusable examples of guile as relentless and retaliation as implacable as that which lured or hunted a beardless Judas to his doom. If the manner in which justice was done upon him will hardly be justified by the most perverse and audacious lover of historical or moral paradox, yet neither can the most rigid upholder of moral law in whom rigour has not got the upper hand of reason deny that never was a lawless act committed with more excuse or more pretext for regarding it as lawful. To rid herself of a traitor and murderer who could not be got rid of by formal process of law was the object and the problem which the action of Darnley had inevitably set before his royal consort. That the object was attained and the problem solved with such inconceivable awkwardness and perfection of mismanagement is proof that no infusion of Guisian blood or training of Medicean education could turn the daughter of an old heroic northern line into a consummate and cold intriguer of the southern Catholic pattern. The contempt of Catherine for her daughter-in-law when news reached Paris of the crowning blunder at Kirk of Field must have been hardly expressible by human utterance. At her best and worst alike, it seems to my poor apprehension that Mary showed herself a diplomatist only by education and force of native ability brought to bear on a line of life and conduct most alien from her inborn impulse as a frank, passionate, generous, unscrupulous, courageous and loyal woman, naturally self-willed and trained to be self-seeking, born and bred an imperial and royal creature, at once in the good and bad or natural and artificial sense of the words. In such a view I can detect no necessary incoherence; in such a character I can perceive no radical inconsistency. But 'to assert,' as Mr. Hosack says (ch. 27), 'that any human being,' neither a born idiot nor a spiritless dastard, 'could have been guilty' of such utterly abject and despicable conduct as the



calumnious advocates of her innocence find themselves compelled to impute to her, 'is,' as I have always thought and must always continue to think, 'an absurdity which refutes itself.' The theory that an 'unscrupulous oligarchy at length accomplished her ruin by forcing her'—of all things in the world—'to marry Bothwell,' is simply and amply sufficient, if accepted, to deprive her of all claim on any higher interest or any nobler sympathy than may be excited by the sufferings of a beaten hound. Indeed, the most impossible monster of incongruous merits and demerits which can be found in the most chaotic and inconsequent work of Euripides or Fletcher is a credible and coherent production of consistent nature if compared with Mr. Hosack's heroine. Outside the range of the clerical and legal professions it should be difficult to find men of keen research and conscientious ability who can think that a woman of such working brain and burning heart as never faltered, never quailed, never rested till the end had come for them of all things, could be glorified by degradation to the likeness of a brainless, heartless, sexless and pusillanimous fool. Supposing she had taken part in the slaying of Darnley, there is every excuse for her; supposing she had not, there is none. Considered from any possible point of view, the tragic story of her life in Scotland admits but of one interpretation which is not incompatible with the impression she left on all friends and all foes alike. And this interpretation is simply that she hated Darnley with a passionate but justifiable hatred, and loved Bothwell with a passionate but pardonable love. For the rest of her career, I cannot but think that whatever was evil and ignoble in it was the work of education or of circumstance; whatever was good and noble, the gift of nature or of God.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC CHRONICLES FROM CHILDHOOD TO AGE.

THE object of this memoir is to advocate the establishment of family chronicles, of which the most prominent feature shall be photographs of its various members, taken from time to time in the uniform manner about to be described.

The family Bibles of past generations served as registers of family events. Births, illnesses, marriages, and deaths were chronicled on their fly-leaves, and those ponderous books fulfilled an important function in this incidental way. But they are now becoming generally replaced by more handy volumes, and the family register is disappearing with the old family Bible. In the meantime photography has been discovered and has sprung into universal use, and the hereditary value of what are called "life histories" is becoming continually more appreciated. It seems, then, to be an appropriate time to advocate the establishment of a new form of family register that shall contain all those notices that were formerly entered in the family Bible, and much more besides, namely, a series of photographic studies of the features from childhood onwards, together with facts that shall afford as complete a life-history as is consistent with brevity. But it is only to the photographic part of the register that I shall on the present occasion call attention. What is desired is something of this sort. In each substantial family we should find a thin quarto volume, solidly bound, having leaves of stout paper, on which photographs may be mounted. Each pair of opposite pages would be headed by the name of some member of the family. A double row of photographs would run down the side of each page, each about half as large again as a postage stamp, the one containing a medallion of the full face, and the other one of the profile. Opposite to each of these the events of the corresponding period would be chronicled. Every opening of the book would contain the photographs and events of about ten periods, five to each page, and would include from ten to twenty years of life history. This brief statement may suffice to give a general idea of what is aimed at; the particulars will now follow.

My experience during the last year in photography has been extensive and peculiar. With the view of testing the scientific value of my method of "Composite Portraiture" on an adequate scale, I have, in conjunction with Dr. Mahomed, applied it to investigating the physiognomy of disease. My own medical knowledge was inadequate to justify the undertaking of such an inquiry by myself, but that knowledge was supplied by Dr. Mahomed, who also worked zealously with me in the photography. He has written a memoir on our joint results, illustrated by the Autotypes of 47 composites and of 113 individual portraits, which will be published in the *Guy's*

artistic photographs. They are wanted in addition to them, not in substitution. They have a function of their own that cannot be dispensed with, in making a physiognomical study possible of the change of features as we advance in life. I may add that though they may be inartistic individually, they would afford materials for making pleasing composites by throwing the portraits taken at several successive periods into the same picture, the effect of which, as is seen in all composites, would be to produce an idealised representation much more regular and handsome than any of the constituent portraits.

As regards the scale of these photographs it must not be too small. The faces in ordinary group portraits are too minute for the present purpose and are insufficiently sharp to bear enlargement. The result of my experience has shown that a perfectly satisfactory portrait can be got on the half of an ordinary carte-de-visite or "quarter-plate." Such a print may be trimmed down to a small rectangle including the head alone, the size of the rectangle so reduced being half as long again each way as a postage stamp. The best scale of reduction is, I think, one-seventh, so that the image of a rod 14 inches long placed by the sitter's chair would be 2 inches long on the focussing plate of the camera. In portraits on this scale, the vertical distance between the line of the pupils of the eyes and that passing between the lips is about four-tenths of an inch, or ten millimetres. Such representations admit of being enlarged on paper to life size, while still preserving their sharpness.

Next, as regards the practical part of the photography. It may be well that I should describe my own experience of the best way of taking them in large numbers, because it is applicable to schools and other large institutions, where I hope to see the practice of periodical photography introduced and methodised. I photographed about a hundred patients myself, Dr. Mahomed photographed others, and a professional photographer, Mr. Mackie, whose services I subsequently engaged, did several hundred more under our supervision. The photography took place, from time to time, at Guy's, at the Brompton Consumptive Hospital, and at the Victoria Park Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. Some of the patients were photographed in the wards, but the great majority were out-patients. There was an excellently lighted studio at Guy's, but at the two other hospitals we had to arrange matters out of doors, which Mr. Mackie did with much cleverness, by means of screens roughly put together, partly as a background, partly to control the lights. It was necessary that each portrait should carry its own means of identification, and this was effected by a label held in the sitter's hand, and photographed at the same time as himself. A standing inscription for the day was neatly written on the label, giving the place and date. When the print was trimmed for mounting, the part that contained the picture of the label was

aperture of lens, with the corresponding necessity of out-of-door illumination and long exposure. The several portraits in a group are never equally good. The waste of photographic space is serious, much the larger share of the prints being occupied by background and dresses, leaving but a small fraction for the faces, which are almost the only interesting part of them.

The Autotype process is a ready means of obtaining permanent prints of collections of portraits, whether of the individual himself at different periods of his life, or of himself and his contemporaries at any one period in it. The forthcoming publication in the *Guy's Hospital Report* is illustrated by four octavo pages crammed full of autotyped portraits of patients and of composites of them. The former are smaller than I should propose for photographic chronicles, having been made small in order to avoid the cost of printing many pages, which is heavy for a large edition, though moderate enough for a few copies. Other prints of a somewhat similar kind will be found in the *Proceedings of the Royal Institution* of 1879, in illustration of my lecture on "Generic Images." The cost of a single octavo page of autotype reproductions, with six proofs, is advertised at £1 2s.; or, if one hundred prints be ordered, the total cost is £1 17s. 6d. The only preparation necessary before ordering the autotype is to mount the prints on a card in the way they are to appear, with any desired lettering. The card is then sent to the Autotype Company, who make a fac-simile of it or reduce it to the required scale, and they send back their reproductions printed on paper in printer's ink, and therefore secure from fading. I calculate that I can get glass negatives of twenty different prints, three prints from each, and twenty full-sized autotype reproductions of all the twenty on the same octavo page, for twenty times 2s. 6d. Half-a-crown would, at that rate, be the total cost to each of twenty persons for obtaining permanent memorials of himself and of his nineteen companions. If he wanted extra prints of the page, they would cost 4½d. each.

Every one of us in his mature age would be glad of a series of pictures of himself from childhood onwards, arranged consecutively, with notes of the current events by their sides. Much more would he be glad of similar series of portraits of his father, mother, grandparents, and other near relations. To the young it would be peculiarly grateful to have likenesses of their parents and of the men whom they look upon as heroes taken at the time when they were of the same ages as themselves. Boys are too apt to look upon their seniors as having been always elderly men; it is because they have insufficient data to construct imaginary pictures of them as they were in their youth.

In America it is, I understand, a growing custom to keep manuscript books of family memorials, and even to print them for the private use of the family. I know hardly any instances of such

## THE FUTURE OF ISLAM.—V. (*Conclusion.*)

### ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN ISLAM.

NOTHING now remains for me but to point the moral which these essays were designed to draw. It will have been observed that hitherto I have avoided as much as possible all allusion to the direct political action which Christendom is exercising, and must ever more and more exercise, upon the fortunes of Islam; and in this I have been guided by two motives. I have wished, first, to give prominence to the fact that in all great movements of the human intellect the force of progression or decay should be looked for mainly from within, not from without; and, secondly, to simplify my subject so as to render it more easily intelligible to the reading public. We have reached, however, the point now when it will be necessary to take different ground, and look at Islam no longer as regards her internal economy, but as she is being affected by the world at large. We must inquire what influence the material pressure of Europe is likely to have on her in the Levant, and what in Africa and Central Asia; and, above all, we must examine closely our own position towards her and the course which duty and interest require us to pursue in regard to the vast Mussulman population of our Indian Empire.

I take it the sentiment generally of Continental Europe—I do not speak of England—towards Mohammedanism is still much what it has always been, namely, one of social hostility and political aggression. In spite of all the changes which have affected religious thought in Catholic Europe, and of the modern doctrine of tolerance in matters of opinion, none of the nations by which Islam is immediately confronted to the north and west have really changed anything of their policy towards her since the days when they first resolved on the recovery of “Christian lands lost to the infidel.” It is true that most of them no longer put forward religious zeal as the motive of their action, or the possession of the Holy Sepulchre as its immediate object; but under the name of “civilisation” their crusade is no less a continuous reality, and the direction of their efforts has not ceased to be the resumption by Europe of political control in the whole of the provinces once forming the Roman Empire. The sentiment in its origin was a just one, and, though now become for the most part selfish with the various Christian states, who see in the advantage to Christendom only an advantage to themselves, it appeals to an ancient and respectable moral sanc-

and links between the Mussulmans of Northern and Central Africa. It is, however, to Central Africa that Islam must in the future look for a centre of religious gravity westwards. There, in the conversion of the negro race of the Tropics, already so rapidly proceeding, she has good prospect of compensation for all losses on the Mediterranean coast; and, screened by the Sahara and by a climate unsuited to European life, she may retain for centuries her political as well as her religious independence. The negro races will not only be Mohammedanised; they will also be Arabised; and a community of language and of custom will thus preserve for Soudan its connection with Mecca, and so with the general life of Islam. The losses, then, to Islam in Africa will be rather apparent than real, and may even in the end prove a source of new strength.

A more absolute and immediate loss must be anticipated in Europe and Western Asia. There it is pretty certain that in a very few years Ottoman rule will have ceased, and the Turkish-speaking lands composing the Empire been absorbed by one or other of the powerful neighbours who have so long coveted their possession. Austria, in person or by deputy, may be expected by the end of the present century to have inherited the European, and Russia the Asiatic, provinces of Turkey proper, while the fate of Syria and Egypt will only have been averted, if averted it be, by the intervention of England. That a dissolution of the Empire may and will be easily accomplished I have myself little doubt. The military power of Constantinople, though still considerable for the purposes of internal control, will hardly again venture to cope single-handed with any European State, nor is it in the least probable that the Sultan will receive further Christian support from without. The fall of Kars has laid Asia Minor open to the Russian arms, and the territorial cessions of San Stefano and Berlin have laid Roumelia open to the Austrian. On the first occasion of a quarrel with the Porte a simultaneous advance from both quarters would preclude the chance of even a serious struggle, and the subjugation of the Mohammedan races would be effected without more difficulty. The weakness of the Empire from a military point of view is, that it is dependent wholly on its command of the sea, a position which enables it to mass what troops it has rapidly on the points required, but which even a second-rate Mediterranean power could wrest from it. Its communication cut by a naval blockade, the Empire would almost without further action be dissolved. Whatever loyalty the Sultan may have lately achieved outside his dominions, there is not only no spirit of national resistance in Turkey itself, but the provinces, even the most Mussulman, would hail an invading army as a welcome deliverer from him. Left to themselves they would abandon without compunction the Sultan's cause, and the next war of an European

state with Turkey will not only be her last, but it will in all likelihood hardly be fought out by her.

Nor do I conceive that the fall of the Ottoman Empire and the annexation of its Turkish provinces would be a mere political loss of so much territory to Islam. It would involve moral consequences far greater than this for the whole Mussulman world of North-Western Asia. I have the authority of the most enlightened of modern Asiatic statesmen in support of my opinion that it would be the certain deathblow of Mohammedanism as a permanent religious faith in all the lands west of the Caspian, and that even among the Tartar races of the far East, the Sunite Mussulmans of Siberia and the Khanates, and as far as the Great Wall of China, it would be a shock from which Sunism in its present shape would with difficulty recover. What has hitherto supported the religious constancy of orthodox believers in those lands formerly Ottoman which have become subject to Russia has been throughout the consciousness that there was still upon the Russian border a great militant body of men of their own faith ruled by its acknowledged spiritual head. The centre of their religious pride has been Constantinople, where the Sultan and Caliph has sat enthroned upon the Bosphorus, commanding the two worlds of Europe and Asia, and securing to them communication with the holy places of their devotion and the living body of true believers. Their self-respect has been maintained by this feeling, and with it fidelity to their traditions. Moreover, the school of St. Sophia has been a fountain-head of religious knowledge, the university at which the Ulema of Kazan and Tiflis and Astrachan have received their spiritual education, while at all times religious personages from Constantinople have travelled among them, keeping alive the recollection of their lost allegiance. On this basis their faith has retained what it has of loyalty in spite of the political Russianising they have undergone; but with their political centre destroyed, they would be as sheep without a shepherd, scattered in little groups here and there among a growing Christian population, and shut out from the fold of their belief. Constantinople is the assembling place of pilgrimage for all Mohammedans west of the Ural Mountains, who reach it by the Black Sea, and could never be replaced to them by any new centre further south among the Arab races, with whom they have little sympathy or direct religious connection. A Caliph at Mecca or in Egypt could do nothing for them, and the Turkish-speaking Sunites would have no university open to them nearer than Bokhara. In this respect they would find themselves in a far worse position than the Moors, however universally these may become subject to Europe, and their religious disintegration would be a mere question of time. I believe, therefore, that Islam must be prepared for a loss, not only of political power in Europe and in Western Asia, but also of the Mohammedan popula-

tion in the Ottoman lands absorbed by Russia. It will be a strange revenge of history if the Ottoman Turks, whom Europe has for so many centuries held to be the symbolic figure of Mohammedanism, shall one day cease to be Mohammedan. Yet it is a revenge our children or our grandchildren may well live to see.

How far eastward the full results of this religious disintegration may extend, it is perhaps fanciful to speculate. The north-western provinces of Persia, which are inhabited by Mussulmans of mixed race speaking the Turkish language and largely interfused with Christian Armenians, would, I am inclined to think, follow the destiny of the West, and ultimately accept Christianity as a dominant religion. But, east of the Caspian, Sunite Islam, though severely shaken, may yet hope to survive and hold its ground for centuries. The present policy of Russia, whatever it may be in Europe, is far from hostile to Mohammedanism in Central Asia. As a religion it is even protected there, and it is encouraged by the Government in its missionary labours among the idolatrous tribes of the Steppes, and among the Buddhists, who are largely accepting its doctrines in the extreme East. Hitherto there has been no Christian colonisation in the direction of the Khanates, nor is there any indigenous form of Christianity. Moreover, Central Asia, though connected by ties of sympathy with Constantinople, has never been politically or even religiously dependent on it. It has a university of its own in Bokhara, a seat of learning still renowned throughout Asia, and it is thither and not to St. Sophia that the Sunite Mussulmans east of the Caspian proceed for their degrees. Mohammedanism, therefore, in Eastern Asia is not exposed to such immediate danger as in the West. Bokhara may lose its political independence, but there is no probability for many generations to come of its being Christianised as Constantinople certainly must be, and it may even on the fall of the latter become the chief centre of Sunite orthodoxy of the existing Hanefite type, remaining so perhaps long after the rest of Islam shall have abandoned Hanefism. It is obvious, however, that, cut off geographically as the Khanates are from the general life of Islam, Bokhara can but vaguely represent the present religious power of Constantinople, and will be powerless to influence the general flow of Mohammedan thought. Its influence could be exerted only through India, and would be supported by no political prestige. So that it is far more likely in the future to follow than to lead opinion. Otherwise isolation is its only fate.

The future of Shiite Mohammedanism in Persia proper is a still more doubtful problem. Exposed like the rest of Central Asia to Russian conquest, the Persian monarchy cannot without a speedy and complete revolution of its internal condition fail to succumb politically. The true Trāni, however, have an unique position in Mohammedan Asia which may save them from complete absorption.



Unlike any Mohammedan race except the Arabian, they are distinctly national. The Turk, conqueror though he has always been, repudiates still the name of Turk, calling himself simply a Moslem, and so likewise do the less distinguished races he has subjected. But the Persian does not do this. He is before all things Trâni, and to the extent that he has made for himself a Mohammedanism of his own. He boasts of a history and a literature older far than Islam, and has not consented to forget it as a thing belonging only to "the Age of Ignorance." He runs, therefore, little risk of being either Russianised or Christianised by conquest; and being of an intellectual fibre superior to that of the Russians, and, as far as the mass of the population is concerned, being physically as well gifted, it may be supposed that he will survive, if he cannot avert, his political subjugation. There is at the present moment, I am informed, a last desperate effort making at Teheran for the re-organization of the Empire on a liberal basis of government, and though it would be folly to count much on its success, it may conceivably succeed. Mohammedanism would not there, as at Constantinople, be found a barrier to reform, for Persian Shiism is an eminently elastic creed, and on the contrary may, it is thought, be made the instrument of a social reformation; only, as I have said, it would be folly to count on its success; and there are certain moral defects in Persian character which do not encourage lookers-on. Shiite Mohammedanism, however, whether Persia be absorbed or not by Russia, is of little importance in a general review of Islam's future, and may safely be dismissed as not directly relevant to the main question before us.

Admitting, then, the probability, nay, the certainty, of considerable political and territorial losses northwards, caused by the violent pressure of a hostile Europe, let us see what yet remains to Islam as her certain heritage, and how the changes foreshadowed may affect her general life. I cannot myself find any cause of despair for Mussulmans in the prospect of a curtailment of their religious area in the directions indicated, or any certain reason of exultation for their enemies in the thought that with the fall of Constantinople Islam, too, will have fallen. On the contrary, I see in the coming destruction of the Ottoman supremacy, and in the exclusion of the northern races, even at the cost of their religious support, from the counsels of the faithful, an element of hope in the future far outweighing the immediate chagrin which may be caused by loss of sovereignty or loss of population. The Mohammedan population which the fall of Constantinople would conceivably cut off from the main body could not at most number more than some twenty millions, and when we remember that this is no more than a tithe of the whole Mussulman census, and that the proportion is a constantly decreasing one, it will be evident that there is little ground for looking at the loss as one necessarily fatal to religion.

The northern races still give to Mohammedanism an appearance of physical strength ; but it is an appearance only, and it is given at the cost of its intellectual vigour. The political success of the Turks has for centuries thrown Islam off its moral equilibrium, and their disappearance from its supreme counsels will give weight to races more worthy of representing religious interests. Constantinople will be replaced by Cairo or Mecca, and the Tartar by the Arab—an exchange which, intellectually considered, no lover of Islam need deplore.

One great result the fall of Constantinople certainly will have, which I believe will be a beneficial one. It will give to Mohammedanism a more distinctly religious character than it has for many centuries possessed, and by forcing believers to depend upon spiritual instead of temporal arms will restore to them, more than any political victories could do, their lost moral life. Even independently of considerations of race as between Turk and Arab, I believe that the fall of the Mussulman Empire, as a great temporal dominion, would relieve Islam of a burden of sovereignty which she is no longer able in the face of the modern world to support. She would escape the stigma of political depravity now clinging to her, and her aims would be simplified and intensified. I have already stated my opinion that it is to Arabia that Mussulmans must in the future look for a centre of their religious system, and a return of their Caliphate to Mecca will signify more than a mere political change. It is obvious that empire will be there impossible in the sense given to it at Constantinople, and that the display of armies and the mundane glory of vast palaces and crowds of slaves will be altogether out of place. The Caliph of the future, in whatever city he may fix his abode, will be chiefly a spiritual and not a temporal king, and will be limited in the exercise of his authority by few conditions of the existing material kind. He will be spared the burden of government, the odium of tax-gathering and conscription, the constant struggle to maintain his authority in arms, and the as constant intrigue against rival Mohammedan princes. It is probable that all these would willingly acknowledge the nominal sovereignty of a Caliph who could not pretend to coerce them physically, and that the spiritual allegiance of orthodox believers everywhere would accrue to him as other Mohammedan sovereignty relaxed its hold. Thus the dream of what is called Pan-islamism may yet be fulfilled, though in another form from that in which it is now presented to the faithful by Abd el Hamid and the Ulema of Constantinople.

That Islam in this spiritual form may achieve more notable triumphs than by arms in Eastern and Southern Asia we may well believe, and even that it may establish itself one day as the prevailing religion of the Continent. Its moral advance within recent

times in the Malay Archipelago, in China, in Tartary, and in India, encourages the supposition that under alien rule Mohammedanism will be able to hold its own, and more than own, against all rivals, and that in the decay of Buddhism it, and not Christianity, will be the form under which God will eventually be worshipped in the Tropics. Its progress among the Malays under Dutch rule is certainly an astonishing phenomenon, and, taken in connection with a hardly less remarkable progress in Equatorial Africa, may well console those Mussulmans who see in the loss of their temporal dominions northwards signs of the decay of Islam. Could such a reformation as was suggested in my last paper be indeed effected the vigour of conversion would doubtless be redoubled, independently of any condition of political prosperity in the ancient seats of Mohammedan dominion. I do not, therefore, see in territorial losses a sign of Islam's ruin as a moral and intellectual force in the world.

It is time, however, to consider the special part destined to be played by England in the drama of the Mussulman future. England, if I understand her history rightly, stands towards Islam in a position quite apart from that of the rest of the European States. These I have described as continuing a tradition of aggression inherited from the Crusades, and from the bitter wars waged by the Latin and Greek Empires against the growing power of the Ottoman Turks. In the later England took no part, her religious schism having already separated her from the general interests of Catholic Europe, while she had withdrawn from the former in the still honourable stage of the adventure, and consequently remained with no humiliating memories to avenge. She came, therefore, into her modern relations with Mohammedans unprejudiced against them, and able to treat their religious and political opinions in a humane and liberal spirit, seeking of them practical advantages of trade rather than conquest. Nor has the special nature of her position towards them been unappreciated by Mohammedans. In spite of the deceptions on some points of late years, and recent vacillations of policy towards them, the still independent nations of Islam see in England something different from the rest of Christendom, something not in its nature hostile to them, or regardless of their rights and interests. They know at least that they have nothing to dread from Englishmen on the score of religious intolerance, and there is even a tendency with some of them to exaggerate the sympathy displayed towards them by supposing a community of beliefs on certain points considered by them essential. Thus the idea is common among the ignorant in many Mussulman countries that the English are *Muwahhedden*, or Unitarians, in contradistinction to the rest of Christians, who are condemned as *Musherrakin*, or Polytheists; and the Turkish alliance

is explained by them on this supposition, supplemented in the case of the Turks themselves with the idea that England is itself a part of Islam, and so its natural ally. These are of course but ideas of the vulgar. Yet they represent a fact which is not without importance, namely, that England's is accepted by Mussulmans as a friendly not a hostile influence, and that her protection is sought without that suspicion which is attached to the friendly offices of other powers. Even in India, where Englishmen have supplanted the Mussulmans as a ruling race, the sentiment towards British rule is not, as far as I can learn, and compared with that of other sections of the Indian community, a hostile one. The Mussulmans of Delhi and the Punjab would no doubt desire a resumption by themselves of practical authority in the country where they were till lately masters; but they are conscious that they are not strong enough now to effect this, and their feeling towards English rule is certainly less bitter than towards the Hindoos, their former subjects, now their rivals. Were they in any way specially protected in their religious interests by the Indian Government, they would, I am confident, make not only contented but actively loyal subjects.

As things stand, therefore, it would seem natural that, in the general disruption which will follow the fall of Constantinople, it is to England the various nations of Islam should look mainly for direction in their political difficulties. The place of adviser and protector, indeed, seems pointed out for her. With the disappearance of the Ottoman Sultan there will be no longer any great Mussulman sovereignty in the world, and the Mohammedan population of India, already the wealthiest and most numerous, will then assume its full importance in the counsels of believers. It will also assuredly be expected of the English Crown that it should then justify its assumption of the old Mohammedan title of the Moguls, by making itself in some sort the political head of Islam. Her Majesty will be left its most powerful sovereign, and it will be open to her advisers, if they be so minded, to exercise paramount influence on all its affairs. I do not say that they will be so minded, but they will have the power and the opportunity to a degree never yet presented to any Christian Government of directing the tone of thought of Mussulmans throughout the world, and of utilising the greatest religious force in Asia for the purposes of humanity and progress. I am myself profoundly convinced that on England's acceptance or refusal of this mission the future of her dominion in India will mainly depend, and with it the whole solution of the problem she has set to herself of civilising Southern Asia.

Let us see what our actual relations with Mohammedanism are, and what the value of its good-will to us in Asia. And first as to India. I find in *Hunter's Gazetteer*, our latest authority, the following figures:—

## MUSSULMAN CENSUS OF INDIA.

Bengal . . . . .	19,553,831
Assam . . . . .	1,104,601
North-West Provinces . . . . .	4,189,348
Ajmere . . . . .	47,310
Oudh . . . . .	1,197,724
Punjab . . . . .	9,337,685
Central Provinces . . . . .	233,247
Berar . . . . .	154,951
Mysore . . . . .	208,991
Coorg . . . . .	11,304
British Burmah . . . . .	99,846
Madras . . . . .	1,857,857
Bombay . . . . .	2,870,450
Total . . . . .	<u>40,867,125</u>

These are large figures taken merely as they stand, but in point of fact they represent far more than is apparent. To understand them at their full value it must be remembered—First, that the Mussulman population is a largely increasing one, not only in actual numbers, but in its proportion to the other races and sects of the Peninsula, a fact which I believe the census returns of 1881, when published, will amply prove. Secondly, that its geographical distribution coincides pretty closely with that of the political life and energy of the country. The Punjab and the North-West Provinces alone contain an aggregate of thirteen million Mussulmans. Thirdly, that it is homogeneous to a degree shown by no other Indian community. Though less numerous by two-thirds than the whole Hindoo population, it is far more so than any coherent section of that population, and is thus the largest body of opinion in the Empire. Fourthly, it is also the most generally enlightened. It is the only section of the community which knows its own history and preserves the tradition of its lost political importance; and if it has held itself aloof hitherto from competition with other races for the public service, it has been through pride rather than inability. What Mussulmans there are who have entered the service of Government have been men of distinguished capacity. And lastly, it is no isolated body, but remains in close communication with the mass of its fellow-believers throughout the world. The Mohammedan population of India is, therefore, an exceptional as well as a large one.

Our second interest in Mohammedanism lies in Egypt. Here, standing at the threshold of our commerce with the East, we find another large community almost wholly Mussulman, for whose well-being we are already to a certain extent pledged, and in whose political future we perceive our own to be involved. A hostile Egypt we rightly hold to be an impossibility for our position; and religious antagonism at Cairo, even if controlled by military occupation, would be to us a constant menace. Nor must it be supposed

that Egypt, like the Barbary coast, will, into whose hands soever it falls, change its religious aspect. The population of the Delta is too industrious, too sober, and content with too little to fear competition as agriculturists with either Italians, Greeks, or Maltese; and the conditions of life under a torrid sun will always protect Egypt from becoming an European colony. The towns may, indeed, be overrun by foreigners, but the heart of the country will remain unchanged, and, like India, will refuse to remodel itself on any foreign system of civilisation. Mohammedanism, therefore, will maintain itself in Egypt intact, and its good-will will remain our necessity.

A third interest lies in Asiatic Turkey. This we have guaranteed by treaty against foreign invasion; and though our pledge is nominally to the Sultan, not to the people of the Empire, and though that pledge is contingent upon an impossibility, administrative reform, and is therefore not strictly binding, it is impossible to escape the admission that we have a moral obligation towards the Mussulmans of Asia Minor and Syria. How far we may be disposed or able to fulfil it remains to be seen. I do not myself anticipate any further intervention on the part of England in defence of the Turkish-speaking lands. These, from their geographical position, lie outside our effective military control, and, dishonourable as a retreat from our engagements will be to us, it may be a necessity. It is difficult to understand how an English army could effectively protect either Asia Minor or Mesopotamia from Russian invasion. The occupation of Kars has given Russia the command of the Tigris and Euphrates, and with them of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Irak, so that our protection could hardly be extended beyond the sea-coast of Asia Minor and the Persian Gulf. No such inability, however, applies to Syria. There, if we *will*, we certainly *can* carry out our engagements. A mere strip of seaboard, backed by the desert, and attackable only from the north on a narrow frontier of some hundred miles, Syria is easily defensible by a nation holding the sea. It is probable that a railway run from the Gulf of Scanderun to the Euphrates, and supported by a single important fortress, would be sufficient to effect its military security at least for many years; and Syria might thus have given to it a chance of self-government, and some compensation for misfortunes in which we have had no inconsiderable share. But this is an interest of honour rather than of political necessity to England, and he must possess a sanguine mind who, in the present temper of Englishmen, would count greatly on such motives as likely to determine the action of their Government. If, however, it should be otherwise, it is evident that the success of such a protectorate would depend principally upon the Mohammedan element in Syria, which so greatly preponderates over any other.

A fourth interest, also a moral one, but connected with an accepted fact of English policy, is the attempted abolition of the

African slave trade. Now, though it is unquestionable that Mohammedanism permits, and has hitherto encouraged, slavery as a natural condition of human society, it is no less true that without the co-operation of the various Mussulman princes of the African and Arabian coasts its abolition cannot be effected. Short of the occupation by European garrisons of all the villages of the Red Sea, and from Gardafui southwards to Mozambique, or, on the other hand, of the subjection of all independent Moslem communities in Arabia and elsewhere, a real end, or even a real check, cannot be put on the traffic except through the co-operation of Mussulmans themselves. The necessity has, indeed, been completely recognised in the numerous treaties and arrangements made with the Sultans of Turkey, Zanzibar, and Oman, and with the Viceroy of Egypt; and, though I am far from stating that these arrangements are wholly voluntary on the part of any of the princes, yet their good-will alone can make the prevention efficient. An excellent proof of this is to be found in the case of the Turkish Government, which, since its quarrel with the English, has given full license to the traffic in the Red Sea, which no means at the disposal of the latter can in any measure check. At no modern period has a larger number of slaves been imported into Hejaz and Yemen than during the last eighteen months, and until friendly relations with the Porte, or whatever Mussulman authority succeeds the Porte in those provinces, are restored slave-trading will continue. I do not myself entirely sympathize with anti-slave-trade ideas as applied to Mohammedan lands, knowing as I do how tolerable and even advantageous the social condition of the negroes is in them. But still I wish to see slavery discontinued, and I believe that a firm but friendly attitude towards Mussulmans will have completely extinguished it in another two generations. A rupture with them can only prolong and aggravate its existence.

Lastly, we may perhaps find a prospective interest for England in the probability of a Caffre conversion to Mohammedanism at no very remote period, and the extension of Islam to her borders in South Africa. It is of course premature to be alarmed at this, as it is a contingency which can hardly happen in the lifetime of any now living; but Mohammedanism is not a creed which a hundred or two hundred years will see extinguished in Africa or Asia, and already it has passed considerably south of the Equator. Cape Colony at this day numbers some fifteen thousand Mussulmans.

It would seem, then, on all these grounds difficult for England to ally herself, in dealing with Islam, with what may be called the Crusading States of Europe. Her position is absolutely distinct from that of any of them, and her interests find no parallel among Christian nations, except perhaps the Dutch. For good as for evil, she has admitted a vast body of Mohammedans into her social com-

munity, and contracted engagements from which she can hardly recede towards others among them, so that it is impossible she should really work in active antagonism to them. As Christians, Englishmen may regret this; but as practical men, they would surely be wise to recognise the fact, and to accept the duties it entails. Nor can these be discharged by a mere policy of inaction. England should be prepared to do more than assert a general doctrine of tolerance and equality for all religions in respect of this one. Mohammedanism is not merely an opinion; a certain political organization is a condition of its existence, and a certain geographical latitude; and, moreover, it is a force which cannot remain neutral—which will be either a friend or a foe. To do nothing for Mussulmans in the next ten years will be to take cause against them. The circumstances of their case do not admit of indifference, and they are approaching a crisis in which they will, on two points at least, require vigorous political protection. Their Caliphate in some form of temporal sovereignty, though perhaps not of empire, will have to be maintained; and short of securing this to them, and their free access as pilgrims to Mecca, it will be idle to pretend to Mussulmans that we are protecting their interests, or doing any part of our sovereign duty towards them. It can hardly be argued that the Indian doctrine of religious equality will suffer from doing political justice to Mohammedans.

On the downfall, therefore, of the Ottoman Empire, whenever that event shall occur, the rôle of England in regard to Islam seems plainly marked out. The Caliphate—no longer an empire, but still an independent sovereignty—must be taken under British protection, and publicly guaranteed its political existence, undisturbed by further aggression from Europe. On the Bosphorus no such guarantee can now be reasonably given, because there it lies in a position militarily indefensible. England is a naval power, and the seat of the Caliphate must be one secured from all attack by land. It will then be for Mohammedans, and especially for the Mohammedans of India, to decide upon the new metropolis of their faith, the conditions of their choice lying within the narrowed limits of their still independent lands. If Syria be still free, that metropolis may be Damascus; if Irak, Bagdad; or it may be in Egypt, or Arabia, or Central Asia. It is manifest, however, that as far as British protection against Europe is concerned, the further it is removed from Christendom the better, and the more easily accessible by sea. I have already given it as my opinion that the move, when made, will be one southwards, and ultimately to Arabia. But it may well happen that its first stage will be no further than Cairo. The Caliphate reached Constantinople through Egypt, and may return by the same road, and there are certain quite recent symptoms which seem to point in the direction of such a course being the one taken.



The events of the last year in Egypt are significant. For the first time in its modern history a strong national party has arisen on the Nile, and has found full support from the Azhar Ulema, who are now the most powerful body of religious opinion in Islam. They are politically hostile to the Sultan, and though they have no design as yet of repudiating his Caliphal title, they are unlikely to be faithful to his broken fortunes, and, on the downfall of Constantinople, will doubtless proclaim a Caliph of their own. The family of Mohammed Ali, if popular, may then hope for their suffrages, or it may be some seyyid, or sherif, of the legitimate house of Koreysh. In any case, a Caliphate at Cairo is a possibility which we must contemplate, and one which, under the political direction and sole guarantee of England, but enjoying full sovereignty there, might be a solution of the difficulty acceptable to Mohammedans, and not unfavourable to English interests. It seems to me, however, that it would be but a make-shift arrangement, not a permanent settlement, and this from the complexity of foreign interests in Egypt, which would keep the Mohammedan pontiff there under restraints irksome to the religious sense of Mussulmans. It would be in fact but the prelude to that final return to Arabia which Arabian thought, if no other, destines for the Caliphate. The Sherif of Mecca would hardly tolerate any further subjection to an Emir el Mumenin shorn of his chief attributes of power, and unable, it might be, any longer to enforce his authority. Sooner or later the Caliphate, in some form or another, would return to its original seat, and find there its final resting-place.

Established at Mecca, our duty of protecting the head of the Mussulman religion would be comparatively a simple one. Hejaz for all military purposes is inaccessible by land for Europeans; and Mecca, were it necessary at any time to give the Caliph a garrison of Mussulman troops, is within a night's march of the coast. In Arabia no Christian rights need vindication, nor could any European power put in a claim of interference. Yemen, the only province capable of attracting European speculation, would, I know, gladly accept an English protectorate, such as has been already given with such good results to Oman; and other points of the Arabian shore might equally be declared inviolable. Arabia, in fact, might be declared the natural appanage of the Caliphate, the State Pontificali of the supreme head of the Mussulman religion. In its internal organization we should have no cause to interfere; nor would its protection from without involve us in any outlay.

It has already been shown how favourable an action an Arabian Caliphate may be expected to exercise on the progressive thought of Islam. That it could not be a hostile power to England is equally certain. Whether or not the Caliph reside at Mecca, the Grand Sherifate must always there exist and the pilgrimage be continued;

and we may hope the latter would then be principally under English auspices. The regulation of the Haj is, indeed, an immediate necessary part of our duty and condition of our influence in the Mussulman world; and it is one we should be grossly in error to neglect. It will have been seen by the table given in my first paper that nearly the whole pilgrimage to Arabia is now made by sea, and that the largest number of pilgrims sent there by any nation comes from British territory. With the protectorate, therefore, in the future of Egypt, and, let us hope, of Syria, England would be in the position of exercising a paramount influence on the commercial fortune of the Holy Cities. The revenue of Hejaz derived from the Haj is computed at three millions sterling, a figure proved by the yearly excess of imports over exports in her seaports, for she produces nothing, and the patronage of half, or perhaps two-thirds, of this great revenue would make England's a position there quite unassailable. An interdiction of the Haj, or the threat of such, for a single year would act upon every purse among the Hejazi and neutralise the hostility of the most recalcitrant of caliphs or sherifs; while a systematic development of the pilgrimage as a Government undertaking, with the construction of a railway from Jeddah to Mecca and the establishment of thoroughly well-ordered lines of steamers from the principal Mohammedan ports, all matters which would amply repay their cost, would every year add a new prestige to English influence. This might be still further enhanced by the very simple measure of collecting and transmitting officially the revenue of the Wakaf property, entailed on the sherifs, in India. This is said to amount to half a million sterling, and might, as in Turkey, take the form of a government subsidy. At present it is collected privately, and reaches the sherifs reduced, as I have been told, by two-thirds in the process of collection, so that the mere assumption of this perfectly legitimate duty by the Indian authorities would put a large sum into the hands of those in office at Mecca, and a proportionate degree of power into the hands of its collectors. This, indeed, would be no more than is being already done by our Government for the Shia Shrines of Kerbela and Meshed Ali, with results entirely beneficial to English popularity and influence. With regard to the pilgrimage, I will venture to quote the opinion of one of the most distinguished and loyal Mohammedans in India, who has lately been advocating the claims of his co-religionists on the Indian Government for protection in this and other matters. Speaking of Sultan Ab del Hamid's Pan-Islamitic schemes, which he asserts have not as yet found much favour in India, he continues, "I may, however, add that by far the most formidable means which can be adopted for propagating such ideas, or for rousing a desire for Islamitic union, would be the distribution of pamphlets to the pilgrims at Mecca. The annual

Haj at Mecca draws the more religious from all parts of India, and the Hajjis on their return are treated with exceptional respect and visited by their friends and neighbours, who naturally inquire about the latest news and doctrines propounded in the Holy Cities; so that for the dissemination of their views the most effective way would be for the propagandists to bring the Hajjis under their influence. I call it *effective*, because the influence of what the Hajjis say goes to the remotest villages of the Mofussil." He then advocates as a counteracting influence the undertaking by Government of the transport of the Haj to Jeddah, and the appointment of an agent, a native of India, to look after their interests while in the Holy Land. "By making," he concludes, "the arrangements I have suggested, the English Government will gain, not only the good-will of the whole Mohammedan population of India, but they will also inspire the Hajjis with the wholesome feeling that they owe allegiance to, and can claim protection from, an empire other than that to which the people of Arabia are subject (the Turkish). The proposed help would stand in very favourable contrast to the sufferings which the pilgrims undergo from maladministration at Mecca and in their journey to Medina. Moreover, practically the assistance rendered by the Government would be the most effective way of resisting such influences as the propagandists might bring to bear upon the Hajjis with a view to animate them with hostility to the British supremacy in India. . . . I believe if the Indian Government only wished to make some such arrangement it would pay its own way. I am absolutely certain that it would have a disproportionately beneficial effect on the political feelings of the Mohammedans towards British rule."

Such, or some such, is the line of action which England, looking merely to her own interests, may, it is hoped, pursue in the next century, and begin in this. Her Asiatic interests she must recognise to be peace and security in Mussulman India, good-will in Egypt, and the healthy growth of the humaner thought of Islam everywhere, and these she can only secure by occupying the position marked out for her by Providence of leading the Mohammedan world in its advance towards better things. The mission is a high one, and well worthy of her acceptance, and the means at her disposal are fully sufficient for its discharge. Nor will her refusal, if she refuse, be without grave and immediate danger. The Mohammedan world is roused as it has never been in its history to a sense of its political and moral dangers, and is looking round on all sides for a leader of whatsoever name or nation to espouse its cause. We can hardly doubt that the position of directing so vast a force, if abandoned by England, will be claimed by some more resolute neighbour. The British Empire in Asia is cause of envy to the world at large, and its prosperity has many enemies, who will certainly make

the distress of Islam an engine in their hands against it. Neglected by the power which they hold bound to protect their interest, the Mussulmans of India will certainly become its bitterest enemies, and though they may not immediately be able to give effect to their hostility, the day of embarrassment for us can hardly fail to come, and with it their opportunity. At best the enmity of Islam will make the dream of reconciling the Indian populations to our rule for ever an impossibility. Leaders they will look for elsewhere—in Russia, maybe, in Germany, or even France, jealous of our interests in Egypt—not leaders such as we might have been for their good, but for our evil, and in pursuance of their own designs. The Caliphate is a weapon forged for any hand—for Russia's at Bagdad, for France's at Damascus, or for Holland's (call it one day Germany's) in our stead at Mecca. Protected by any of these nations the Caliphate might make our position intolerable in India, filling up for us the measure of Mussulman bitterness, of which we already are having a foretaste in the Pan-islamic intrigues at Constantinople.

But enough of this line of reasoning. The main point is, that England should fulfil the trust she has accepted of developing, not destroying, the existing elements of good in Asia. She cannot destroy Islam nor dissolve her own connection with her. Therefore, in God's name, let her take Islam by the hand and encourage her boldly in the path of virtue. This is the only worthy course, and the only wise one, wiser and worthier, I venture to assert, than a whole century of crusade.

In conclusion, I would say to Mohammedans that if I have drawn a gloomy picture of their immediate political fortunes, it is not that I despair even of these. Their day of empire in the world seems over, but their day of self-rule may well dawn again, though under changed conditions from any we now witness. I foresee for them the spiritual inheritance of Africa and Southern Asia, and as the intelligence of the races they convert shall have risen to the level of their present rulers, and Europe, weary of her work, shall have abandoned the task of Asiatic government, the temporal inheritance too. How long this shall be delayed we know not. Their prophet has foretold that Islam shall not outlive two thousand years before the Mohdy shall come, and the thirteen hundredth is just commencing. A "man of justice" may yet restore their fortunes; but it will hardly be by present violence or by wading to Mecca through seas of blood; and when the end of their humiliation shall have come, it may be found that his true mission has commenced already, and that the battle he was to fight has been long waging in the hearts of those who have striven to reform their ways and purify their law, rather than to lament their broken power and the corrupt vanities of their temporal empire.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

## PIETRO COSSA : DRAMATIST.

I REMEMBER, the first time I entered Florence, now more than twenty years ago, I found the streets of that fair city thronged by a funeral procession of considerable length and imposing aspect. I had not heard that any great soldier or statesman of Italy had recently died, and so I was a little taken by surprise. On inquiring who was the object of such splendid homage, I was still more astonished on being told that it was Niccolini, poet and dramatist, whose remains were being carried by the Tuscan people to be interred in Santa Croce.

I have always looked back upon this my first experience of Florence as an excellent introduction, for one who was then comparatively unfamiliar with their ways, to the genius and character of the Italian people. They have the quickest sense and the most generous appreciation of personal merit in every form; but perhaps their tenderest homage is reserved for brilliant men of letters. They have that best quality of the aristocratic temper, a frank recognition of personal superiority; they have that excellent characteristic of the democratic spirit, a readiness to separate personal superiority from the accidents of birth, wealth, or station. "Qui nacque il divin poeta." "Qui visse il divin poeta." "Qui scrisse il divin poeta." "Qui morì il divin poeta." Such are the inscriptions with which the Italians love to decorate their streets and consecrate their temples. Their mural epitaphs are a Hymn to Genius.

On the 29th of August last there died, at Leghorn, Pietro Cossa, poet and dramatist. A few days later his remains were borne to Rome, his native city, and there interred with sumptuous sorrow; artists, authors, professors of the University, the Roman Municipality, members of the Italian Cabinet, these and more following on foot to the grave. Who was the man, and what sort of a writer was he, to whose memory this tribute was spontaneously offered? I will endeavour to answer the question.

I had no personal acquaintance with Pietro Cossa; but seeking for information concerning him, I received from the editor of the *Capitan Fracassa*, thanks to the kindness of a friend resident in Rome, the following particulars, to which I have added nothing beyond the rendering of them into English.

"Pietro Cossa was born at Rome, in the Via del Governo Vecchio, on the 26th of January, 1830. The Cossa Family is ancient and noble, and its cradle is Arpino. Baldassare Cossa filled the Papal Chair under the title of John XXIII., and lies in San Giovanni, in Florence, in a sepulchre wrought by Donatello.

"By birth, by study, by genius, Pietro Cossa was a Roman of Romans, nay a Roman of the old days. He was of middle height, stalwart of limb, noble in bearing, self-contained in aspect, measured in his words and gestures, dignified in everything, affable, genial, almost simple. His head was of the leonine type; his hair was black and curly. He lived among the ancients rather than with his contemporaries. Prompted by early and as yet unconscious instinct, he educated himself by the perusal of Plutarch, Suetonius, Tacitus, Martial, Petronius Arbiter, Dion Cassius, Juvenal, Cæsar, Virgil, and Horace. From him the old Latin world had no secrets. His youth was full of adventure, a medley of study, love, and passion for liberty. For some time he was a wanderer. He went to South America, where he remained several months, and to keep the wolf from the door sang upon the stage. But the fascinations of Rome were too strong for him, and dragged him back to Italy. There he lived in a humble dwelling in the Trastevere, in the Via della Torretta, with his mother, known only to a few intimate friends, who worshipped him.

"In 1849 he was one of the soldiers of the Roman Republic. Afterwards he took little or no active part in what are called politics. One day, however, happening to be in church, he heard a monk narrating, from the pulpit, how an officer in the Papal service had animated his soldiers to the attack by exhibiting to them a sacred medal, and how, rushing to the assault, he was struck dead by a cannon ball. 'A pretty miracle,' exclaimed Cossa so as to be heard by the entire congregation. He was arrested, and imprisoned for several months. In 1865, on the occasion of the Dante Centenary, though living under the Papal rule, he contributed to the publication of a volume of lyrics, breathing the most ardent spirit of liberty and patriotism. He had already published his *Mario E I Cimbri*, a work which inaugurated the literary revival of the pagan world. The following is a list, in chronological order, of his principal works:—

"*Sordello*. *Monaldeschi*. *Beethoven*. *Nerone*. *Colo de Rienzi*. *Plauto*. *Messalina*. *Cleopatra*. *I Borgia*. *Cecilia*. *I Napolitani del 1799*. *Silla* (unfinished).

"Of these works *Nerone* and *Messalina* were the most successful on the stage; but the author preferred to all his other compositions, as a work of art, *Plauto E Il Suo Secolo*.

"Though expiring at the age of fifty-one, Pietro Cossa may be said, in the sense of his art, to have died exceedingly young. His glory commenced only eleven years ago, for it is only eleven years since Rome became free; and under the Papal censorship, a poet like Cossa could not reveal himself to his countrymen. Perhaps this was an advantage to him; for thus he was withheld from presenting himself before the public as a dramatist until he had reached the robust and confident maturity of his genius. He died at an age which, for too many men of letters, marks their decline, but which was for him the brilliant and serene meridian of his art.

"He was a Common Councillor; but during the communal sittings on the Campidoglio, while his colleagues were discussing questions of paving and lighting, he was sketching the early scenes of *Silla*. He was modest and inoffensive, expansive only with his friends, a little careless in his dress, unaffected, stoical, bohemian in his ways, very concentrated, and consequently often absent and abstracted."

To this simple, affectionate, and as it seems to me descriptive narrative, I almost think the reader would wish me to append the following letter, written by Cossa himself, in reply to a German critic who, in the autumn of last year, had craved particulars concerning him:—

Cossa always kept in reserve five thousand lire (£200) for the year in which, as he said, he might be unable to produce a drama, and that this sum was found, after his death, folded up with the unfinished manuscript of *Sulla*, perhaps I shall have said all that is necessary concerning the individual apart from his work.

As a rule, poetic genius dawns with the glowing colours of the lyric. That is the natural course. Youth knows little, but feels much, and what meagre message it has to convey is choked by emotion. It sings, and sentiment in song has an ineffable charm. If there be ever so little soul of genius in it, it is irresistible; fascinating even the old and the weary, just as, if we except its proud parents, a new-born infant delights none so much as its grandmother and grandfather. There have been babies before, no doubt, but there never was such a baby as this one. A new lyricist may generally count on a similar reception. I think, however, no neutral critic would claim for Cossa permanent distinction as a lyrical writer. We have seen how he confesses that as a dramatist he began by imitating Alfieri; as a lyrical writer he began by echoing Leopardi; and later on he fell, like so many other Italian writers of verse, under the influence of Aleardi. Here is a charming little bit; but the source of its irregular cadence will be surmised by all who are familiar with modern Italian literature.

“Sotto un fascio di legna il villanello  
 Ascende all' ermo ostello,  
 E va cantando in tutta la sua via;  
 Io per dolce sentiero  
 Vado silenzioso, e l'alma mia,  
 S'incurva sotto il peso d'un pensiero.”

“Under a fagot of firewood the rustic mounts to his lonely dwelling, and goes singing all the way. I along a gentle path walk on in silence, and my soul bends under the weight of a thought.”

What Elizabeth Barrett Browning felicitously calls “the pathetic minor,” greatly predominates in modern lyrical poetry; and the lyrics of Cossa, when not prompted by indignation, are suffused with sadness. In a little poem dated Castel Gandolfo, 1864, and entitled “In Riva D'Un Lago,” and written therefore, it may be presumed, by the Lake of Albano, he says that “in the sweet silence that falls upon the place it seems as though my wonted sorrow sleeps.” Then he adds:—

“Poi sembrami veder starmi d'appresso  
 Un' angioletta ch'io conobbi un tempo,  
 E cui mi piacque ragionar d'amore;  
 Ma quando più viveano le speranze,  
 Mi disparve da gli occhi, ed io l'ho invano  
 Poi recercata fra l'umana gente.”

"Then there seemed to stand near me an angelic being whom I knew once upon a time, and with whom I delighted to discourse of love. But when hope grew stronger, she vanished from my sight, and I have vainly sought to find her again among mortals."

Is this an individual confession, or only the impersonal anguish of the imagination? Who shall say? Only those who are the least competent to answer, and who will disentangle you the autobiography of a poet from his vaguest verses, with as much confidence as they assign a country to a fossil, or a date to a gem. The heart and the imagination of the poet are so interfused that his clearest utterances are pitfalls for the inadvertent. But though I, at least, am unable to say whether Cossa mitigated heartaches of his own with melody, it is plain beyond challenge that his heart ached heavily for his country, and most of all for his native city, during those years of hope deferred, before—

"Around rent Savoy's Cross as hot they pressed,  
Italy clasped her children to her breast."

There is scarcely one of his lyrics in which he does not allude to the fallen majesty of Rome. Even when chanting a poem to Venus, he cannot help speaking of her as the only surviving divinity "*dell' amabil culto degli antichi giorni*," and comparing her relation to the dust of shattered gods with a star that gazes upon a shipwreck. In his Hymn to Martin Luther, to which he prefixes the words of Alardi, "*Luther, the Spartacus of thought*," he begins by a brief description of the field of Mentana after the battle, drawing a sharp contrast between the rich autumn colours of the Campagna and the blanched faces of the dead. Who were they?

"Que' morti erano il fiore  
Dell' Italo valore,  
E volevan la patria. Ma una mano  
Come di vecchio su navil che affonda  
Fra il tempestar dell' onda,  
S'alzò dal Vaticano,  
E volta a' quattro venti  
Richiese un' elemosina di spade,  
Ai battezzati che non son credenti  
In Colui che gridò—Beati i miti!"

"They who here lie stark were the flower of Italian valour, and all they wanted was their country. But a hand, as of feeble old age upon a ship that is foundering amid the raging of the waters, was raised from the Vatican, and turning to the four winds of heaven craved swords for alms from the baptized, who withal do not believe in Him, that exclaimed, 'Blessed are the merciful!'"

With a sudden transition he appeals to the straw of Bethlehem, and to the Cross which has been transmuted into a Throne, by "the heirs of Lucullus, who drape their limbs in pagan purple," against



whom, and yet more against whose protectors, he invokes the avenging blade of Sadowa. Any one can see that indignation made these verses at least. But, as a rule, Cossa sings rather in sorrow than in anger. When he extols the *dolce clima* of Frascati, it is to remember that once upon a time its soft air was not made for "the ignoble repose of those that are in body, and still more in soul," degenerate from their ancestors. The man of olden times thither returned only to rest his victorious limbs.

" e se giaceva il corpo,  
Meditati nel seno a questa pace,  
I pensieri immortali  
Solean per l'universo sciogliere l'ali."

"And if his body reclined, his immortal thoughts, brooding in this nest of peace, would then wing their way through the universe."

More than one foreign critic has observed, and lamented, that the Italian poets of the present century have been in great measure diverted from their proper task, and almost invariably been lamed in the execution of it, by the intense political emotion consequent upon the ignominious servitude of their country, now happily ended. I should be slow to assert that the predominance of any one emotion, be it what it may, does not tend to hamper the genius and limit the scope of the poet. It may possibly give him intensity, but it will narrow the area of his imagination, and what he gains in depth he will more than lose in breadth. Moreover, political notes in poetry, even when struck from the chords of national indignation, soon weary. Still, I think an Italian could hardly have been a poet at all, who, when Italy was pining under the tutelage of cosmopolitan hierarchs, or writhing under the forcible embrace of a foreign master, could silence the patriotic anguish of his soul. Had there been such a man, I think we should have exclaimed with Scott, "go mark him well!" and with a certain joyful scorn have predicted that he would go

"Down to the dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

May we not go further even, and say that no poet, it matters not what his nation or his tongue, could have listened to the sighs of yet unliberated Italy, without feeling that he too must breathe notes of mingled wail and menace for the lovely captive, without caring to inquire whom his melody embarrassed. I almost think Englishmen may be excused, and need not be set down as very heartless persons, if it so happened that they preferred what seemed to be the interests of their country to the vague and somewhat artificial lisplings, by ignorant and comfortable Bulgars, of the seductive words, Freedom and Country. But Italy! What is there we do not owe to

sepulchres on to the Roman stage. Little did he guess when, writing his lines "*Sul Palatino*," he recalled "*gl' idilli inammorati di quel pazzo Caligola*," the love-sick idylls of the cracked Caligula, and stretched out arms of patriotic yearning to Jupiter Stator, "*il miglior dio d'Italia*," the best of all Italian gods, that the day was coming when, their enemies once more driven in headlong flight, he would place before the Italian people, in a series of noble, dispassionate, and extraordinarily objective dramas, the glories, the vices, the altitude, and the decay of ancient Rome.

We have seen how, while yet lingering in the lyrical land, he had attempted to compose dramas which, as he himself says, would not bear the ordeal of representation. *Marius and the Cimbri*, which was dedicated to his mother, is a somewhat tedious composition. The dialogue is longsome, and is not suffused with that poetic feeling or clothed in that imaginative diction which alone redeem, if indeed even they redeem, a drama written rather to be read than to be acted. It was *Nero*, that made its appearance in 1871,\* the year after the Flag of Italy floated over the Capitol, in which Cossa first exhibited incontestable originality, and showed that he had found his voice. As I have observed, and as will be perceived more clearly in a moment, it was the natural sequel of all he had said or sung before. But he had hitherto made no vivid mark in the republic of letters; and so his countrymen were unprepared to find at once in the new dramatist the inauguration of an era in the annals of their stage. Acted in Rome, *Nero* met with, as he says, only "*mediocre successo*," and the critics who read it without seeing it acted spoke of it coldly. But on the 17th of January, 1872, it was given at the Theatre Royal in Milan; and on the following day, Cossa, who was in Rome, and had given up thinking of *Nero* as a wasted effort, received a telegram from the *impresario*, Bellotti-Bon, bidding him come to Milan to enjoy a veritable triumph; adding—not without need—that a remittance was being sent to enable the poet to make the journey. The sequel has been narrated with such picturesque spirit by an Italian hand, that I will venture to translate one brief paragraph of the description :—

"Cossa arrived at six o'clock, covered with dust, dog-tired, grimy. We carried him off to dinner; he swallowed a few mouthfuls in haste and with evident anxiety; and then we conducted him to the theatre. The public, burning to see the author, were craning their necks, treading on each others, toes, occupying every available space. Cossa had never before seen Milan, nor such an audience, nor such enthusiasm. Imagine if he was bewildered by it! He seemed like one who walks in his sleep, like one mesmerized. He saw nothing, understood nothing. He was called to the front of the box over and over again, he was dragged out, he was dragged in. He let them do what they would with him. He bowed his big head when *Atte* or *Egloge*—female characters in the play—grasped him by the hand; he smiled when *Nero*

Authors, like other people, sometimes promise more than they perform. But the author of *Nero* is as good as his word. One of the last exclamations of Nero was, *Qualis artifex pereo*, and Cossa represents him throughout life in the character in which he elected to die. He is an emperor by accident, an artist by choice, though no doubt the caricature of an artist possessing nothing imperial save a boundless capacity for cruelty. The drama opens in the Golden House on the Palatine, where Menecrates announces that two persons are waiting for an interview; one, the bald-headed President of the Senate, the other a dainty girl, with fair and flowing locks. To the surprise of Menecrates, Nero gives priority to the first, laying a satirical emphasis on the duty of "business first, pleasure afterwards." It is soon made apparent, however, that his object is only to induce the Senate to find him fresh supplies for the ornamentation of his palace, for the purchase of statues, for the multiplication of feasts, and for the splendours of the circus. The interested and ironical dialogue over, the senator and the buffoon retire; the girl is admitted, and Nero and Egloge are alone. The name of Vindex has been mentioned in the previous colloquy, but Nero shakes off the tremors excited in him by the allusions to his menacing rival, and abandons himself wholly to the charms of the new comer.

*" Nerone.*

*Ieri*

Danzar ti vidi assai leggiadramente,  
E mi piacesti. Il tuo nome ?

*Egloge.*

*Mi chiamano*

*Egloge.*

*Nerone.*

*La tua patria ?*

*Egloge.*

*Io nacqui in Grecia.*

*Nerone.*

*(guardandolo con entusiasmo).*

Tu pure Greca ! Amabile paese  
È il tuo, bionda fanciulla : ha il privilegio  
Della bellezza, In quella terra tutto  
È bello dall' Illiade al Partenone.  
. . . . . Oh benedetto il suolo  
Dove natura artistica produce  
Statue divine, e più divine donne."

*" Nero. Yesterday I saw you dance bewitchingly. You filled me with delight. Your name ?*

*Egloge. They call me Egloge.*

*Nero. And your country ?*

*Egloge. I was born in Greece.*

*Nero. (eyeing her with enthusiasm) You Grecian also ! A lovely land is ours fair child ; it has the birthright of beauty. In that clime all is lovely,*

from the Iliad to the Parthenon. O, blessings on the soil where nature, herself an artist, produces divine statues, and still diviner women."

Egloge tells her story, a simple one, in simple words. He asks her if she ever knows weariness or anguish. "Never," is the answer; "I dance and laugh." The upshot is, that Nero, captivated by this child of Hellas, declares she shall no longer be a slave, but Empress; and with this promise, he leaves her.

At this point enters Atte, who has been the favourite of Nero, and who still exercises over him a commanding influence. She, too, is of Hellenic blood, and she warns Egloge against the danger of being loved by Nero, telling her of the fate of Nero's mother, of his two wives, and of his friends and intimates.

*Atte.*

Nerone suole  
Incoronar la vittima di rose;  
Negagli fede; ancor n'ai tempo—vanne,  
Esci di questa casa.

*Egloge.*

Io vi rimango.

*Atte.*

Tu vi rimani!

*Egloge.*

E perchè no? La tetra  
Storia che mi narrasti erami nota,  
E al tuo consiglio, o amica, debbo solo  
Una risposta.

*Atte.*

E quale?

*Egloge.*

Tu sei viva."

"*Atte.* Nero is wont to crown his victim with roses. Trust him not; you still have time; depart! Hence from this place!

*Egloge.* Here I remain.

*Atte.* You remain here?

*Egloge.* And wherefore not? The hideous tale you have told was known to me already, and to your admonition, friend, I have but one reply.

*Atte.* And that is?

*Egloge.* That you are still alive."

In a word, though what Atte says be true, her counsels spring less from pity than from a mixture of moral anger and female jealousy; and finally, declaring that she will mar the beauty of her rival, Atte draws a dagger and rushes upon Egloge. Needless to say that at this point Nero reappears, and Egloge rushes into his arms. But Nero bids her fly and hide herself, and in a soliloquy that follows confesses that Atte is the only person who exercises a ruling influence over him, and that while he devotes senator after

senator to destruction, he cannot decree her assassination. She must have bewitched him with some filtre or incantation. Menecrates rescues him from these thoughts by entering and announcing that the supplies required have been obtained by the death of Cassius Longinus, who, accused by the servile Senate on the hint of Menecrates, has opened a vein and bled to death. The result is that Nero acquires possession of four villas, one of which he bestows upon Menecrates. The other announcement of Menecrates is that the people are waiting in the theatre to hear Nero sing, and with the words "Now to the stage!" "Laurels for the great tenor!" the first act ends.

The principal scene in act the second is between Nero and Atte, which passes in a tavern, whence she has come to rescue the boozing Cæsar. In fact, Atte is in some degree to Nero, in Cossa's play, what Myrrha, as drawn by Byron, was to Sardanapalus; the difference being that while Sardanapalus tenderly and passionately loved the fair Ionian, Nero is only afraid of Atte, whose beauty has ceased to charm his fickle senses. But like the faithful minion of the Assyrian king, Atte strives to move Nero to a sense of his position. She argues, implores, and weeps in vain; and he only sinks deeper into his cups. Then, being just sober enough to say that "truth emerges from the foam of Falernian," he declares she is hateful to him, and that he adores Egloge. She rushes on him furiously; he totters from drunkenness, and a litter has to be brought to carry Cæsar away. It might be thought that such a spectacle would fill Atte with loathing and disdain. But just as Byron makes Myrrha say of Sardanapalus—

"That is the heaviest link in the long chain,  
To love whom we esteem not!"

so Atte has to aver:

"Io sento che disprezzo  
Questo tiranno, e nondimeno l'amo  
D'amor che m'impaura, e a lui son tratta  
Da ineluttabil fato.  
(fermandosi avanti la statua di Egloge)  
Ecco, egli stesso  
Scolpi l'effigie della saltatrice,  
Ed a schermirmi le lasciò negli occhi  
Quel continuo suo riso! Non fidarti  
Della tua sorte allegra! Ho conosciuto  
Le spose di Nerone; erano belle  
Più assai di te, di te più assai superbe,  
O mercenaria druda d'una notte,  
Nè avrian sofferto di mandarmi un guardo  
Dal talamo divino. . . . Ove son esse?"

"I feel that I despise this tyrant, and yet I love him with a love that appals me, and I am drawn to him by irresistible fate. (Halting before the statue of

Egloge). See, he himself wrought this effigy of the dancing-girl, and left that perpetual smile in her eyes to taunt me. But trust not to your joy! I knew the consorts of Nero; they were far more fair than you, far prouder than you, no mercenary harlot of a night, nor would they have deigned to cast a look on me from the imperial bed. . . . Where are they now?"

Feigning to participate in the mood of Nero, who is banqueting with Egloge at his side, Atte secretly administers poison to the dancing-girl, who dies in Nero's arms, with the exclamation, "I did enjoy life so much, and now my poor dance is over." Menecrates announces that Vindex is slain; but the news swiftly follows that Galba has been acclaimed Emperor by the Legions. Then occurs a scene of striking dramatic power between Nero and Atte. The legions have deserted him; the people are clamouring against him; and Galba is marching upon Rome. Atte would fain save him. But how? By the same poison she administered to Egloge. The body of the sensuous dancing-girl is lying at his feet. Without, there rumbles the surly noise of rising popular tempest. Nero in terror strides up and down the empty banqueting chamber, and ends a retrospective soliloquy by the melancholy exclamation that so utterly deserted is he, fortune sends him neither friend nor enemy. Atte enters and says, "I bring you both!"

*Atte.*

Io t'offro e l'uno e l'altro.  
Scegli! . . . Vengo a salvarti.

*Nerone.*

A salvarmi!

*Atte.*

Hai tu coraggio?

*Nerone.*

E ridonarmi  
Potrai l'imperio? Dillo: ai piedi tuoi  
Mi prostrerò.

*Atte.*

L'imperio è morto.

*Nerone.*

E quale  
Salute m' offri?

*Atte.*

(presentandogli una piccola ampolla)  
Questa!

*Nerone.*

Che? Un veleno!

*Atte.*

Lo ricusi?

*Nerone.*

Un veleno! E non è quello  
Che adoperava il tuo perfido ingegno  
Contra la poveretta che là giace  
Senza vita?

*Atte.*

Nerone è diventato  
Un uomo pio! Rammento un' altra notte  
Ed un altro convito. Un dolce giovinetto  
Ti scherzava dappresso, e tu ridendo  
A lui porgesti la tua tazza. Ei beve,  
E spirò. Quell'ucciso si nomava  
Britannico—la tazza racchiudea  
Veleno: questo!"

" *Atte.* I come to save you.

*Nero.* To save me!

*Atte.* Are you brave?

*Nero.* Can you give me back the Empire? Say yes, and at your feet I fling myself.

*Atte.* The Empire is dead.

*Nero.* Then what escape do you bring me?

*Atte.* (holding out to him a small phial) This.

*Nero.* What! Poison!

*Atte.* Do you reject it?

*Nero.* Poison! The same your treacherous skill employed against the poor victim that lies there!

*Atte.* Nero has turned pious! I remember another night, another banquet. A gentle youth made merry beside you, and you smiling held out to him your cup. He drank, and died. He was called Britannicus. The cup held poison: this that I hold now!"

At last Nero resolves to drain the phial. But at that moment his faithful freedmen, Faonte and Epafrodito, enter, to conduct him from Rome by flight. "I too must go," says Atte. "I love him still. I cannot leave him!" They all turn to fly; when Nero perceives a musical instrument lying on the table, and with the exclamation—

"Che resta? Faonte, la mia cetra!"

"And now what is there left? Phaon, my lyre!"

the fourth act ends. The fifth act of course is short, and is only a reproduction of the death of Nero by his own hand, with the help of Phaon, in the squalid farmhouse just outside Rome, between the Via Nomentana and the Via Salara, a death familiar to the whole world.

It is not easy to render adequate justice to a drama by analysis, even when anxiety exists that justice should so be done to it. But perhaps the reader will have acquired some conception of the method and manner of Pietro Cossa as exhibited in his *Nero*. This, at least, will surely be patent to every one: that the mere lyrical period was over for him when he wrote this play; that, true dramatist as he was, he had by then risen superior to the passions he portrayed, and

traced with an even and untrembling hand the sottish and craven sentimentality of an æsthetic monarch, the simple and sensuous joy of a heedless girl, the passionate jealousy blent with the ethical aspirations of a female favourite who feels the empire she has built on transitory charms crumbling beneath her feet, the calculating levities of a suborned buffoon, the murderous servility of a degraded senate, and the steady hand of a faithful assassin. Cossa himself counts for nothing in the march and majesty of the play, over whose intricate progress he maintains a benevolent neutrality. We hear nothing more of the greatness of ancient Rome or of the littleness of the moral world; for he is too instinctive a dramatist to pester us with his own reflections through the mouth of any of his characters. There is not a passage of analysis, there is no subjective pottering where objective action and objective speech should necessarily rule supreme. The impassioned lyrist has developed into the dispassionate and indulgent writer of tragedy. He sits among the gods and scans with unmoving eyes alike the sanguinary and the flimsy antics of mankind. Ancient Rome is no longer the foil for modern feebleness. It is neither great, nor good, nor little, nor bad. It is what it is. In *Messalina* the portraiture is, if possible, still more indifferently and unconcernedly actual. In the first act, almost before we have advanced a few pages, the drunken Caligula is dead, riddled with dagger thrusts, and the terrified reluctant Claudius is lifted on the shields of the Pretorians and proclaimed Emperor. The thing is done, and very little is said about it. *Messalina* moves before us with equally unfaltering footstep; presented to us, not with the satirical indignation of Juvenal, but hating Agrippina because she is the mother of Domitian, and lusting after Caro Silio because he is "bel cavaliere." The anti-clerical friends of Cossa, with that undramatic intolerance so many of them share with the objects of their persecution, were almost angry with him because, in his Roman plays, the triumph of the Cross, Calvary, the Child of Bethlehem, are spoken of with reverence, and even with enthusiasm, by *dramatis personæ* to whom it was natural thus to speak of them. They wanted him to return to the lyrical invectives of Frascati and Albano, to turn the stage into a tribune, and to declaim against the Papacy through the puppets of his fancy. Happily Cossa was a little bit larger than his critics; and even in *I Borgia* he lets Alexander VI., Cæsar Borgia, the Duca di Gandia, Lucrezia, Vannozza Cattanei, talk and act for themselves, without travestying them into moralizers upon their own imposing criminality. When the opportunity spontaneously arises, as it does, for instance, when Vannozza Cattanei comes to announce to her Papal paramour the assassination of one of their sons by the other, and implores him to make his peace with Heaven by renouncing both the



Tiara and her arms, then Cossa lets himself go, and we feel we are in the presence of a master of dramatic language. But he never makes his characters say inappropriate things, in order that some foolish person, enamoured of lyricism in season and out of season, may gush over his genius. In a word, Cossa is a man and a dramatist, not a coarse or emasculated wire-puller, fondly fancying he is out of sight, but betraying the monologue of his presence by making all his puppets stutter or rant like himself.

Clearly, therefore, Cossa possessed the two great indispensable qualifications of the dramatist proper. He obliterated himself, and he presented characters; and he presented these, not by analysis, but by action and by suiting the word to the action. Moreover, he has ample ingenuity and abundant resource, and he has the secret of making the interest culminate in the right place. His plays may be read—if my own experience be any test, must be read—with pleasure and admiration; but to enjoy them to perfection, and to understand them thoroughly, one must see them acted. They are not closet plays; they are stage pieces. They appeal not to a narrow, esoteric circle; they are addressed to the world of universal emotion.

So far it will have been observed I have had none but words of praise for Cossa and his works, and I may perhaps be thought to be singularly uncritical. Without allowing that criticism necessarily entails censure or even fault-finding, I have, I must own, some exception to take to Cossa's dramatic method. He may have been right, and I may be wrong; and the odds are, of course, in his favour, as they always are in favour of an author of confessed power against any one critic. But if what I have to say should strike others as just, then possibly it may be so. To me it seems that, as a rule, Cossa's dramas are not quite satisfactory in form and construction. They lack cohesion and unity, and are, in certain respects, rather panoramas than plays. Scene succeeds scene so quickly, that we have scarcely time to note we are being carried along by a swift succession of incidents rather than by the gradual evolution of the catastrophe from the general situation and from the characters of the piece. In *Messalina* this is particularly noticeable, and so it is in *I Borgia*, until we reach the climax. Indeed, in the latter play, the result sometimes is confusion.

Did Cossa do this on purpose? I do not know, but I rather suspect he did; or at least, if it was not done deliberately, was it not done by the unconscious instinct of a man determined—if it does not seem ungenerous to say so—to secure stage success? It is idle to attempt to dissemble the fact that of the three elements that go to compose the triumph of an acted play, the ability of the author, the skill of the actors, and the taste of the audience, the third is in these days by far the most important. I fear I must add, with a

candour which perhaps will shock the friends of humanity, that it is at present by far the worst and the lowest element ! We may possibly boast but few dramatic writers of sterling merit ; and competent actors may conceivably not be as plentiful as blackberries. But if either or both too often sink to the level of their audiences, it is because the Many now are sovereign, and will have their imaginations stimulated and their sense of humour tickled, in the manner, and only in the manner, that pleases them. To suppose that the imagination and humour of the Many ever were, or ever will be, very exalted or very refined, is a dream, retrospective or prospective, which I must leave to others. But the time was, and perhaps it will come again, though likely enough under different conditions, when authority went for something, both in the writing, the acting, and the reception, of a drama. An ideal standard existed, which the playwright sought to attain, which the actors laboured to represent, and which the audience struggled to appreciate. Now the cart has got in front of the horse with a vengeance ; and it is not surprising if movement be backward rather than forward. The dramatist must suppress whatever does not, and the players must exaggerate whatever does, gratify the natural, the uncorrected, and therefore vulgar taste—of the vulgar.

How does this apply to Pietro Cossa ? And to what extent does it apply to him ? It applies, I think, only in a moderate degree ; but still, unless I am wrong, it does apply to him. He defers overmuch, consciously or unconsciously, to the *plebs*, between whom and the *populus*, as far as dramatic taste is concerned, I fear there is not very much to choose. I am not blaming him ; for it is not improbable that if he had shown himself more unbending, his dramas would never have been acted at all, and it would be grossly unjust to suggest concerning him that he sacrificed his art, to any great extent, in order to propitiate the groundlings. But that certain sacrifices were made, that sops were thrown by him to the many-headed Cerberus that stands and barks at the stage-door of the modern theatre, I can scarcely doubt. It is not necessary to name the melodramas of the moment, whose success is due to the fact that they consist for the most part of a series of slides in a magic lantern, whose subjects are servilely borrowed from, and clumsily daubed with, contemporaneous *verismo*, or realism. We all know them, and their thousand and one nights. The distance between them and the tragedies of Pietro Cossa is, of course, too great to be stated either in words or figures. But it strikes me that the same pernicious influence, the taste of the Many, which wholly decides the character of those performances, presided in some degree over the construction of the plays of Cossa. We should be slow to lose sight, especially in these days, of the beneficial influence exercised by the *communis*

*sensus*, the common taste and common passions of the multitude, upon authors even of the highest genius ; and much that is unsatisfactory, despite its charming qualities, in a large proportion of the compositions of later times, is, I think, distinctly traceable to the excessive detachment of their gifted writers from the concerns, interests, and sensibilities of men in general. At the same time the balance has to be kept even ; and though the subject matter of the poet should for the most part be the feelings and occurrences that wake the common chords of human emotion, he should sacrifice none of that perfection of form, of that purity of diction, and of that transparent elevation of thought, a jealous maintenance of which is the best homage he can pay to his literary ancestors. It is idle for the poet, and most of all for the dramatist, to cherish special feelings and exceptional interests of his own ; these he must share with the men and women around him. But it is for him to decide and dictate the form in which they shall be embodied. For he, too, is a god, after his fashion. The matter is provided him ; but he alone can fix it into comely outlines, endue it with vital expression, and breathe into it a flexible soul. He owes much to the common herd, of whom he, too, is one ; but of that herd he is one of the heads and pathfinders, and they owe it to him in turn to let him choose the track that leads to the pastures of which he and they are alike in search. This right he must not abdicate. A drama is something more than a panorama, though a panorama, too, it doubtless is ; and in the give and take between author and audience, that dramatic unity which the ancients secured by the instrumentality of Fate, and which the best moderns attain through Circumstance and Character, should be unflinchingly upheld by the author in the teeth of all the audiences, all the stage-managers, and all the critics in the world. He has to learn from others, just as they have to learn from him ; but it must be a compromise, not a surrender. He has certain Sovereign rights, and these he must not exchange for a titular suzerainty and money compensation.

I may possibly be wronging the memory of Cossa in associating him, in ever so modified a sense, with these observations ; but I have only said what strikes me. *Verismo*, however, is a constant snare even for a dramatist of a high order, and it is a snare more especially for a dramatist of erudition. Pietro Cossa had so thoroughly saturated himself with the history and manners of the Roman Empire, with which principally he deals, that he naturally became attached, unconsciously no doubt, to his own erudition. Too much erudition on these subjects he could not have ; but he would have done better, in my opinion, to have introduced less of it into his plays than he does. He seems to me to be sometimes more anxious to present a picture of the times than to write a drama. In

*Plautus and his Age* this anxiety is very apparent, and would, I should think, despite the author's recorded predilection for it, render it upon the boards tiresome if not intolerable.

There is another branch of the dramatic art to which *verismo*, or realism, seems to me to be a distinct danger. I refer to poetic style; and it will be remembered that Cossa makes Menecrates in the Prologue to *Nero* represent him as one of the *veristi*. Now, no doubt, it was high time for Italian tragedy to doff the stilted buskins of the Alfierian drama; and of the two offences, rhetorical platitudes and vulgar commonplace, the latter is the more endurable. But if it does not seem presumptuous in a foreigner to express an opinion upon a question of style, I can with difficulty persuade myself that the following lines, however much they may accord with *verismo*, are deserving of a place in any tragedy professing to be written in verse.

"Imperatore Augusto, per la quarta  
Volta Console."

"Il calvo  
Principe del Senato, ed una vaga  
Fanciulla," &c.

"D'ora innanzi i tuoi  
Biondi capelli," &c.

"La tetra  
Storia," &c.

"Erano donne con i loro  
Bambini," &c.

"Senza  
Volerli," &c.

"The Emperor Augustus, for the fourth  
Time Consul."

"The bald  
Head of the Senate and a passing fair  
Child."

"Henceforth thy  
Blond tresses," &c.

"The hideous  
Story," &c.

"Women there were with their  
Children."

"Without  
Intending it," &c.

It must not be supposed that I have hunted for these examples of versification. They abound; it would be no exaggeration to say they swarm. It is irritating enough when Byron, in his dramas, ends a line with "and," or "of;" but at least he does so sparingly. With Cossa, this disjunction of the adjective from the noun, of the

adverb from its verb, and so on, at the end of the verse, is frequent, I might almost say is habitual. If this be *verismo* in style, I can only observe, Heaven defend us against it! If we are to prostrate ourselves before *Verismo*, let us at any rate go down on both knees, and be done with verse altogether. Verse is well, and prose is well; but a hybrid between the two is the ugliest mongrel ever begotten by perversity out of language.

I think Cossa would have been saved from this grave fault had he been a greater poet. But skilful dramatist, and admirably terse and telling writer of verse as he often is, he is not "of imagination all compact," and we look in vain in his verse for those frequent transfigurations of thought and feeling which occur only upon the high table-land of poetry, and which makes us feel that it is good for us to be there, though there it may be difficult for us long to remain.

But when all due deductions have been made, I think Pietro Cossa must be esteemed a dramatist of very considerable distinction. May we regard his appearance and success as of good augury for other lands besides his own? I should like to think so. But it must be remembered that though the Italians, while living prosperously and contentedly under a Constitutional Monarchy, always have been, still are, and I believe will remain, the most democratic community in the world, they are a democracy saturated with great traditions, and what is true of the entire nation is true in a special manner of the Romans. The common people of Rome still live in the shadow of a great awe; the awe of a Republic that perished, and of an Empire that rotted, nearly two thousand years ago. Nero, Messalina, Scipio—Scipione is the commonest of Roman names—Cicero, Cato, and not only their names but their vicissitudes, are household words in the most illiterate hovels of the Trastevere. It is not necessary to expatiate on the enormous advantage this circumstance gave to Cossa, and would give to any other Italian dramatist bent upon handling mighty themes.

At home, in a land still dearer to us all even than Italy, the position, and, I fear, the prospect, are not quite the same. The English people are not yet a democracy; but they are gradually becoming one. What are their traditions? I will not here attempt to answer the question. But am I the slave of political bias or of social prejudice, in fancying that I observe the hourly widening of the abyss between great authoritative literary traditions and the dominant predilections of the public, and in expressing the fear that, with us, the Drama, taking refuge in the closet, will settle into a self-conscious hypochondriac, or, clinging to the boards, be ever more and more dwarfed and degraded, in order to make it harmonize with the low ideals and the narrow horizon of an evenly distributed material civilisation?

ALFRED AUSTIN.

## SIR CHARLES LYELL.

Six years after Sir Charles Lyell's death, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lyell, has given the world his letters and journals in two bulky but vastly interesting, as well as really valuable volumes.<sup>1</sup> The book is not exactly a biography in the ordinary sense, for the editor's part has been confined to a few stray connecting paragraphs of the baldest explanation; nor is it a deliberate autobiography, for Lyell was far too unobtrusive of his own personality to sit down and write at full length about himself; but it is unconsciously autobiographical for all that, consisting of letters extending over more than half a century, and enabling us to trace in minute detail the gradual unfolding of their writer's ideas. As a study in psychological evolution these volumes are invaluable: they set before us vividly the prior causes which produced Lyell, the environment which affected him, and the influences which moulded or developed his inherent faculties. Their interest is thus rather social and personal than merely geological: it is Lyell the man, not simply Lyell the writer, that they paint for us with such graphic fidelity.

Whence did he come? What conditions went to beget him? From what stocks were his qualities derived, and why? These are the questions that must henceforth always be first asked when we have to deal with the life of any great man. For we have now learnt that a great man is no unaccountable accident, no chance result of a toss-up on the part of nature, but simply the highest outcome and final efflorescence of many long ancestral lines, converging at last towards a single happy combination. Whatever he possesses he has derived in the main from his ancestors, though he may possibly add some few elements himself by functional use; and it is not perhaps too much to say that the most richly endowed natures must necessarily derive many of their separate endowments from very different preceding strains. In Lyell's case the ancestral facts are clear and simple. His father was a Lowland Scotch laird, a man of cultivation and refinement, with tastes wide enough to embrace both literature and science. He was a botanist of some distinction, of whose researches into the cryptogams Humboldt himself spoke with favour; and later in life he became an enthusiastic Dante scholar, collecting every known edition, and publishing numerous translations from the Florentine poet. Thus the father already foreshadowed the special combination of tastes to be found in the son.

(1) *Life, Letters, and Journals of Sir Charles Lyell*. In two volumes: with Portraits. London: John Murray, 1881.

His mother came from a good Yorkshire family—the Smiths of Maker Hall, in Swaledale—and we can well believe Mrs. Lyell's statement that she was a woman of sound sense, for all her children seem to have inherited more than their father's share of intellect and vigour. Charles was the eldest of ten, having two brothers and seven sisters. All were able, but he was the ablest. The first-born of a wealthy and cultivated family, with ample means and ample leisure, endowed by nature with literary and scientific potentialities, brought up in the stimulating atmosphere of his own home, of Oxford, and of the London literary world, surrounded from his childhood upward by men of science and men of letters, it would have been strange if Charles Lyell had not turned out exactly such a man as we all know him to have been. He was predestined for his work by the inevitable forces of his own constitution and the enviroing society, and he was admirably fitted beforehand for the work he had to do.

“Unencumbered research,” as Mr. Sorby calls it, is, in fact, the key-note of Lyell's history. Like most other of our greatest scientific generalisers, he was brought up in an easy position, which enabled him to devote his life to science alone, without troubling his brain about the often absorbing question of the bread-supply, that wastes the best years of so many lives fit for better things. He came to us from the eighteenth century. Charles Lyell was born at Kinnordy, in Forfarshire, his father's estate, on November the 14th, 1797. But the real home of his childhood was Bartley Lodge, in the New Forest, which his father leased for twenty-eight years shortly after Charles's birth, though the family often returned for a time to Kinnordy as their summer quarters. The fragment of early autobiography which Lyell wrote years after for his future wife gives us some pleasant glimpses of the boy's life among the big trees and shady avenues of the Hampshire woodland. He felt the charm of nature and the open air from his childhood upward. He knew every clump and every single tree in the park, and to each one he gave a separate name. At Old Sarum, whither he used to go on half-holidays from his school at Salisbury, he loved already to break the flints from the chalk to see which had crystals of chalcedony in the middle, and which had white cores of sparkling quartz. Even then, before he was eleven years old, he had taken to collecting beetles and butterflies, finding out their names from the entomological books in his father's library. This free life in the New Forest must have formed such a preparation for his future work as could have fallen to the lot of very few boys in England: nowhere else, perhaps, in this over-tilled kingdom could he have formed so just an idea of what Nature left to herself is like—though even the New Forest looks but an artificial thing, after all, beside genuine native primæval woodlands. Moreover, he luckily escaped the conventional-

to Oxford. His college, Exeter, was still almost exclusively a west country one, and west countrymen were not popular nor remarkable in the university for polished manners. He tells his father a mythical story how some Devonshire man at Exeter was asked by the examiners, "Who was Moses?" "Moses," says the examinee; "I knows nothing about Moses; but ax me about St. Paul, and there I has 'ee." Good evidence how long provincial prejudices lingered in Oxford, as they still linger about the Jesus Welshmen and the Balliol Scots. The letters from college (anno 1817) are amusingly old-fashioned in their eighteenth century echoes. They are written stiffly in the literary style of the past generation, with Horace deliberately dragged in, thus:—

"Hunc varum distortis cruribus."—*Sat.*

But we are gainers hereby in the end; for Lyell's epistolary style, thus developed, was very different from the hasty manner of the present day, based upon the post-card and the telegraph form.

It was at Oxford, too, that Lyell discovered geology, hitherto to him a terra incognita, or, rather, inopinata. He attended Buckland's lectures, and seems at once to have been converted to the new love, the insects being henceforth almost entirely deserted, or, at least, relegated to the second place. One of his long vacations was spent at Yarmouth with the Dawson Turners; and already we see the theory of "causes now in action" fermenting in his eager brain. He visits the alluvial delta of the Yare, finds evidence of ancient channels blocked up by the shingle which so diverted the course of the river, learns that Norwich was a great port in mediæval history, and, putting two and two together, comes to the natural conclusion that the changes in that part of the coast were very recent, and were due, not to one of the then fashionable cataclysms, but to river silt still in course of deposition. "Cromer, Bakefield, Dunwich, and Aldborough," he says, "have necessarily been losing in the same proportion as Yarmouth gains." The bent was there even at this early date; and it is the bent that makes the man. The old drastic cosmogony was trembling to its fall: the germs of evolutionism were already in the air. Catastrophes, special creations, deluges, and the rest, though backed by the great name of Cuvier, had had their day. Lyell was to be one of the first to discover the cumulative value of the infinitesimal. From the first, his thoughts pointed in that direction; and though he did not know to what grand results the system was to lead us in the hands of Darwin—though, indeed, he was slow to accept the results when flashed upon him too dazzlingly at last—yet it is interesting to observe how throughout he keeps a keen eye upon all the crude theories that make in the same way, such as that of Lamarck, who from the beginning exercised an obvious fascination upon his kindred mind.



Towards these final results Lyell's own work led slowly up. Perhaps it is not too much to say that in future ages, when the origin of the great uniformitarian system of interpreting nature is looked back upon with impartial eyes, four prominent names will stand out as representative of the evolutionary movement in the judgment of posterity. The first is that of Laplace, who applied it to the origin and development of sidereal systems; the second is that of Lyell, who applied it to the origin and development of the surface of our own planet; the third is that of Darwin, who applied it to the origin and development of the phenomena of life; the fourth is that of Herbert Spencer, who applied it to the origin and development of the phenomena of mind, besides working up all the scattered elements of the system into one complete and harmonious whole. To pretend that Lyell stood up to the level of the other three would be passing the love of biographers: his work neither required nor engaged such high synthetic powers as theirs. But without the first two, the revolution accomplished by the last two could never, perhaps, have been successfully carried out.

While at Oxford, too, general culture is not neglected. We find Lyell criticising Mr. Coleridge's new poem of *Christabel*, writing some mild verses of his own on Staffa, which he had just visited with his father (better mild than none), and not quite successfully trying to take an interest in his tutor's lectures on the Ethics, where every Oxford man can surely afford him the most heartfelt sympathy. In 1818 he made a vacation tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, observing and learning much, and interesting himself in art and society. He sees the Dranse in flood, and pores over the pictures of the Pitti Palace and the domes of Venice. Coming home, he went in for classical honours, and took a second in 1819. In after life he evidently regretted the sort of teaching he had got at Oxford as much as most other men do, yet it left some good effects, apparent enough in all his subsequent work.

Law was to be his profession: so he went to Lincoln's Inn and made a beginning of reading. But luckily his eyes were weak, and he was sent abroad again for a trip to Rome. Here he devoted himself to the Forum Romanum and the Vatican, and left no time for geology—good education for his future work. Next, he is back in England, and down at Romney, with a friend. What luck for one of his bent: Yarmouth and Romney, the two great modern districts of England, the exact places to see geology now at work under one's very eyes. Here comes one of the jarring passages again—"The back door, opening into the farmyard, betrays [his friend's father] to have been the farmer turned gentleman, not the gentleman turned farmer. How short and direct is the road through Eton and Oxford from the grazier on Romney Marsh to the fine gentleman!" But

even here the better nature comes out on second thoughts—"or, to speak plainly, to the real gentleman in ideas, manners, and information." In the earlier letters there is a good deal of this sort of thing—talk of "good company," "my father's head livery servant," and so forth; but we are still in the year 1822, and great allowances must be made for the son of a Scotch laird, living in the midst of the Tory society of the Regency, and hardly daring to trust his own native Liberal promptings. In politics he was Liberal from the first, though never a sound Radical; and in social matters the tone of his letters widens out steadily with time, till after his first American trip he comes back, say his friends, "*ipsis Americanis Americanior.*"

Lyell's was a life of smooth success. It is wholly wanting in anything like plot-interest, because all honours came so easily to him. In the year in which he took his degree he was made a fellow of the Linnean and Geological Societies. In 1823 he became secretary of the latter. Already he is a fast friend with Buckland and Mantell; and his sisters are his helpers in keeping his museum and the confidantes of his scientific theories or discoveries. About this time he makes many journeys to Paris, becoming familiar not only with French as a language, but with such men as Cuvier, Humboldt, Brongniart, and Constant Prévost. He mixes in all the best salons of that shameful period. Some of his letters are guarded, lest he should be "treated like Bowring with the Bastille;" but when he gets a chance of sending a sheet or two otherwise than by post, his pictures of the faithless, cynical, bigoted, irreligious Paris of the Restoration are vivid and graphic in every line. Humboldt confides to him his notions about Cuvier, who has dabbled in "the dirty pool of politics."

"His *soirées* are mostly attended by English," says Humboldt; "the truth is, the French *savants* have in general cut him. His continual changing over to each new party that came into power at length disgusted almost all, and you know it has been long a charge against men of science that they were pliant tools in the hands of princes and ministers, and might be turned which way they pleased. That such a man as Cuvier should have given a sanction to such an accusation, was felt by all as a deep wound to the whole body. And what on earth was Cuvier to gain by intermeddling with politics? . . . You well know with what contempt the old aristocracy of all countries are apt to regard all new men of whatever abilities. We feel that but too much in Germany, but *here* it is a principle of party to carry such prejudices to the utmost length. Cuvier's situation was a proud one while he stood in the very foremost rank of men of science in France; but when he betrayed the weakness of coveting ribbons, crosses, titles, and court favour, he fell down to the lowest among his new competitors."

However, after saying so much at second-hand, Lyell adds his own opinion that Cuvier is more liberal and independent than most Frenchmen. He dares to speak well of Napoleon, the sun that has set.

"We must not forget," he says, "that Baron Humboldt and he are the two great rivals in science, for Laplace and the mathematicians do not come in

contact with them. Humboldt's birth places him on the vantage ground; and Currier perhaps tries to compensate this by a little political power. As for his *ratting* so often, *defendit numerus*; what French politician could throw the first stone at him? Humboldt's family is noble and ancient in Germany; his elder brother a man now in great power there. His talents entitle him to regard with the contempt which he expresses, and I have no doubt feels, mere rank; but we may say of him as Chateaubriand said of our English peers, that he is well aware that while he gets too liberal he is in no danger of losing the station and the advantages which his birth ensures for him."

The young English visitor saw all that was worth seeing in this profoundly rotten society. Making every allowance for good introductions and a less crowded stage of European life than ours, the ease with which he got to know everybody seems nowadays almost incredible. At the door of the Observatory he meets Laplace, "a very fine-looking old gentleman;" and he is shown over the building by Arago in person. Madame Pichon, a famous beauty, who sat for Gerard's *Psyche*, admits him to her *salon*. Férussac shows him all his snail-shells, and tells him some things about geology that he did not know before, together with many baseless theories, which his good sense cavalierly rejects. He sees something of the intriguing great world, too; some of the chameleon-coloured politicians, the scheming abbés, the fashionable Ultras, and the still more fashionable *Ne Plus Ultras*, as he once calls them. "Every other man one meets is either minister or ex-minister. They are scattered as thick as the leaves in autumn, *stratum* above *stratum*." He is full of interest, too, in social and political questions; writes with acuteness anent the system of subdividing the land, discusses the centralizing tendency introduced by Napoleon, and is keen about the pensions bestowed on *Pairs de France* by the Bourbons *durante bene placito*—a gift which, he says, neither blesses him who gives nor him who takes it. As yet he has done nothing serious in the way of book-making; but who would exchange such preliminary training as this for the very best and carefullest field drudgery of the mere cut-and-dried technical geologist?

However, he was not idle all this time. On the contrary, he was running up and down and to and fro upon the face of the earth, inspecting its crust everywhere, with an eye to future results; and to run to and fro was of course a far more difficult thing in the twenties than it is in these later days of easy locomotion. His letters are full of his observations taken in on the spot. Now he is down in the Isle of Wight, examining the cliffs from Compton Chine to Brook, and surprised at the careless way Buckland "galloped over the ground"—"he would have entirely overlooked the Weald clay if I had not taken him back to see it:" (clearly what satisfies the Bridgwater treatises and the Dean in the way of research will not satisfy this very heterodox young man); now he is investigating the tertiaries

of the Paris basin at Bas Meudon ; and now again he is down at Lyme Regis, classic land of geologists, watching Mary Anning, the self-taught fossil-finder, unearthing the skeleton of a "superb ichthyosaurus." Every letter almost teems with new facts or discoveries ; and Lyell's ears are open for everything new in the geological line from the ends of the earth inward.

In 1825 his eyes had so far recovered that he was called to the bar, and went the Western Circuit for two years. He was but a dabbler at the law, however, and fortunately never gave up to the Queen's Bench what was meant for mankind. In 1826 he was elected to the Royal Society, ætatis 29. A year later, his review of Scrope's book on Auvergne in the *Quarterly*, clearly showed the line that he meant henceforth to adopt. He came forward as the champion of the views set forward by Hutton and Playfair—views which he was to modify profoundly, to make his own, and to stamp with the seal of universal scientific recognition. About this time he conceived the plan of the "Principles of Geology," his first epoch-making book. Shortly after, he went abroad with Murchison to France and Italy, collecting material for the great work. His letters home bristle with amusing sketches of his Sicilian experiences, for Sicily was then even more impassable off the grand route than it is now ; and he often had to rough it in strange quarters. He has a keen eye for the ludicrous side of things, and tells many odd stories of men and manners. "This, signor," says his cicerone once, "is the wife of Pompey the Great, named after Pompeii ; she is weeping her husband's death, who was killed at the siege of Troy." At Girgenti he sees "a droll sight. Fifteen orphan boys were paraded before the statue stark naked on a windy day, and then clothed by the Bishop in the name of the King." He has time, too, besides climbing Etna, and noticing such things as the signs of the rise and fall on the famous temple at Pæstum, to look at Giotto's frescoes, and to observe much about men and politics. At the end of his tour he writes from Naples to Murchison (who had not accompanied him so far) :—

"My work is in part written, and all planned. It will not pretend to give even an abstract of all that is known in geology, but it will endeavour to establish the principle of reasoning in the science . . . that no causes whatever have, from the earliest time to which we can look back, to the present, ever acted, but those now acting ; and that they never acted with different degrees of energy from that which they now exert. I must go to Germany and learn German geology and the language, after this work is published, and before I launch out into my tables of equivalents. . . . This year we have by our joint tour fathomed the depth and ascertained the shallowness of the geologists of France and Italy as to their original observations. We can without fear measure our strength against most of those in our own land, and the question is whether Germany is stronger. They are a people who generally 'drink deep or taste not.' Their language must be learnt ; the places to which their

memoirs relate, visited; and then you may see, as I may, to what extent we may indulge dreams of eminence at least as original observers."

It is a great thing that Lyell was able thus to devote himself entirely to his work, and to spare no expense or trouble that would render him more competent rightly to perform it. "I shall never hope to make money by geology," he said; and again, "I will waste no time in bookmaking for lucre's sake." To travel everywhere and see everything with his own eyes was his great idea: "We must preach up travelling, as Demosthenes did delivery, as the first, second, and third requisites for a modern geologist." In 1830 the first volume of the *Principles* came out, and immediately achieved a marked success. No sooner was his book published than he was off to the Pyrenees, and dashing down in his impetuous way into Catalonia. Here he mixes up in his letters the volcanoes of Olot and the salt mines of Cardona with much amusing chat about the peninsularity of the Spaniards, and the odd people he met *en route*. On his way back through France, he comes across the tail end of the Revolution of 1830. At Perpignan he sees the cross removed from the Cathedral, and hears a bystander indulge in the exquisitely French reflection, "Chacun a son tour; le bon Dieu a eu le sien." Next year he is off to Germany, inspecting the volcanic region of the Eifel. About the same time he accepts the professorship of geology in King's College, offered him by three bishops, who knew not what they did; for Conybeare vouched for his orthodoxy. Even then Conybeare must have been satisfied with very little. Lyell did not keep the chair, however, as it interfered with his schemes of travelling and original research. So he returned immediately to his tours, much to the ultimate advantage of science, and no doubt to the great satisfaction of the hesitating episcopal triumvirate.

During all these bachelor years Lyell was daily mixing with the most cultivated society of the time. In every letter half-a-dozen well-known names catch the eye at once. On one page, he is dining at Craig Crook Castle with Francis Jeffrey, "a great treat," and meeting "Mr. Maculloch, who gave the celebrated lectures on Political Economy in town last summer, which I attended"; on another, he is breakfasting at Lockhart's with Sir Walter Scott, "a far more genteel-looking man than Phillips has represented him in his portrait"; and on a third, he is at Cambridge, playing whist with Copley, Master of the Rolls, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst, and chronicling only "a stiff bow" from highly-aristocratic young Lord Palmerston, who must then have been strangely different from his later easy-going self. Mrs. Somerville was always a close friend, and he even chaperones her to a Sunday evening At Home at Sir George Phillips's, where they meet Yankee novelist Cooper, politico-economical Mrs. Marcet, ethical Mackintosh, poet Rogers, Benthamite

Dumont, Conversation Sharp, Sir Walter himself, and a dozen other assorted notabilities. Sir John Herschel, too, was an equally early ally, to whom many of the letters are addressed. Lyell is very catholic. He goes to hear Paganini, not enthusiastically; and then he goes to kirk to hear Chalmers, and retains enough of the Scotchman about him to characterise the sermon as "a very long discourse, but admirable." This catholicity comes out in far stronger relief in his letters than even in his published works, which stick comparatively close to the matter in hand. One sees it over and over again in such little touches as his first notion that he might write the *Principles* as *Conversations on Geology*, in the form of "a dialogue like Berkeley's *Alciphron*, between equals." How many geologists of the new school have ever heard of the *Alciphron*, or even know Berkeley in any other way than through one eternal quotation from *Don Juan*?

In 1831 the journal written for his future wife begins, so that we may conclude he was then or thereabouts first engaged. In 1832 he married. His wife was a daughter of Leonard Horner, and a lady of tastes very similar to his own. Perhaps one may hint that all the ladies of Lyell's family were a trifle more learned than all the world would care for: it must have been rather a strain to live up to such a constant stimulation in the home circle; and most men would hardly wish to fill their letters to their wives with highly interesting details of dip, strike, and horizon. But this is a matter of personal taste. Lyell seems to have been one of the giants who can stand such incessant high-pressure; and he was probably all the happier for his well-assorted marriage. He himself seems strongly to have believed that bachelorhood was not good for the cause of science.

The summer of 1834 was spent in Scandinavia. Lyell was delighted with all that he saw in this new field. "There is much doing here which is unknown in England and France," he writes from Copenhagen. "I am more than ever struck with the extreme slowness with which science travels, what with multiplicity of languages, *douanes*, &c." If even Lyell felt this, though he spoke English, French, and Italian fluently, German well, and Spanish a little, how much must it stand in the way of lesser people, with smaller means and narrower accomplishments. After seeing Denmark from top to bottom, he crossed to Malmö and Lund, and did the Peninsula pretty thoroughly. At Stockholm, Berzelius took him in hand and gave him the cream of all he knew: at Upsala, it seems a strange link with the infancy of science to read that the daughters of the great Linnæus himself showed him over their father's garden. Conversation was limited to German, eked out, when needful, with Latin, which Lyell often found of service as a *lingua franca* in out-

truth in it; and it is painful to think that we have condemned Canada to such a poor and petty mock-national existence for forty years longer, since Lyell wrote, merely for the sake of our own meaningless imperial claim, which nobody ever seriously means to assert, but which everybody pretends to believe is vastly important. The interesting thing to note here, however, is the fact that Lyell should have come to so definite and just a conclusion after only a few weeks' sojourn in a new country. It is one of the many proofs of his keen practical penetration which lie scattered over every page of his memoirs and journals.

Perhaps the chief visible results of this first American trip was the formation of a close friendship with Mr. Ticknor, of Boston—a member of the well-known publishing firm—to whom many of his letters are henceforth addressed. They are among the most interesting he ever wrote, containing expressions of broad general opinions, which would hardly be needed in writing to European friends. Some of them are very characteristic at once of his wide tolerance and his marked tendency towards conciliation and compromise. For example, he writes once :—

“The time may be nearer than some think when we shall have all sects endowed, which I trust will happen, instead of none being so. But, at all events, I abhor the political disaffection created in Ireland, Scotland, and England by the exclusive privileges of Church of England ascendancy. It is really the power which is oppressive here, and not the monarchy, nor the aristocracy. Perhaps I feel it too sensitively as a scientific man, since our Puseyites have excluded physical science from Oxford. They are wise in their generation. The abject deference to authority advocated conscientiously by them can never survive a sound philosophical education.”

He made altogether four voyages to America, always with an increasing sympathy for whatever is best in American life. Slavery troubled him much. He saw that the slaves were fairly well treated; that they worked lightly, fed well, enjoyed themselves hugely, and were profoundly careless about their own condition. He thought that “if emancipated, they would suffer very much more than they would gain,” and just at first he was half disposed to palter and parley with the accursed thing. But more thinking brought him back to himself; and when the War of Secession came, he was firm as a rock on the right side, when all English society was going steadily wrong. No political movement of his time seems ever to have interested and excited him so much.

“If the result of the struggle,” he writes to Mr. Ticknor in the very thick of the war, “could be the abolition of slavery by the year 1900, it would be worth a heavy debt and many lives, at any rate when one thinks of what most wars are waged for, not but that the Union alone is worth a long fighting for.” And the longest letter, I think, in the whole correspondence, is one to his friend, Mr. T. Sped-

of conversation is the vacant editorship of the *Edinburgh*—Longman closeted for hours with Macaulay, and Jeffrey strongly opposed to letting the control go from Auld Reekie. Breakfasting at Rogers's, the veteran poet tells him how he knew a boatman who used to ferry Mr. Alexander Pope across the river at Twickenham, how Chantrey once came to his house as a workman, at five shillings a day, to receive orders for some ornamental drawing-room furniture, and how he still possessed the identical table at which Addison wrote his *Spectator* papers. Now it is "Ruskin, who was secretary of our Geological Section;" now it is "a friend of mine, Huxley, who will soon take rank as one of the first naturalists we have ever produced;" and now it is "young Geikie . . . certainly the coming geologist and writer." His eye for men was very keen, and his predictions have almost always turned out to be correct. Of Agassiz, just settling in Boston, he says, "He will be the founder of a school of zoology (for he has many pupils) of a high order. His enthusiasm is catching, especially when he has a good soil to work upon." Nor do his interests narrow at all with years. "I sat long before the Madonna di San Sisto to-day," he writes from Dresden, "and can feel its beauty." At Madeira, Teneriffe, the Grand Canary, and Palma, he enlarges his notions by new sub-tropical experiences. But the great scientific and philosophical revolution of the present century burst upon him, after all, half unprepared. He has long ago demolished the Mosaic cosmogony; he is deeply interested in Bishop Colenso; he has already strong views as to the antiquity of man; and yet Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species* comes across his horizon at last almost like a thunder-clap. The truth is, he was committed to the opposite belief, and he was old for a sudden revulsion. He accepted the new creed, indeed, slowly and cautiously, but he had a struggle for it, and it cost him hard.

Lyell's attitude towards the grand theory of the origin of species by descent with modification, was indeed in many ways a singular one; and these letters throw much light upon the evolution of his ideas with regard to it. Though his own views as to uniformitarianism and the antiquity of man might seem naturally to lead towards the acceptance of the development hypothesis—for it is much more difficult to imagine creation taking place in the midst of an ordinary physical series of events, than to imagine it taking place in order to restock a world desolated by a divinely ordered cataclysm—he formally rejected the theory as broached by Lamarck, and he hesitated for some time to accept it as altered and amended by Darwin. Indeed, to the last he was but a lukewarm convert. Unless my memory misleads me, I have heard Mr. Herbert Spencer say that the true test whether a man was an evolutionist in fibre or not was to be found in the question whether he accepted evolution before Mr. Darwin had made its *modus operandi* intelligible. There



occasional variety of the species may have this advantage conferred on it; or this would be still too much, one sex of a certain variety. Probably there is scarcely a dash of colour on the wing or body of which the choice would be quite arbitrary, or which might not affect its duration for thousands of years."

In some ways this is marvellously near Darwin; but in others it differs *toto cælo*; for Lyell does not see that these variations could arise "spontaneously," that is to say, in the ordinary course of small differences of antenatal conditions: he sets them all down directly to "the Presiding Mind." Nor does he see that they might result at last in the production of new species. Indeed, the context, which I have suppressed, takes off much from the superficial air of anticipating Darwin which the passage nakedly quoted undoubtedly bears. A year later he tells his sister—

"The latest news is that two fossil monkeys have at last been found, one in India, contemporary with extinct quadrupeds but not very ancient—Pliocene perhaps—another in the South of France, Miocene and contemporary with Paleotherium. So that according to Lamarck's view, there may have been a great many thousand centuries for their tails to wear off, and the transformation to men to take place."

In 1854 he notes, after an evening at Mr. Darwin's, how Sir Joseph Hooker astonished him with an account of that strange orchid, *Catasetum*, which bears three totally distinct kinds of flower. "It will figure," he says, "in C. Darwin's book on species, with many other 'ugly facts,' as Hooker, clinging like me to the orthodox faith, calls these and other abnormal vagaries."

Two years later, speaking of the wingless beetles of Madeira, he asks, "Was it not foreseen that wings would only cause them to be blown out to sea and be drowned?"

Soon after, meeting "Huxley, Hooker, and Wollaston at Darwin's," he is constrained to ask, "After all, did we not come from an ourang?" At last the *Origin of Species* comes out, and bit by bit Lyell is compelled to give in. Even then he can reconcile himself but slowly to the new creed. "I plead guilty," he writes to Sir Joseph Hooker, "to going farther in my reasoning towards transmutation than in my sentiments and imagination, and perhaps for that very reason I shall lead more people on to Darwin and you, than one who, being born later, like Lubbock, has comparatively little to abandon of old and long-cherished ideas, which constituted the charm to me of the theoretical part of the science in my earlier days, when I believed with Pascal in the theory, as Hallam terms it, of 'the archangel ruined.'" To Mr. Darwin himself he writes that "the descent of man from the brutes takes away much of the charm from my speculations on the past relating to such matters." In the end he comes to the conclusion, as he idiomatically puts it, that "we must go the whole ourang;" for that old mode of envisaging the facts clings to him to the last. Finally, he writes, "The question of

the origin of species gave me much to think of, and you may well believe that it cost me a struggle to renounce my old creed. One of Darwin's reviewers put the alternative strongly by asking whether we are to believe that man is modified mud or modified monkey."

I have illustrated this matter thus fully because it is one which very clearly shows the weak side of Lyell's intellect. With all his breadth of mind and freedom from prejudice, he was not ever one of those who really get to the very deepest bottom of things. His tendencies were all in the right direction, and his instinct inclined him always to the true solution; but he did not build himself up a set of first principles to start with, firmly based upon a philosophical foundation, and make these the fixed criteria of his judgments throughout. His was too English a mind for that. He clung to all old beliefs as long as possible; he parleyed and temporised with the enemy; he was for effecting a compromise wherever he could, a patched-up *modus vivendi* which had to be tinkered anew at every fresh discovery. To the very last his acceptance of evolution was but half-hearted: he never came out and gave it the right hand of friendship fearlessly; he was always making reservations and starting difficulties, although his own beliefs fell short of it in places only by an infinitesimal fraction. "No miracle and no catastrophes in the cosmical system," he seems to say from time to time; "no miracle in the evolution of our planet; no fresh creations *en bloc* to repopulate a desolate world; but just a very tiny miracle now and then, somewhere behind the scenes—a single new species to be created at a time, very unobtrusively, in Australia perhaps or St. Helena—that is all I ask." Whereas a thoroughly logical mind, a mind of the very highest order, would have said even before Darwin, "Creation can have no possible place in the physical series of things at all. How organisms came to be, I do not yet exactly see: but I am sure they must have come to be by some merely physical process, if we could only find it out." And such a mind could not fail to jump at the Darwinian solution the moment it was once fairly presented to it.

At the same time it would be unjust to deny that Lyell possessed and retained throughout life an unusual plasticity of thought and modifiability of opinion. It was no small thing that long after his sixtieth year he should have had the courage formally to recant in print the condemnation of "transformism" in his earlier works, and to accept, however unwillingly, the theory that he had so often and so deliberately rejected.<sup>1</sup>

(1) It is curious to note, however, that he never seems quite fully to have realised the immense difference between Mr. Darwin's view and Lamarck's. *A priori*, creation is from the first unbelievable; but as a matter of evidence, Lamarck failed to make evolution comprehensible, while Mr. Darwin succeeded in doing so. Hence he was able to convert many who, like Lyell, were hanging back and waiting for a *posteriori* proof. Yet Lyell himself never wholly recognised the difference.

A somewhat ungenerous critic has lately declared that Lyell often shut his eyes when brought face to face with evidence adverse to his own views. These letters abound in proofs to the contrary. Twenty years before the publication of the *Origin of Species*, he writes on another subject to Sir John Herschel:—

“I am very full of Darwin’s new theory of Coral Islands, and have urged Whewell to make him read it at our next meeting. I must give up my volcanic crater theory for ever, though it costs me a pang at first, for it accounted for so much—the annular form, the central lagoon, the sudden rising of an isolated mountain in a deep sea, all went so well with the notion of submerged, crateriform, and conical volcanoes, of the shape of South Shetland, and with an opening into which a ship could sail. . . . Yet, spite of all this, the whole theory is knocked on the head, and the annular shape and central lagoon have nothing to do with volcanoes, nor even with a crateriform bottom.”

The same spirit comes out in many other places. “I am sure I have no *objection*,” he says in one place about some disputed Old Red fish scales, “for I would as lief start with vertebrated animals and fresh water as with a universal ocean and the simplest forms of animal life.” Perfect loyalty to fact, a complete readiness to accept anything, provided it can be shown to be true, marks Lyell’s procedure throughout. It is very clearly seen in the last great work of his life, the *Antiquity of Man*. As a matter of taste, it is obvious that Lyell did not relish the application of evolutionism to his own species. But he found that the facts compelled him, and he gave in. No book ever published—not even the *Origin of Species* or the *Descent of Man*—did so much to shake the common belief in the origin of our race: so far as all thinking Europe was concerned, Lyell simply demolished the current cosmogonies. More than that, by incorporating in the book Professor Huxley’s remarks about the Neanderthal skull and much similar matter, he advertised the new creed in the animal origin of man with all the weight of his European reputation. The last years of his life were almost wholly spent in investigating this question of antiquity. Fifty years before, when he was at Oxford, he noted the occurrence of certain “pear-shaped flints” at Norwich, which he supposed must have “owed their shapes entirely to animals;” and all through his life he had been especially interested in the glacial period and its remains, the border land where geology merges imperceptibly into archæology and history. But from the Darwinian era onward he turned his attention almost entirely to the question of antiquity. He inspected everywhere, and got abundant specimens from abroad, at times not without ludicrous difficulties. Dr. Falconer had procured him a fine cast of a fossil rhinoceros; at Naples the police voted it an infernal machine, and confiscated it accordingly. After a time it was restored, but the priests kept Dr. Falconer’s osteological notes, which they declared to

be treasonable, as no doubt they were from an ecclesiastical point of view. After some years spent in hunting palæoliths and weighing evidence (which involved some heavy field work for so old a man, in the Bedford drift, the Liège and Maestricht caves, and so forth), the *Antiquity of Man* finally appeared in February, 1863. In three months he had sold 5,000 copies, a remarkable success for such a book. It was his last great serious work. The remaining years of his life, though still actively spent, were devoted mainly to reconsideration and revision of what had been already done.

In February, 1875, his great and useful life closed quietly and worthily. In reviewing the seventy-eight years of his labours, it is impossible to avoid seeing throughout how admirably his opportunities were adapted to the work he had to do. He was the right man, to start with ; but the lines also fell to him in the right places. With equal abilities, equal ardour, and equal singleness of purpose, he could not have done so much without the happy conjunction of circumstances as well. On the other hand, the lesson of his valuable life throws only into stronger relief the utter waste of powers and opportunities on the part of most other Englishmen in like positions. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, put in Lyell's place, would have been nothing better than masters of foxhounds or slaughterers of tame pheasants. When one thinks of the life work performed by such men as Lyell and the great band of thinkers to which he belonged, one sees only the best side of wealth and position : one feels for a moment half inclined to thank the constitution of things as they are here in England for the chance it offers to such broad-minded and comprehensive workers as these. But then one thinks also of the extraordinary rarity of men who so make use of their opportunities, who regard their wealth as anything more than an easy means of the vulgarest personal gratification. It is lamentable to remember all the thousands of conservatories all over England in each of which, without perceptible difference to the owner, a few useful experiments might be tried, a few valuable observations made ; and yet how many of them are ever used for any other purpose than to provide distorted flowers for a dinner-table, for a lady's hair, or for a fop's button-hole ? We must congratulate ourselves if now and then, at rare intervals, we get a single Lyell out of all this mass of wasted humanity. After all, that result is in itself a great thing. We have always enough of narrow specialists in science, men valuable and important in their own way, though that is not the highest way ; but we have never too many of the great co-ordinating and organising intelligences, who take the scattered strands of scientific thought, and weave them together into one consistent and harmonious whole. Among such men as these Lyell stands well to the front, though not exactly in the very first rank.

GRANT ALLEN.

"worst infamies of Mantegazza." He forgets, or has not observed, the public testimony of Dr. Klein, who, after four years' constant association with Professors Michael Foster, Lauder-Brunton, and Burdon-Sanderson, stated frankly that he himself had for the sufferings of animals "no regard at all;" and that in this matter he had found among English physiologists no difference whatever. Mr. Gurney laughs at the "suffering" involved in the English experiments on the action of cholagogues, which he compares to "that produced in the human subject by an old-fashioned gamboge pill." He forgets, or has failed to recognise, that, as will be seen when we come to deal with it later on, the conditions of this experiment were somewhat different from those of an ordinary pill. Nor has he been much more fortunate in his other instance of exaggerated estimate of pain. It was an awkward evidence of the solidarity between scientists of different countries when seven of the leading physiologists of England combined to raise a statue to Claude Bernard. People were growing difficult to persuade of the tender-heartedness of men who could thus go out of their way to honour one whose claim to honour was at least partly based on the inventing of a stove which should enable him to watch the details of the process of baking dogs alive. So some one hit upon the happy thought that being baked alive is after all not such a disagreeable experience. When a dog attains the "lethal temperature of  $110^{\circ}$  he dies," and everybody knows that  $110^{\circ}$  is a temperature by no means impossible to be borne. And this little fallacy, the transcendent ingenuity of which might almost excuse its yet more transcendent impudence, Mr. Gurney accepts with the simple faith of a reasoner who expects to find in his opponent the same honour which characterizes himself. He forgets the "tolerably elementary fact" that the temperature of the blood and the temperature of the external atmosphere are not precisely the same thing. Bernard's dogs died after varying periods of subjection to "temperatures of  $100^{\circ}$ " and upwards. But the lethal temperature of their blood was  $109^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The temperature of the furnace in which it was raised to that point ranged upwards from  $100^{\circ}$  Centigrade. And finally, let Mr. Gurney and any other persons who may think to give liberty to this method of so-called science without giving, at the same time, license to cruelty, look to the authoritative utterances of the vivisectionist leaders themselves, and estimate the chance of their accepting any control whatever that shall be aught more than a simple shield between their own unfettered action and the battery of public opinion. Let them especially study Professor Owen's famous Folkestone address, with its plain-spoken demand of absolute freedom for any "young surgeon" to perform upon any animal any experiment he may please, in the simple spirit of M. Paul Bert,

who, in the words of the *Revue Médicale* of 26th November, 1881, "Appartient à cette classe d'expérimentateurs terribles qui opèrent, non pour soumettre à l'épreuve des théories préconçues, mais bien pour voir ce qui ressortira d'une expérience fortuite, et dans l'espérance qu'un hasard heureux produira un de ces faits retentissants qui suffisent à la gloire d'un savant."

## II.

The trilogy of articles in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* devoted to the praise of vivisection, opens by observations from Sir James Paget, which promise, like the excellent paper of Mr. Gurney, to carry on the controversy upon the broad ground of the rights of man over the lower animals. This ground, as Mr. Lecky has remarked in his *European Morals*, "has only been brought within the domain of ethics during the last century," and is as yet imperfectly mapped out. Large allowance must therefore be made for those who fail to recognise where their favourite practice transgresses the border-line of offence, while the practices of other men lie within the frontier. Persistent obtuseness, however, of this kind, if generally exhibited by a class of educated persons, must assuredly mark that class as behind the age in moral perception, howsoever exalted may be their intellectual claims.

The sequel of Sir James Paget's discussion unfortunately fails to bear out the anticipations which its opening had raised of a fair and broadly-based debate. He disclaims any intention of discriminating the ethical character of different uses and misuses of animals, and simply throws together a heap of cruelties as a sort of earth-work behind which to shelter vivisection. They are all condoned, he says, by custom, and vivisection may well be condoned also, along with the least objectionable of them. Its "pains" are less, its "uses" greater.

At this point, of course, I must prepare to explain my reasons for parting company with Sir James Paget, and I do so with no small difficulty, *not* because those reasons are few or weak, but because they are so overwhelming that it is hard to state them plainly, reserving the respect due to my opponent. Answering a less esteemed person, I confess I should mark off the steps of his argument as almost alternately a *suppressio veri* and a *suggestio falsi*. Replying to a man of high mental, moral, and religious claims, I can merely marshal the facts to be weighed against his assertions and implications, and leave my readers to judge how far mistaken zeal and *esprit de corps* can produce a veritable moral colour-blindness, disabling a man from perceiving that the thing which he describes as green like grass, is in truth crimson as blood.

1. Finding public sentiment on the subject of animal suffering

in a state he would diagnose as one of *hyperæsthesia*, Sir James begins by administering a sedative. The lower animals, he assures us, almost certainly feel pain less acutely than even the hardiest men. Would that I could believe it! But how is this pleasing theory to be reconciled with the testimony of Professor Pritchard (Professor of Anatomy, Royal Veterinary College) whose acquaintance with animals must be tenfold greater than that of Sir James, and who told the Royal Commissioners (Minutes, 846)—

"I have performed some thousands of operations on them (dogs and horses), and I have never yet been able to detect any difference in sensation between the skin of either one or the other and the human subject, beyond this, that the cuticle or external covering of the skin is thicker in some animals than in others, and of course the knife has to penetrate deeper to reach the sensitive structure, but when once it has reached it I think it is as sensitive in one animal as in the other."

And again (847)—

"He had never seen anything to make him think differently than that, as regards the physical sensation of pain, it would be equal to that in a human being."

It is true, as Sir James says, that savages undoubtedly feel pain less than civilised men; but in the same degree we must conclude that wild animals feel it less than domesticated ones; and it is generally these latter on which vivisections are performed. The very fact that physiologists use horses, dogs, and cats for numberless experiments on the nervous system, and select delicate and petted dogs to exhibit "reactions" (*anglicè*, spasms of agony) under their operations, is proof, at all events, that they believe that the sensitiveness of these creatures bears a terribly close analogy to that of man. This particular line of Sir James's argument will scarcely, then, lead the reader very far in the direction he desires.<sup>1</sup>

(1) It is, however, the persistent habit of vivisectors to deny both the general sensitiveness of animals and their particular sense of the worst injuries. Professor Pavy told the Royal Commission (2,159) that a frog would not find being put into boiling water very painful, and that its efforts to escape were only "physical action in the muscles." Dr. Sibson (4,745) was "not of opinion that raising the temperature of animals till they died would produce great suffering," though he thought (4,750) Goltz' experiment of boiling a frog to death "a horrible idea." He also thought (4,751) that very little suffering was produced by Chossat's of starving animals to death, with which he was "very familiar," and which Dr. Sharpey denounced (420) as, "very severe," and "causing great suffering." After this it is natural to find Professor Humphry holding (616) that disease in an animal is not so painful as in man; and various witnesses, speaking of artificially induced erysipelas, scarlet fever, diphtheria, small-pox, jaundice, and tuberculosis as not painful diseases but (in the case of tuberculosis) "the very reverse." In short, if the victim writhes, moans, and shrieks it is all "unconscious action in the muscles." If it lies still, paralyzed by the intensity of agony, then, as Dr. Wickham Legg said of his sixteenth cat, which had first had its bile duct tied and then the "diabetic puncture" made through its skull with a chisel (5,281), "we may doubt whether it (the operation) be painful, because as soon as the cat comes out of the chloroform it lies in a helpless state, and does not move at all or give any signs of feeling."

2. After arguing generally that animals feel pain less than men, Sir James proceeds to suggest the notion that vivisections are, after all, only like surgical operations on human beings, under another name. "Of course," he says, "the pains given in experiments on animals not under anæsthetics were as various as were those which, before 1846, were given in surgical operations." "*As various?*" Surely yes! and a little more so. Did surgeons ever open up the backbones of men and irritate the spinal marrow, as Chauveau, Brown-Séquard, and others have done to thousands of dogs, horses, and other animals; or roast them alive, like Professor Wertheim's thirty dogs; or "lard" them with nails after Mantegazza's fashion with guinea-pigs and rabbits? Unless surgeons before 1846 were wont to treat their human patients in some such ways as these, I am afraid we must set down Sir James's parallel between the varieties of vivisection and those of surgery, as distinctly misleading.

3. Continuing the same paragraph above quoted, Sir James says:—

"But for the worst I think it probable that the pain inflicted in such experiments as I saw done by Magendie was greater than that caused by any generally permitted sport; it was as bad as that which I saw given to horses in a bull fight, or which I suppose to have been given in dog-fighting or bear-baiting. I never saw anything in his or any other experiments more horrible than is shown in any of Snyder's boar-hunts, or in Landseer's 'Death of the Otter.'"

Magendie, being long dead, is the great scapegoat of physiologists, and even Dr. Sharpey (who was by no means a squeamish person) told the Royal Commission (444) that when he was a young man he went to the first of a series of Magendie's lectures, but was so utterly repelled by what he witnessed that he never returned. We are not told how many of these lectures Sir James Paget found it possible to attend, but, as he compares the experiments therein exhibited to the sufferings of the horses killed in the bull fights which he also frequented, it becomes a matter of interest to inquire what he saw, and so enable ourselves to use those weights and measures he has offered us—the bull fight, the dog fight, and Landseer's pictures—to estimate the pain of vivisection. Does he seriously think those brutal sports, or the chase of the wild boar or the otter, really cause as much agony as the single experiment, for example, of Magendie, when he removed a dog's stomach and substituted a pig's bladder?

In comparing the agonies of vivisected animals with the pangs of creatures killed in the chase or the arena, we must remember that the former are endured in cold blood by animals fasting, thirsting, tied down on the torture trough, and possibly curarized. The latter are borne by creatures so excited that, like soldiers in battle, they are comparatively unconscious of them till they are ended by death.



4. Sir James continues his estimate of the pains of vivisection as follows :—

“I have never seen or read of an experiment on a fish so painful as ligger fishing.”

(By some fatality, I have never read of any vivisectional experiments on fishes at all.)

“I doubt whether any experiment on fish or reptile can in an equal time give more pain than is given in long-playing a deeply-hooked salmon. Probably a thoroughly heartless vivisector (if one could be found) might inflict in a day more pain than a heartless sportsman, but in the ordinary practice of experiments on animals it is not possible. . . . I believe, therefore, that with these few exceptions which I have mentioned (all quoted above), there are no physiological experiments which are not matched or far surpassed in painfulness by common practices permitted or encouraged by the most sensitive and humane persons of the time.” (P. 923.)

It is true that Sir James six years ago told the Royal Commission (379) that he knew “nothing” of the experiments at Florence, Leipzig, Vienna, or Paris; and (481) that he “was not conversant with all that goes on abroad,” and (354) did not know the *English Handbook* “well.” Nevertheless, I must believe that, before undertaking to instruct the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* on the vivisection controversy, this eminent gentleman at least dipped into the leading works on the subject; let us say the *Handbook* and Pflüger’s *Archiv*, and the treatises of Béclard and Cyon, Schiff and Paul Bert. I must believe that, before placing his respectable name at the head of a committee to receive contributions for a monument to Claude Bernard, he had acquainted himself with that great vivisector’s principal works—his *Leçons sur le Diabète*, *Leçons sur la Chaleur Animale*, *Physiologie Opératoire*, &c. And with these books in his hand, and their blood-freezing illustrations in his memory, he writes such a paragraph as this!

I hold Sir James Paget to his words, and call on him to repeat to the public his assurance that the victims of the experiments which I shall now cite did not suffer more than animals killed as usual in the chase or the arena.

We will take, first, the numerous rabbits and the seventeen dogs baked to death in his friend Claude Bernard’s stove. These animals, Bernard tells us (*Leçons sur la Chaleur Animale*, p. 347), survived respectively eight minutes, ten minutes, twenty-four minutes, and so on, according to the heat of the stove, and according to the position of their heads within it, or outside of it. It became impossible, he says, of each case, “to count the pantings. At last the creature falls into convulsions and dies—uttering a cry.” Let Sir James Paget think of that death-cry of the dog, baked to death, and then tell us again that the sensitive, intelligent, faithful brute, so vilely used, suffered no more pain than a deeply-hooked salmon in the river, or a

"I had therefore before me a little-explored region of pathology; it had all the allurements (*le seduzioni*) and all the difficulties of the unknown" (p. 93). The problem was to create intense pain, and at the same time to keep the creature motionless in an attitude which would not (like lying on its back) interfere with respiration. The ingenious Professor hit on two ways to accomplish this double purpose, "either by exasperating the pain so that its influence overcame the action of the muscles of motion; or by planting sharp and numerous nails through the soles of the feet in such a way as to render the animal nearly motionless, because in every movement it would have felt more acutely its torment" (p. 95). Then follow the details of twenty-eight experiments. Many of them, he says, occupied two days, all of them one day at least. The Professor prefaces what is to follow by this remark (p. 101)—

"These my experiments were conducted with much DELIGHT AND EXTREME PATIENCE for the space of a year." (*Queste mie esperienze furono condotte con molto amore e pazienza moltissima per lo spazio di un anno.*)

One experiment is on a guinea-pig nursing its young; another on a dove enclosed in the machine and tormented for nearly two hours, then taken out, and after some respite, put back again for another hour and fifty-five minutes, with "many nails in its feet and wings," and again subjected to the action of the "tormentatore," which leaves it often *accasciata* (prostrated) with pain (p. 106). Two white rats, after two hours of the machine, are "larded with long thin nails in their limbs." They "suffer horribly, and, shut up in the machine for two hours more, they rush against each other, and not having the strength to bite, remain interlaced with mouths open, screaming and groaning" (p. 107). A rabbit was placed for six hours in the machine, and next day larded with nails and shut in the machine for six hours more. Another rabbit was "*imbottito di chiodi*" ("quilted with nails"). The result of the whole twenty-eight experiments is a synoptical table of the water and carbonic acid produced under the various degrees of "little pain," "much pain," "cruel pain," and "atrocious pain" respectively. It appears that the average of all the observations differs only by two centesimi from the average of normal respiration (p. 115).

Or shall we turn to America, where Dr. Austin Flint (another honoured guest of the British public at the recent Congress), boasts, in his *Human Physiology*, that he has frequently removed the kidneys from dogs, the animals lingering for three or four days in extreme torture? (p. 403). He likewise advises students in copying the agonizing operation of cutting the fifth nerves not to use an anæsthetic, as the experiment is more "satisfactory" with the evidence of pain.

Or, to come nearer home, here is what has been done in Edinburgh to at least fifty dogs under the express sanction of the law as it now stands. The explanation is by Dr. Walker:—

"The first part of the performance consists in making the animal fast from seventeen to nineteen hours. At about 9 a.m. it is brought into the laboratory. . . . Curari is injected to prevent struggles and cries. . . . Another operation is now necessary to keep up respiration. This is done with a pair of bellows through an aperture made in the wind-pipe. An incision is made in the middle line of the stomach and a tube inserted into the bile-duct into which an opening has been made. The cystic-duct is now occluded by a clamp; an opening is made into the part of the intestinal canal called

the duodenum, and a cholagogue or some other substance to be tested is inserted in it. The experiment is now said to begin, and to those whose feelings and conscience have not been seared with a hot iron the sight of the miserable and helpless victim would be intolerable. . . ."

And, finally, here is the "last thing out" in vivisection :

"The *Lancet* of September 17th, 1881, contains an account headed 'Electrical Tetanus,' of some experiments by M. Richet.

"Repeated electrical stimulation," it appears, produces on rabbits a state of tetanus (cramp) arresting respiration, which may be kept up artificially. In respect of dogs, the following is the account given of those experimented on by M. Richet; and detailed (we may add) without one word of condemnation in the *Lancet*.

"In the dogs the electricity employed was not sufficiently powerful to arrest respiration, and death was due to the elevation of temperature. The ascent of the thermometer was extremely rapid, so that *after the tetanus had lasted for half an hour*, the lethal temperature of 111 or 112 F. was reached. . . . The proof that the increased body-heat is the cause of death was furnished by the fact that if the animal is *kept cool by artificial means* it may bear *for more than two hours extremely strong currents, which cause severe tetanus without dying for some days*. . . . Usually death occurs when a temperature of 112° is attained, but in some cases it reached 112·5 and even 113·3. . . . At 111 the breathing is so frequent that it is hardly possible to count it and so feeble that scarcely any air enters the thorax."—*Lancet*, September 17, 1881, p. 515.

Thus these most miserable animals were subjected for two hours at a time to currents of electricity, causing such intense agony of cramp and heat together that they either expired, with their blood 14 degrees above the normal temperature (simmered, in short, in their own blood)—or lingered for a day or two, having been "kept cool by artificial means" during their hideous torture. M. Richet may safely challenge the world—perhaps the inhabitants of even a worse world than this—to rival him in the ingenuity of his torture. (*Zoophilist*, No. 6.)

This, as I have called it, is the last thing accessible to the lay reader in the way of experiment, but I hereby call on any man of candour and honour out of the hundred scientific gentlemen who heard Dr. Roy (to whose tender mercies the animals in the Brown Institution are entrusted) give his account of his own experiments on the innervation of the kidney, in the Physiological Section at the late Congress, to tell us what those experiments were. Perhaps they will prove a ghastly counterpart to Sir James Paget's ideal picture of the dogs who were "happier" after vivisection than before.

Physiologists must not be surprised if, to the natural indignation excited by records of the sufferings of harmless brutes, be added among anti-vivisectionists some exasperation due to the sense that they tread on a quagmire whenever they approach this enchanted ground, whereon honest Englishmen seem to lose all our national characteristics of humanity and straightforwardness.<sup>1</sup> We talk

(1) A remarkable instance of this boggiess of the physiological territory was recently experienced by the Committee of the Victoria Street Society, on the occasion of the prosecution of Professor Ferrier. Here are the articles in the two leading

contemptuously of the pious frauds of the elder priesthood; but that the Priesthood of Science, which ought to be the very service of Truth, should lie open to the charge of persistent prevarication, is a humiliating spectacle indeed.

Sir James concludes with the usual boast of the great improvements of modern surgery and medicine due to Vivisection. One of these refers to the aneurism controversy, to be treated presently in our reply to Professor Owen. For the rest I need only say that when our medical advisers find cures for cholera, consumption, cancer, leprosy, or even the cattle plague, or are more successful than the despised bone-setter in curing simple sprains and dislocations, it will be time for us to recognise their vast achievements. Just now the sad story of President Garfield affords but a poor confirmation to the lay intellect of Sir James Paget's position. Seven eminent surgeons and physicians, receiving 100 and 1,000 dollars a day, issued during Mr. Garfield's lingering sufferings incessant bulletins, which in the light of medical journals, on which the Society based its proceedings, and also the notes of the shorthand-writer in Court at the trial:—

*British Medical Journal.*

PUBLISHED REPORT.  
20th August, 1881.

"The members were shown two of the monkeys, a portion of whose cortex had been removed by Professor Ferrier. Concerning the first of these, Professor Ferrier said it had been his desire to remove as completely as possible the whole of the psycho-motor region. Whether in this he had succeeded perfectly could not be learnt for certainty until after a *post mortem* examination had been made."

PUBLISHED REPORT.  
8th October, 1881.

"The interest attaching to the discussion was greatly enhanced by the fact that Professor Ferrier was willing to exhibit two monkeys which he had operated upon some months previously."

"In startling contrast to the dog were two monkeys exhibited by Professor Ferrier. One of them had been operated upon in the middle of January, the left motor area having been destroyed."

REPORTER'S SWORN EVIDENCE.  
17th November, 1881.

Q. Did Professor Ferrier offer to exhibit two of the monkeys upon which he had so operated?

A. At the Congress, no.

Q. Did he subsequently?

A. No; he showed certain of the members of the Congress two monkeys at King's College.

Q. What two monkeys?

A. Two monkeys upon which an operation had been performed.

Q. By whom?

A. By Professor Yeo.

*Lancet.*

COUNSEL'S STATEMENT.  
17th November, 1881.

Dr. WAKELEY, sworn, examined by Mr. Waddy:—

Q. Are you the Editor of the *Lancet*?

A. I am.

Q. Can you tell me who it was furnished his Report?

A. I have the permission of the gentleman to give his name, Professor Gamgee, of Owen's College, Manchester.

Mr. WADDY: What I should ask is that one might have an opportunity of calling Professor Gamgee.

Mr. GULLY: We have communicated with Professor Gamgee and I know very well that he will say precisely what was said by Dr. Roy.

inutility of experiments on animals." Dr. Wilks may have "looked in vain," but he has not looked far.

There has not been a single authorised statement, report, or leading article issued by the Society—not a speech of its honoured President, Lord Shaftesbury, or of its Vice-Presidents, the Lord Chief Justice, Cardinal Manning, Lord Mount Temple, and the Bishop of Winchester, wherein it is not plainly declared that the inutility is a much lesser consideration with us than the moral offence involved in Vivisection. I proceed to offer a few extracts from these reports and speeches, and rejoice that I have the opportunity of doing so, holding for my own part that here lies the very core of our whole movement.

When the Victoria Street Society was first founded, and only demanded a restrictive law, its original STATEMENT (adopted at a Committee held March 1st, 1875, the Archbishop of York in the chair) contains this sentence: "The Committee does not adopt the opinion that the benefits derived from Vivisection justify it when the pain inflicted on the animal is serious or prolonged." (P. 12.) The annual reports of the Society reiterate the same—the fourth, for example, containing these words (p. 7), speaking of the views of the Committee, "Better is it, they deem, in the supreme interest of man as well as brute, that all the vaunted benefits to be won by Vivisection (were they tenfold greater than they are ever likely to be) should remain unattained to the end of time, rather than that by familiarity with the impassive pitilessness of the physiologists our race should lose those sentiments of mercy and sympathy which are of more worth than a million facts of science." Lord Shaftesbury, in his noble speech in the House of Lords on the 15th July, 1879, after discussing the supposed utility of the practice, observed that "there was one grand consideration preliminary to that of its conduciveness to science—the right of man to subject God's creatures to such suffering." The Bishop of Winchester, in an admirable address at Southampton, October 16th, 1878, dealt almost exclusively on this point—"We had no right to torture the creatures of God for the sake of any supposed benefit we might derive from doing so. He quite admitted that man was superior to the beast; but the part of him which was so valuable was not his bodily constitution, but the immortal part of his being," and *that* would be injured, not benefited, by such a practice of cruelty. Cardinal Manning, speaking with great eloquence last summer in Lord Coleridge's house, said, with emphasis, "*Nothing* can justify—no claim of science, no conjectured result, no hoped-for discovery—such horrors as these." Again, in the Society's Memorial, signed by one hundred picked representative men in England, peers, bishops, Members of Parliament, distinguished authors, heads of colleges, and general

tion (in *Scribner's Magazine*) of our position. "If," he says, "Pain could be represented by money, then there is no mining company in the world which would sanction *prospecting in such barren regions*."

The space we can ask for answering four articles in one is exhausted. Very shortly the nation will decide in Parliament between our Bill to abolish Vivisection and our opponents' Bill to abolish the present restrictions on the practice. Let those who think that the claims of Humanity to rule supreme are higher than those of Science to work "untrammelled," endeavour now to induce their representatives to support the Bill (to be introduced by Mr. Reid) for the total prohibition of Vivisection, and thus stop those cruel experiments which, like Professor Rutherford's, even now take place in this kingdom, and under the direct sanction of English law. There was a glorious day a century ago when a Chief Justice of England proclaimed that the hour in which a slave touched English soil he became free. I do not despair, though my remaining days must be few, of hearing another great English Chief Justice proclaim that every humble brute living on English ground or flying in English air shall be for ever guarded against Vivisection.

Let our position, once for all, be understood.

We desire to stop the torture of animals as a grave moral offence, the consequences of which—be they fortunate or the reverse—we are no more concerned to weigh than those of any other evil deed, but which we believe to be without real advantage to the physical welfare of the community, as we are assured they are detrimental to its moral interests.

We find it practically impossible to separate torturing from non-torturing Vivisection, or to obtain for an animal bound on a vivisection table any security against the extremity of torture.

We, therefore, ask of Parliament the total prohibition of Vivisection.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

the confused perplexity of much of human life and motive. But they impart a singular graciousness to the scene, and their friendship is one of the choicest gifts within men's reach.

Miss Fox was born in 1819, and she died in 1871. Like the great Emperor, she might at the end of her days have offered thanks to the gods that they had given her good forefathers, good kinsfolk, a good sister, good teachers, and in all that surrounded her, in relations and in friends, people who were usually all of them filled to the full with goodness. This highest kind of good fortune seems never to have deserted her. Her life was no *Odyssey*, nor is there any story to tell. She was always active in those good works of modest benevolence which kind women find out for themselves, and she watched with pensive solicitude the surging tide of politics and social circumstance as waters beating on a distant shore. But when all is told, she may be counted among those to whom in its best sense we may apply Lamartine's beautiful line—

*"Rien ne reste de nous sinon d'avoir aimé."*

When she was five-and-twenty (1844-5) the little preliminary memoir informs us, "there came a time of great sorrow." "A considerable blank occurs in the Journals of these and some of the succeeding years; what she wrote at this time containing, save so far as is extracted, nothing but a most sacred record of great personal suffering and inward struggle. Hers was a nature to come out of sorrow, be it ever so deep or bitter, strengthened and ennobled by the lesson, and striving still more earnestly for the victory over self." It is not impertinent, we believe, to conjecture that the death of John Sterling, which happened in the autumn of 1844, had some share in this sorrow. Of that unspoken resignation which belongs to the vast and silent martyrdom of women through the ages, we may well believe that this fine nature had its share. But it is for the most part unspoken in these pages. The English habit of reserve and silence, which is partly a rather stupid shyness, but is partly also due to a true moral delicacy, checks that expansive tenderness of sympathy and aspiration which gives their unspeakable charm to such letters, for instance, as those of Eugénie de Guérin. For this peculiar attraction we must always look to France, whether the reason lies in the larger care that has been given to emotional cultivation, sometimes even amounting to sickliness, by Catholicism; or in the finer sensibilities that are encouraged by the literary and social tradition of France, so superior as it is in these respects to our own. In the journals and letters before us we have only to divine the tears and prayers and nameless moments of the undefined suffering that is not very far removed from a kind of peace, with which the writer bore her portion of the chagrins of every human lot. All that side is veiled, and it is well that it should be so, for our language is too stiff and

to London, I suppose?' A nod. 'I shall be happy to meet you there; where are your quarters?' There was no repelling this, so his friend with the energy of despair broke out, 'I-I-I-I-I'm g-g-g-going to D-D-D-Doctor Br-Br-Br-Brewster to be c-c-c-cured of this sl-sl-sl-slight im-impediment in my sp-sp-sp-sp-speech.' At this instant a little white face which had not appeared before popped out from one of the berths and struck in, 'Th-th-th-that's the m-m-m-man wh-wh-who c-c-c-c-c-cured me!'"

Many of the pointed things are decidedly ancient; the story, for instance, of Charles Lamb being asked by Coleridge, "You have heard me preach, I think?" and replying, "I have never heard you do anything else." This, too, is of the oddest:—

"Talked of Philip von Artevelde (Taylor), Irving, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb being together; and the conversation turning on Mahomet, Irving reprobated him in his strongest manner as a prince of impostors, without earnestness and without faith. Taylor thinking him not fairly used, defended him with much spirit. On going away, Taylor could not find his hat, and was looking about for it, when Charles Lamb volunteered his assistance, with the query, 'Taylor, did you come in a h-h-hat or a t-t-t-turban?'"

They go to Bridgewater House to see the pictures and meet Sterling there. His criticisms were "very useful and illuminating." He surely then gave them something fresher than this:—

"A fine ecclesiastical head suggested the following story:—A Protestant Bishop was declaiming to a Roman Catholic on the folly of a belief in Purgatory. 'My lord,' was the reply, 'you may go farther and fare worse.'"

There are a good many other facetiæ which might reasonably have amused the worthy Cornish ladies, and might have been fresh to them, and yet which are not at all worth reproducing in a book intended for public perusal, and in other respects so extremely well deserving public perusal. The only other comment that we need make on the editing is that the notes often tell us about people who are already well known, while they as often leave us in the dark about those of whom the world knows nothing. The Index, too, is bad. The prefatory Memoir, on the other hand, is written in excellent taste and with deep and sincere feeling.

The most interesting episode in the book to many of us of this generation will undoubtedly be John Stuart Mill's visit to Falmouth. Carlyle just mentions it in the *Life of Sterling*, but the incident is described in these pages with all the fulness of a diary, and a most charming piece of diary it is. It gives a side of Mill's character in full, which is only dimly and almost drily hinted at in the *Autobiography*, and which would perhaps be hardly divined from merely reading Mill's writings. Professor Bain's three papers on Mill, contributed to *Mind* a couple of years ago, help to fill in the rather meagre narrative of the *Autobiography*, but those who had not the



countenance. He squeezed Papa's and Mamma's hands without speaking, and afterwards warmly thanked them for kindnesses received. 'Everything,' he said, 'had been done that the circumstances of the case admitted.' Henry received him with considerable calmness, and has at intervals had deeply interesting and relieving conversation with him."

The invalid lingered for some three weeks after his brother's arrival, and J. S. Mill himself remained in Falmouth for a few days longer. He seems to have seen the Foxes nearly every day. They had delightful walking parties, dined together, took their luncheon in the open air, and it was in the air that Mill was at his best. He told them of "the extreme elation of spirits he always experienced in the country, and illustrated it with an apology by jumping." Some of his talk during these pleasant excursions in sympathetic companionship is full of suggestion, though now and then we come upon a remark which we cannot but suppose to be misreported. We may at least be pretty sure that it would be safe to apply to Mill's talk, on these as on other occasions, what Goethe said to a friend of Sterling's about Schiller:—"I have never heard from him an insignificant word."

They made a walking party to Pendennis Cavern, with which they were all delighted.

"J. S. Mill proposed leaving the lighted candles there as an offering to the gnomes. He was full of interesting talk. A ship in full sail he declared the only work of man that under all circumstances harmonises with Nature, the reason being that it is adapted to purely natural requirements. . . . The whole material universe is small compared to the guileless heart of a little child, because it can contain it all and much more. . . . Speaking of the women in France being those who kept up the appearance of religious zeal more than the men, he in part accounted for it by the sort of premium which the Bourbons would offer on regular attendance and support of established forms. This induced a shrinking from the service in the stronger minds from a dread of the imputation of hypocrisy; and though the effect is bad, the cause is creditable to human nature. Superstition and ceremony are the last things abandoned in a departing faith, because the most obvious and connected with the prejudices of the people. Then we got to Luther and the Reformers. Luther was a fine fellow, but what a moral is to be drawn from the perplexity and unhappiness of his latter days. He had taught people to *think* independently of their instructors, and had imagined that their opinions would all conform to his; when, however, they took so wide and various a scope, he was wretched, considering himself accountable for all their aberrations; and though so triumphant in his reform, shuddered at the commotion he had made, instead of viewing it as the natural and necessary result of the emancipation of thought from the trammels of authority, which he himself had introduced. 'No one,' he said with deep feeling, 'should attempt anything intended to benefit his age, without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it as Chatterton, or yield to

reporter's own interpretation. But the tone is thoroughly characteristic of the speaker, as it is in what follows on another page.

"On consumption, and the why it was so connected with what is beautiful and interesting in nature. The disease itself brings the mind as well as the constitution into a state of prematurity, and this reciprocally preys on the body. After an expressive pause, John Mill quietly said, 'I expect to die of consumption.' I lectured him about taking a little more care of himself. 'Why, it does not much signify in what form death comes to us.' 'But time is important to those who wish to help their fellow-creatures.' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'it is pleasant to do some little good in the world.' When Barclay joined us the first question agitated was the influence of habits of business on literary pursuits. John Mill considers it the duty of life to endeavour to reconcile the two, the active and the speculative; and from his own experience and observation the former gives vigour and system and effectiveness to the latter. He finds that he can do much more in two hours after a busy day, than when he sits down to write with time at his own command. He has watched the development of many young minds, and observed that those who make the greatest intellectual advances are of the active class, even when they enjoy fewer advantages than their contemplative friends; and nothing promotes activity of mind more than habits of business. Barclay was lamenting his sense of incapacity to attain, in his intellectual being, to the mark which was evidently set forth in his own mind. 'This, with very few exceptions,' rejoined John Mill, 'was the case with all who ever reflected: men's strivings were divided by Carlyle into two classes—to be and to seem: the former aimed high, and though they cannot attain to it, yet this very striving gives energy to their characters; the latter go about, deceiving and being deceived, using terms in speaking of themselves, and believing that those terms represented realities—these are doomed to a stationary position. Self-deception and the deception of others act reciprocally in increasing the delusion. Then on discouragements in intellectual pursuits. Here, too, you should ever aim high; work on, even when nothing you do pleases you; do it over again without admitting discouragement: at the same time you must curb your fastidiousness, and not let your judgment and taste get too far in advance of your power of execution, or your ardour will be damped and you will probably do nothing."

It was said of Rousseau by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who made more than one excursion with him, that his sense of smell was so subtle and acute that he might have classified plants by odours, if language could only have been made to furnish as many names as nature supplies varieties of fragrance. Before leaving friends who had evidently inspired him with a true attachment, Mill concocted for them an almanack of the odours that scent the air, to be arranged chronologically according to the months, beginning with the laurel and ending with the lime.

"A CALENDAR OF ODOURS, BEING IN IMITATION OF THE VARIOUS CALENDARS OF FLORA BY LINNÆUS AND OTHERS.

The brilliant colouring of Nature is prolonged, with incessant changes, from March till October; but the fragrance of her breath is spent before the summer

is half ended. From March till July an uninterrupted succession of sweet odours fills the air by day and still more by night, but the gentler perfumes of autumn, like many of the earlier ones here for that reason omitted, must be sought ere they can be found. The Calendar of Odours, therefore, begins with the laurel, and ends with the lime.

*March.*—Common laurel.

*April.*—Violets, furze, wall-flower, common broad-leaved willow, apple-blossom.

*May.*—Lilac, night-flowering stocks and rockets, laburnum, hawthorn, seringa, sweet-briar.

*June.*—Mignonette, bean-fields, the whole tribe of summer roses, hay, Portugal laurel, various species of pinks.

*July.*—Common acacia, meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, sweetgale or double myrtle, Spanish broom, lime.

In latest autumn, one stray odour, forgotten by its companions, follows at a modest distance—the creeping clematis—which adorns cottage walls; but the thread of continuity being broken, this solitary straggler is not included in the Calendar of Odours.

*To Miss Caroline Fox, from her grateful friend,*

J. S. MILL."

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the account of the last afternoon's talk at Falmouth :—

*April 10th.*—"John Mill is summoned to town, and goes to-night; the rest leave to-morrow. They feel leaving Falmouth deeply, and say that no place out of London will be so dear to them. Now for some last glimpses at Truth through those wonderfully keen, quiet eyes. On education: his father's idea was to make children understand one thing thoroughly; this is not only a good exercise for the mind, but it creates in themselves a standard by which to judge of their knowledge of other subjects, whether it is superficial or otherwise. He does not like things to be made too easy or too agreeable to children; the plums should not be picked out for them, or it is very doubtful if they will ever be at the trouble of learning what is less pleasant. For childhood, the art is to apportion the difficulties to the age, but in life there is no such adaptation. Life must be a struggle throughout; so let children, when children, learn to struggle manfully and overcome difficulties. His father made him study Ecclesiastical History before he was ten. This method of early intense application he would not recommend to others; in most cases it would not answer, and where it does, the buoyancy of youth is entirely superseded by the maturity of manhood, and action is very likely to be merged in reflection. "I never was a boy," he said; 'never played at cricket; it is better to let Nature have her own way.'"

After his return to London, Mill wrote to Barclay Fox a letter which Professor Bain had already described as being "for Mill unusually effusive and teeming with characteristic traits.—One, not a Christian, addressing a Christian family upon death, and wakening up the chords of our common humanity, is a spectacle worth observing." (*Mind*, iv. 394.) Mr. Bain did not give us the letter, but

it is now published in the volume before us, and we shall transcribe so much of it as is really significant:—

“Your kind and sympathising letter has given us great pleasure. There is no use in my saying more than has been said already about him who has gone before us, where we must so soon follow; the thought of him is here, and will remain here, and seldom has the memory of one who died so young been such as to leave a deeper or a more beneficial impression on the survivors. Among the many serious feelings which such an event calls forth, there is always some one which impresses us most, some moral which each person extracts from it for his own more especial guidance; with me that moral is, ‘Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh in which no man can work.’ One never seems to have adequately *felt* the truth and meaning of all that is tritely said about the shortness and precariousness of life, till one loses some one whom one had hoped not only to carry with one as a companion through life, but to leave as a successor after it. Why he who had all his work to do has been taken, and I left who had done part of mine, and in some measure, as Carlyle would express it, ‘delivered my message,’ passes our wisdom to surmise. But if there be a purpose in this, that purpose, it would seem, can only be fulfilled in so far as the remainder of my life can be made even more useful than the remainder of his would have been if it had been spared. At least we know this, that on the day when we shall be as he is, the whole of life will appear but as a day and the only question of any moment to us then will be, has that day been wasted? Wasted it has not been by those who have been for however short a time a source of happiness and of moral good, even to the narrowest circle. But there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and independent of all variation in creeds, and in the interpretations of creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest; it is this—try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then DO IT.

“You are very kind to say what you have said about those reviews [copies of the old numbers of the *London and Westminster*.] You are likely to hear of some of the writers, and judging of your feelings by what my own would be, I thought it might be sometimes agreeable to you to be able to turn to something they had written and imagine what manner of persons they might be. As far as my own articles are concerned, there was also a more selfish pleasure in thinking that sometimes, however rarely, I might be conversing with my absent friends at three hundred miles distance. We scribblers are apt to put not only our best thoughts, but our best feelings into our writings, or at least if the things are *in* us they will not *come out of us* so well or so clearly through any other medicine [*Qy.* medium]; and therefore when one really wishes to be *liked* (it is only when one is very young that one cares about being admired), it is often an advantage to us when our writings are better known than ourselves.”

As we might suppose, he was wholly free from the petty tyranny of authorship: he did not expect all his friends to read his books. There is an entry in this year, 1842: “John Mill talked about his book on Logic, which he is going to give us; but he declares it will be more intelligible than interesting—how intelligible he will find

party, but it is very apt to induce a pedantry of peculiarity and custom, which must be injurious to Truth. He thinks that the principles of Friends would have been more influential in the world, and have done it a greater proportional good, had they not been mixed up with sect." In all this Mill was only working out a striking passage, never to be forgotten by any one who has ever read and meditated upon it, in Condorcet's *Life of Turgot*, which was always one of his favourite books. It would give matter for some interesting speculation to compare Turgot's sage objections to the spirit of Sect, with Burke's sage defence of political Party.<sup>1</sup> Burke in effect admitted that men frequently acquire in party confederacies a narrow and bigoted spirit. But, he said, though the situation of a party man may be a critical one, duty may make it at the same time a necessary one, and it is our business to keep free from the evils attendant upon it, and not to fly from the situation itself. Mill in practice acted upon Burke's principle rather than on Turgot's, and on the whole in the few exertions of his public life sensibly complied with the obvious general conditions of political usefulness.

It is no fanciful conjecture that this intimate association with members of the Society of Friends had a serious effect upon the turn of Mill's thought and character at that time. "It is a new thing," Sterling told them, "for John Mill to sympathize with religious characters; some years since he had so imbibed the errors which his father had instilled into him, as to be quite a bigot against religion." Yet the truth was that James Mill always admired the Friends, "thinking that they did more for their fellow-creatures than any other body." In this he was not alone among the great men of the eighteenth century. Voltaire is as marked in his praise of the English Quakers, as he is in admiration for Locke or Newton. John Mill had read Sewell and Rutty before he was ten years old, and he was now induced to read at Falmouth a writer who was more likely to be deeply sympathetic to him than either of these. He was full of the book, and seems for the time to have delighted in expatiating upon the spirit of it.

This was the volume of which Charles Lamb said, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers." The writer was a member of the Society of Friends, born in the first quarter of the last century in New Jersey. He came over to England on a visit, was smitten with the small-pox, and died at York in 1772. It is hardly possible for the Christian religion to wear a more attractive dress than in this good man's simple record of his dealings with his own conscience and his faithful work in compliance with its voice. "I was early convinced in my mind," he says, "that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and

(1) Towards the end of the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*.

goodness, not only toward all men but also toward the brute creation.—That, as the mind was moved by an inward principle, to love God as an invisible incomprehensible Being; by the same principle it was moved to love him in all his manifestations in the visible world.—That as by his breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen, and at the same time exercise cruelty towards the least creature moving by his life, or by life derived from him; was a contradiction in itself. I looked upon the works of God in their visible creation, and an awfulness covered me; my heart was tender and often contrite, and universal love to my fellow-creatures increased in me: This will be understood by such who have trodden in the same path. Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness.” This humane and compassionating spirit stirred in him a great uneasiness on the subject of slave-keeping, and much of his life was passed in visiting the Friends in various of the States, and striving to move their consciences as to the grievousness of slavery by discourses of proper urgency, but always seasoned with reasonableness and charity. The germ of some of Mill’s most characteristic social speculation may well have sprung up in meditating on such a passage as this:—

“In my youth I was used to hard labour; and tho’ I was middling healthy, yet my nature was not fitted to endure so much as many others: That being often weary, I was prepared to sympathise with those whose circumstances in life as freemen required constant labour to answer the demands of their creditors; and with others under oppression. In the uneasiness of body which I have many times felt by too much labour, not as a forced but a voluntary oppression, I have often been excited to think on the original cause of that oppression, which is impressed on many in the world: And the latter part of the time wherein I laboured on our plantation, my heart, thro’ the fresh invitations of heavenly love, being often tender; and my leisure time frequently spent in reading the life and doctrine of our blessed Redeemer, the account of the sufferings of martyrs, and the history of the first rise of our society: A belief was gradually settled in my mind, that if such who had great estates generally lived in that humility and plainness which belongs to a Christian life and laid much easier rents and interests on their lands and monies, and thus led the way to a right use of things, so great a number of people might be employed in things useful, that labour both for men and other creatures would need to be no more than an agreeable employ; and divers branches of business, which serve chiefly to please the natural inclinations of our minds, and which at present seem necessary to circulate that wealth which some gather, might, in this way of pure wisdom be discontinued.” (Pp. 137-8).

In his own life, Woolman carried this sage vein of reflection into practice. He was remarkable for the plainness and simplicity of his dress, and avoided the use of all plate, costly furniture, and feasting. Deliberately he kept a thriving business within strait limits. “My mind,” he says, “through the power of truth was in a good degree

weaned from the desire of outward greatness, and I was learning to be content with such conveniences that were not costly ; so that a way of life, free from such entanglements, appeared best for me, though the income might be small. I had several offers of business that appeared profitable; but did not see my way clear to accept of them; as believing the business proposed would be attended with more outward care and cumber than was required of me to engage in." One part of his business was to write their wills for his neighbours. As this writing, he says, was a profitable employ, and as offending sober people was disagreeable to his inclination, he was straitened in his mind, but soon came to the conclusion that he ought not to be the scribe where wills were drawn leaving slaves.

"About this time an ancient man of good esteem in the neighbourhood came to my house to get his will wrote ; he had young negroes ; and I asked him privately how he proposed to dispose of them? he told me : I then said, I cannot write thy will without breaking my own peace ; and respectfully gave him my reasons for it ; he signified that he had a choice that I should have wrote it ; but as I could not, consistent with my conscience, he did not desire it ; and so he got it wrote by some person. And a few years after, there being great alterations in his family, he again came to get me to write his will : his negroes were yet young ; and his son to whom he intended to give them, was, since he first spoke to me, from a libertine, become a sober young man ; and he supposed, that I would have been free, on that account, to write it. We had much friendly talk on the subject, and then deferred it : And a few days after, he came again and directed their freedom, and so I wrote his will." (42.)

The literature of the eighteenth century, from the formal treatise down to the social essay, abounds in disquisitions on luxury, how it enervates men and weakens empires, but Woolman's quiet words on it are more likely to be effectual than many a page of wordy homily. He has been talking of the use of spirituous drink :—

"As I have sometimes," he says, "been much spent in the heat, and taken spirits to revive me, I have found by experience, that in such circumstances the mind is not so calm, nor so fitly disposed for divine meditation, as when all such extremes are avoided ; and I have felt an increasing care to attend to that holy spirit which sets right bounds to our desires ; and leads those who faithfully follow it, to apply all these gifts of divine providence to the purposes for which they were intended. Did such who have the care of great estates, attend with singleness of heart to his heavenly Instructor, which so opens and enlarges the mind, that men love their neighbours as themselves, they would have wisdom given them to manage, without finding occasion to employ some people in the luxuries of life, or to make it necessary for others to labour too hard ; but for want of steadily regarding this principle of divine love, a selfish spirit takes place in the minds of people, which is attended with darkness and manifold confusions in the world. Tho' trading in things useful is an honest employ ; yet thro' the great number of superfluities which are bought and sold, and through the corruption of the times, they who apply to

living, would fit in with Mill's mind at this time. It was a little later that Sterling spoke of the gradual development which he had watched in him. Mill, said Sterling, "has made the sacrifice of being the undoubted leader of a powerful party for the higher glory of being a private in the army of Truth, ready to storm any of the strong places of Falsehood, even if defended by his late adherents. He was brought up in the belief that Politics and Social Institutions were everything, but he has been gradually delivered from this outwardness, and feels now clearly that individual reform must be the groundwork of social progress."

In another place we find the entry (1842) :—

"December 22.—Barclay had a letter from J. S. Mill; he speaks of his growing conviction that individual regeneration must precede social progress, and in the meantime he feels that the best work he can do is to perfect his book on Logic, so as to aid in giving solidity and definiteness to the working of others."

And Mill was now paying one of the penalties of this development in the coldness of his earlier allies. This was the time when his older friends had begun to feel about him what Dr. Bowring expressed to the Foxes. "He spoke of Mill with evident contempt as a renegade from philosophy—*anglicè*, a renouncer of Bentham's creed and an expounder of Coleridge's. S. T. Coleridge's mysticism Dr. Bowring never could understand, and characterizes much of his teaching as a great flow of empty eloquence, to which no meaning was attachable. Mill's newly-developed 'Imagination' puzzles him not a little; he was most emphatically a philosopher, but then he read Wordsworth and that muddled him, and he has been in a strange confusion ever since, endeavouring to unite poetry and philosophy." There was something in this, no doubt, as the volume of posthumous Essays on Religion disclosed to us; but the way in which it is said is a good illustration of what Mill himself so wisely abhorred as the spirit of sect.

We can believe that Mill's fine and interesting character was never more interesting than now. He drops out of the page rather suddenly, and the last glimpse of a relation between him and Miss Fox is a reference to a letter which she was moved to write to him on the mournful occasion of her brother's death in 1855. "It came over me so strongly one morning," she writes to Mill's sister, "that Barclay would like him to be told how mercifully he had been dealt with, and how true his God and Saviour had been to all His promises, that I took courage, and pen, and wrote a long history. Barclay had been the last of our family who had seen him, and he said he was very affectionate, but looked so grave, never smiling once; and he told him that he was about to winter in the South by Sir James Clark's order. I hope I have not done wrong or foolishly, but I do feel it rather a solemn trust to have



such a story to tell of Death robbed of its sting and the Grave of its victory."

Sterling makes a more conspicuous figure in the journals than even Mill, and the writer herself expresses an opinion that his table talk was even better worth preserving than Coleridge's. He appears in her pages much as Carlyle has painted him. We get the same idea of exuberance, dash, rapidity, unbounded variety of theme. Books, pictures, theology, society, are all in turn and out of turn made the occasion for what must have been vivid and suggestive remark. We use this expression, because the vividness is not seldom matter of inference, owing to the fact which has been already hinted at, that Miss Fox cannot be placed among the most successful reporters in literature. She has not the art of Eckermann, or Boswell, or even of Madame d'Epinal, in reproducing the sentence and phrase of the speaker. So in Sterling's case we rather derive a general impression of his range and mental temperament than carry away any great number of remarkable or definite propositions.

Carlyle comes before us both in his prime and at the close. Miss Fox used to see him in the early times when he lectured on Heroes, and she gives a graphic account of his appearance as he came forward to talk about the Hero as Man of Letters. "It is so dreadful for him," said Mrs. Carlyle, "to try to unite the characters of the prophet and the mountebank; he has keenly felt it; and also he has been haunted by the wonder whether the people were not considering if they had had enough for their guinea." One amusing picture is Sterling's description of Count d'Orsay coming to sketch Carlyle: "A greater contrast could not possibly be imagined; the Scotch girl who opened the door was so astonished at the apparition of this magnificent creature that she ran away in a fright, and he had to insinuate himself the best way he could through the narrow passage." There is a good deal of humour, too, about the singular man who came to tell Carlyle, much to the Old Sage's amazement and discomfiture, that he had been brought up in Quakerism, but that Carlyle's books had converted him first to Benthamism, and then to Roman Catholicism! On the whole it is the drearier side of Carlyle that these pages present to us. The reader is led to feel with Dr. Calvert that none but those of great buoyancy and vigour of constitution should have subjected themselves to his depressing influences. Dr. Calvert was right. If one sought to measure how little of either direction or edification there was in personal intercourse with Carlyle, it was enough to contrast how different was the impression with which one walked away from Cheyne Row, from that which haunted one after a visit to Mill at Blackheath or to George Eliot in the earlier days at St. John's Wood. Carlyle, enters our diarist one day in 1858, "seems to grow drearier and drearier; his wife still

full of life and power and sympathy, spite of the heavy weight of domestic dyspepsia. Kingsley pays him long visits, and comes away talking just like him: 'Why, if a man will give himself over to serve the Devil, God will just give him over to his choice to see how he likes it,' &c." That was in fact nearly as much, save certain flashes of grotesque and incomparable humour, as anybody ever did come away with, and with all respect for the genius both of Carlyle and of Kingsley, still we can only feel that these sonorous mouthings about God and the Devil were for all practical purposes in life, the highest even more than the lowest, no better than filling the belly with the east wind. Carlyle himself gave Dr. Calvert what was the true explanation of his forlorn haggard view of the world and its ways. "Well," Carlyle said, "I can't wish Satan anything worse than to try to digest for all eternity with my stomach; we shouldn't want fire and brimstone then."

Let us turn for a moment to pleasanter things. Those who love to be carried back in their mind's eye to the captivating beauty of the English Lakes will linger over a little vignette in which Hartley Coleridge is the central figure, though as always in every association with that happy landscape, the greater figure of Wordsworth haunts the scene:—

"*September 9.*—A glorious morning with Hartley Coleridge, who gradually unfolded on many things in a tone well worthy of a poet's son. In person and dress he was much brushed up; his vivid face sparkled in the shadow of a large straw hat. He took us to the Wishing Gate which Wordsworth apostrophises, and set us wishing. Barclay accordingly wished for the repetition of some of Hartley Coleridge's poetry, on which he begged us to believe that the Gate's powers were by this time exhausted. He says he never can recollect his poetry so as to repeat it. He took us to the outside of his rosy cottage, also to that which had been occupied by Wordsworth and De Quincey. He talked of the former and declared himself an ardent admirer of his beauties, as he likes a pretty idea wherever found. He thinks that his peculiar beauty consists in viewing things as amongst them, mixing himself up with everything that he mentions, so that you admire the Man in the Thing, the involved Man. He says he is a most unpleasant companion in a tour, from his terrible fear of being cheated; neither is he very popular as a neighbour. He calls him more a man of genius than talent, for whilst the fit of inspiration lasts he is every inch a poet; when he tries to write without it he is very dragging. Hartley Coleridge is very exquisite in his choice of language. . . . So we idly talked and idly listened, and drank in meanwhile a sense of the perfect beauty and loveliness of the nature around us. We walked up to Rydal Mount, but Wordsworth is in Hertfordshire, on his return from Italy. Mrs. Wordsworth was very kind, took us over their exquisite grounds, which gave many openings for the loveliest views, congratulated us in an undertone on our rare good fortune in having Hartley Coleridge as a guide, and gave us ginger-wine and ginger-bread. We saw the last, and as Hartley Coleridge considers, the best portrait taken of Wordsworth in Italy, also a very fine cast from Chantrey's bust. In the garden at the end of a walk is a picturesque moss-covered stone

with a brass tablet, on which Wordsworth has inscribed some lines saying that the mercy of the bard had rescued this stone from the rude hand of the builders, and that he trusted when he was gone it might still be regarded for his sake."

They saw Wordsworth himself on a visit at Hampstead, and on another occasion (1844) at Rydal Mount. There are some sayings of his that are worth selecting from Miss Fox's notes. For instance :—

"Mamma spoke of the beauty of Rydal, and asked whether it did not rather spoil him for common scenery. 'Oh no,' he said, 'it rather opens my eyes to see the beauty there is in all; God is everywhere, and thus nothing is common or devoid of beauty. No, ma'am, it is the *feeling* that instructs the *seeing*. Wherever there is a heart to feel, there is also an eye to see; even in a city you have light and shade, reflections, probably views of the water and trees, and a blue sky above you, and can you want for beauty with all these? People often pity me while residing in a city, but they need not, for I can enjoy its characteristic beauties as well as any.'"

Some critics and poets will find the following theory of poetical conservatism very hard to accept; yet it is as pregnant, weighty, and profound within its limits as criticism can be :—

"Hartley Coleridge is of that class of extreme Radicals who can never mention a bishop or a king, from King David downward, without some atrabilious prefix or other. Surely this is excessively narrow and excessively vain, to put yourself in opposition to the opinions and institutions which have so long existed with such acknowledged benefit; there must be something in them to have attracted the sympathies of ages and generations. I hold that the degree in which Poets dwell in sympathy with the Past, marks exactly the degree of their poetical faculty. Shelley, you see, was one of these, and what did his poetry come to?' 'But,' said I, 'some would not be true to themselves unless they gave a voice to their yearnings after the Ideal rather than the Actual.' 'Ah, but I object to the perpetual ill-humour with things around them,' he replied; 'and ill-humour is no spiritual condition which can turn to poetry. Shakespeare never declaimed against kings or bishops, but took the world as he found it.'"

For a half-truth, this is full of importance, and it has been a characteristic of "extreme Radicals" since Mill began to influence them, to accept it as heartily as Wordsworth himself could have wished.

"He took us to his Terrace [at Rydal] whence the view is delicious: he said, 'Without those autumn tints it would be beautiful, but with them it is exquisite.' It had been a wet morning, but the landscape was then coming out with perfect clearness. 'It is,' he said, 'like the human heart emerging from sorrow, shone on by the grace of God.' We wondered whether the scenery had any effect on the minds of the poorer people. He thinks it has, though they don't learn to express it in neat phrases, but it dwells silently within them. 'How constantly mountains are mentioned in Scripture as the scene of extraordinary events; the Law was given on a mountain, Christ was transfigured on a mountain, and on a mountain the great Act of our Redemption was accomplished, and I cannot believe but that when the poor read of these things in their Bibles, and

the frequent mention of mountains in the Psalms, their minds glow at the thought of their own mountains, and they realise it all more clearly than others.' Thus ended our morning with Wordsworth."

The old man's manner, as he talked in this way, was "emphatic, almost peremptory, and his whole deportment virtuous and didactic." Wordsworth, we may be sure, was unconscious that much of his future influence in the world would lie with those to whom Law and Redemption are words with no more than a historic meaning. One of the elements that give living power to Wordsworth's poetry is the support and companionship that he provides for men who have lost the guidance and the consolation of old faiths. He teaches them to find nature in the stead of the light that has gone out; and if they can no longer worship with edification in temples that are made with hands, Wordsworth shows the secret of a higher edification by meditative communion in solemn recesses and chosen sanctuaries within the great temple of the universe.

It was five years later than this, towards the end of 1849, that one of Miss Fox's relatives gave her a last picture of Wordsworth, and a beautiful picture it is :—

"December 29.—Aunt Charles, writing of a visit to the now patriarchal-looking Poet at Rydal Mount, says, 'The gentle, softened evening light of his spirit is very lovely, and there is a quiet sublimity about him as he waits on the shores of that Eternal World which seems already to cast over him some sense of its beauty and its peace.'"

Here we must leave this interesting volume with all its cheerfulness, its suggestion of wise and pleasant thoughts, and its excellent spirit of piety. It recalls to us some of the best men of our generation in every walk. We have even a glimpse or two of politicians—of Mr. Bright, "fighting his parliamentary battles over again like a bull-dog,"—"always ready for a chat and a fulmination, and filling up the intervals of business with *Paradise Regained*;" of Cobden, "who has a good face, and is a clear manly speaker;" of M. Guizot, with the story of his escape, and a little of his talk, which is only moderately interesting (a shrug of the shoulder significantly doing duty for his views on Ireland, as might happen to many of us just now); finally of the present Chief Secretary as follows :—"W. E. Forster writes from Daniel O'Connell's house, where he is much enjoying himself. His family and all call the old man the Liberator. He lives in a simple patriarchal style, nine grandchildren flying about, and kissing him, on all sides." It is happy for men that they are spared foreknowledge of the ironies which the future has in store for them. But on this let us not enlarge. One of the charms of the book is that it takes us well away from all the dust and confusion of the daily battle, and leads us as if in person for an hour or two into the charmed circle of poets and thinkers.

EDITOR.

the world have failed to overcome the obstacles to settled order across St. George's Channel, is to be sought not in Ireland, but in Great Britain. It is an old saying that Ireland since the Union, at any rate, has been the shuttlecock of English parties. This is the complaint of landlords and peasants alike; partisans of the Protestant oligarchy, no less than champions of the Catholic democracy, have used the same reproach against us. The English public, its instructors, its politicians, its directing classes of all sorts, have seldom been able to judge the Irish case on the merits. They have not taken pains to see the facts of Irish society as they are in themselves, but only as seen through the medium of English Liberalism and English Conservatism, both in respect of political principles and more especially of party convenience. For the last eighteen months, for instance, it has been the cue of the Conservatives to make the most of Irish outrages, to press the Government for drastic measures of repression, and after each of them to press for something more drastic still; to insist that Irish juries will never do their duty; to call for government by court-martial; to cry out that the Land Act is not being accepted, that the courts are swamped, that the tenants will not be satisfied with a reduction of five and twenty per cent. from their rents, but will speedily begin to agitate against the remaining seventy-five. These clamours resound through Conservative speeches and are re-echoed through the Conservative press, not as the result of serious examination and knowledge of the actual state of things in Ireland, but because it is the business of an Opposition to use Ireland as the best instrument with which to harass a Government. It was the same during the decade of Whig administration after the Reform Bill. Irish questions were handled not on their merits, but with constant reference to the position of English factions. Why was not the Irish Church disestablished five and thirty years earlier? It was even a more crying scandal in 1833 than it was in 1868, for the Tithe question had not been settled. Why was this branch of the upas tree cut down in 1868 and not before? Simply because in 1868 the disestablishment of the Irish Church happened to fit in with the exigencies of English party. It would be extremely unjust to say that the English nation as a whole do not desire in a general way that Ireland should be well governed (certain conditions, it is true, such as that of Union-at-any-Price, being reserved); but unfortunately in judging what would constitute good government there, Englishmen are apt to look at the circumstances and requirements of Ireland with reference to the accidents of party antagonism at home.

Besides this, they look at them in the light of class sentiment. The English landlord and propertied classes generally are apt, and it would be a miracle if they were not so, to overlook all that is

peculiar in the history and nature of property in Ireland, and to apply to it a standard of political criticism which would be just in the case of England, but entirely misses the mark outside of England. A remarkable illustration of the strength of this misleading sentiment is seen in the fact that the conductors of a journal of such influence and responsibility as the *Times* think it right to have for their correspondent in Dublin a writer who makes himself the masterpiece, and a very rhetorical, inflammatory, and panic-stricken oracle he is, of the landlord class. Everything that is to be said on the other side is as steadily and persistently ignored, as an organ of the Southern cotton-planters used to ignore the moral wrongs and the economic confusion of negro slavery. The English public would never see Irish affairs, if the *Times* could help it, except through the glasses of one party, and that the party whose position has been for long becoming every day less tenable, both as matter of right and as matter of fact. This is only one of a hundred examples of the artificial hindrances in the way of a true and well-grounded public opinion about Ireland. Yet it is this English public opinion, ill-informed and biassed as it is, that determines the way in which Ireland shall be governed.

There is another fact which contributes in a different way to the mischievous unreality and superficiality of English opinion about Ireland. It is that the legislature, carrying out the wishes of the constituencies in both islands, has been from time to time since the Union, and is at this moment, conducting in Ireland an immense revolution of the profoundest and most far-reaching kind, while innocently pretending to be doing no more than if it were passing one or two mere Amending or Declaratory Acts. The dissimulation is unconscious, and the self-deception involuntary; but that does not affect the result. Statesmen never take the best road, when they choose, or are forced, to hide from themselves whither it is that they are going. We have positively no choice but to carry on this revolution, political and territorial—this transfer of power and of property from one set of people to another. It is as safe a prediction as any that we are able to picture to ourselves in European politics, to say that the Irish peasant and the Irish landlord will have as completely reversed their relations of every kind to one another between the year 1800 and the year 1900, as did the French peasant and the French lord between 1789 and 1794. "Oh, if I were king of France," said Arthur Young, "I would make these great lords skip!" And the French peasant did make the lords skip. He burnt their manor-houses, destroyed their title-deeds, and sent the seigneurs running for their lives over the frontier. The French seigneurs had a much less detestable record behind them in the history of their country than the Irish landlord; but then

the Irish peasants cannot drive the landlords over their frontier, because the English Government prevents them. It is impossible for an English Government to suffer a revolution to be made before its eyes, by open violence—so far as a Government can help it. But the revolution itself is, and has long been, inevitable. Economic and political circumstances combine to make it so. Lord Clare predicted from the very beginning, now ninety years ago, that if the peasantry were invested with the political franchise, they would sooner or later insist on having the land. That remark gives us the key to Irish history since the Union. The current has been obscure and turbid; sometimes it has been so sluggish as almost to seem to have come to a standstill; but if its force has varied its direction, it has been constant. The movement has been brought to a head on the present occasion by the political power of the Irish in English constituencies; by the zeal of the Irish across the Atlantic; by the accident of a leader of powerful will, concentrated passion, and great persistency, having arisen in the ranks of the Irish parliamentary party; and by the formation of the Land League with passive resistance for its watchword. No English Government—all the conditions of the problem being taken into account, and being what they are—could for any length of time meet this revolution in full front. Nothing short of a despotic system could possibly do the work, and the idea of establishing a despotic system in one province of the United Kingdom, while Irishmen have votes in British constituencies, and so long as there is anything calling itself a Liberal party in England, is an idle dream which it is waste of time to discuss.

It comes to this, then, that the Imperial legislature is driven by force of circumstances to connive at a social revolution, but for various reasons it does not openly recognise the real nature of the enterprise that it has in hand. Hence the seeming paradox of imprisoning the leaders and suppressing the League, while at the same time by the Land Act helping on the very objects for which the League and its leaders prepared the way. Mr. Chamberlain's ably argued letter to a minister of religion at Leicester, which has just been published in the newspapers (Dec. 26), sets forth this inherent difficulty of the position very clearly. The Imperial legislature is forced to assist in breaking up the old social system in Ireland, but it is bound to do its best to keep some sort of order until a new system grows up and establishes itself. This double process is a very awkward one. It could not be avoided, so far as we can see, but it baffles and confuses opinion; it is full of peril to the political party on which the task has fallen; and by being both tardy and oblique, it disguises from common sight the goal towards which the whole operation is tending. What the political relations between England and Ireland may be by the close of the

be easy to give a hundred examples a week from the Tory press of Ireland to give the English reader an idea of the habitual language in which the rump of the once dominant faction speaks of the population of the country. The violence of the *United Ireland* is familiar enough to the readers of English newspapers, but the still more insensate violence of such organs as the *Dublin Express* or *Evening Mail* is almost unknown, and it is a great pity that it should be so. The cries of a revolutionary party are not pleasant to most bystanders, but the howls of reaction are less pleasant still. John Bull, says one of the organs that we have mentioned,—

“refuses to be ousted from his rights and his work of civilisation by a rabble miscalling themselves a nation, but which through all records of history never showed the slightest capacity of governing themselves, nor the slightest ability to resist him in the fair field of war. He now says what this rabble wants is to recover by cowardly outrages and assassinations the right to relapse into that savagery from which their conqueror has rescued them; and to compass, as the most effectual step towards that end, the expulsion of all that loyal and civilised and honest portion of the Irish community which is designated, by way of disparagement, the English garrison. It is the English garrison in the sense of being the mainstay of order, of justice, of law, of civilisation, of everything that distinguishes a prosperous and progressive community from a horde of miserable savages.”

“The *Times*,” this foaming writer goes on to say, “now recognises the universal determination of its myriad readers to put down Irish lawlessness, cruelty, savagery, and rent repudiation, with a high hand. Let the Irish rabble note the fact. Let them measure their power against the power of the undivided English people. The innocent blood shed has cried out to Heaven against them, and the cry is answered; the redresser of wrongs has appeared on the scene. A few more bailiffs, agents, and landlords may, no doubt, be assassinated, but their deaths shall be bitterly avenged. The day of reckoning has, we trust, come. There will be, if we are not mistaken, a speedy and an unsparing suppression of the murder and outrage business in Ireland.” That is to say, in plain English, if this writer and his friends can have their way, we shall again see the bloody atrocities by which the “garrison” stained the English name in 1798. This was the undisguised object towards which the Irish landlords intended to use the money that they fondly hoped the Lord Mayor of London would procure for them. That mischievous enterprise has been speedily seen through, nor will the “English garrison” ever again be able to put down by fire and sword the “Irish rabble,” “the horde of miserable savages,” and so forth, who happen to constitute the bulk of the people of the land. If the English and Scotch are very impatient of a Red Terror in Ireland, they would be a great deal more impatient of a White Terror.



overtake. One or two cases will illustrate the process that is going on.

Margaret Walsh had only a few sticks of furniture in her house. She has been a widow for five years; has eight children (five of them being small). Her eldest son is bedridden for a year and a half, and some months ago she had to sell one of her two cows to buy meal for the children. Her rent is £13 10s. a year, and she owed three years' rent; she had not a penny of rent to offer, and possession having been taken, she was allowed in as caretaker. Mary Donovan, of Lichbarrachan, was next visited. She holds a farm or rather a piece of mountain at £10 a year, the valuation being £4 15s. The amount due was three years' rent. She was formally evicted and reinstated. Timothy Trokery, of Bruckquin, was formally evicted and reinstated. His rent is £8; valuation, £3 10s., and he owed three and a half years' rent. Peter and John Hanley, of Brucklain, hold a joint farm at £10 a year, and they owe three years' rent. Formally evicted and reinstated.

What this means is that, whereas an English landlord makes abatement of rent in cases where the seasons have disabled his tenant from paying, the Irish landlord (in such cases as the above) makes no proposition to wipe out part of the debt so as to give the tenant a new start, but while leaving the man on the land, deprives him of his status and his claims as a tenant, and extinguishes the germ of independence, and with it the motive for exertion. It was a fatal mistake to leave the impoverished tenantry wholly liable for arrears. On the other hand there appears to be no doubt that the injunction to pay No Rent which was issued by the leaders after their arrest, has been faithfully obeyed by numbers of tenants who have the money in their hands. Whether we set this down to dishonest cupidity, or to a patriotic resentment at the imprisonment of their chiefs, the result is the same. The immediate problem of the Executive is how to overcome this passive resistance. The example of the Tithe War leads us to think that it will not be overcome easily or speedily, if the peasants are in earnest.

The settlement under the Land Act, as we have said, is not exactly following the lines anticipated by its authors. One expectation was that there would be no great reduction of rents. As it is, an immense quantity of property has been taken into the Courts, and the awards of the Sub-Commissioners have struck off something between five and twenty and thirty per cent. on an average all round. Another expectation was that a certain number of test cases would be heard, and that after they had been the means of settling certain general rules, their landlords would do their best to come to terms with their tenants out of Court on these rules. That desirable consummation has not come to pass. Seventy thousand cases, it is said, have been entered for trial. Of the decisions out of this enormous mass that are already recorded, no less than sixty per cent.

were appealed against, and will have to be reheard before the Chief Commissioner. It is difficult to perceive how this block in the one court of appeal will be met.

When we are thus sorely perplexed with the difficulties attendant upon the administration of the affairs of one small island close to our own shores, steps have been taken which bid fair to add to the work which England has to perform every day between the rising of the sun and the going down of the same, the administration of the affairs of a distant island in which a dozen Irelands might be swallowed up. The charter of the British North Borneo Company, which has been granted to a handful of Anglo-Chinese merchants and ex-officials, recognises their purchase from some shadowy potentates in Northern Borneo of the sovereignty of half of one of the largest islands in the world for the bagatelle of £4,000 a year, and promises in the due course of time to add the head-hunting Dyaks to the multifarious and multitudinous flocks which lie down within the fold of the British Empire. The charter was first applied for under the late Government. The project was approved by the Foreign Office, but Sir M. Hicks-Beach, who had his hands full in South Africa, is said to have raised difficulties, and the question remained in abeyance until after the change of Government. It was then again pressed by the Foreign Office upon the Colonial Office. "If the charter were not granted by England it would be granted by Spain"—such was the argument. Why should British enterprise be compelled to seek shelter under a foreign flag? If our trade were excluded from what might have been a new province of the Empire, the ministry which allowed such an opportunity to pass into the hands of a rival power would have a very unpleasant quarter of an hour with our commercial classes, who see with dismay the wall of protective tariffs slowly closing them out of all their former markets. Lord Kimberley, they say, listened, hesitated, and gave way, and Englishmen suddenly discovered that a New East India Company had been chartered to carve out an empire in the tropics.

The public has yet to be persuaded that any danger of Spanish rivalry justifies the acceptance of the responsibility for a Bornean imitation of the enterprise of Clive and Hastings without even reserving any effective power of control. The company, however, cares for none of these things. It has its charter. It has secured its cruiser. It is buying arms and munitions of war cheap at Woolwich Arsenal, and before long the experiment will begin. Spain and Holland are muttering protests. France notes the arrangement with malicious satisfaction, and speaks of Lord Kimberley's "company" and the shadowy sultans, as we used to speak of M. St. Hilaire's dispatches and the imaginary Khroumirs.

France, however, will not protest. She is too glad of a precedent. Her generals have been unsuccessful in Tunis. Her admirals are carrying on the same mischievous game with more success in Polynesia. "Hardly an island eastward of Fiji has escaped annexation real or virtual by the French," say alarmist Australasians, and "they are believed to aim at the absorption of every group between Fiji and Panama." Nor is it only in Polynesia that our precedent may be invaluable. Madagascar is not so large as Borneo, but it is more accessible and much more manageable. There are vast regions on the Gambia to be absorbed, or whatever other name is given to the process of sucking the orange while publicly repudiating all claim to its skin. Everywhere abroad France is troublesome. On the coast of Newfoundland a French frigate is preventing our colonists from fishing in their own waters, in such masterful fashion that the fishermen have, at least on one occasion, been provoked into firing upon their assailants. In the further East schemes of aggression are on foot in Lower China, and even at Guatemala French aggressiveness is making trouble. In Tunis, although M. Gambetta has had the courage to admit that the war was begun in deceit, he seems to see no way of extricating himself from the Treaty of Kassar-Said. The French troops are still struggling in vain endeavours to repress the "insurgents," while the Turks are making menacing demonstrations on the frontier of Tripoli. In Algeria, Bou Amema, Si Sliman, and the other insurgent chiefs have agreed to recognise a common authority, and after two months' campaigning the insurrection seems to be as vigorous as ever.

Already France is beginning to experience some of the results of a forward policy in the Levant. The trial of M. Rochefort for having said that M. Roustan had brought about the Tunisian war as a stock-jobbing speculation not merely resulted in an acquittal of the alleged libeller, but it revealed to the world the bottomless slough of corruption through which M. Roustan deemed it necessary to push his way for the furtherance of the interests of France. A picture of Levantine rascality and corruption was displayed before the world which M. Daudet might have imagined in his most sombre moments. Two ex-Foreign Ministers declared that M. Roustan was personally immaculate, though he wallowed in the mire, and he was but doing his duty as a patriotic representative of France in accommodating himself to the manners and morals of the scum of the Levant in order to advance French influence in North Africa. The jury, in acquitting M. Rochefort, struck a heavy blow at the system which had produced M. Roustan, and indirectly at the Ministry which for the moment represented the system.

M. Gambetta will have been in power two months on New Year's

Day, but as yet he has done nothing beyond forming his Cabinet, creating two new ministries without the consent of the Chamber, passing the vote for the Tunisian expenses, and making some alterations in the personnel of the departments. Among other appointments, he has made General Mirabel, a Royalist and Catholic, his Chief of Staff, and added General de Gallifet and Marshal Canrobert to the Superior Council of War. He is "beating time" till the balance of parties in the Senate is modified by the coming elections. He hopes to procure a majority in both houses in favour of what he calls "a moderate revision" of the Constitution, that is to say, such a change in the constitution of the Senate as will assimilate its Republicanism to the Radicalism of the Chamber of Deputies. When that is done he will produce his programme, which it is generally believed will be very sweeping. *Scrutin de Liste*, the purchase of the railways by the State, a reduction of the period of military service, a revision of the Code, a reform of the magistracy, and the remodelling of the financial system, are talked of as items in his legislative scheme.

There is one element of consolation in contemplating the difficulties which confront the rulers of France. It is almost impossible for them to seek relief from domestic difficulties by foreign war. Seldom has France been more completely isolated in Europe than she is to-day. Prince Bismarck, who is toiling strenuously at the hopeless task of weaving his rope of sand in the Reichstag without as yet producing the much-desired majority, can console himself for his disappointments at home by reflecting upon the fulfilment of his most sanguine hopes abroad. France is without an ally in the world. Italy has been driven by the Tunisian raid into the arms of Austria. An alliance with Austria and Germany almost at any price is the watchword in Rome, where the Bardo Treaty has not been recognised, and both Italian factions regard French intervention on behalf of the Pope as a possibility. The Vatican hopes, the Quirinal fears. Not even the appointment of M. Bert can damp the ardour of the Papalini, nor the insulting observations of Count Andrassy and Prince Bismarck repel the advances of Signor Mancini. If Italy is estranged, Russia is hopelessly lost to the French alliance. "Nearest neighbours best friends" is now as ever the motto of the Romanoffs. Unless the general scramble were to occur in the East, there is no contingency except a direct attack which could persuade Russia to go to war for many a year to come. Austria and Germany are hand and glove.

Prince Bismarck, although omnipotent abroad, is powerless at home. The Reichstag shows no disposition to accord support to his

schemes, and he is showing no disposition to make the concessions necessary to secure a majority. Instead of conciliation there is menace, instead of skilful management there is ill-humoured insult, and no one as yet can see how it is to end. Attempts are being made to come to terms with the Pope—an officious press even hinting that the Temporal Power should be restored so far as the city of Rome is concerned—but no progress has been made towards winning the allegiance of the Clerical contingent in the Reichstag. On the other hand, the Liberals are drawing together against the common enemy. A speedy dissolution followed by another election, or even by an attempt to govern without a parliament, seems almost the only solution of the present deadlock.

Austrian politics have been overshadowed by the terrible disaster which has filled the capital with mourning. Nearly six hundred Viennese perished in the burning of the Ring Theatre, and the incident has completely obscured the domestic difficulties which confront the rulers of Austria-Hungary. Count Kalnoky, the newly appointed Foreign Minister, is said to owe his selection to his being a *persona grata* at St. Petersburg, and his appointment was recognised throughout the dual kingdom as equivalent to the readmission of Russia to the Kaiserbund. Before Count Kalnoky quitted the Russian capital, where he had gone to take leave of the Czar, he telegraphed orders to his representative at Bucharest to break off diplomatic relations with Roumania. King Charles had, it seems, spoken too plainly concerning Austrian designs on the Lower Danube, and had asserted too strenuously the determination of Roumanians to maintain their rights. Serbia is little more than an *enclave* of Austria-Hungary. Roumania resists Austrianization. Her objections to allow the Hapsburg a dominating control of the Lower Danube, which never touches his dominions, are regarded as just by England and the riverine principalities; but Austria is near, and England is far off.

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THE RELATIONS OF RELIGION TO ASIATIC STATES.

ONE important difference between the earlier and the latest principles of government is marked by the changes which have taken place in men's ideas on the subject of the proper relations between the ruler and the priesthood, the State and the Church, the civil government and the ecclesiastical bodies. The ruling power no longer looks to the religious bodies, as such, for support; but on the contrary is anxious rather to disown than to rely upon an alliance with any form of religion. Politics and theology, finding that they cannot work together, have agreed to stand apart, desiring to have as little to do with each other as may be possible; and upon some compromise of this kind peace is now generally concluded in the most advanced societies, except between the extreme and irreconcilable partizans in either camp. The main current of modern opinion sets towards disestablishment, disendowment, suppressing *budgets des cultes*, cutting the States clear of their connection with Churches, and taking up an attitude, in regard to religious institutions, of irresponsibility and more or less respectful unconcern. So that the earlier ideas on this subject are now not only rejected, but reversed; to the principle of union between the secular and spiritual authorities is succeeding the principle of divorce.

But if it is true that European ideas on the relations between Church and State are reaching this climax, this makes it very well worth while to bear in mind that in the non-Christian world the earlier notions on this subject predominate, and materially influence societies. Three out of the great Governments of Europe—England, France, and Russia—rule over large numbers of non-Christian people, and are in constant relation with non-Christian States; and some of the many and strange difficulties besetting this position are connected with the incident that in Asia and Mahomedan Africa the temporal ruler is generally expected to do what in Western Europe he is generally denounced for doing, to assume, that is, a direct and practical authority over religious affairs. Moreover, these difficulties, where Islam is concerned, have not missed appreciation at Constantinople; for the

Sultan has lately been disclosing some anxiety about the spiritual unity of Islam, and is showing a disposition to employ his claims to the Kaliphate as a means of taking upon himself the functions left vacant by the disabilities of a non-Mahomedan ruler in Mahomedan countries. And the mere fact that the Turkish Sultans, with no pretensions to sacred character or descent, have for some centuries been able to impose themselves as Kaliphs upon a very large part of the Mahomedan world, proves how closely the spiritual headship is bound up, outside Europe, with temporal dominion.

It may, therefore, be interesting to examine the relations of the civil government to religion in a country where creeds and rituals still preserve their primitive multiformity, where they all have, nevertheless, free play, and where the ruler finds it possible and advantageous to preside over all of them. Nowhere is this better seen than in that Empire which has not only attained, as a government, the highest level yet reached by purely Asiatic civilisation, but is at once the oldest of Asiatic empires, and the most likely to outlast all others now existing—the Empire of China.

The Chinese Government is singular in Asia as representing a kind of modern Conservatism. No other great Asiatic State ever got beyond the simplest forms of arbitrary sovereignty; whereas in China the governing class has for centuries been endeavouring to stand still at a remarkably forward stage of administrative organization long ago attained; and this is not the immobility of mere superstition and ignorance, as in the case of the nations around, but it is apparently due to a deliberate mistrust of progress beyond the point already reached. This feeling is probably much more justifiable in Asia than in Europe; for until the incoherent groups of different races and religions which make up the population of an Asiatic Empire become moulded into some sort of national conglomerate, they form a very shifty foundation for elaborate political buildings. Nor can it be denied that civilisation, whatever be its benefits to Asia, acts as a disintegrating force among the first principles which lie at the base of all Asiatic governments, where the corner-stone is usually the divine right of kings. However this may be, the Chinese have certainly succeeded in organizing scientific methods of administration without disturbing primitive ideas—an experiment of great interest to the English, who have before them a problem not altogether dissimilar. China has had, moreover, the good fortune of lying beyond the full sweep of the destructive waves of Mahomedan invasion, which spent their force on her extreme frontier; so she escaped the deluge which has separated all Western Asia into two distinct periods, and has interrupted political continuity. And while her religions have thus retained their natural variety, and have escaped being crushed out or overlaid by the dead levelling power of Islam, China has attained

this superiority over India that she succeeded centuries ago in bringing her religious doctrines and worships into practical co-operation with her secular organization. It would seem as if the lavish fertility with which Indian soil produces religious ideas and forms has hindered them from being turned to account and built up into any great religious system; or else that India has never had a native government large and strong enough to organize Brahmanism as a foundation and support of its authority, as the Chinese have enlisted their ancient pantheon into the State's service. The only great State religion and organized Church which ever thrived in India was Buddhism; and it is precisely this religion which, after its mysterious break up in India, found a permanent home and an immense though distorted development as the greatest established religion of China. Yet Buddhism is only one among others, for the Chinese Government seems, perhaps alone among civilised States, to have solved the problem of maintaining simultaneous relations, close and sympathetic, with several established official religions. In European States, wherever uniformity of belief can no longer be preserved, the State usually finds it impossible to identify itself with several rival creeds, and very inconvenient to remain on good terms with any one of them. In Mahomedan countries the difficulty is forestalled by diligently stamping out all creeds but one wherever this is possible. But in China, so far as can be judged from written accounts, the peculiarity is, that the State is not only tolerant and fairly impartial to a multiplicity of creeds and worships (for that is seen everywhere in Asia beyond the pale of Islam), but that at least three established religions are fostered and sedulously patronised by the Government according to their specialities and respective values in use, for the great purposes of the orderly administration of the Empire, and the upholding of the national traditions of conduct and morality. Nowhere is the principle of adapting the motive power of religion to the machinery of administration carried out so scientifically as it appears to be in China. The vast area and the immense population of the Empire afford ample room for several religions; the system of government finds employment and a congenial atmosphere for them all. The tradition of the Imperial Court is to keep the Emperor's person in august and majestic seclusion; the practice is to set out all their administrative proceedings and acts of State under imposing formularies and high-sounding moral ordinances, keeping the inner mechanism of the State secret and mysterious. All this system harmonizes with and favours the policy of associating religion with every department of the public service, and of identifying the laws of the Government with the decrees of Heaven. The State interposes itself as much as possible between the people and their gods, the Emperor claims to be the authorised *chargé d'affaires* or chief agent and intercessor for



his country with the Supreme Powers. And the Chinese Government has this advantage, that although its dynasty is to some degree foreign, it is nevertheless not so far ahead of or apart from the prevailing intellectual standard among its subjects that it cannot recognise or treat with religions of low or incongruous types without offending the public opinion of some influential body among its subjects. A Christian or Mahomedan Government can at most accord unwilling recognition to creeds of a totally different species. But the Chinese Imperial Government seems able to work with and to derive support from at least three great religions of very diverse character: the Confucian system, the Buddhist Church with its Orders, and the Taouist worship of innumerable magical genii and Nature gods.

All accounts of China agree generally in describing these three forms of religion as existing separately and independently, although they have influenced and coloured one another. And if this be their condition (although no one can feel sure of understanding religions who has not been among the people who practise them) it seems certainly remarkable that in China, which possesses an ancient and comparatively uninterrupted civilisation, and a highly centralised government, the various beliefs and worships should not have coalesced, in the course of many centuries, into some comprehensive national religion. Even in India, where the whole country has never fallen under complete political centralization, and where everything has aided to prevent the regular growth of one religion, all the indigenous rituals and theologic ideas are more or less grouped under the ample canopy of Brahmanism, which has an easy pantheistic method of accommodating all comers. And in other countries some sort of general religion almost invariably develops itself according to circumstances; it selects, rejects, improves, and combines the elements of the various creeds and worships which it gradually supersedes; and the more it predominates, the faster it annexes or absorbs. There may remain formidable schisms or parties, worshipping different gods, or widely at variance on points of doctrine, yet one broad band of religious affinity usually brings them all together under some primary denomination. But in China this process does not seem to have taken place; the State is uniform and highly centralized, while there are three principal religions, distinct in character and origin, all living in concord together and in intimate association with the Empire. The different religious ideas and doctrines that have from time to time sprung up in China, or have been transplanted thither, have not become assimilated, but remain apart in separate formations. The philosophic Confucianism, embodying the teachings of a great moralist and statesman, the magnificent hierarchy of Northern Buddhism, with its church, its orders, and its metaphysical doctrines;

and Taouism, with its adoration of stars and spirits presiding over natural phenomena, of personified attributes, deified heroes, local genii, and the whole apparatus of anthropomorphism—all these expressions of deep moral feeling, religious speculation, and superstitious wonder, jumbled together like everything in Asia without regard to inconsistencies or absurdities, seem to prevail and flourish simultaneously in China. Mr. Edkins, in his book on religion in China,<sup>1</sup> tells us that we have there these three great national systems working together in harmony. Three modes of worship, he says, and three philosophies, have for ages been interacting on each other. They are found side by side not only in the same locality, but in the belief of the same individuals, for it is a common thing that the same person should conform to all three modes of worship; and the Government willingly follows the same impartial practice. In a country of such ancient civilisation one would have expected that what has taken place in other countries during the last two thousand years would have happened to the religions of China, that they would have undergone some process of fusion, and would have been run into the mould of some general type, however loose and incoherent. Of the great historical religions that have arisen in the world, each has annexed several countries; very rarely, if ever, do we find two of them established on equal terms in the same country. It is only in China that we find two such great teachers as Confucius and Buddha reigning with co-ordinate authority over one nation; and their ritual mingled with the adoration of the miscellaneous primitive divinities, who have elsewhere been usually refined and educated up to the level of the higher religious conceptions. For, although the Chinese religions seem to have modified each other externally, and to have interchanged some colouring ideas, no kind of amalgamation into one spiritual kingdom appears to have ensued; it is at most a federation of independent faiths united under the secular empire. Whereas in other countries the chief religion is one, but the interpretations of it are many, so that the faith is a moral system, a mysterious revelation, or a simple form of propitiating the supernatural, according to each man's feelings or habits of thought—in China a man may go to different religions for specialities of various sides or phases of belief. Confucianism gives the high intellectual morality, fortified by retrospective adoration of the great and wise teachers of mankind, and based on family affections and duties, but offering no promises to be fulfilled after death, except the hope of posthumous memorial veneration. Buddhism gives metaphysical religion of infinite depth, with its moral precepts enforced by the doctrine of reward or punishment, according to merits or demerits, acting upon the immaterial soul in its passage through numberless stages of existence. It con-

(1) *Religion in China*, by Joseph Edkins, D.D. 1878.

tributes imposing ceremonial observances, the institution of monasticism, and a grand array of images for worship by simple folk who have immediate material needs or grievances. Buddha himself, having passed beyond the circle of sensation, is inaccessible to prayer, yet out of pity for men he has left within the universe certain disciples who, albeit qualified for Nirvana, have consented to delay for a time their vanishing into nothingness, in order that they may still advise and aid struggling humanity. Both Confucius and Buddha seem rather to have despised than denied the ordinary popular deities, and to have refrained, out of pity for weaker brethren, from iconoclasm. Taouism has rewarded both by apotheosis, into a pantheon which appears to be filled by every imaginable device, by personifications of everything that profits or plagues humanity, of natural phenomena, of human inventions, of war, literature, and commerce, and by the deification of dead heroes and sages, of eminent persons at large, and of every object or recollection that touches men's emotions or passes their understanding. It is worth notice that the three persons who founded these three separate religions appear all to have lived about the same time, in or near the sixth century B.C. And the impartial veneration accorded to them by the Chinese is shown by their being worshipped together, as the Trinity of the Sages.

Let us for a moment see by what means the Chinese Government identifies these religions with the State's administration and with the reigning dynasty. If the Government is of any one particular religion more than another, it is, we are told, Confucianist; since the literary and intellectual sympathies of the official classes are preferentially with a system of moral philosophy and practical wisdom. Nevertheless the public worship of Taouist spirits is elaborate and carefully regulated. There are three regular State services during the year, in the spring and at the solstices; while special functions take place upon any great public event, the accession of a new Emperor, and victory, or a calamitous visitation. All this is analogous to the religious customs of other countries, with the difference that in China the national prayers and sacrifices are offered up, not by chief priest or ecclesiastics, but by the Emperor himself, who also performs by deputy, through his civil subordinates, similar offices throughout the kingdom. The powers of the air, the great spirits of earth and heaven, are invoked by the State's ruler to administer the elementary forces for the general benefit of the country, precisely as the meanest of his subjects implores some obscure deity to bless or save him individually. The Emperor's style of address is lofty—"I, your subject, son of heaven by imperial succession, dare to announce to the Imperial spirit of the earth that the time of the summer solstice has arrived, that all things living enjoy the blessing of sustenance, and depend upon it for your efficient

aid." Not less important than the oblation to spirits is the worship of ancestors (prescribed by the injunction of Confucius, but probably an immemorial usage) which the Emperor celebrates with due solemnity, setting forth an example of filial piety, and at the same time claiming for the dynasty all the reverence due to the hereditary father of his people. "I dare (the Emperor is made to say, after reciting his pure descent) to announce to my ancestors that I have with care, in this first month of spring, provided sacrificial animals as a testimony of unforgetting thoughtfulness;" and the prayer contains the titles of all the deceased sovereigns addressed. It is manifest that these stately official liturgies, giving elevated expression to popular superstitions, and presenting the sovereign as high steward of the mysteries, must exercise great influence over the devout multitude, and must give the State large control over the religions themselves. But here again the peculiarity is that we see the primitive ideas preserved, exalted, and utilised by a cultivated and enlightened Government; not a barbarous or backward Oriental State, but one that makes treaties with Europe, sends out ambassadors, and conducts its affairs upon perfectly equal terms with all civilised nations according to a very distinct and serious policy of its own.

If we desire to understand how, and to what extent, the Chinese Government uses its religious position and influence, and brings what may be called its spiritual supremacy to bear upon regular administration, we cannot have better evidence than is contained in the *Peking Gazette*, which has for some years been officially translated into English. This Gazette is, to quote from a preface to the volume for 1874, "the daily record of Imperial decrees and rescripts, and of reports or memorials to the throne, together with a brief notice of Imperial and official movements; to which the name of *Peking Gazette* is given by Europeans;" it has an official status, and is circulated to all provincial administrations. If such an institution as a Gazette were found in any other Asiatic country, one could hardly be wrong in taking it to be a very recent importation from Europe; but the Chinese, we are told, were publishing their Gazette (styled *Miscellaneous*, or *Court Announcements*) many centuries ago. The *Peking Gazette* announces all acts of State, regulations, decrees, orders on important cases, and ceremonial proceedings of the Imperial Government; and it is certainly unique among *Moniteurs* and official publications of that kind in its incessant and impressive illustration of the relations of the Chinese State with the established religions. The grand functions of Imperial worship are of course all formally ordained and reported for general information by edicts, and by Orders of the Board of Sacrifices; and the Gazette contains many orders allotting to the princes and other high officials the different temples at which they are to do duty. But the strange and interesting phenomenon is to find, in such a modern-sounding publication

as a Government Gazette and Court Circular, the deities figuring, not occasionally but very frequently, in every department of official business, and treated much as if they were highly respectable functionaries of a superior order, promoted to some kind of upper house, whose abilities and influence were nevertheless still at the service of the State. Those who hold the first rank, with very extensive departments specially connected with the general administration, are recognised as State Gods, such gods as those of war, literature, or instruction having pre-eminent position. There is also, it is understood, a distinction between the gods who are occupied with the material or physical concerns of the country, and those who preside over intellectual and moral needs. But beside and below these chief office-bearing deities, there are evidently very numerous gods of the counties and boroughs, to whom the Imperial edicts secure regular and proper worship, whereby their influence is enlisted upon the side of Government; while the provincial officers are expected regularly to visit all those registered as State Gods, much after the fashion in which European prefects are supposed to pay attention to persons of local influence. All these deities seem to be rewarded, decorated, promoted, or publicly thanked by the Supreme Government according to their works, with due gravity and impartiality. The God of War, whose department may have increased in importance in these days of great armaments, was judiciously raised, by a decree of the last Emperor but one, to the same rank with Confucius, who had before occupied the first place in the State pantheon. Constant reference is made in the Gazettes to the performances of the minor deities, and they seem to be all co-operating with the prefects or the magistracy in grappling with administrative difficulties; insomuch that local government appears to consist of a coalition between local deities and provincial officers, who divide the responsibility, and share praise or blame. Whatever may be the position of the more privileged and aristocratic class of governing divinities, the minor Chinese deity is not allowed to sit with his hands folded, like Buddha, or to indulge, like the gods of later Hinduism, in grotesque amusements or disreputable caprices, or to decline responsibility for storms and earthquakes, on the plea that it will all come right in the end. On the contrary, the condition on which the Chinese Government patronises the pantheon is evidently that it shall make for morality, support the cause of order, and assist in preventing or combating such calamities as floods, famine, or pestilence. And since in China the State deities, at any rate those who represent outlying places and provinces, are not sent to the pantheon by popular election, as elsewhere throughout Asia, but are appointed by the Government, it is obvious that they must be in some degree under ministerial influence. A remarkable personage, whether he be eminent for bravery, virtue, or any other notable characteristic, may be honoured

after death by deification at the hands of the Imperial Court ; where- by the State rewards a distinguished public servant or private benefactor, and at the same time retains his interest and goodwill in "another place," and in a higher and broader sphere of usefulness.

To begin with the ordinary and numerous decrees acknowledging the good services of deities. "The Governor-General of the Yellow River," says the Gazette of November, 1878, "requests that a tablet may be put up in honour of the river god. He states that during the transmission of relief rice to Honan, whenever difficulties were encountered through shallows, wind, or rain, the river god interposed in the most unmistakable manner, so that the transport of grain went on without hindrance. Order: Let the proper office prepare a tablet for the temple of the river god."

"A memorial board is granted," says the Gazette of April, 1880, "to two temples in honour of the god of locusts. On the last appearance of locusts in that province last summer, prayers were offered to this deity with marked success."

February, 1880. A decree ordering the Imperial College of Inscriptions to prepare a tablet to be reverently suspended in the temple of the Sea Dragon at Hoyang, which has manifested its divine interposition in a marked manner in response to prayers for rain. In another Gazette the Director-General of Grain Transports prays that a distinction be granted to the god of winds, who protected the dykes of the Grand Canal ; whereupon the Board of Rites is called upon for a report. Also the river god is recommended for protecting a fleet carrying tribute rice ; and the god of water gets a new temple by special rescript. In fact, decrees of this kind, which merely convey public recognition of services rendered by the State Gods, appear in almost every issue of the Gazette.

The following decrees refer to the process of qualification for divine rank :—

"The Governor of Anwei forwards (November, 1878) a petition for the gentry of Ying Chow, praying that sacrifices may be offered to the late Famine Commissioner in Honan, in the temple already erected to the memory of his father. The father had been Superintendent of the Grain Transport, and had greatly distinguished himself in operations against some rebels. The son had also done excellent service, and the local gentry had heard of his death with great grief. They earnestly pray that sacrifices may be offered to him as well as to his father. Granted."

"A decree issued (May, 1878) sanctioning the recommendation that a temple to Fuh Tsung, a statesman of the Ming dynasty, may be placed on the list of those at which the officials are to offer periodical libations. The spirit of the deceased statesman has manifested itself effectively on several occasions, when rebels have threatened the district town, and has more than once interposed when prayers have been offered for rain."

The Gazette of June, 1880, expresses the Imperial regrets at the death of the Commander-in-Chief in Chihli, and gives him an obituary notice.

"He was indeed a brave, loyal, and distinguished officer. During the time he served as Commander-in-Chief he displayed a high capacity for military reorganization. We have heard the news of his death with profound commiseration; and we command that the posthumous honours assigned by law to a Commander-in-Chief be bestowed on him; that a posthumous title be given him, and that the history of his career be recorded in the State Historiographer's office. We sanction the erection of temples in his honour at his home in Hunan, and at the scenes of his exploits."

"October 27th. A decree sanctioning the erection of a special temple to a late Commandant of the Forces, who was killed at Tarbajatai."

These last-quoted decrees, selected out of many similar ones, throw much light upon the process of the evolution of deities, under State supervision, in China. We know that in other countries, notably in India, the army of deities is constantly recruited by the canonization and apotheosis of great and notorious men; but in other parts of Asia this is usually done by the priests or the people. In China a paternal bureaucracy superintends and manages the distribution of posthumous honours, beginning with honours of much the same kind as those given in Europe to celebrities, and gradually rising through the scale of ancestral worship, sacrifices, temples, and celebration by the public liturgies, to the full honours of recognised and successful divinity. It is easy to perceive how the formal bestowal of posthumous honours, in their first stage not unlike our State funerals and monuments, with memorial tablets, mausolea, and titular distinctions of a sacred character, must attract the religious feelings of the multitude, and stimulate the world-wide propensity towards adoration of the dead. The Government has therefore no difficulty in promoting the spirits of deceased notables to the superior grades of divinity, whenever this may seem expedient; and has only to anticipate and direct public opinion by a judicious selection of qualified personages. In this way the Emperor, himself a sacred and semi-divine personage, seems to have gradually required something like a monopoly of deification, which he uses as a constitutional prerogative, like the right of creating peers. And the special value in China of posthumous honours is that they have a natural tendency to qualify the recipients for this higher promotion to the grade of divinity.

The system of posthumous distinctions is not confined to the recognition of eminent services rendered officially, or in a private capacity, to the public. The State in China occupies itself directly with morality as well as with religion; and any person whose conduct has been meritorious or exemplary may be reported, after death, to the proper board or college, which decrees appropriate marks of approbation. Cases of filial and conjugal devotion are constantly reported by the provincial authorities; also instances of devoted widowhood; there is one example of reward sanctioned to a young lady who died of grief at the death of her betrothed; and another *fiancée* who starved herself to death for the same reason gets

posthumous approbation. In all these instances the virtuous deeds of the persons mentioned are solemnly rehearsed by the Gazettes; while, on the other hand, the neglect of filial duties is properly stigmatized. In April, 1878, the Censor reports an individual who, besides wearing a button to which he was not entitled, "continued to perform his official duties after his mother's death, and wore no mourning for her." A distinguished spirit may often obtain further advancement by diligent wonder-working. A decree of 1878 deals with a petition that a girl who died many years earlier may now be formally deified, upon the ground that whenever rain has failed, prayers offered up at the shrine of the girl-angel have usually been successful. Whereupon an official inquiry is made into the earthly history of this lady; and the report shows that "during her childhood she lived an exemplary life, was guiltless of a smile or any kind of levity, but on the contrary spent the livelong day in doing her duty," refused to marry, and addicted herself to religious exercises. On her death the people built her a temple, and found her very efficacious in seasons of drought. The memorial urges that she has now earned a fair claim to be included in the calendar, and to enjoy the spring and autumn sacrifices. And the Board of Ceremonies, after due deliberation, records this official status.

But the Government not only bestows on deceased persons its marks of posthumous approbation and rank in the State heaven; it also decorates them with titles. The Gazette of May, 1878, contains:—

"A decree conferring a great title upon the Dragon Spirit of Han Tan Hien, in whose temple is the well in which the iron tablet is deposited. This spirit has from time to time manifested itself in answer to prayer, and has been repeatedly invested with titles of honour. In consequence of this year's drought . . . prayers were again offered up, and the provinces (mentioned) have been visited with sufficient rain. Our gratitude is indeed profound, and we ordain that the Dragon Spirit shall be invested with the additional title of 'the Dragon Spirit of the Sacred Well.'"

Another spirit had already obtained the title of "Moisture-diffusing, beneficial-aid-affording, universal-support-vouchsafing Prince;" and receives additional titles in a Gazette of 1877. And a decree of an earlier date refers to a request submitted by a provincial governor, recommending that in consequence of aid given in maintaining certain river embankments by the canonized spirit of a former governor-general, he be included for worship in the temple of the Four Great Golden Dragon Princes, and that a title of honour be conferred by the Emperor upon this divinity. Apparently the Board of Ceremonies, carefully hoarding its resources for the encouragement of divinities, had admitted the governor-general's spirit to the Dragon Temple, but had reserved the title "pending further manifestations of divine response." The spirit, thus put on his mettle, acquitted himself so well during the next flood time,



that his case was again laid before the Emperor in a fresh report, which gave in detail repeated proofs of the spirit's interposition when the banks were in peril. The case is referred to the Board of Ceremonies "for consideration." December 7th, 1874.

It may be worth while to repeat that in all this system the remarkable feature is not that notoriety in life-time should lead to posthumous worship and divination, or that a deity should continue to increase in reputation in proportion as prayers to his temple are successful. The point is that the Government should have thus successfully laid hands on and systematized the immense power which is given by the direction and control of that deep-rooted sentiment toward the dead which leads to their adoration—a power that has elsewhere almost invariably passed from the earliest mystery men to the superior priesthoods, and which the priesthood has usually been able to make its own. If, as Mr. Edkins tells us, the common people believe that the Emperor has the power to appoint the souls of the dead to posts of authority in the invisible world, just as he does in the visible empire, it is manifest that such a prerogative confers illimitable range upon the Imperial authority. Thus the system of posthumous honours and appointments not only harmonizes with and satisfies the deepest feelings of the people, but it gives to the Government a hold upon them through their beliefs not altogether unlike the influence which the doctrine of purgatory may have given the Church in the darkest of the middle ages. Moreover, the system has this advantage over the European custom of giving peerages and distinctions during life, that it is more prudent and economical. In Europe we honour and reward the posterity of an eminent person; in China they not only honour the man himself after death, but it is well known that they also honour his ancestors, who require no hereditary pensions, and can never discredit their posterity. In December, 1878, we find a provincial governor proposing that in recognition of the conspicuous charity during a famine displayed by Brigadier-General Chen Ling, he and his ancestors for two generations may have the first rank bestowed on them. Also that memorial arches may be put up to two old ladies, the mothers of high military officers who have been generous in a similar way. "Granted by rescript. Let the Board take note."

We can understand how it may have been comparatively easy for the State to manipulate and utilise in this way the simple and common superstitions of popular Taouism, giving the humble deities the benefits of official patronage, and honouring the higher deities according to their rank and prestige in the country. Whether seriously or cynically, the Government evidently thinks fit to fall in with and humour the anthropomorphic fancies of its subjects; and the policy is probably a very good one for keeping the gods in hand,

and for preventing their concentration into some too powerful a divinity by fostering diversities of worship. The system of civil administration in China is very broadly based upon the principle that the honours and emoluments of the governing body are open to all classes of the people according to merit; and the same principle of *la carrière ouverte aux talents* seems to be applied to the honours obtainable after death. To adapt and utilise for State purposes the worship of ancestors, and the deification of famous men which developed out of this commemoration of ancestral spirits, was no arduous task for a government of literati and philosophers, ruling over a people to whom the difference between life and death, between the phenomenal and the spiritual existence, is far less clear and striking than to modern minds, and is in fact merely shaded off as in the foreground and background of a picture. But it might have been expected that Buddhism, one of the three organized religions of the world, with set doctrines and traditions, with its monastic orders and successive embodiments of spiritual chiefs, would have held even the Chinese Government at arm's length. The visible Church of Buddhism undoubtedly enjoys much independence in China; in Mongolia the Lamas have great political influence, in Tibet itself the Imperial Government allows the Grand Lama to do much as he likes, and the provincial administration is in his hands. There are many instances in the Gazettes of the sedulous care taken by the central Government at Peking that its political Residents at Lhasa shall pay due reverence to Lamaism, that is, to the priesthood representing the dogma of emanations from Buddha, which become incarnate by spiritual succession in the Dalai Lama and other chiefs of the Buddhist hierarchy. A Gazette of 1874 publishes a dispatch from an Imperial Resident in Tibet, reporting his arrangements for proceeding in person, with guard of honour and escorts, to escort the primate of Mongolian Buddhism, who has recently succeeded to his office by embodiment, from Lhasa, where he had appeared in the flesh, to his post at Urga, near the Russian frontier, a great distance. And it might well be supposed that an established and richly endowed hierarchy, under a sacred chief who has also large governing powers in his own province, would decline to submit its spiritual operations to the revision and censorship of the State. Yet we find that in the matter of the incarnations, the central mystery and essential dogma of Northern Buddhism, which furnishes the process by which all successions to the chief spiritual offices are managed, the Imperial Government interferes authoritatively, calls for reports, and issues the most peremptory orders. The Gazettes of 1876 contain three decrees illustrating the attitude of the State towards the lords spiritual of Lamaism, who, it should be understood, are also very powerful officials. The published papers begin with

abstracts of an official letter from the Resident, or political *chargé d'affaires* on the part of the Empire at Lhassa, the capital of the province which enjoys, as has been said, home rule under the hierarchic administration of the Grand Lama. A report had been received by the Tibetan Council that the Dharma Râja, or chief of religious law, had reappeared by metempsychosis in a certain person at a place in Mongolia, where he had been discovered and identified in due form—this being the accepted method by which the priests make their selections for such offices, and maintain the spiritual succession by transmigration of souls. The Tibetan Council reports, after proper inquiry, that this new birth turns out to be the reappearance of a religious chief who had in a former life behaved very badly indeed, and had been degraded for scandalous misconduct. Nevertheless the Council certifies that the present embodiment is perfectly authentic, and they earnestly implore the Emperor to sanction it, one of the reasons being that in his penultimate life, that is in the existence preceding the life which he had led so badly, this very person had done good service to the State. They promise that he shall henceforward confine himself to religious practices, and shall not again meddle with worldly affairs.

For the State to deal with such metaphysical processes as these would seem to European administrators a somewhat formidable assumption of authority over things spiritual, involving delicate and somewhat mysterious problems of government. However, on the Tibetan petition there is only a brief order, "Let the Department consider and report to Us." The second decree sets out the report of the Mongolian superintendency, stating that the re-embodiment is perfectly authentic, but showing cause why, for this very reason, it should not be allowed; and repeating that the person who has ventured to come to life again is no other than one Awang, who was degraded and punished for a heinous offence in the year 1845, banished from Tibet, subjected to rigorous surveillance, and placed on the official list of those "from whom the privilege of successive births into the world is withdrawn for ever." His conduct, it appears, had been so intolerably disgraceful that it was ordered that "on his decease, whether this should occur at his place of banishment or at home, he should be for ever forbidden to reappear on earth in human form, as a warning to those who bring disgrace upon the Yellow Church;" and in 1854 he died while under surveillance. Lastly, we have the final orders on the case pronounced by Imperial rescript, upholding the previous sentence, and deciding authoritatively that the re-embodiment is not to be permitted. Obviously the Government has no notion of allowing an offender of this degree to elude surveillance by a temporary retirement into incorporeal existence, or to whitewash himself by

the simple subterfuge of a fresh birth. The case seems to have been important, and the decision must have caused some excitement in Lhassa, for vague rumours of trouble caused by an unauthorised incarnation spread as far as India, through the Buddhist monasteries on the Indian slopes of the Himalayan range separating Tibet from Bengal.

It seems, indeed, that prohibition to reappear is not an uncommon exercise of control by the Government over disorderly Lamas; for in another case, where a spiritual dignitary had been dismissed and transmigration interdicted, a lenient view is taken, and the sentence is rescinded on petition of appeal, after the appellant's death (be it noted) at Peking. "We decree that, as is besought of us, search may be made to discover the child in whose body the soul of the deceased Hucheng has been reborn, and that he be allowed to resume the government of his proper Lamasery." All these proceedings afford evidence of the extraordinary rigour with which the Imperial Government seems to exercise its supremacy over all matters spiritual; and they are curious as illustrating the little deference paid to religious susceptibilities whenever the public service, or the police of the Empire, or morality generally, is concerned. The Chinese Government surrounds itself with fictions and formulas; it seems to encourage every possible development of superstition, and to let the people be priest-ridden and spirit-ridden to any extent, on the understanding that the State is always master, whether of priests, spirits, or deities. There is nothing unnatural in a despotic ruler wishing to hold this attitude; although it is very rare that he succeeds in doing so, or that, as seems to be the case in China, the people and even the priests acquiesce thoroughly in the arrangement. But all these things are to be explained by the peculiar religious atmosphere of Asia (as once of the whole primitive world), in which forms and fictions are real and yet unreal, familiar and yet mysterious, and where the gods are mixed up with actual everyday life, not separated off from the world of humanity by vast distances of space, or known through traditions of what happened long ago. Where infinite and various supernatural agencies are incessantly at work, it becomes obvious to the practical sense of mankind that unless they submit to some kind of regulation society can hardly go on; and thus the civil ruler, who is after all immediately responsible for keeping things in order, is allowed some latitude in dealing with the national divinities. Some compromise or concordat is almost always discovered, whereby a *modus vivendi* is arranged between the spiritual and temporal powers; although, as has been said already, in China it is very striking that the predominance should be so much on the temporal side. But in order to appreciate properly the uncere- monious ways of the Chinese Government towards spiritual or divine manifestations, we have to recollect that a belief or doctrine

such as that of transmigration does not usually harden into the consistency of a mysterious dogma, or become the exclusive property of theology, until it has passed far beyond the range of everyday popular experience. So long as these ideas about the gods, or about the re-embodiment of souls, are being actually applied to account for or to conceal events and actions that go on all round us, they are subject to the wear and tear of practical life; and they can be, and are, constantly modified to suit varying circumstances and emergencies. While they are in this loose flexible stage, a strong and shrewd Government can seize the occasion of shaping them to its own purposes. It is clear, indeed, that unless some such control were insisted upon, a Government would be exposed to all kinds of trickery and imposture, such as probably underlies the system of Lamaist embodiments. But to uncover and prosecute the impostors would shake the whole edifice, and might drag the civil power into controversy between the police and the priests as to the identity of a reappearance, wherein the police would lose all *locus standi*, while the position of the priest would be impregnable. So the Chinese prefer to act as if the spiritual or divine character of a *mauvais sujet* should make no difference to the authorities; and the people would probably think much less of a ruler who should take a religion of this kind too seriously, when they themselves are by no means blind to its practical working. Various reverential fictions are occasionally invented to save the reputation of deities or spiritual personages whenever their privileges are being pushed so far that to yield implicit deference to supernatural manifestations would be clear against plain reason and common sense. Of course any considerable *coup d'état* against factious divinities must be a stroke needing great resolution and an eye for the situation, but it can be done as the Chinese example shows, by a consistently devout and religious Government, when necessary for the preservation of order.

To modern habits of thought, which conceive a great gulf set, a blank wall standing, between life and death, between the body, the spirit, the human and the divine, this grotesque intermixture of religion with municipal government, of miracles with police regulations, must appear strange and bewildering. The epigram that supposed to have been written up over the place where the vulsionist miracles were suppressed by royal ordinance—

“ De par le roi, défense à Dieu  
De faire miracle en ce lieu,”

reads in European history as a very profane jest, but appears might be accepted in earnest, as emanating from proper and tested authority, if it were issued on a similar occasion by the of Worship or of Ceremonies in China. The fact seems to the mass of the Chinese are still in that intellectual period w

regard to the conditions of their existence, and to the nature of the agencies and influences which surround them, men's ideas are altogether hazy and indefinite. The Emperor lives far away at Pekin, shrouded in semi-divine mystery, making himself heard at intervals by his majestic ordinances, or seen occasionally in the performance of some stately ceremonial. Between him and his ministers on the one hand, and the gods of heaven and earth on the other hand, there can be to the multitude little or no difference of kind, and not much of degree. Such doctrines as those of transmigration and re-embodiment obviously tend to deepen the cloudy confusion which hangs over the frontier separating the phenomenal from the unseen world. That world is not a bourne whence no traveller returns, but only a stage in the circle of existence, a place where you change forms as costumes are changed behind scenes, and whence you may come forward again to play a different part in a different character or mode of being, or in a subsequent act of the same drama. And beneath all this stage play of the natural imagination there probably lies the pantheistic feeling that perceives the substantial identity of divinity with every act and phase of nature, with men and spirits indifferently. One can comprehend how a highly-organized State could take firm grasp of all these shifting and anarchic ideas, and retain command over them as a natural incident of supreme rulership, without giving offence to its subjects, indeed with their full approbation. It may be supposed that this position must add immensely to the moral authority of the reigning dynasty; and that, for example, the strange power of veto exercised over re-embodiments must be very useful in a country where ambitious and turbulent characters set up as revivals of precedent gods, or heroes, or prophets. In different forms, indeed, the practice is universal throughout Asia, nor would any ordinary revolt or disturbance go far unless its leader assumed a religious character, mission, or motive. Even in British India a new embodiment can still give some little trouble, as we have seen very recently from a newspaper account of an attack made by a new sect upon the Jugunâth temple. In India the matter was simply one for the police; and the courts will have kept carefully clear of any opinion as to the spiritual status or antecedents of the sect's leader; whereas in China the authorities would probably have pronounced the embodiment not false or counterfeit, but simply contraband, and they would have ordered him out of the world back into antenatal gloom, as if he had been a convict returned from beyond seas without proper permission.

Whether the Chinese nation is naturally, or by reason of the teachings of Confucius and the higher Buddhism, more inclined to connect religion with morals than elsewhere in Eastern Asia, or whether the Chinese Government, which has undoubtedly realised the enormous value of outward morality to an administration, has really

succeeded, by persistent supervision, in maintaining in all external worships a general show of morality and propriety, it is hardly safe to conjecture. But all observers appear to agree that in China the public practices and the acknowledged principles of religion are decent and ethically tolerable, which is more than can be said for all rites and doctrines in adjacent countries. And it is not difficult to see how the Buddhistic dogma of promotion by merit through various stages of existence must have worked in with the system of open competition for official employ, which in China binds up all classes of the people so closely with the State's administration. So also the systems of re-embodiment and deification serve to keep up the prestige and dignity of the Great Pure dynasty, for the Emperors of previous dynasties are not only worshipped as gods, but they may reappear and reign again, occasionally, in the person of later sovereigns, thus attesting the divine right and the true succession of the present family. On the other hand, all these devices for identifying the Government with the prevailing religion have one weak side: a religion may fall, and by its fall may drag down the dynasty. How dangerous to the Empire may be a religious uprising founded on a principle that escapes from or rejects the traditional State control, has been proved to the present generation by the Tai Ping insurrection, which is stated by all accounts to have arisen out of the misunderstood teachings of Christian missionaries. The enthusiasm of the new sect at once took a political form, and the leader, as usual, credited himself with a divine mission to seize temporal dominion, according to the invariable law of such movements in Asia, whereby the conqueror always claims religious authority, and the religious enthusiast declares himself ordained for political conquest. The whole atmosphere became rapidly charged with fanatic energy of a type more characteristic of Western than of Eastern Asia. Tai Ping, the leader, denounced idolatry, condemned the Taouist and Buddhist superstitions, and proclaimed fire and sword not only against the creeds, but against the dynasties that encouraged them. Probably nothing is more perilous to a Government that has incorporated the elder and milder religions into its system, and has soothed and lulled them into tame and subordinate officialism, than a direct assault upon those very religions by a wild and ardent faith suddenly blazing up in the midst of them. The fabric of conservative government is threatened at its base; the more it has leant upon the old creeds the greater its risk of falling; and this is evidently the vulnerable point of the whole principle of using religions as bulwarks to the State. A great ruler, like Constantine may have the address and foresight to save his Government by going over to the winning side in time, but this has been rare in all ages and countries; while in Asia strong religious upheavals still shatter dynasties and subvert empires.

A. C. LYALL.

### THREE SONNETS.

#### *BISMARCK AT CANOSSA.*

Nor all disgraced, in that Italian town,  
The imperial German cowered beneath thine hand,  
Alone indeed imperial Hildebrand,  
And felt thy foot and Rome's, and felt her frown  
And thine, more strong and sovereign than his crown,  
Though iron forged its blood-encrusted band.  
But now the princely wielder of his land,  
For hatred's sake toward freedom, so bows down,  
No strength is in the foot to spurn : its tread  
Can bruise not now the proud submitted head :  
But how much more abased, much lower brought low,  
And more intolerably humiliated,  
The neck submissive of the prosperous foe,  
Than his whom scorn saw shuddering in the snow !

*December 31, 1881.*

#### *QUIA NOMINOR LEO.*

##### I.

WHAT part is left thee, lion ? Ravenous beast,  
Which hadst the world for pasture, and for scope  
And compass of thine homicidal hope  
The kingdom of the spirit of man, the feast  
Of souls subdued from west to sunless east,  
From blackening north to bloodred south aslope,  
All servile : earth for footcloth of the pope,  
And heaven for chancel-ceiling of the priest :  
Thou that hadst earth by right of rack and rod,  
Thou that hadst Rome because thy name was God,  
And by thy creed's gift heaven wherein to dwell :  
Heaven laughs with all his light and might above  
That earth has cast thee out of faith and love :  
Thy part is but the hollow dream of hell.

##### II.

The light of life has faded from thy cause,  
High priest of heaven and hell and purgatory :  
Thy lips are loud with strains of oldworld story,  
But the red prey was rent out of thy paws  
Long since : and they that dying brake down thy laws  
Have with the fires of death-enkindled glory  
Put out the flame that faltered on thy hoary  
High altars, waning with the world's applause.  
This Italy was Dante's : Bruno died  
Here : Campanella, too sublime for pride,  
Endured thy God's worst here, and hence went home.  
And what art thou, that time's full tide should shrink  
For thy sake downward ? What art thou, to think  
Thy God shall give thee back for birthright Rome ?

*January, 1882.*

A. C. SWINBURNE.



## AS OTHERS SEE US.

"WHY don't you give us, in one of our Reviews, some account of your coaching trip from Brighton to Inverness, and tell us what your dozen of American guests thought of us? I'm sure it would be interesting." Upon this hint I write. The speaker was a noted politician—one busy with affairs of State—and, therefore, in this article I shall confine myself to the impression which political questions made upon the minds of my Republican friends; indeed, it would be impossible in one article to do more than consider one of the many interesting subjects which such a journey suggests; nor could any article tell how delightful, beyond all anticipation, our excursion through your exquisitely beautiful island proved to be, while the happiness, the joyousness of the party from beginning to end is not to be described by words. Suffice it to say that the experiment has left us all unable to think of any mode of spending our coming summers which is not tame and insipid in comparison with coaching through Britain. But for the impressions of a political character received by my American guests; what were they? Well, marked as are the physical differences between the two countries, they decided that the political differences were not a whit less so.

First, then, the radical difference which they found was that whereas in their own new land the fundamental questions of government were all settled, and the people were, politically speaking, at rest, enjoying all the blessings of a settled, stable system, loved and admired by all; here in this so-called old and settled land there was nothing settled whatever, and the people were in a ferment, satisfied with nothing, but agitating for drastic changes in almost every institution.

My friends felt somewhat as if they had left the firm earth to roll and toss upon a changing sea. A strange feeling this, no doubt, but nevertheless nothing affected or surprised them more; nor is this to be wondered at, for at home, should political questions arise, the conversation would turn solely upon matters of detail—whether Secretary Blaine would or would not resign; or the propriety of Mr. Merritt's removal from the Collectors'hip: whether the amount voted for the improvement of harbours and rivers was or was not excessive: who stood the best chance for the next Presidential nomination; and so on. These would furnish the topics of conversation. And, strange to say, the Tariff question, which troubles your people so much, would occupy a subordinate position as compared to the question of appointments to office. I have used the word

conversation advisedly; of animated discussion there would be little or none. The fundamentals of government having long ago been fixed to the practically unanimous satisfaction of the inhabitants—for even the South at this early day shows peaceful acquiescence in the national ideas—there is nothing left to dispute about except modes of administration.

Now, imagine the impression likely to be made upon gentlemen from such a settled community, by what they are immediately introduced to at your homes. It is enough to take their breath away to find that there is *nothing fixed in England*, as things political are fixed in America. That is the first discovery of a political character which my friends made, and their verdict was that while the hard-working American would undoubtedly find in the old home such social and domestic repose as he was a stranger to in his own land, that for political rest and thankfulness—for all the happiness which a patriot feels in dwelling midst a happy, contented, and harmonious people—he must seek the shores of the New Republic, and pity from his happier land the fate of those condemned to live under laws with which they are not satisfied, and which they are constantly assailing; thus necessarily dragging out unsatisfactory lives politically under the old monarchy.

This may, in England, seem a strange impression for Americans to imbibe, but I am persuaded that outside of England it would not be regarded as at all unnatural. It is not often given, either to nations or to individuals, “to see ourselves as others see us,” and least of all, I fear, to the Briton who has spent his life on his little island, reading English books which tell him—and truly tell him—how far his own country was in advance of others a hundred years ago. Yes, then; but some countries have not been asleep during these hundred years, and one has even been born in the interval of whose doings the older world must needs take note, and wonder. So that it is no longer with the old but with the new Governments that England must compare herself, if she enters for a place in the front rank. At all events our Americans liked England so much that they never ceased to express the hope that, by-and-by, Englishmen would get their political institutions to their liking, and *then enjoy them in peace and be proud of them, instead of spending their political lives in abusing them.*

The American, after dinner, say with friends in London, probably receives his first rude shock by hearing discussed the propriety of doing away with one of your Chambers altogether, for our journey occurred during the Land Bill excitement. This seemed to him quite revolutionary. Imagine a proposition in America to abolish the Senate. While total abolition would be deprecated by the company, still the more moderate opinion would seem to be that a radical change in the constitution of the House of Lords was bound

to take place ere long. And the subject would be dismissed with the remark that "if the Lords set themselves up against the opinion of the country," or, as it was gently put by one speaker, did not "behave themselves" (*i.e.* register the decrees of the Commons), "they would be swept away." "Here's fine revolution for you, an' we had the trick to see 't." Of course the American thinks it not only insufferable, but absurd, that any class of men should legislate except in pursuance of their election from time to time by the people for this purpose; but he is nevertheless surprised to find a class in England prepared to sweep the absurdity away. He had heard that an Englishman "dearly loved a lord," and now he doubts it. "Why don't they elect their Second Chamber somewhat as we do, and then it would have some real power, as springing from the people, like the Commons? Our plan works so well, and we don't have any dissatisfaction." That was what one of my friends wanted to know, but I could not very well answer his question.

The next impression received by my American friends was derived from a discussion upon the Land question. Now it never enters the mind of an American that there is anything peculiarly sacred about property in land; that in a free country one cannot buy and sell land precisely as he could a horse or Consols, seems a proposition too ridiculous to talk about in the nineteenth century; nor is he up in the beauties of entail and primogeniture. He hears of Scotch "*hypothec*" as the woman at church heard of Mesopotamia, that strange but comforting word. And, I assure you, he learns with annoying slowness how a man renting land is not allowed to clear it of game if he wants to do so. That a large number of those who cultivate the soil of England are only tenants-at-will seems to him the worst business arrangement he ever heard of; and as the discussion goes forward, he not only hears of "tenant right," but is more surprised to hear the heir to a dukedom interpose and say he had another right to urge—"landlord's right," which was so severely interfered with by the system of entail. Here again our friends are brought face to face with the fact that not only is the existence of the British Senate menaced, but that the laws governing the very soil of Britain are seemingly unsatisfactory to all classes concerned, landlords and tenants alike, and that it is confidently expected that Mr. Gladstone, in the very next Session, will be forced to introduce Bills radically changing the condition of land tenure throughout the realm.

These Americans are inquisitive, and wanted to know why England *could not fix the Land question, and be done with it*, by letting it fix itself as in America; for here there is no Land question to wrangle over, nor has there ever been any. It seems so simple and easy just to follow America's lead; but nevertheless how many bites of this cherry will Mr. Gladstone have to take before the English people are at rest about their soil. Several bites at least, I opine.

At the pretty town of Lancaster we ran against one of the most surprising sights of our whole excursion. Of all the unexpected surprises in store for Americans in England, what one could vie with the spectacle of a clergyman of the Church of England imprisoned in this celebrated Castle of Lancaster because he conscientiously thought it wrong, in his ministrations, to wear something, or not to wear it, or to turn to the east, or not to turn, or some crime of equal magnitude? A good, worthy man this reverend gentleman, no doubt narrow, bigoted, and stubborn; all martyrs for dogma's sake necessarily are made of such stuff. This incident brought before my friends the Church and State question, the delightful holy union which brings in its train such fruit as this. Said one of our party, "When the law, as then construed, gave the slaveholder the right to call upon us in the Free States to assist in capturing his fugitive slave, men could not be found to perform the disgraceful service. I wonder who the wretch was, in Lancashire, who marched the Rev. Mr. Green to jail!"

I did what I could to explain to my indignant friends how heinous Mr. Green's offence had been, inasmuch as he had made a "bargain" with the State to worship God as the State directed, but the word "bargain" only created more disgust, and they left the prison saying, "And this England. Shame!" This incident was not easily effaced from the minds of the Americans, and Church and State presented a frequent topic of conversation. A Presbyterian minister, in Scotland, gave them renewed surprise by telling them that he had for some years been a pastor of a thriving congregation in England, but had returned to Scotland for several reasons, one of which was that he found the position of a dissenting minister there was rendered unpleasant and unfruitful, in some degree, through the social inferiority under which, as compared with an Episcopal clergyman, he was compelled to labour. He mentioned that even in works of a general character, pertaining to the welfare of the town, it was seldom that the ministers of the Established Church in England would co-operate publicly with the ministers of dissent. I suppose this will not seem very appalling to your readers, but to the American it seems monstrous. He is not used to "fashion" and "society" in matters religious, nor to State interference with ministers; therefore he fails to see the justice of the Government patronizing one sect in preference to another, or of prohibiting a congregation from worshipping as it chooses. And he notes that this is another of the burning questions which sow discomfort and divide a people in a manner to which he happily finds no counterpart at home.

But while the House of Lords may be built upon the sand, and not sure of standing out the next political gale, surely the House of Commons is the one institution "whole as the marble, firm as the

rock"; and the American longs to find in that Mother of Parliaments the tranquillity he has elsewhere searched for in vain. "House of Commons, sir! Why, it's as bad as the Lords," said one English gentleman. "You think the Commons, as at present constituted, pleases the people of England. Why, my dear sir, our party is pledged to change the electorate and give the people of this country a fair and equal chance to vote for its members, and when this is secured, take my word for it, we shall have abuses promptly remedied without wasting years over trifling reforms." My friends displayed excessive caution in accepting this gentleman's opinion of the House, but of course soon learned that he was not wrong in stating that an extension of the electorate and a redistribution of seats were considered, by public opinion, imperatively required to render even the House of Commons acceptable to the nation.

I confess I was sorry to see the disappointment of my friends in their search for just one English institution with which, as at present constituted, the people were satisfied. After the House of Commons went, I grew apprehensive that the search would be in vain. Had we been destined to steer clear of the "minions of the law," we might have found in the Judiciary the long-sought-for stability, but, as fate would have it, we were confronted one evening with an exhaustive recital of the lamentable condition of jurisprudence in England. Nay, the code of the State of New York was cited as something which it was fondly hoped might some day be imitated. The delay and expense of judicial proceedings were declared to be scandalous, and this statement was not only not disputed, but concurred in by those who should know. In this connection perhaps I may be allowed to mention an incident which was very pleasing to my Republican friends. A legal gentleman, referring to the State of New York, said that he had, within a few days, been connected with a cause which necessitated the production of a commission from that great State. When he opened the document and began to read it in court, "*We, the people* of the State of New York in Supreme Court assembled, hereby authorise and empower," &c., &c., he was struck by the grand and simple words which so fittingly described the only true source of power. "Had this been a commission of my own country," said he, "it would have read 'We, Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith,' and a long rigmarole of that sort." "Rigmarole," that was the very word, and my American friends smiled. How could they help it. "Her Majesty's Fleet," "Her Majesty's Army," and most of all, "Her Majesty's Government," about all of which she is not allowed to say a word, makes one smile who is not used to it. It is very odd to a Republican who knows nothing but the People; but "rigmarole" sounded rather strong. It was evident that the stable institution was not to be found amongst the lawyers; on the con-

the region, and this simply because upon each community devolves the necessity for preserving law and order. Washington interferes not with anything South Carolina sees fit and proper to enact for her own government, and South Carolinians alone govern South Carolina, as Pennsylvanians alone govern Pennsylvania. Let Irishmen alone govern Ireland, keeping inviolate the right of Parliament to legislate upon questions affecting the Empire. And if there is not capacity in the race to manage Ireland's local affairs and maintain peace and order, let them suffer until experience teaches them that these invaluable blessings are worth fighting for by every decent citizen. If the well-disposed citizens of Ireland will not enrol themselves and put down pillage and disorder and maintain the local government of Ireland, *by Irishmen duly elected*, let Irishmen suffer the consequences of its degeneracy. But it will not suffer, so say my Americans; society knows the law of self-preservation, and will promptly vindicate its right to be.

The impressions of the Americans, therefore, in regard to England's past management of the Irish question were not favourable, nor did they find in gazing to the westward the peace and tranquillity which are properly ascribed to English rule.

The American tariff was, as you may suspect, fiercely assailed and, economically considered, completely demolished over and over again during our trip. My friends were often asked why their tariff was not changed so as to admit your goods, but the questions they had to ask were, "How is this—are we not the greatest customers for your goods? What are you talking about? Last year we took no less than £25,000,000, while France in 1879 took only £14,000,000, and Germany only £19,000,000. India excepted, no nation in the world takes as much of your manufactures as America. What do you mean about not admitting your goods?" The Englishman is rather nonplussed by the response, and modestly intimates that America might take more, but this the American deems unreasonable.

Another phase of the question was a subject for merriment with us. The Free Trade enthusiast was certain that if America only went in for Free Trade she would soon be Britain's strongest competitor in the neutral markets of the world, and that the worst thing for Britain that could possibly happen would be America's conversion to the Free Trade theory. We met this gentleman not once nor twice, but often; and I see no less an authority than Mr. Gladstone, if correctly reported, has just said at Leeds that Britain's control of the world's commerce was assured only as long as the United States adhered to the protective system. If this be so, my American friends wish your Cobden Club and all your writers would pay due regard to the best interests of their own land, and allow America with all her home trade to rest satisfied, and leave for Britain as long as possible the trade of the world. But, in good sooth, it is a pity that people who know little of the circumstances

of America. "An' thou lovest me, do it," was my first expression, for assuredly I should have to trouble myself no longer as to the best means of cheapening iron and steel here if there was a farthing levied upon distinctively American products. Why, there would not be seen a steel rail, nor a ton of iron, nor a yard of woollen cloth from Britain in all this broad land, and your growing trade with this swelling Republic, worth in the near future all your Colonial trade put together, would be a dream of the past. Any discrimination against one country in favour of another must partake of the nature of an offensive act and cause a rupture of cordial relations. Much as it might enure to my gain financially, I love my native land far too well to wish it embarked upon a course of such stupendous folly as that of attempting to discriminate against America in any shape or form. Britain does not hold the cards to win at such a game.

I have purposely left the only remaining political edifice till the last. The *Throne itself*. Surely here is something so high as to float in serene calm above the storms that rage below. Such, however, was not the impression received by my American friends. It goes without saying that they were all loyal Republicans, and thoroughly satisfied that no form of government compares with that in forming a homogeneous people; and they are prepared, no doubt, to throw up their hats and cheer lustily for the British Republic as soon as you like, always provided it does not come while the Queen lives. At the mere mention of "the Queen" every American hat is off in a moment. I only say "*the Queen*." It is not necessary to add Victoria, for to the American there is but one Queen in the world, and she has not within her own dominions a more devoted constituency than she has here. The American visits England with an idealised conception of her Majesty, and it shocks him to hear intimations that she should come out from her retirement, that she fails to fulfil the duties of her station, and that she loves Scotland too well.

My friends were always ready to do battle for her Majesty upon such occasions. While in Scotland I do not think they heard one word which did not betoken reverence and even affection for her, yet the occasions in England were not infrequent upon which she was, as we all considered, spoken of somewhat disparagingly. Still the overwhelming majority of the people of all ranks are clearly devoted to her, and if her right to reign were disputed and her claims submitted to the popular vote of the people, no potentate has ever been elected by such a majority as she would have. This thought pleased my American friends, and allowed them to claim that she was "just the same as if she had been elected," and therefore "a good-enough Republican." But it is impossible to have the question of hereditary legislators agitated and their extinction threatened in the leading Reviews without embracing in the scope of the discussion

the title of the principal official to rule, when it rests upon no better logical basis than their Lordships' House. Consequently the Throne itself was canvassed more than once at dinner-tables, and one thing sure our American friends found fixed in England after all, to wit, that as long as the Queen reigns the Monarchy is secure; and this gave them infinite pleasure.

The difference between America and England in regard to the highest officer of their respective systems appears to be that while that of the former is wholly independent of the occupant, being a form destined to survive in spite of all personal conditions, the Monarchical system which still lingers in Britain is dependent for its continuance upon the personal character of each successive ruler, and will be abolished when the first improper occupant comes, and the more highly developed Republican form attained. Such was certainly the impression received by our Americans, and therefore it would not greatly surprise them were England, without much previous agitation, to decide some day that she was prepared to range herself with the Republics upon the east and west. When that day comes, and England and America are sister Republics, united in vindicating the equal rights of man against class distinctions and hereditary rule, Mr. Bright's wish may be fully realised, "that there may be two nations but one people."

In conclusion, if the constitution of the Second Chamber is in danger, if even the House of Commons is on the eve of decided changes, if the tenure of the very soil of the realm is unsatisfactory, if the system of law is to be recast, if the sacred Church itself is a bone of contention amid angry sects, and if the Throne itself be dependent upon the personal character of one man; in short, if England is not pleased with any of her political institutions, was it any wonder that the sympathies of my American friends were deeply touched by the sad spectacle of a dissatisfied, divided, wrangling people, irritated by the pressure of old forms from which the body politic in the natural course of development struggles to be free, yet apparently lacking the courage to cast off at one manly stroke, at once and for ever, all that hinders the new birth. My friends, who had the kindest feelings for England before their visit, left it with those feelings warmed and quickened into fond affection for the old home, and breathed as they sailed away a fervent wish that she might soon find "a happy issue out of all her troubles," and that "all things might be settled by her endeavours upon the best and surest foundations,"—foundations not less secure, not less lasting, and above all, not less just to every man as man, nor less satisfactory to all her people, than those of which Americans, with the Republican form as a finality, find themselves the proud and happy possessors.

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## MR. SWINBURNE'S TRILOGY.

MARY, Queen of Scots, has hitherto been unfortunate in her poets. She is one of the most picturesque figures in history, and till the last fifteen years it would have been difficult to refer readers in search of an ideal portrait to anything more satisfactory than Scott's sketch in the *Abbot*, and the still more slightly filled outline in the *Tales of a Grandfather*. Alfieri and Schiller were tempted by her fame; but neither can be said to have succeeded. Alfieri, in spite of his instincts, could not escape the influence of the example of Metastasio, who hovered through a long and not unprosperous career on the confines of melodrama and opera. Alfieri's zeal (which decidedly outran his knowledge) for Greek severity and simplicity of treatment constantly tended to efface everything but the main lines of the situation, and to reduce the characters to puppets, who would seem sentimental if the strings that set them dancing were not held so tight. The whole tragedy of Darnley's death is transacted as if no one had been concerned in it except Mary and Murray (called La Moreè), Bothwell, and Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, called Ormondo. One may measure how much Alfieri cared for literal historical truth (perhaps how much he knew of it) by two or three facts. Morton does not appear or make himself felt at any point of the action; Murray is in Scotland, and in communication with the Queen to the last; Darnley is simply a faithless and thankless husband, who has the bad sense to be jealous, instead of the tragi-comical zany whom it might have seemed easy beforehand to put away amid universal applause. As for the general local colour, Murray exhorts Darnley—as he explains without any personal interest—to foster the chosen children of God, not the God of Rome, who is a God of blood and wrath, as if the God of John Knox were a God of sweetness and light. On the other hand, in Alfieri, Mary and Bothwell are at least well-bred. Mary is the perplexed lady; Bothwell is the urgent champion, whose sense of his mistress's wrongs is, perhaps, a little over-quickenèd by his desire to possess and console her: but still they make a more dignified pair than modern historians, with the Casket Letters before them, are apt to reproduce.

Schiller cannot be accused of isolating his chief figures unduly. He brings Queen Elizabeth and all her court to Fotheringay; he assumes that the French marriage and Mary's trial are on the *tapis* together, in order that he may bring upon the stage the whole intricate scene of Elizabethan politics, and make the long personal rivalry of two women, each of whom had charms of her own, culminate in a skilfully managed scolding match. If one feels that Alfieri

gives his readers too little history, one feels that Schiller gives them too much. He spends a great deal of ingenuity in providing his characters with opportunities to make reflections and express opinions which would have found a more appropriate place in a good quarterly article on a work on the subject, by Robertson or Alfieri, and with all his pains he is magnificently unhistorical. He passes dry-shod over the conspiracy of Babington, and invents a conspiracy of an imaginary Mortimer to rescue Mary at the last, which is only defeated by the intervention of Leicester. To be sure, there is a certain justification for this, as it enabled Schiller to make dramatic use of one of Queen Elizabeth's worst weaknesses. It is clear that it would have cost her less to have had her rival assassinated than to authorise her execution, and the most effective way of emphasizing this essential element in the situation is to place her in communication with a volunteer assassin, who deceived his employer as she deserved to be deceived.

Alfieri and Schiller had the good or evil fortune to write for a public which knew as much or as little of Mary Stuart as we know of the obscurer Lives of Plutarch or Cornelius Nepos. Mr. Swinburne writes after Mr. Froude, and gives his readers credit for having studied his predecessor diligently; the Elizabethan dramatists were more at ease in embroidering the stout canvas furnished to them by chroniclers like Hall or Holinshed. They did not feel themselves bound in any way to penetrate by dint of imagination into secrets that will always perhaps lie out of reach of historical knowledge. Victor Hugo undertook to do this with characteristic daring before the original documents of the past had been made accessible to contemporary readers. He divined what he announced to be the essence of the past, he expounded his own divinations in his prefaces, and he illustrated them by plentiful and impossible inventions in his plays.

Mr. Swinburne is too intelligent a disciple to be misled by the errors of his master, if he is too pious to detect them. The gravest liberty which he takes with history, throughout his trilogy is a suggestion that Mary Beaton decided the fate of Mary Stuart. There may be authorities for the belief that Elizabeth was moved to sign the warrant by the sight of a letter which Mary had had sense enough to wish suppressed, because it showed too much of her inclination to believe all the scandal the plain-spoken Countess of Shrewsbury had to tell of her mistress. But no known historian has ever asserted that the paper was forwarded at the decisive moment because Mary Stuart, when she heard Chastelard's last song again after more than twenty years, could not or would not remember the name of the singer. Fletcher, it may be remembered, did not disdain a more or less imaginary accident of the same kind

in Henry VIII., and since then dramatists have generally felt it due to their art to play Providence, even in historical plays, to their characters. Shakespeare himself leaves his principal characters to bear their historical fate, so far as he knew it, unaltered and uninfluenced by his own devices; but even Shakespeare has more than one half historical character like Falconbridge or Falstaff, who are at once actors and spectators, and give the kind of unity to the play which used to be given by the chorus.

Apart from her one decisive intervention, this is the position of Mary Beaton throughout Mr. Swinburne's trilogy; and her rôle is certainly indispensable. It would have been impossible to represent the real unity of Mary's chequered career as queen and captive through five-and-twenty years within any possible dramatic limits and the three episodes which form the subject of the three plays have no visible connection of their own. But this is admirably supplied by making the victim of the tragedy of Chastelard the witness and the judge of the tragedy of Darnley, and witness, judge, and executioner in the final tragedy of Mary. The parallel is carried out in detail. Mary Beaton watches the death of Mary, as she had watched the death of Chastelard, and hears the same curse on the Queen's enemies after both. As a matter of stage management, perhaps the scene of Chastelard's execution is better contrived than that of Mary's. A conversation between two ladies at a window about what is going on in the street, out of sight of the spectators, would look more lifelike than a conversation in a balcony about what was going on in the hall below, if the hall was to be out of sight of the spectators too. As a matter of dramatic construction, both may be said to combine the advantages of the Elizabethan method of leading the characters off the stage to execution, and the Greek method of sending a messenger from within to describe the catastrophe to the chorus.

One cannot say that these details are unimportant, because neither *Bothwell* nor *Queen Mary* can have been intended even for a regenerated stage; even a closet drama is acted in the imagination. Perhaps in all dramas the most beautiful figures owe something to the imagination not only of the writer, but of the reader.

And this, if true at all, is especially true of Mary Beaton: it is little that she can do, it is not much that she can say. We have to remember what she is. Upon this condition her simple reiterated—

“ But I will never leave you till you die,”

has the same sort of impressiveness as the mute shrouded figure of Achilles mourning for Patroclus, which occupied the centre of the stage half through one of the most famous tragedies of Æschylus. She is an incarnate Nemesis; her pale, shadowy, placid features are the mask of the avenging deities who are always shod with wool.

She helps her beloved to his doom without reproaching him; she watches her mistress without menacing her; she listens to her ecstatic piety without rebuking her; she prays to be delivered from the necessity of betraying her; and at last she sees her die without exulting over her. Her only hope in the death of her Queen is to be able to die soon after, with all her passion burnt out long ago. We heard already—

But now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are.

Mary Beaton makes us say the same of destiny; for the poet assumes throughout that destiny is bound to fulfil her desire and her trust. The retribution which makes her heart beat with intolerable satisfaction is not to be called vengeance, or even justice. Mary Stuart has suffered far more keenly before; in her last strait she feels herself comparatively innocent, more righteous at any rate than her denouncers; she has had the last triumph of putting them in the wrong; her death comes upon her as a not unwelcome surprise. To the last she sees in Mary Beaton only a faithful companion, who has never been able to speak out the love which she doubtless felt. After all Mary Beaton's awestruck waiting, after all her bitter heart-searching, death comes at last out of her hand more like a deliverance than anything else. It is seldom a tragedy which deals with such bloody matter leaves the reader so calm. We are made to feel that the worst does not need to be explained, or atoned; nature and time are sure to be too strong for it; at last it will be left behind and vanish away. In spite of Mary Beaton's mistrust, if we are to think she is mistrustful, it seems as if Mary Stuart met her own end in a nobler mood than Mary Beaton witnessed her beloved's, when Mary Beaton says—

I too have prayed.  
God hear at last her prayers not less than mine,  
Which failed not sure of hearing.

We do not ask who prayed most sincerely, but who prayed most generously.

The character of Mary Beaton has another value. She is the one ideal element throughout the trilogy, and brings the end into harmony with the beginning. As we turn from *Chastelard* to *Bothwell*, and from *Bothwell* to *Mary Stuart*, we feel as if we were going all the time from bad to worse, leaving a world of gracious imaginings, of bright passions, though their fruit is death, for a world of coarse violence, of brutal desires—a world of dull intrigue. It would be too abrupt a transition to the serenity of Mary's last hours, if through all we had not seen the same pure and patient figure watching for what she alone foresees, till she has ceased to wish for it.

Throughout we have spectators of another kind : representatives of the passionate Protestantism which made any real loyalty impossible in Scotland, while for the time it seemed to intensify loyalty in England. In *Chastelard* they only appear like the little black specks of cloud in a clear sky, that are the precursors of the hurricane in *Bothwell*. Knox and the citizens of Edinburgh make themselves felt as a greater power than Murray or Morton : though the action of the play is carried on without them, their part is more like the scrivener's scene in *Richard III.*, than like the tribunes and the citizens in *Coriolanus*. In *Mary Stuart*, again, Phillips is meant to show what was noblest in the temper of the Puritan Association in defence of Queen Elizabeth, of which we are shown less worthy samples in the citizens who meet to gloat approvingly over the spectacle of Babington and his fellows hung, drawn, and quartered. Mary herself is almost the sole representative of Catholicism until we come to Babington and the rest, and the only effect of their creed which the author cares to represent, is that they were open to be convinced by Jesuits of the merits of killing heretical sovereigns. As Mary died a quasi-martyr, it is natural that poets and historians should combine to represent her as a zealot who only lacked the power to be a persecutor, though there is a good deal of evidence that at bottom she was of Catherine de Medici's mind, and cared more for the maintenance of her own authority than for any creed whatever. A zealous Catholic would have hardly enjoyed the defeat and execution of a rebel who offered to set up the mass again in three shires ; but it was Mary's interest to pose as a zealous Catholic in her correspondence with France and Spain, for her friends in France were zealots and the King of Spain was the paragon of bigots. For herself, so far as she was capable of conscientious attachment to any creed, she was attached to the creed of her mother and her uncles ; and she had a truly royal repugnance to see her own creed persecuted, especially when it was persecuted in her own name, which, so far as the evidence goes, was in a fair way to expand into a wholesome objection to persecution in general. In theory, and so far as they dared in practice, her descendants who came to the throne were decidedly in advance of public opinion in all that concerns toleration.

It need not be said that Mr. Swinburne takes the severest view from first to last, especially at first : historians have commonly hesitated to condemn her in the matter of Chastelard, who certainly behaved as if he were crazy, and in those days criminal lunatics fared the worse and not the better for their frenzy. Mr. Swinburne makes Mary play with her mad lover like a cat with a mouse, enjoying his admiration and his accomplishments all the more because she sees his danger, and never so near loving him as when she has decided to let him die for her after she has humbled herself to coax and to scold

him to get back the reprieve she had granted. At last Chastelard breaks out—

Why there it lies, torn up.

*Queen.*

God help me, sir!

Have you done this?

*Chastelard.* Yea, sweet; what should I do?

Did I not know you to the bone, my sweet?

God speed you well: you have a goodly lord.

*Queen.* My love! Sweet love, you are more fair than he;

Yea, fairer many times: I love you much.

Sir, know you that?

*Chastelard.* I think I know that well.

*Queen.* It may be, man will never love me more,

For I am sure I shall not love man twice.

*Chastelard.* I know not; men must love you in life's spite,

For you will always kill them; man by man

Your lips will bite them dead. Yea, though you would,

You shall not spare one; all will die of you.

Mary Beaton says to her—

Pray you love me, madam;

And swear you love me and will let me live,

That I may die the sooner.

This is in answer to a passionate protestation of Mary's resolution to save Chastelard, of which the only visible object is to send Mary Beaton and Mary Carmichael away. Indeed, all through *Chastelard* Mary's cowardice is as strange as her cruelty; three-quarters of the play seems to be written on the hypothesis that she is a self-indulgent coward:<sup>1</sup> the other quarter, which on a first and second reading gives the tone to the whole, is mystical, and tragical. According to this Mary is—

A Venus crowned who eats the hearts of men.

Chastelard says of her before she has betrayed him or wronged him in any way—

I know her ways of loving, all of them.

A sweet, soft way the first is; afterwards,

It burns and bites like fire; the end of that,

Charred dust, and eyelids bitten through with smoke.

The thought of love always seems to call up the thoughts of God and of hell; at least, in the mind of the true lover; the false Queen stops short at God.

All this element of the play belongs, not to the subject or to the heroine, but to a mood of the author which, while it lasted, ransacked his richly-furnished imagination for illustrations. Theatrical performances used to be regarded as a religious service. From this point of view *Chastelard* might have been composed for a feast of Dolores, and *Erectheus* for a feast of Hesperia, and, perhaps, *Mary Stuart* for a feast of Proserpine.

(1) Mr. Swinburne relies upon Knox for his typical scene, where Mary begs Murray to save her from the risk of a public trial by having Chastelard taken off in prison.

There is nothing of this ambiguity of aim in *Bothwell*. Mary is treated quite objectively for her own sake, not as an embodiment of a hectic day-dream, and on the whole she may be said to gain by it; she is harder and coarser, and her attractions are not represented as something to rave about, but her wit is keener and her courage higher; she has made so much progress in honesty that she even shrinks from deceiving her husband at the bidding of her lover, and her courage and faithfulness at Carberry Hill are strong enough to rivet the mercenary heart of Bothwell. And though her love for Bothwell raises her to her highest pitch of heroism, one feels that it is only an episode in her pursuit of power and vengeance. True, there are still traces of sentimentalism: when Mary is tired of overruling Rizzio's good advice, she wishes she could be a shepherdess. Rizzio thinks she would weary if she were.

Faith, who knows?

But I would not be weary; let that be  
Part of my wish. I could be glad and good,  
Living so low, with little labours set,  
And little sleeps and watches, night and day  
Falling and flowing as small waves in the sea.  
From shine to shadow and back, and out and in  
Among the firths and shallows of low life.  
I would I were away and well. No more,  
For dear love, talk no more of policy.  
Let France, and faith, and envy, and England be,  
And kingdom go, and people; I had rather rest  
Quiet for all my simple span of life,  
With few friends' loves closing my life days in,  
And few things known, and grace of humble ways,  
A loving little life of sweet small works.  
Good faith, I was not made for other life.

But in the main Mary is a manful adventuress who only trades upon her womanhood when luck goes against her, and she has to seduce her enemies from Darnley to Murray upwards by a pathetic display of her weakness. In *Chastelard* she is striving vainly to live up to her delight in the fight at Corrichie, where Huntley the elder was put down in her name; in *Bothwell* the delight in battle is her truest and highest happiness. Again and again the poet makes opportunities to repeat speeches like this—

I had in mind

Either to sail or drive the deer to-day.  
I fear not so much rainfall or sea-drift  
That I should care to house or hide my head.  
I never loved the windless weather, nor  
The dead face of the water in the sun.  
I had rather the live wave leapt under me,  
And fits of foam struck light in the dark air,  
And the sea's kiss were keen upon my lip,  
And bold as love's and bitter.

After these reflections she naturally goes on to explain that the memory of the past ought never to outlast the blurred sunshine on a wave; and finding Bothwell ready to agree with her so far, goes on—

If I were man, I would be man like you.

*Bothwell.* What then?

*Queen.* And being so loved as you of me,  
I would make use of love, and in good time  
Put the scythe to it and reap; it should not rot,  
As corn ungarnered, it should bring forth bread  
And fruit of life to strengthen me; but mark:  
Who would eat bread must earn bread. Would you be  
King?

*Bothwell.* Nay; but servant ever to my Queen.

It is certainly a proof of courage that any writer should commit himself to the hypothesis that Mary was really in love with Bothwell even for a time. The only evidence available is that of the Casket Letters, which were certainly garbled when translated from French to Scotch, and back again, though it is a difficult question how far the bad faith of Mary's enemies reached, whether they were compelled to adapt her letters to Darnley to their view of her relations to Bothwell, or whether they had genuine letters to Bothwell in their hands, and had only to suppress any evidence they might have contained of how many accomplices Bothwell had in making away with her second husband. However, if Mary was in love with Bothwell, and not merely frankly fond of the one powerful noble who had been uniformly loyal and shown no desire to dictate to her, Mr. Swinburne makes the most of the situation. The apparition of Jane Gordon is unprepared and unexplained; it is inconceivable that she either could or would have thrust herself upon the Queen and her husband in the way Mr. Swinburne describes. But if we will forget what is conceivable, her apparition is truly tragic both in itself and in its effects. She makes Mary jealous of Bothwell, and this makes Bothwell jealous of Mary, and in his jealousy he shows how little he cares for her as a lover, and how tyrannous he can be as a master, though even then as soon as luck turns against them, her blithe devotion forces him to recognise her as an invaluable comrade.

Her parting with Bothwell is characteristic. She sacrifices herself to save him, and she is desolate at losing him; but she promises nothing, she hopes nothing from him, she looks forward to no happier meeting; they have had their day together, and perhaps there may come better days for either or for both. Bothwell has reason for his jealousy; it was only the common peril that united them. If the scandal had not been so strong her fancy would have gone ranging again, even if it found nothing better in reach for the moment than the lay Abbot of Arbroath. At Lochleven Bothwell is already forgotten. Mary passes from pleading despondency to petulant irony,



and from helpless bursts of baffled rage to well-acted penitence which answers its purpose in playing upon the kindness of Mary. At Langside it is characteristic that she is less vindictive than at Edinburgh or at Dunbar. She actually is willing to content herself with five heads, which is moderate considering all she had to go through. When the battle is lost she finds consolation in the prospect of a hard ride by night to the border. One almost wishes the battle could have ended there. The long scene with Herries on the retreat into England is too full of political calculations. No doubt Mary reckoned, more or less rightly, that she would find it easier to make herself felt in England than in any other shelter that was open to her, but we may be sure that she did not unbosom herself in length to Herries. All through perhaps the author is a little too anxious to explain the political situation, more than once the characters seem to be talking, not to influence one another or to carry on the story, but simply to give the reader information.

Babington and his fellows have a certain opportunity of action and the poet represents them as wrangling over it through a dramatic and vivid scene. The leader is vain-glorious, and his comrades are jealous, sceptical, and scrupulous. The one man of business among them is the Jesuit Ballard, who is arrested almost as soon as he appears to rebuke them for their folly. Babington himself is truly magnanimous; a fop; he is almost as exquisite in his way as Darnley; his mock wisdom is as edifying as Darnley's mock energy and when the time of trial comes he is as unable to be true to himself as Darnley. He is not a thorough craven, and he does not fight against his confederates, but his last word is—

I have not conspired for profit, but in trust  
Of men's persuasions, whence I stood assured  
This work was lawful which I should have done,  
And meritorious as toward God; *for which*  
*No less I crave forgiveness of my Queen,*  
*And that my brother may possess my lands*  
*In heritage, else forfeit with my head.*

Ballard judges him as he deserves.

*Yea, Master Babington,*  
Quoth he: *Lay all upon me; but I wish*  
*For you the shedding of my blood might be*  
*The saving of your life; howbeit, for that,*  
*Say what you will, and I will say no more.*

And Mary is really no less severe: she corresponds with him, her letter sends him into an ecstasy of excitement, but upon the whole it has very reasonably the effect of a douche of cold water.

*Tichborne.*                      This rings well;  
But by what present mean prepared doth hers  
Confirm your counsel? Or what way set forth

So to prevent our enemies with good speed  
That at the goal we find them not, and there  
Fall as men broken ?

*Babington.* Nay, what think you, man,  
Or what esteem of her, that hope should lack  
Herein her counsel ? Hath she not been found  
Most wary still—clear-spirited, bright of wit,  
Keen as a sword's edge, as a bird's eye swift,  
Man-hearted ever ? First, for crown and base  
Of all this enterprise, she bids me here  
Examine with good heed of good event  
What power of horse and foot among us all  
We may well muster ; and in every shire  
Choose out what captain for them, if we lack  
For the main host a general ;—as indeed  
Myself being bound to bring her out of bonds,  
Or here with you cut off the heretic queen  
Could take not this on me ;—what havens, towns,  
What ports to north, and west, and south, may we  
Assure ourselves to hold in certain hand  
For entrance and receipt of help from France,  
From Spain, or the Low Countries ; for how long  
Raise for this threefold force of foreign friends  
Wage and munition, or what harbours choose  
For these to land ; or what provision crave  
Of coin at need and armour ; by what means  
The six, her friends, deliberate to proceed ;  
And last, the manner how to get her forth  
From this last hold wherein she newly lies.  
These heads hath she set down, and bids me take  
In all seven points, counsel and common care.

Obviously Mary must have known what fools her last friends were, and can hardly have expected any real help from them, and yet she is "fey" with a pleasurable excitement at the prospect of their success. Apparently we are to understand that the mere physical restlessness of her confinement has thrown her judgment off its balance. Her spirits flag for a moment, and she sings an exquisite Scottish song :—

And ye maun braid your yellow hair,  
And busk ye like a bride,  
Wi' seven-score men to bring ye hame,  
And ae true love beside.  
Between the birk and the green rowan  
Fu' blithely shall ye ride.  
Oh ! ye maun braid my yellow hair,  
But braid it like nae bride ;  
And I maun gang my ways, mither,  
Wi' nae true love beside.  
Between the kirk and the kirkyard,  
Fu' sadly shall I ride.

But her spirits rise again as she rides to the hunting party, which was arranged on purpose that her papers may be rifled in her absence ; while she expects Babington and his friends to meet her,

and to carry her off to some place of safety, of which they have told her nothing, wisely and straitly as she questioned them. She bears herself with dignity when arrested; but when she finds that she has been robbed and cheated, her indignation breaks out in a way that shocks Sir Amyas Paulet all the more, because he is heartily ashamed of the shabby treachery imposed upon him. With the writer's usual abstinence, we only get the news at second-hand. Paulet complains of Mary's invidious behaviour to Mary Beaton, who justifies her mistress as loyally as Paulet tries to justify his. Even in the trial scene the characters seem more anxious to state the case for the public than to convince one another. Mary of course could not afford to press her points, but the Commissioners could not afford to stop short of their mark.

Any writer of a "chronicle history," from Marlowe to Massinger, would have made the trial prove Mary's guilt or innocence of complicity in Babington's designs against Elizabeth's person. No ancient dramatist, except perhaps the author of the *White Devil*, would have attempted to find a dramatic expression for all the points which were raised in the course of two days' debate within the limits of a single scene. Even Webster would not have worked through the State Papers as Mr. Swinburne has done, and he might, if it had pleased him, have undertaken to set forth the whole public controversy between Mary and Elizabeth more easily because he was not over-weighted with knowledge of it. Mr. Swinburne, one thinks, is a little over-weighted; he assumes Mary's guilt in her soliloquies, and does not trouble to prove it in the dialogues. Again, one fancies that an elder dramatist would have made less or more of the selfish vacillations of the French and Scottish Courts, would have given us the debates of Edinburgh and Paris, or else have spared us their sterile manifestations at Greenwich. Mr. Swinburne, it is true, gives us nothing but what is necessary to enable us to enter into the vacillations of Queen Elizabeth, whom he handles as tenderly as Isaak Walton would handle a worm. If it had to be done, it is done once for all with absolute objectivity: only the treatment is a little too objective to be in any measure ideal. Mr. Swinburne's Elizabeth is not impressive, or pathetic, or even hateful or ridiculous. She is simply a shrewd, kindly, elderly woman in a difficult situation, more than half spoilt by adulation and bravado, for her courage, according to an uncontradicted saying of Mary, is only a matter of words. Before we have done with her we feel it was quite reasonable of her to expect her zealous subjects to rid her of Mary in some way without forcing her to take the pain and risk of a decision. It was they who desired Mary's death. As for herself, in the bottom of her mind she had a feeling that it was not safe for a queen to admit that another might be regularly and

lawfully executed ; and this feeling would have been satisfied equally well by a magnanimous pardon or a discreet assassination. Her long habit of deference to her subjects forbade her to pardon ; and since she was prepared to give way in substance, it was hard that they would not give way in form. All the ideal side of her character is completely sacrificed ; we never learn how men came to believe in her, how they came to burn incense before her, till they persuaded her that it was impossible to see her without falling in love with her, impossible even for her lovers to gaze steadfastly on the majesty of her countenance. Of course she was living upon her reputation, like most sovereigns who have reigned close upon thirty years ; but one wishes Mr. Swinburne had shown us how he thought it was made. Perhaps it was made, after all, largely by Mary's method of giving little and demanding much. What he does dwell upon rather too nakedly is the contrast between the joyous nature of Mary and the joyless nature of Elizabeth. One never missed a pleasure, the other never failed in the long run ; one commanded admiration from all and devotion from many ; the other found as much profitable service as she wanted. Elizabeth's servants speak before her with bated breath ; they never dare to remonstrate with her about her schemes for assassinating Mary, as Mary's servants remonstrate with her against her marriage with Bothwell. But none of them extol her, except to her face ; when Phillips is trying to pacify Paulet's scruples about tampering with Mary's correspondence, he does not say that a man ought to be willing to dishonour himself for Elizabeth, but makes a splendid speech about devotion to England.

Against this we may set Drury's monumental character of Mary :—

Such things will pluck  
 Hard at men's hearts that think on them, and move  
 Compassion that such long, strange years should find  
 So strange an end ; nor shall men ever say  
 But she was born right royal ; full of sins,  
 It may be, and by circumstance or choice  
 Dyed and defaced with bloody stains and black,  
 Unmerciful, unfaithful, but of heart  
 So fiery high, so swift of spirit and clear,  
 In extreme danger and pain so lifted up,  
 So of all violent things inviolable,  
 So large of courage, so superb of soul,  
 So sheathed with iron mind invincible,  
 And arms unbreached of fire-proof constancy,  
 By shame not shaken, fear, or force, or death,  
 Change, or all confluence of calamities ;  
 And so at her worst need beloved, and still  
 Naked of help and honour when she seemed  
 As other women would be, and of hope  
 Stripped, still so of herself adorable,  
 By minds not always all ignobly mad,

Nor all made poisonous by false grain of faith,  
 She shall be a world's wonder to all time,  
 A deadly glory watched of marvelling men,  
 Not without praise, not without noble tears.  
 And if without what she would never have  
 Who had it never, pity—yet from none  
 Quite without reverence, and some kind of love,  
 For that which was so royal.

One of the subtlest things in the whole play is Mary's attitude in her fight for life. She hardly cares to live except when for the moment she fancies she is going to triumph. Pitiless as the poet calls her, she is not without regret for all who have perished in her defence or her service, especially as they all perished in vain. Of all, she seems to think most tenderly of David Rizzio; she fancies apparently in all good faith that it was he who warned her of her evil fortune, though Mary Beaton remembers but too well that the warning was given by Chastelard, and taunts her with being unable to remember her friends unless she has built them a monument. But Mary's vitality is stronger than her love of life: she cannot bear to surrender to her enemies. She boasts—

I am sure,  
 Or so near surety as all belief may be,  
 She dare not slay me for her soul's sake; nay,  
 Though that were made as light of as a leaf  
 Storm-shaken, in such stormy winds of State  
 As blow between us like a blast of death,  
 For her throne's sake she durst not, which must be  
 Broken to build my scaffold.

Though she knows or guesses that her life hangs upon the scandalous letter which she gave Mary Beaton to destroy, though she knows that Mary Beaton has kept the letter, she persists in trusting her as she persists in trusting Curle, her secretary, when he is taken from her into the custody of Walsingham. Of course the confidence is not exactly uncalculating in either case, but one does not meet throughout the trilogy another character noble enough for such a calculation, which after all seems to be more than half instinctive. And her nobility is not something put on at will and put off when she is alone and unwatched: at least, in the last part of the trilogy she is always herself, in the first she is always false, in the second she is often fitful, in the last she is reckless, having outlived desire and hatred even of Elizabeth, and her hope, if any, is mere constitutional buoyancy. When her doomsmen are at the door with her sentence, she says—

I cannot tell at last  
 If it should be fear or hope that should expect  
 Death. I have had enough of hope, and fear  
 Was none of my familiars while I lived  
 Such life as had more pleasant things to lose

Than death or life may now divide me from.  
 'Tis not so much to look upon the sun,  
 With eyes that may not lead us where we will,  
 And halt behind the footless flight of hope,  
 With feet that may not follow ; nor were aught  
 So much, of all things life may think to have,  
 That one not cowardly born should find it worth  
 The purchase of so base a price as this,  
 To stand self-shamed as coward. I do not think  
 This is mine end that comes upon me, but  
 I had liefer far it were than, were it not,  
 That ever I should fear it.

It is quite in character with this that when she hears her sentence she refuses to believe the Clerk of the Council until his testimony has been confirmed by her old keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury. She insists upon his testimony, simply out of coquetry to try how much of her old power upon him is left her, although she has no use for it.

The scene serves only to give the last touch to Mary's character, for it leaves Shrewsbury as colourless as Leicester, or Rosencrantz, or Guildenstern. Elizabeth's Court and Council were in reality a more interesting, as well as a more dignified, spectacle than Mary's ; but it is not Mr. Swinburne's fault that the background of *Mary Stuart* is tamer and more prosaic than the background of *Bothwell*. Morton, and Ruthven, and Lindsay, and Bothwell, and Herries, are much distincter and more picturesque than Burghley, and Walsingham, and Kent, and Paulet, just as a moss-trooper is more picturesque, though he is not really more interesting, than a gillie or a guardsman. One cannot say in either case that the worthier object is excluded from artistic treatment ; art would come to a standstill if it were dependent for its material on reminiscences of barbarism, or compelled to concentrate itself upon the inner struggles of the highest natures. But it is true that in dealing with the material which civilisation offers, new and subtler forms of art are needed. Much can be said in a novel which cannot be said in an historical drama. When Byron turned from the barbaric world of the *Corsair* and the *Giaour* to the modern world of *Don Juan*, he discarded his tragic mask. Mr. Swinburne has published his opinion that *Don Juan* is the greatest work of a poet whom he rates higher than any competent critic since Goethe. Many of Mr. Swinburne's admirers would, like the present writer, look forward with interest to meeting him as a satirist.

G. A. SIMCOX.

## THE KING AND HIS SUCCESSOR.<sup>1</sup>

Nothing is likelier than that those of you who have taken interest in the recent troubles on the north-western frontier of India have been thrown into some perplexity by the names and claims of the various Chiefs or Princes who have appeared during three or four years in the newspaper correspondence as pretenders to sovereign authority in Afghanistan. All have no doubt heard of the unhappy Shere Ali Khan who, after the first British success, retired from Cabul, his capital, only to die—of Yakub Khan, now a State-prisoner in India, who ruled at Cabul as Shere Ali's successor at the time of Sir Louis Cavagnari's assassination—of Abdurrahman Khan, long an exile in Russia, who now wears the most distinct badge of modern Afghan sovereignty by holding the three great cities of Cabul, Candahar, and Herat—of Ayub Khan, who, after inflicting on British Indian troops the first defeat in the open field which they had suffered for seventy-eight years, was utterly routed by the victorious General Roberts, and who after another success against his rival Abdurrahman was finally defeated and compelled to take refuge in Persia. Some may even have heard the obscurer names of Abdulla Jan, now dead, who was a younger son of Shere Ali Khan, and who was long accepted by all except his elder brother as his father's heir-apparent, and of Musa Khan, the son of Yakub, whom I have seen spoken of in the newspapers as the only legitimate claimant to the Afghan throne. All the princes I have named are in some sense pretenders to the throne and they are all near kinsmen, being all descendants of Dost Mahomed Khan, against whom the British fought in the old Afghan war of forty-three years since. The few who recollect, and the somewhat larger number who have read of that war, will remember that it arose out of an attempt of the British Indian Government to place a client of its own, known as Shah Suja, in the place of Dost Mahomed, then reigning, who was suspected of intriguing with the Russians. There is nothing very unintelligible to any of us in the rivalry of Dost Mahomed and Shah Suja. They were not relations to one another, and indeed belonged to different Afghan clans. We can understand the competition for a throne between a Bonaparte and Bourbon, and indeed there is a certain vague resemblance between the Bourbon Louis XVIII. brought back by the allies (including the English) to the throne of France and Shah Suja restored by British arms, after much longer exile, to the authority from which a rival had displace him. But what is the meaning of the rivalry between the descendants of Dost Mahomed, who enjoyed undisturbed the sovereign-

1) The substance of a lecture delivered at the London Institution.

over Afghanistan for many years after the earlier retirement of the British from that country? How is it that so many near relatives claim to be the successors of the last reigning prince? Hardly one of them is entitled under the rules about succession to thrones to which we are accustomed. Shere Ali, after a hard struggle, succeeded his father, Dost Mahomed, but he was not his father's eldest son. Yakub Khan was not Shere Ali's eldest son, and he was all but supplanted by a much younger brother, Abdulla Jan, and was long imprisoned for questioning his claims. Abdurrahman Khan, the now reigning Ameer, is not a son of Shere Ali at all, but the son of his elder brother, and yet not, it is thought, of his eldest brother. Ayub Khan on the other hand is a son of Shere Ali, but he is younger than his brother, Yakub Khan, who has a son living, the Musa Khan, who, as I said before, has been called the legitimate heir to the throne. How then come all these princes to be rivals of one another? How is it that there is no rule, as with us, to regulate (as we should say) the descent of the Crown?

The great difference between the East and the West is that the Past of the West lives in the Present of the East. What we call barbarism is the infant state of our own civilisation. The rivalries of these Afghan princes bring us back to one of the oldest causes of war and bloodshed among men, the disputed succession to political sovereignty. And the source of these disputes is to be sought in an ancient fact too often neglected or forgotten. When political sovereignty first shows itself (and the stage of human history at which it shows itself is by no means the earliest ascertainable), this sovereignty is constantly seen to reside, not in an individual nor in any definite line of persons, but in a group of kinsmen, a House or Sept, or a Clan. In Greek history, there is a later form of this sovereignty which has a name of its own; it is called a hegemony, the political ascendancy of some one city or community over a number of subject commonwealths. But in more ancient times the royal or ruling body was more often a group of kinsmen, a Clan, or a Sept, called in India a Joint Family. In the ancient world, this group of royal kinsmen had often a purely fictitious pedigree, and pretended to be descended from a god; and there is an example of this claim in our own day, since the Emperor or Mikado of Japan, who has a Minister at the English Court, lays claim to a divine ancestry. Sometimes, however, the reigning House consists of the descendants of a known historical hero, as was the case with the most illustrious of all royal families, the Jewish princes descended from David, the son of Jesse. And just as among the Hebrews there were two rival royal clans, the princes of Judah and the princes of Israel, so also there have been rival clans pretending to the Afghan throne, and the old Afghan war was not so much a struggle between Dost Mahomed and Shah Suja, as between the clans to which these



chiefs belonged, the Suddozies and the Barukzies. Bloody wars have frequently been fought between the partisans of rival clans and houses, but in somewhat later times civil strife has chiefly raged between individual pretenders belonging to the same house. The reason of this is, that there are few things on which mankind were at first less agreed, few things on which their usages were less at one, than the rule which should determine which of the family should have its headship. We are so used to some form or other of Primogeniture as the system which regulates the devolution of crowns that we have some difficulty in understanding the ancient disputes of which I have spoken. Yet Primogeniture—to which as a *political* institution I may observe that the human race has been deeply indebted—did not at first appear in anything like the shape in which we are familiar with it; and, even when it approached that shape, its rules were subject to many uncertainties. On all sides we find evidence that in the beginnings of history, quarrels were rife within reigning families as to the particular rule or usage which should invest one of the royal kinsmen with a primacy over the rest; and these quarrels bore fruit in civil wars. The commonest type of an ancient civil war was one in which the royal family quarrelled among themselves and the nobility or the people took sides. The madness of rivalry took possession of the chiefs and the people were smitten.

A very ancient, possibly the most ancient, method of settling these quarrels was that which has been called in our day Natural Selection. The competing chiefs fought it out, and the ablest, or the strongest, or the luckiest, lifted himself into supremacy. Now and then, one of the kinsmen has had the opportunity of crushing the others by a sudden blow, and this is the case of those massacres of princes which from time to time appear in Oriental history. You remember the story in the Hebrew Chronicles which gives its plot to Racine's fine play of *Athalie*. Athaliah, the queen-mother in Judah, that "wicked woman," seeing that her son King Ahaziah was dead, arose and destroyed all the seed royal of the house of Judah. One child was saved and hidden in the house of God six years; and Athaliah reigned over the land (2 Chron. xxii. 10). More revolting, because more systematic, were the massacres of their near collateral relatives by the Ottoman Sultans; but the Turk who bore no brother near his throne had his excuse in a peculiar rule of royal succession of which I will say something presently. Some of you have heard of the atrocities committed in the palace at Mandalay by the present King of Burmah, Thebaw. I have little to say for a personage who in the course of a single week shed the blood of nearly every relative, male or female, within his grasp; but undoubtedly, when there is no clear rule of royal succession, the choice may unhappily lie between one of these massacres and prolonged and desolating civil war. Fortunately a great deal of the

progressive civilisation of the human race has consisted in the discovery of remedies against violence; and the evil of dynastic contests has been so manifest, and so little tolerable, that men seem very early to have striven to find contrivances for preventing them. I must not indeed be understood to say that such contrivances were absolutely new, for most of them were still more ancient tribal or family usages put to a new use.

One of the most ancient of them is to obtain the peaceful consent of the community to the reception of a particular chief either before the death of the last reigning sovereign or immediately afterwards. An elective monarchy, much modified in its later form, survived till the last century in Poland, and the most august throne in Europe, that of the Empire, of the Roman or German Empire, was till the beginning of the present century open in theory, as Mr. Freeman puts it, to every baptized Christian. There are in fact few monarchies in whose records some trace of an original popular election or confirmation cannot be found, and there is even a survival of it in the ceremonies of an English Coronation. A convenient modification of the system, which removes a dangerous interval between prince and prince, is to have the election during the lifetime of the reigning chief or king; and thus, in Germany, a King of the Romans was generally chosen who was to become Emperor on the Emperor's death. A precaution of the same class, particularly where there is a numerous progeny of princes produced by polygamy, lies in the appointment of his successor by the reigning chief during his lifetime. This on the whole seems to be the system of succession prevailing in Afghanistan. Shere Ali owed his throne to it and so would Shere Ali's heir apparent, Abdulla Jan, if he had lived. But that it has to compete with other ideas about succession is plain from the bloody civil war which followed Shere Ali's accession and from the later quarrel on this very point between Yakub Khan and his father. The new Ameer, Abdurrahman Khan, owes nothing to it. The weakness of the system lies in its tendency to produce the nomination of the child of some favourite wife, and thus to lead to endless palace-intrigues which sometimes bear fruit in civil war. Yet another contrivance, probably much older and in itself extremely rational, was once very widely diffused over the world, but has now only one field of operation among the European dynasties. This is the descent of the sovereignty to the oldest living male of the family. It still survives among the Turks. The present Sultan succeeded his brother, who had children; and Sultan Murad, who reigned for a few months, succeeded his uncle, though his uncle, Abdul Aziz, left male children. Where the system may be observed in its more barbarous form, we find it generally combined with that which I mentioned first, popular or tribal election. The Irish tribesmen and even the clansmen

of the Scottish Highlands once elected their chiefs, but the former always chose the brother of the last chief, if of mature years, and the latter seem in very ancient times to have made similar elections. In warlike and perpetually disturbed societies there could be hardly a better principle to follow, for it has the great advantage of providing that the new chieftain shall be a grown and experienced man; and barbarism cannot afford to face the dangers of royal minorities. Its disadvantages do not begin till princes have begun to live in palaces amid luxury and ease. The heir-apparent then receives a training which more than compensates for his maturity of years. The seclusion in which he is kept, the jealousy with which all his energies are repressed by the reigning monarch, and his long familiarity with the harem, make it too probable that he will prove an incapable ruler if he is allowed to succeed. But the interests of the existing Chief, and still more of his children, are against the heir-apparent continuing to live. It is only in quite recent times that the next eldest male relative of a Turkish Sultan could be reasonably sure of the succession. The declaration that fratricide is a rule of the Ottoman State is attributed to Mohammed II., but the great example of the practice was set by Mohammed III., who massacred nineteen of his brothers and caused to be drowned twelve of his father's wives who were supposed to be pregnant.

The system which I have described, that under which *not* the eldest son *but* the eldest male kinsman succeeds, now bears very generally the name of Tanistry, from the Celtic word which points to its practice in ancient Ireland. Tanistry seems to be the undoubted parent of Primogeniture, as we know it. But this later system of succession to thrones, though in some respects a great advance on Tanistry, was not at all free from dangerous uncertainties when it was first followed, and indeed some of these uncertainties linger about it still. It was through one of such uncertainties that the fortunes of this country came to be mixed up with a disputed succession, and that our ancestors were engaged in a foreign war which lasted a hundred years and which entailed a bloody civil war as its consequence. The Royal House or Sept, whose disputed headship involved England in these calamities, was that of the Capetians, of the collective body of the descendants of Hugh Capet, who in 987 got himself elected King of the Franks, or French, and founded the feudal monarchy of the country which, by successive additions, has since become so famous under the name of France. The progeny of Hugh Capet, continued exclusively through males, is not extinct at the present moment after nine centuries, but his male descendants, in the direct line of descent, came to an end in 1328. Philip the Fair, the man of strongest character in the whole line of French kings with the possible exception of Henry IV. of France and Navarre, had died in 1314, leaving three sons who successively ascended the French

throne under the names of Louis X., Philip V., and Charles IV. No one of these three kings left sons, but two of them left each a daughter, and one left three. Now Edward III. of England, who held the English Crown by an independent title, was a Capetian through his mother, Isabel, the "she-wolf of France" of Gray's well-known Ode. Isabel was a daughter of Philip the Fair. On the death of Charles IV. of France, the youngest of the three royal brothers who died without male issue, our Edward III., as you all know, put in a claim to the French Crown. It is usual both with French and with English historians to describe this claim as wholly untenable, but, though I will not here discuss what is really a point of technical law, I will pause to say that this view of the utter baselessness of Edward's title seems to me to be based partly on ignorance of certain peculiarities in ancient systems of law, and partly on the assumption that certain legal rules, which were then unsettled, were as clearly recognised as they now are. There are some very ancient bodies of law which, though showing a decided preference for male inheritance, nevertheless permit the family to be continued through a daughter when the sons have failed. The ancient Hindu law required that in such a case the daughter should be *appointed*, as the Sanscrit word is translated, to bear a son to her father. It is remarkable that this was the exact position of Edward III. He disclaimed the idea that France could be ruled by a woman, but he contended that, her brothers having died, she could transmit her father's right to her own male child. There are other apparent objections to Edward III.'s claim, arising from the fact that all the sons of Philip the Fair had left daughters, but it may be shown from the law-books of the time that, even in the inheritance of private property, the rules of succession which were to prevail under such circumstances were still uncertain.

It is probable, then, that the argument of Edward III. was not considered in his day to be as untenable as all French and some English writers have represented it, but that it answered to some ideas about royal and other successions which were more or less current. But the point was no doubt regarded always as a doubtful one; and in fact in 1316, on the death of the eldest son of Philip the Fair, Louis X., who left a daughter, an Assembly of Notables, which is sometimes described as the States-General of France, had resolved that the French Crown descended exclusively to males and through males. Thus the question of law was fully and fairly raised; and it promptly fell under the only jurisdiction by which it could possibly be decided. It was put to the arbitrament of the sword. From the commencement of active hostilities by Edward III. to the close of the English invasion of France undertaken by Henry V., the years of war between the English and French were as nearly as possible a hundred and twenty, interrupted only once by a regular

peace, and always on the question of royal succession; and this hundred years' war, as historians now call it, left undoubtedly as a legacy, as the result of the fierce military habits which it produced, the bloody struggle known as the Wars of the Roses, in which, to say the truth, the symbols of the two contending royal houses, the White Rose and the Red, were no more to the turbulent and warlike English nobility than the blue and green colours of the race-course which once divided the populace of Constantinople, the New Rome, into fierce and seditious factions. The English kings bore the title of King of France, and carried the French lilies on their arms, down to the beginning of the present century. In the repeated negotiations between the British Government and the first French Republic, which at last bore fruit in the hollow and transient Peace of Amiens, the question of giving up this title and armorial bearings played a considerable part, as you will see from the Papers of Lord Malmesbury.

With this famous dispute between the English and French kings—a dispute in which the English people from the first heartily took part, and in which the French people first imbibed the national spirit which has ever since characterized them—with this dispute there are considerations connected which seem to me sufficiently interesting to deserve to occupy the rest of this lecture. Some of this interest is literary; some is archæological; but some, you may be surprised to hear, is practical. We Englishmen are satisfied to rest the title of our Royal House on the Act of Settlement, which limits the right of succession to the descendants of the Electress Sophia of Hanover. But in other countries the old doubts which caused the war of a hundred years have still vitality enough to affect practical politics. As I before told you, the Capetian Sept or House, composed on the principle laid down by the States-General of 1316, of males who spring from males, still continues. It embraces the elder branch of French Bourbons, represented by the Count de Chambord, the younger branch consisting of the Princes of Orleans, the Spanish Bourbons, and the Italian Bourbons sprung from them. King Alfonso of Spain is the son of a Bourbon father and a Bourbon mother, but he is a king in right of his mother, and he was engaged a few years since in a civil war with his cousin, Don Carlos, whose pretensions to the throne are derived exclusively through males. The conflict of title between the Count de Chambord and the Orleans princes is of another kind and of a more modern type. All of them are full Bourbons; but nevertheless the theory of sovereignty and government called Legitimism, which is still a factor in French and Spanish politics, is ultimately based on the assumption of a sort of sacred and indefeasible law regulating succession to the Crown, and placing it beyond competition and above popular sanction. There is no doubt that the belief in the existence of such a law first

showed itself during the controversy between Edward III. and Philip of Valois.

This sacred and indefeasible law bears a familiar name. As it was at first conceived it was called the Salic law. It is not quite certain when men first began to suppose that the law thus designated applied to regal successions, but clearly this view prevailed both in England and France soon after the beginning of the hundred years' war. What were the ideas about the Salic law which were common in this country from 100 to 150 years after the conclusion of this quarrel may be gathered from Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, act i. scene 2, where the English argument is put into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It amounts to what lawyers call a plea in confession and avoidance. It admits the existence of a royal Salic law, but denies that it applied to the case of Edward III. and his rival. Now the Salic law, like the Capetian House, is still in existence, and we can put our finger on the very passage which was supposed to confer on Philip of Valois his title to the French throne. But both to the French argument and to the counter-argument which Shakespeare borrowed from the English Chroniclers there is one fatal objection. The Salic law does not apply at all to thrones and to the succession to thrones. It merely regulates the succession to private property. When this most indisputable fact was first discovered in the 16th century by the rising learning of those times, there was a good deal of scandal in France and some little dismay. Montesquieu in the 18th century popularised the discovery; and Voltaire is never tired of jesting at the Salic law, which he had always supposed, he says, to have been dictated by an angel to Pharamond, the first Frankish king, and to have been written with a quill from the angelic wing. The Salic law might in fact be best described as a manual of law and legal procedure for the use of the free judges in the oldest and most nearly universal of the organized Teutonic Courts, the Court of the Hundred. It only mentions the king in so far as the king has authority in the Court. It was once supposed to contain a reference to some peculiar description of land called Salic land; but the new English edition clearly shows that the word "Salic" is an interpolation, and that nothing is referred to except the private inheritance of simple land.

It becomes therefore a matter of some interest to search out the true origin of this celebrated rule (erroneously supposed to be contained in the Salic law), which not only excluded females from succession to thrones, but denied the royal office to the nearest male kinsman if his connection with the royal house was through a female. It is first to be observed that, at the time of which we are speaking, the middle of the 14th century, there were two systems of royal succession in existence of much greater antiquity than either the Royal House of England or the Royal House of France.

One of these was followed by semi-barbarous tribes at the very extremity of Europe, but it is of immemorial age, and, as some think, almost as old as mankind itself. I have already called it Tanistry, the system under which the grown men of the tribe elect their own chief, generally choosing a successor before the ruling chief dies, and almost invariably electing his brother or nearest mature male relative. In the 14th century this system was confined to the so-called kings or chiefs of that part of Ireland which lay beyond the English Pale, but there is a far-off echo of the same system in the story which furnished a plot to the tragedy of *Hamlet*, where you will recollect that the murdered king is succeeded not by his son, but by his brother, who strengthens his title (according to a usage also of the highest antiquity) by marrying the widow of his predecessor. The very memory of Tanistry would probably have died out of Europe if, a century later, this method of succession had not become that of a throne once the most exalted in Europe through the capture of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks. The Sultanate in their hands followed, as I told you, this rule of descent, brother succeeding brother, but all trace of election by the people, if it ever existed, was lost. As followed by the Turks, the system of course excludes females, but it would probably have excluded them at all times, as its main object is to secure a military leader in the maturity of life.

The other system of regal succession to which I referred was that to the throne and crown of the Roman Empire, which still theoretically survived in Germany and Italy. This too was a system of election, but the right to have a voice in the choice of the Emperor had gradually become limited to a certain number of prelates and of princes once great officers of the Imperial Court. From one of these, whom we know as the Elector of Hanover, our own royal family is descended. The parentage of the elective Roman Empire may be traced, as you are probably aware, to the acclaim of the Roman soldiery saluting a successful general as "Imperator;" but since the fall of the Roman Republic, the Imperial dignity had a tendency to concentrate itself in particular families, a settled succession being procured by the practice of choosing the new Cæsar during the reigning Emperor's life. In the more modern or Romano-German Empire, a successor might be elected before the death of the reigning Emperor under the name of King of the Romans; and the same result followed in the practical limitation of the Imperial dignity to particular families, of whom the House of Austria was the last. The German Empire, considered as the direct successor of the Roman Empire, fell in 1806; but in our own day it has been revived without a revival of election and as a dignity hereditary in the Prussian Royal House.

When then France and England entered into their bloody war of a

hundred years, which was to decide the place of women in royal successions, there were two systems of succession in Europe which would have undoubtedly excluded women from the throne. One would have shut them out from the most august dignity in the West, because it had been originally an honour conferred on a triumphant soldier. The other would have denied to them a petty Irish chieftainship, because the chief was intended to be a fighting man all his life. But in the monarchies which lay between these extremes, monarchies of the class which we call feudal, there was no settled rule excluding women, and still less their male children. See what had occurred in England as long as nearly two centuries before Edward III.'s time. The country had been desolated by the war between the Empress Matilda and Stephen of Blois, afterwards King Stephen of England. But Stephen's claim to the throne was derived not from his father, but from his mother; and Matilda, herself a woman and but faintly objected to by the English Barons on that account, transmitted an unquestioned title to her son Henry II. How then came such a difference to arise between countries so alike as France and England then were—between monarchies not then divided, you will remember, by a silver streak of sea, since the English kings had ever since the Conquest ruled over more or less of France, sometimes over its most flourishing provinces, as vassals of the French king more powerful than their suzerain?

The chief answer to this question involves an inquiry much too long, intricate, and difficult to admit of being taken up in this place. I will indicate as briefly as I can the chief conclusions to which it would lead us. All the Western European monarchies, lying between the Roman Empire and the tribal chieftainships of the Irish and of the Scottish Highlanders, were (to use a word which imperfectly expresses their characteristics) feudal. Now among the many things which may be said about the system known to us as feudalism, one of the least doubtful is that it mixed up or confounded property and sovereignty. Every lord of the manor or seigneur was in some sense a king. Every king was an exalted lord of the manor. This mixture of notions which we now separate had been unknown to the Romans of the Empire, and had somehow been introduced into the Western world by the barbarous conquerors of the Roman Imperial territories. If then we avert our eyes from the ideas about chiefship and kingship entertained by barbarous races—ideas generally associated with some form of the system which I have called Tanistry—and if we look to their ideas concerning the inheritance of property, we find the same uncertainty and difference of view about the right of women to succeed to it which we observe in the feudal monarchies. Here no doubt we come upon a set of phenomena of which the precise significance is much disputed in our day; but probably there would be general agreement in the state-



ment which follows. The greatest races of mankind, when they first appear to us, show themselves at or near a stage of development in which relationship or kinship is reckoned exclusively through males. They are in this stage; or they are tending to reach it; or they are retreating from it. Many of them in certain contingencies, generally rare or remote, give women and the descendants of women a place in succession, and the question with modern inquirers is whether the place thus assigned to them is the survival of an older barbarism, now exemplified in savage races, which traced kinship exclusively through females, or whether it results from the dissolution, under various influences, of "agnatic" relationship, that is, of relationship through males only.<sup>1</sup> The position of women in these barbarous systems of inheritance varies very greatly. Sometimes they inherit, either as individuals or in classes, only when males of the same generation have failed. Sometimes they do not inherit, but transmit a right of inheritance to their male issue. Sometimes they succeed to one kind of property, for the most part movable property; which they probably took a great share in producing by their household labour; for example, in the real Salic law (not in the imaginary Code) there is a set of rules of succession which, in my opinion, clearly admit women and their descendants to a share in the inheritance of movable property, but confine land exclusively to males and the descendants of males. Indeed it is not to be supposed that under a purely "agnatic" system of relationship governing inheritance, women are wholly unprovided for. The idea is that the proper mode of providing for a woman is by giving her a marriage-portion; but when she is once married into a separate community consisting of strangers in blood, neither she nor her children are deemed to have any further claim on the parent group.

You will see therefore a strong probability that, among the miscellaneous mass of barbarians of Aryan breed who overran Western and Southern Europe, all sorts of ideas prevailed about succession to property. Some would exclude the descendants of women altogether. Others would admit them in certain contingencies. I regard therefore these disputes about the right of succession to feudal monarchies as having their origin in differences of opinion about the inheritance of property, but as transferred by the feuda

(1) I have endeavoured to state the alternative theories as I suppose they would have presented themselves to the mind of Mr. J. F. McLennan, prematurely lost to this branch of inquiry, who has forced all interested in them to revise or review their opinions. The "influences" of which I speak are, in the case of the Roman Law, that of the Prætorian Equity, and in the case of the sacerdotal Hindu Law (of which the materials are now greatly extended since they were supposed to be wholly contained in the relatively modern law-book of Manu), the influence of Religion. On the effects of sacerdotal Hinduism in dissolving "agnatic" and introducing "cognatic" relationship see the very learned work of Mr. J. D. Mayne, *Hindu Law and Usage*, more particularly the sixteenth chapter.

spirit to the descent of Crowns.<sup>1</sup> They are a late survival of very ancient differences of usage between barbarous communities, now mixed together as conquerors of the West. The claim of Edward III. to the French throne would have received favourable consideration as a claim to property by those most ancient Brahmin lawyers who framed the Hindu law-books erroneously called by Western scholars Codes.

You will perceive therefore that the question, as it presents itself to my mind, is not why did Edward III. of England, the son of a Capetian Princess, become a pretender to the throne of France on the death of his three uncles without male issue, but rather why were the ruling classes of the provinces then composing France so obstinately persuaded that nobody but a man descended through men from the founder of the Royal House could rightfully reign over them. I think there is an explanation of this strong conviction for which the Frenchmen of that day fought so stoutly. It is this. There are some peculiarities in the Royal House founded by Hugh Capet which, if not unique, are of extreme rarity. The Sept, or as it is called in India the Joint-Family, consisting of the male stock of the founder, of male descendants tracing their descent entirely through males, still exists, although not much less than 900 years have elapsed since Hugh Capet died, and moreover it shows no signs of dying out. Several times in the course of this long history it has seemed on the point of extinction. Twice has the reigning branch ended in three kings who had no male children. The direct descendants of Hugh Capet ended, as you have heard, in 1328. Then the Valois succeeded, and they too came to end in three brothers who had no legitimate children, male or female, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. But the fertility of some younger branch has always remedied the decay of the elder, and on the death of Henry III., Henry of Navarre took his place, just as a Valois had taken the place of the lineal heir of Hugh Capet. The same rule of the infecundity of the elder line being repaired by the fecundity of the younger, seems still to hold good. Of the Bourbons who are descended from Henry of Navarre, the branch of Condé was exhausted almost in our own day. The eldest branch of the same house seems likely to close with the childless Prince known as the Count de Chambord, and the elder branch of the Spanish House has only been continued through women. But the younger lines of all the Bourbon Houses are still prolific, represented by the French Princes of Orleans, by the Italian Bourbon princes, and by the

(1) The most general feudul rule about succession to fiefs is that contained in the Customs of Normandy; but the compiler, as is usual with such writers, gives merely feudal reasons for it. Thus, after stating that the rule forbidding one uterine brother to succeed to another (*cum a parentibus suis non descendit*) is subject to exception in the case of a fief descending from the mother, he goes on to say "*procreati autem ex feminarum lineâ, vel feminae, successionem non retinent dum aliquis remanserit de genere masculorum.*"

Spanish princes descended from the first Don Carlos. All these princes are the male issue, descended exclusively through males, of Hugh Capet, who, as I said, died nearly 900 years ago.

These facts, you will find, are possibly not unexampled, but they are very unusual and extremely remarkable. Their rarity may be concealed from us by our English way of talking loosely about families who came in with the Conqueror, and through our English usage of tracing descent indiscriminately through males and females. No doubt there are longer genealogies which are matter of belief. The most illustrious of all, that of the House of David, is longer, but then the Kings of Judah were polygamous, and polygamy, though it sometimes produces sterility, occasionally results in families like that of the Shah of Persia who not many years ago left eighty sons. In India there are pedigrees greatly longer, for there are princes claiming to descend from the Sun and the Moon. But I need scarcely say that the earlier names in these genealogical trees are those of fabulous personages, and indeed under a system of succession which, like most of the Indian systems, permits the adoption of children, there can be but little assurance of the absolute purity of male descent. You will at the same time understand that I am not asserting the impossibility of pedigrees of this length, but only their rarity. It is said that genuine pedigrees almost as long may be found among the English gentry, but anybody can convince himself that among the English nobility a long continuity of male descents is very rare, though there are exceptions, a notable one being that of the Stanleys.

But rare and striking as is this peculiarity in the family history of the Capetians, that House presented in the 14th century a phenomenon which is still rarer and still more impressive. The kings sprung from Hugh Capet succeeded one another, son to father or brother to brother, for more than 300 years. Through all this time there was no occasion to call in a remote collateral, an uncle or great-uncle or a cousin. How unusual is such a succession you can conceive yourselves by taking a very simple test. Take any half-dozen conspicuous men of a hundred years since, conspicuous in any way you please, statesmen or writers or simply of noble birth, and you will find that their living descendants through males are few, though their descendants through women may be numerous. Go *two* hundred years back and you will see that the fewness of male descendants through males from men of eminence much increases, and if you go *three* hundred years back, it becomes<sup>1</sup> extraordinary. The whole subject belongs to a branch of the theory (as it is called) of

(1) The subject, as respects the pedigrees of the nobility, is discussed by Mr. Hayward in a very interesting paper in his *Biographical and Critical Essays*; Third Series, "English, Scotch, Irish, and Continental Nobility." See page 260. "It is quite startling on going over the beadroll of English worthies, to find how few are directly represented in the male line."

Heredity which has not been perfectly investigated as yet, and which it would be out of place to discuss here. I think, however, that it is not too bold a proposition that the greater the eminence of the founder of a non-polygamous family, the greater on the whole is the tendency of the family to continue itself (if it continue at all) through women in the direct line, and that the best securities for a pure pedigree through males are comparative obscurity and (I could almost say) comparative poverty, if not extreme. The rule is of course only approximate, and the example of the Capetian dynasty sufficiently shows that there are exceptions to it. At the same time, the position of the early Capetians must not be judged by the splendour of the late Kings of France. They were comparatively poor and comparatively obscure, and for long could hardly make head against even the humbler of their nominal vassals.

This then I believe to be the true secret of the so-called Salic rule of succession. There is nothing, even now, very uncommon in the frame of mind which leads men to think that everything, of which they know or remember nothing to the contrary, has existed from all time and that it ought to continue for ever. But in an age in which historical knowledge was all but non-existent and in which the mass of mankind lived by usage, such a habit of thought must have been incomparably stronger; and we cannot doubt that men's minds were powerfully affected by this uninterrupted continuation of male descents in the royal family of France, which even to us is impressive. Nobody, they would say, has reigned in France but a King the son of a King. There had been no occasion to call to the throne a collateral relative, much less a kinsman through women. Amid a general flux of men's ideas on the subject of succession to thrones, the French law would at all events have appeared to have solidified. And, such being the preconceived notions of Frenchmen, there is no doubt that they were strengthened by the provision of the real Salic law which said that land—or, as some read it, Salic land—should descend exclusively to males through males. This legal provision was in fact irrelevant to the question, but it may very easily have been misunderstood; and it is a significant circumstance that manuscripts of the true Salic Code, the *Lex Salica* of the Germans, appear to have been found in the Royal Library at Paris from the time of its first foundation.

The supposed Salic rule, excluding women and their descendants from royal successions, has been adopted in later days in many countries in which women were at one time permitted to succeed. In constitutionally governed states, female successions have always been popular; and quite recently, in Spain and Portugal, the establishment of constitutional government coincided with the overthrow of the rule which excluded queens from the throne. The Spanish monarchy was composed of portions in most of which the throne

might be filled by a woman, but when the younger branch of the Bourbons obtained the Crown of Spain, they introduced the so-called Salic rule. This system of succession is manifestly thought to be convenient wherever, whether there be a Constitution or not, a large measure of authority resides with the sovereign. Thus the succession to the German Empire, following that of the Prussian kingdom, is now Salic; and in Russia, where an extremely peculiar rule of succession prevailed, one of the most usual successions being that of the widow of the late Emperor, the exclusive devolution of the Crown through males on males has been introduced since the beginning of this century.

The explanation given by French historians of the memorable rule which first sprang up in their country has nothing to do with reasons of convenience. They say that the exclusion of women and their issue was the fruit of the intense national spirit of Frenchmen. If it had not been for this principle, the King of France might have been an Englishman, or a German, or a Spaniard, according to the nationality of his mother's husband; and this was contrary to the genius of France, which imperatively required that the King should be a Frenchman. But this is the error, not so very uncommon in the philosophy of history, of taking the consequence for the cause. It was not the national spirit of Frenchmen which created the Salic rule, but the Salic rule had a great share in creating the French national spirit. No country grew together originally so much through chance and good luck as France. Originally confined to a small territory round Paris, province after province became incorporated with it through feudal forfeitures, through royal marriages or through the failure of lines of vassals even more powerful than the King to whom they owed allegiance. But owing to the Salic rule, the King always belonged to the heart and core of the monarchy. The King of England who first annexed Ireland was a Frenchman. The King of England who united Scotland with her was a Scotchman. But the King of France was from first to last born and educated a Frenchman. The same vein of character may be seen running through the whole series of French Kings, broken only perhaps in the unhappy Prince who closed the dynasty in the last century. Hence the whole authority of the French Kings was exerted to bring each successive acquisition of the Crown into political and social conformity with the original kernel of the kingdom. And in this way was created the French love of unity, the French taste for centralisation, the French national spirit. The undoubted power which France possesses of absorbing into herself and imbuing with her national character all the populations united with her has been attributed to the French Revolution; in reality it is much older, and may be traced in great part to the Salic rule of royal succession.

H. S. MAINE.

## STANZAS ON MR. WATTS' COLLECTED WORKS.

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive, though a happy place."

### I.

For many a year the master wrought,  
And wisdom deepened slow with years;  
Guest-chambers of his inmost thought  
Were filled with shapes too stern for tears;—  
Yet Joy was there, and murmuring Love,  
And Youth that hears with hastened breath,  
But, throned in peace all these above,  
The unrevealing eyes of Death.

### II.

Faces there were which won him yet,  
Fair daughters of an iron age:  
In iron truth pourtrayed he set  
Warrior and statesman, bard and sage.  
From hidden deeps their past he drew,  
The ancestral bent of stock and stem;  
More of their hearts than yet they knew  
Thro' their own gaze looked out on them.

### III.

Yet oftenest in the past he walked,  
With god or hero long gone by,  
Oft, like his pictured Genius, talked  
With rainbow forms that span the sky:  
Thereto his soul hath listed long,  
When silent voices spake in air,—  
Hath mirrored many an old-world song  
Remote and mystic, sad and fair.

### IV.

For here the Thracian, vainly wise,  
Close on the light his love has led;—  
Oh hearken! her melodious cries  
Fade in the mutter of the dead:—  
"Farewell! from thy embrace I pass,  
Drawn to the formless dark alone:  
I stretch my hands,—too weak, alas!  
And I no more, no more thine own."

## V.

And here is she whom Art aflame  
 Smote from the rock a breathing maid ;  
 Calm at the fiery call she came,  
 Looked on her lover unafraid ;  
 Nor quite was sure if life were best,  
 And love, till love with life had flown,  
 Or still with things unborn to rest,  
 Ideal beauty, changeless stone.

## VI.

Ah ! which the sweeter ? she who stands,  
 A soul to woe that moment born,—  
 Regretfully her aimless hands  
 Drooping by Psyche's side forlorn ?—  
 Woke with a shock the god unknown,  
 And sighing flushed, and flying sighed :  
 Grey in the dawning stands alone  
 His desolate and childly bride.

## VII.

Or she whose soft limbs swiftly sped  
 The touch of very gods must shun,  
 And, drowned in many a bosage, fled  
 The imperious kisses of the sun ?  
 Mix, mix with Daphne, branch and frond,  
 O laurel-wildness, laurel-shade !  
 Let Nature's life,—no love beyond,—  
 Make all the marriage of the maid !

## VIII.

Or she who, deep in Latmian trees,  
 Stoops from the height her silver sheen ?  
 Dreams in a dream her shepherd sees  
 The crescent car, the bending queen.  
 One kiss she gives ; the Fates refuse  
 A closer bond or longer stay :  
 The boy sleeps still ; her orb renews  
 Its echoless unmated way.

## IX.

All these some hope unanswered know,  
Some laws that prison, fates that bar ;  
Baffled their spirit-fountains flow  
Toward things diviner and afar.  
Such dole at heart their painter felt,  
Within, without, such sights to see ;  
Who in our monstrous London dwelt,  
And half-remembered Arcady.

## X.

Ah, sure, those springs of joy and pain  
By some remote recall are stirred ;  
His ancient Guardians smile again,  
And touch a colour, speak a word.  
Not all asleep thy gods of Greece  
Lie tumbled on the Coan shore :—  
O painter ! thou that knew'st their peace  
Must half-remember evermore !

## XI.

So gazed on Phidias' Warrior-maid,  
Methinks, Ægina's kingly boy :—  
She stood, her Gorgon shield displayed,  
Too great for love, too grave for joy.  
All day her image held him there ;  
This world, this life, with day grew dim ;  
Some glimmering of the Primal Fair  
Pre-natal memories woke in him.

## XII.

Then as he walked, like one who dreamed,  
Thro' silent highways silver-hoar,  
More wonderful that city seemed,  
And he diviner than before :—  
A voice was calling, All is well ;  
Clear in the vault Selene shone ;  
And over Plato's homestead fell  
The shadow of the Parthenon.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.



## THE HEALTH RESORTS OF THE WESTERN RIVIERA

“Comment se peut-il, que . . . vous ne passiez pas vos hivers . . . dans un endroit quelconque où se voit le grand arbitre des ~~santés~~ humaines, Monseigneur le Soleil ? crois que sans lui je serais depuis bien longtemps à quelques pieds sous terre.”

*Lettres de Prosper Mérimée*

THE many picturesque towns that lie scattered along the beautiful Mediterranean coast of France and Italy have long been the favourite winter resorts of the inhabitants of Northern Europe. Some of them have enjoyed a reputation as winter health resorts for a very long period, while others have quite recently grown into popularity and renown. And there can be little doubt that if the stream of winter visitors continues to pour into the Riviera in the same increasing proportions that the past few years have witnessed, many of the smaller villages along this highly favoured coast, whose names are at present scarcely known beyond their immediate neighbourhood, are destined to become as renowned, and justly so, as some of their more popular neighbours.

Passing from west to east, the health resorts of the Western Riviera may be said to begin at Hyères, a few miles from the important arsenal of Toulon, and to end at Pegli, a few miles west of Genoa. Between these, its western and eastern limits, we have the well-known French stations, Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, the principality of Monaco, with Monte Carlo; and the Italian towns Bordighera, San Remo, and Alassio, besides many smaller and less known places on the coast between these.

In geographical strictness, Hyères is not included in the Western Riviera, the *Riviera di Ponente*, since the mountains of the Esterel to the west of Cannes and many miles east of Hyères, form its western boundary; but as a health resort this town naturally falls into the group which I have just indicated, and with the other members of which it has much in common.

Before considering the distinguishing characteristics of each of the principal health resorts of this region it will be convenient to consider briefly the general characters of the climate of the whole district of the Western Riviera. The Riviera is a land of sunlight and a land of winds. It is a land of intense, brilliant sunshine, and of cold chilling shade. The very intensity of its sun-heat is to some extent the cause of its manifold local currents of air. The air is scarcely ever still, although, of course, some localities are much more protected from the prevailing winds than others. The climate of the Riviera, then, has conspicuous merits and conspicuous defects. But we may rest assured that a perfect climate in winter is to be found nowhere

neither in the Riviera nor elsewhere. The great thing is to know thoroughly the nature of a climate before you resort to it, so that you may obtain the full advantage of all its good qualities and guard yourself against suffering from any of its bad ones.

In examining the climate of any district the chief points to be considered are—1. Its temperature, with its variations. 2. The relative proportion of sunshine and cloud; of clear skies and of skies that are overcast. 3. The amount of rainfall and the number of rainy days. 4. The average humidity of the air, *i.e.* the amount of insensible aqueous vapour in the atmosphere. 5. The prevailing winds, and the amount of exposure to or protection from them afforded by local conditions.

Let us, then, in the first place consider the temperature of the Riviera.

The several health resorts of the Western Riviera lie between  $43^{\circ}$  and  $45^{\circ}$  N. lat., while London lies at  $51^{\circ}30'$ ; and for this reason alone the sun has naturally more power there than with us. And since the higher temperature of the Riviera is chiefly due to the greater power of the sun, to the intensity of the sun's rays, it follows that the difference between sun and shade temperatures is very considerable, and that while in a room looking south you may find brilliant sunshine and summer heat, in a room in the same house, facing north, you will encounter chill shade and winter cold. And similarly, out of doors, there is great risk of chill in passing from sun to shade. It has been found that the mean temperature given by a thermometer exposed to full sunshine in the winter will reach  $129^{\circ}9$  Fahr., while in the shade of a northern wall it will not reach more than  $55^{\circ}9$ , giving a difference of  $73^{\circ}$  between sun and shade temperatures. And this is a fact which it behoves delicate visitors, and indeed all visitors, to the Riviera constantly to bear in mind. If they would benefit by the great heat of the sun, they must take care to protect themselves against the corresponding chill of the shade.

It would be a mistake to regard the Riviera in the winter as a hot climate, as some persons seem to expect it should be; and, indeed, if it were altogether a hot climate it would be a far less generally useful and valuable climate than it is. Still it is a climate in which the inhabitants of Northern Europe may in the winter find, on an average, much more warmth than at home. It is found that the mean winter and spring temperature of the Riviera (and it must be borne in mind that our remarks apply principally to these parts of the year, *viz.* between October and May) is from  $8$  to  $10^{\circ}$  Fahr. higher than that of England. I am, of course, speaking of averages, and not of coincident periods of time, for in some months of some seasons the mean temperature of parts of the Riviera will be found nearly as low as at home. For instance, at Cannes, in December '74,

the mean excess of temperature over that of London was only  $4^{\circ} \cdot 3$  Fahr., and in February '75 still less, viz. only  $3^{\circ} \cdot 6$ .

It is by no means to its southern latitude alone that the Western Riviera owes the relative mildness of its winters, for both Genoa and Florence are within the same latitude, and it is well known that they do not possess by any means the same mild winter climate. It is rather to the protection from northerly winds which is afforded it by the great mountain barrier of the Maritime Alps, which extends nearly along the whole of this coast, and at a sufficient elevation to prevent the cold winds which blow from Northern Europe, and over the snowy Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, from reaching the towns built along this part of the northern coast of the Mediterranean. Some of these towns are better and more completely protected than others from northerly blasts by reason of the relative nearness to them of this mountain wall, and by the unbroken nature in parts of the barrier it forms; while at other parts the existence of gaps in the chain diminishes the protection it affords, and renders some of these localities quite unsuited for winter health resorts. Thus many of the towns along that part of the coast which extends from San Remo to Genoa, owing to the greater remoteness from them of the higher chain of Maritime Alps, and the comparatively low elevation of the mountains near them, are rendered much more accessible to northerly winds, and much less suited than the more western towns for the reception of invalid winter visitors.

Another cause of the mild winter temperature of the Riviera is its southern exposure along the shore of a sea the water of which is unusually warm. It has been calculated that the temperature of the Mediterranean off this coast is  $20^{\circ}$  higher than that of the Atlantic at the same depth and in the same latitude; and that the temperature of the surface of the sea (off the coast of Cannes) has a mean excess of about  $12^{\circ}$  Fahr. over the minimum temperature of the air, and a mean excess of  $9^{\circ}$  over that of the sea on our own southern coast (Falmouth). Hence it follows that the atmosphere on this coast of the Mediterranean must obtain a considerable addition of heat during winter from that which has been stored up in the sea during summer, and which is slowly diffused through the air during the colder season.

It is pretty generally known that there is a great fall of temperature on the Riviera at sunset, and that owing to this fact the time of sunset and the hour or two which follow it is a particularly dangerous part of the day to invalids and other persons, and one during which careful precautions should be observed. This fall of temperature at sunset is easily accounted for, and is always encountered whenever, owing to the absence of aqueous vapour in the air and the presence of clear, cloudless skies, solar radiation is very powerful; for then when the sun is withdrawn the whole surface of the country is plunged in shade, the air no longer derives any heat from the direct solar rays,

and the temperature of the whole air is a shade temperature. But this is by no means the only cooling agency that comes into operation at sunset. When the sky is free from cloud and the atmosphere clear, as soon as the sun sets, the heat which has been absorbed by the surface of the earth during sunshine is rapidly lost by radiation into space, and the air in contact with or near the ground is rapidly cooled, and the moisture it contains becomes precipitated in the form of dew, and thus the lower strata of the air become damp as well as cold at and after sunset. When the sky is overspread with clouds, these prevent the radiation of heat from the earth's surface into space and reflect it back to the earth, so that the chilling of the surface at sunset is not nearly so great when the sky is cloudy as when it is clear. Hence it follows that it is especially during clear cloudless weather that invalids must be cautious of exposing themselves to the fall of temperature and deposit of dew which occur at sunset.

The temperature rises again two or three hours after sunset, and again falls to the *minimum* of the twenty-four hours towards sunrise, so that it is less dangerous to be out of doors three or four hours after sunset than at the time of sunset itself.

In the second place, as to the relative proportion of sunshine and cloud; the excess of sunshiny days during the winter in the Riviera over that of our winter is remarkable. If we compare Nice with London, we find that during the six winter and spring months, *i.e.* between October and May, there are on the average ninety-seven clear cloudless days at Nice, and only twelve in London! We are justified, then, in saying that the Riviera is a land of sunshine.

Next with regard to rain. It may be said, speaking generally, that it is a land of heavy rainfalls and few rainy days. But much more rain falls at the eastern end of the Riviera di Ponente, *i.e.* about Genoa, than at the western end, *i.e.* around Nice, *e.g.* the mean annual rainfall at Genoa being 1,317 millimètres, that at Nice is 811, and that at Hyères only 746; while the rainy days from November to April, both months inclusive, number 67 at Genoa, 43·5 at Mentone, 36·2 at Nice, 45·8 at Cannes, and 37·5 at Hyères.

Compared with England, the climate of the Riviera is undoubtedly a very dry one. It is quite true that for a few days in autumn and spring there are torrents of rain, so that the total average rainfall may nearly equal that of the west coast of England; but the number of fine days "is immensely greater, both in summer and winter, than in almost any other part of Europe."

If we compare the rainfall at Nice during the five winter months, between October and April, with that of London and that of Torquay during the same months, we find that

Nice	has	16·92	inches
London		9·51	"
Torquay		18·28	"

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so that nearly twice as much rain falls at Nice during the winter as in London. But now let us compare the number of rainy days during the same period, and then we have at Nice only 30·5 rainy days, while in London there are 76·5, and at Torquay 98 !

In the Riviera large quantities of water fall within a few hours or days ; “ there are three or four successive thoroughly wet days, and perhaps nights, and then the weather clears up for some time, and the sky becomes bright and cloudless.” It is very rare to encounter continuous broken weather on the Riviera ; still it does occur occasionally, and the winter ’78—79 was a notable case in point. The following figures indicate the rainfall at Cannes and Mentone, and the number of rainy days during this exceptional season :—

CANNES.							
Rainfall	{ Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.
in inches	4·34	8·35	3·79	4·46	3·94	7·73	7·50
Rainy days	10	13	12	10	15	8	16

MENTONE.							
Rainfall	{ Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.
in inches	10·43	6·95	2·84	2·17	3·92	4·57	8·10
Rainy days	14	14	16	9	10	9	17

As a rule the winter rainfall is distributed in the following manner : it is common to have a heavy fall of rain in October—as many as 13 inches will often fall in that month ; the next greatest rainfall is in November, then December. Next comes March ; and January and February have the lowest rainfall. In April there are heavy falls of rain again as in October.

But the Riviera, like every other locality, is subject to great variations in different seasons, and in the same months in different seasons,—*e.g.* the rainfall in Mentone

In November, 1866, was	27 inches.
„ „ 1877, „	10·12 „
„ December, 1866, „	2·0 „
„ „ 1872, „	12·94 „

The year 1877 was a very dry one on the Riviera, and if we compare the total rainfall and the number of rainy days for the whole of that year at Toulon with that of London and Torquay we get the following figures :—

	Toulon.	London.	Torquay.
Rainfall in inches	12·82	26·46	42·25
Rainy days . . .	50	172	224

Taking the average of a succession of winters, the Riviera is a very dry climate, the number of rainy and cloudy days being very few compared with the number of dry and clear days ; but it has exceptional seasons, as that of ’78—79 was, and those who were unfortunate enough to pass that winter, and that winter *only*, there were

possibly have carried away with them the conviction that the climate of the Riviera is a very wet and disagreeable one.

In the next place, if we compare the records of the humidity of the air during winter, as observed in certain stations on the Riviera, with those obtained from similar observations at certain stations at home, we get decided evidence of the superior dryness of the atmosphere of the former. Saturation being represented by 100, we get the relative humidity of the Riviera (Cannes and Mentone), as compared with London and Falmouth, represented by the following figures:—

Cannes and Mentone.	London.	Falmouth.
72·4	88	84·4

and Dr. Hassell's observations for last winter at San Remo give 72·6 as the mean relative humidity at that station.

It is not an easy task to write a description of the winds of the Riviera. They are legion. The Mistral, the Scirocco, the Greco, the Tramontana, the Sea Wind, the Land Wind, &c. &c. Indeed, certain exposed localities on the Riviera are rendered wholly uninhabitable on account of the number and fury of these tormenting winds; and the relative merits of its various health resorts chiefly depend on the greater or less protection afforded them against the prevailing winds by the surrounding mountains. Moreover, some difference of opinion seems to prevail amongst observers resident at different stations as to the prevalence or non-prevalence of particular winds at these stations. This is especially the case with regard to the Mistral, and the local advocates of each station rival one another in claiming a relative immunity from its visitations.

The Mistral is a wind which blows from the *West* and *North West*. It is a very dry wind, and a wind which generally brings fine clear weather, although it is always attended with a falling barometer.<sup>1</sup> It is a wind which blows with great fury, and owing to its dryness rouses clouds of dust. The air loses its humidity and becomes dry, cold, penetrating, and irritating. The dryness of this wind is accounted for by its losing all its moisture as it sweeps over central France. It appears to be a northerly wind originally, which reaches the Western Riviera by turning the western flank of the Maritime Alps, and so gets a westerly direction given to it. It is especially the torment of the more westerly stations, such as Hyères and Nice, but it is also felt at times, usually with diminished violence, as far east as San Remo. March is its favourite month; it then blows its fiercest, and more frequently than in any other of the winter and spring months, but it blows occasionally all through the winter.

The Scirocco is a *South East* wind. It is a hot African wind, and

(1) Dr. Sparks remarks that the barometer is comparatively useless in predicting weather in the Riviera. It falls with the north-west wind, which is a dry one, and it does not fall with a south-east wind, which actually brings torrents of rain.

only reaches the northern shores of the Mediterranean after having crossed this sea, and so become laden with moisture; hence it is a wet wind; warm, wet, and enervating. It brings to this coast the heaviest and most prolonged rains. But these rains do not usually appear until after it has blown violently for a day or two. In spring and summer are its favourite seasons, but it may occur for two or three days in any of the winter months.

The *East* wind which frequently blows in spring and summer is not very often encountered in winter, and in this region it is not so formidable and dreaded a wind as it is with us. It is frequently followed by rain, and is most common from March to May, when it occasionally blows with great force.

A very disagreeable wind is the *North East* wind or *Greco*. It is bitingly cold, and not unfrequently brings with it sleet, hail, and even snow. It fortunately does not blow often. It is more frequent and is more frequent and severe along the eastern portions of the Riviera di Ponente than along its western parts, and Genoa owes much of the bitterness of its climate to its exposure to this wind.

The *Tramontana* is the name given to the *North* wind. Most of the health resorts along this coast are protected from it by the chain of mountains which rises behind them, and forms a more or less complete protection from winds coming from this quarter. The northerly winds are either completely arrested by this mountain barrier, or they blow over the tops of the mountains, and are only felt at some distance from the coast. But this barrier is in some localities not so perfect and effective against these winds as at others. "Where long valleys run down in a direction due north and south as at Ventimiglia, the north wind may have free access," and owing to the lower elevation of the near hills, the district east of St. Remo is less protected from northerly winds than the western portion of the same coast. Nice, also, as we shall see, is but imperfectly protected from these northerly winds.

Occasionally a strong wind is felt from the *South West*; <sup>1</sup> it is a cold wind, having parted with its moisture in its course over the Spanish Sierra and the Pyrenees. A wind also often blows with considerable violence from the *West*; this and the south-west wind are regarded by some as really "deflected Mistral." It is very well known that on sea-coasts generally, in fine sunny weather there is a breeze which blows from the sea on to the land during the day, while at night the reverse takes place, and a breeze is found blowing off the land on to the sea. I have explained this fully in a former article. This wind from the sea is very much felt all along the Riviera, even as far as a mile from the sea, especially on sunny days. It begins

(1) Some observers state that the south-west wind is a wet wind, and it would seem that it really does bring rain to some parts of the Riviera.

(2) "Sea or Mountain," *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1877.

blow about 11 A.M., and continues till 3 or 3.30 P.M. It occurs then, because it is then that the surface of the land becomes heated by the sun; the air in contact with this surface becoming warm and rarefied ascends towards the mountain tops, and the colder and denser sea air rushes in to take its place, and this goes on as long as the heating action of the sun continues. When the sun goes down, the air on the surface of the land becomes rapidly cooled by radiation into space, and therefore denser, while that in contact with the sea remains warm, and then it is that a land breeze springs up blowing on to the sea.

This, then, is a brief account of the principal winds which the visitor to the Riviera must expect to encounter from time to time. The greatest number of calm days occur in January and December, and the windiest months are March, April, May, and October. The strongest, as well as most frequent, winds are from the east and the south-west. The Mistral, as I have already said, is most common in March.

Having thus briefly considered, from a general point of view, some of the chief characters of the climate of the Western Riviera, I now propose to pass in review the principal resorts on this coast.

Hyères is one of the oldest health resorts on the French Riviera. It is not actually on the coast as are the other health resorts of this region, but it is about 3 miles distant from the sea, a plain of this extent stretching between the town and the coast. So that the exciting influence of the sea is not experienced at Hyères, and this is considered to be one of its advantages. It suffers, of course, much less from the sea breeze than other resorts on the coast, not only because of its distance from the sea, but also because of the protection from the sea winds afforded by the islands off the coast—the Iles d'Hyères.

The town itself is built along the base of a steep rocky hill, having a southern or south-eastern aspect. This hill forms part of a small and picturesque chain of mountains which bounds the valley of Hyères to the north; mountains to the east and north-east close in the plain of Hyères in that direction and project as a promontory into the sea, protecting it quite sufficiently from the north-east, but less completely from the east winds. On the opposite side of the valley, that is, to the west and south-west, a series of hills rises and forms a kind of screen between it and the roadstead of Toulon. The valley near the sea is swampy, but in the neighbourhood of the town it is exceedingly well cultivated; moreover, it gradually rises towards the town, which is built at an elevation of 60 or 70 feet above the level of the valley, and in a situation admirably chosen for gaining all the advantages possible from the heat of the sun. The town is, therefore, much warmer and drier than the valley, which is, in parts, occasionally cold and damp.

We see, then, that the valley of Hyères is protected on the south by the Iles d'Hyères, to the north as completely by ranges of high



hills, to the north-east also it is fairly well protected, but it is exposed to the north-west and west and to the south-east and east. Owing especially to its protection from sea breezes, and also from the north and north-east winds, and to the rarity or mildness of the east wind at this distance from the coast, the atmosphere at Hyères is sometimes exceedingly still and calm, unlike the other health resorts on the coast, where perfect stillness of atmosphere is most rare. And the air here is neither so dry nor so sharp as at Cannes, Nice, or Mentone, and its climate is, therefore, less exciting and more soothing. But these advantages are mitigated by the existence of one very serious drawback. The valley is completely exposed, in its whole length, to the Mistral, which from February onwards blows with great force and great frequency.

The temperature records available with respect to Hyères are very satisfactory, but it seems to be agreed that the climate, apart from the winds, is a very mild one. The temperature is about 1° warmer than in England. It seems also to be more equable than at some of the other stations, not so hot in summer and not so cold in winter, and the daily range also appears to be less extreme. In the depth of winter the thermometer rarely falls below 44 or 45° Fahr. Dr. Cazalis, however, states that he has seen snow fall three times in the same winter, but it only rested on the ground a few hours; and that frost is very frequent in the valley but very rare in the town. There would seem to be a great difference between the valley and the town. "The town is warm, but the valley, at 400 yards from the town, is cold." Owing to the coldness and dampness of the valley heavy dews fall at sunset, and extra precautions are required to protect one's self against the consequent chilling of the atmosphere; and fogs are not very uncommon over the islands and the plain in spring and autumn.

There are no good and recent statistics available as to the rainfall at Hyères. It would seem, however, to be from 28 to 30 inches the year, with an average of about 60 rainy days. The winter and spring months are probably somewhat drier than at other health resorts on the Riviera. The water supply is good, and the sanitary condition of the town satisfactory, except in the old parts, which remain dirty and ill-drained. There are but few villas, invalids and visitors living for the most part in hotels, of which there are several fairly good ones, the cost of living at them being somewhat less than at the best hotels at Cannes or Nice. There are many charming and picturesque promenades, and in this respect Hyères is much better off than most other resorts on the Riviera. But life is somewhat monotonous and dull there, and the French complain bitterly of its ennui. As to the cases of illness to which its climate is best suited, there seems an extraordinary divergence of opinion among different authorities. But I think it may be safely said that

is suited to persons of nervous temperament who dislike the sea, and who find Mentone and Cannes so exciting that they cannot stop at these places. Some denounce it altogether for chest cases, on account of the prevalence of the Mistral during the spring months; others think it well suited to cases with a tendency to hæmoptysis, on account of its more soothing character. It is good for nervous, feeble children, and for some forms of gout and rheumatism. It is not bracing and stimulating enough for scrofulous cases, nor is it suitable to asthmatics. The natives of Hyères are said to be exceedingly healthy and long-lived. "There is no scrofula among the children, and phthisis is scarce. At the cemetery the large number of old people buried there attracted my attention." (Sparks.)

But the objections which have been urged against the climate of Hyères do not apply to a resort situated on the southern slopes of the hills opposite Hyères. Here there are valleys admirably situated, sheltered from the Mistral and from all but southern winds, warmed all day by the sun, and provided with many most charming and picturesque walks. "Ces situations," says Dr. Cazalis, "sont des plus belles et des plus chaudes qu'on puisse rencontrer sur nos côtes; il n'y manquent qu'une chose: ce sont des habitations: à part trois ou quatre villas, il n'y a sur cette côte aucune maison." This refers to the valley of *Costabelle*, about two miles S.W. of Hyères, and destined probably to become equally famous. The principal residence there is a villa which has been built by the Duke of Grafton. The only hotel there is the small Pension Anglaise, which can only accommodate about twenty-two persons. "The valley is embosomed in pine woods, broken here and there by vineyards and olive orchards, and by the gardens of the few villas which have sprung up as yet. Near the shore there are large groves of olive trees, which are finer than at Hyères itself, and indicate a warmer climate."<sup>1</sup>

The next of the health resorts on the Western Riviera which we arrive at in journeying eastward is Cannes. For the foreign visitor, Cannes is rather the name of an extensive district than of a small coast town. Unlike any of the other health resorts on the Riviera, it is scattered over a wide tract of land, so that its eastern and western limits are some miles apart, and its attractions and beauties are not limited and concentrated in one particular spot, but are varied and widespread. There is no sense of restraint and imprisonment in a place like Cannes, where the landscape is wide, open, and free. Corresponding with this great range and variety of territory there is a corresponding range of climate. "Grâce à la configuration de notre station," says Dr. Cazalis, "nous jouissons d'une gamme de climats différents, plutôt que d'un seul; près du Cannet se trouvent des situations abritées des vents, et des effluves salines; près de la mer l'atmosphère est

(1) Sparks, *The Riviera*.

agitée, saturée de sel, excitante. Entre ces deux extrémités se trouve une série de positions mixte qui conviennent à bien des genres divers de malades."

It is customary to say that Cannes occupies two bays, an eastern and a western; but this seems to me to be scarcely correct. There is one large bay, the Golfe de la Napoule, having the Esterel mountains for its western boundary, and the low-lying narrow point, the Cap de la Croisette, for its eastern limit. A relatively small portion of this bay, at its eastern end, is separated from the western part by a hill of no great elevation, which stretches out from one of the ranges to the north of the town and projects into the sea. This hill, the Mont Chevalier, is surmounted by the ruins of an old town and the old Cathedral of Cannes; and along its eastern aspect the chief part of the old town is built. This projecting rock, prolonged by a pier, encloses a small harbour; and this, with that part of the shore between it and the Cap de la Croisette, is termed the eastern bay. A fine carriage road runs along the whole length of this bay, with villas and houses on one side of it, the beach and the sea on the other. The adjacent part of the shore of the western bay is also covered, for a mile or two, with streets, and villas, and hotels, and their gardens extend in all directions for a considerable distance inland.

With regard to the climate of Cannes, in the first place, if we consider the whole district, there can be no doubt that it is less protected from winds than some of the other resorts on the Western Riviera, and that Cannes, on the whole, must be considered a rather windy place. "A Cannes, l'air est toujours en mouvement, mais ce mouvement aérien est très souvent fort minime et ne règne pas dans tous les points du territoire." <sup>1</sup>

The protecting chains of high mountains to the north are removed to some considerable distance from the coast, and scarcely offer so complete a screen from northerly currents as they do when close to the town, as at Mentone. The Esterels present a considerable barrier to the approach of the Mistral; but the protection from this wind is not complete; there is more or less of a gap between the hills to the west and those to the north-west, through which this wind is able at times to reach Cannes. The mountains to the east and to the north-east are not sufficiently high to afford a complete protection from winds coming from those quarters. The prevailing winds at Cannes come from the east, varying from north-east to south-east. A wind from the north is rare, and always feeble. Still more rare, in winter, is a wind blowing directly from the south. Dr. Cazalis gives the following as the result of several years' personal experience. Towards the last week in October the wind, sometimes from the east, sometimes from the west, becomes high. In November there

(1) Cazalis, *Climat de Cannes*.

is always a windy and rainy period, lasting from eight days to three weeks. The wind is rarely violent, and never cold. During or after this there may be a few days of Mistral; then commences the reign of the east wind, a mild wind which lasts till February. December and January are the least windy months. West winds begin again in February, and the north-west (Mistral) may blow for two or three days. In March the winds are often violent, and bring, not infrequently, torrents of rain, as in November. In April the winds are very variable; but it is almost always easy at Cannes, owing to the extent and varying inclination and aspect of the ground, to find sheltered situations for exercise during the prevalence of even the strongest winds. The neighbourhood of Cannet, a village about two miles to the north of Cannes, presents many most favourable and protected sites for dwellings and for promenades; and delicate persons, especially those who suffer from chest affections, or those of sensitive nervous temperament who find the neighbourhood of the sea too exciting, are strongly recommended to settle in the valley of Cannet.

The temperature observations taken by different persons at Cannes vary considerably, and this variation, no doubt, depends on the different methods followed by different observers, and the different localities in which their instruments have been placed. It may, however, be stated as an average, that the mean winter temperature at Cannes is about 8° Fahr. higher than in London; that, compared with other stations on this coast, Cannes is not so warm as Mentone or San Remo, while it is somewhat warmer than Nice. Dr. Cazalis thinks his own personal feelings may be more instructive than the varying and somewhat irreconcilable evidence of different thermometers. "When I come to Cannes," he says, "on the 15th of October, I find a temperature which reminds me of the heat of the suburbs of Paris in August; about the 25th October the temperature falls somewhat suddenly, and a light cloak is needed in the morning and evening. In November come the rains, and after that the temperature gets lower and lower till about the 15th December. Towards the end of January occasional frosts at night in cold spots may be expected, but during the daytime, in clear weather, it is warm enough for invalids to take out-of-door exercise. The temperature rises rapidly in February, but less in March, which is the worst month in the year. At the beginning of April it is often necessary to close the shutters, to prevent one's apartments being overheated by the sun, and the heat, in the daytime, reminds one of a July temperature near Paris." There is a considerable rainfall at Cannes, about 32 inches during the winter time (November to April), and about 58<sup>1</sup> rainy days. As elsewhere on the Riviera, there are heavy

(1) It is difficult to come at a constant mean of rainy days from the tables of different observers. Sparks, who is ordinarily very careful, gives 58 in one place, and 45·8 in another.

falls of rain lasting often several days in November and March ; in the former month the rains have been known to last for three weeks ! The winds which bring these rains are usually warm winds, coming from the south-east and the south-west. Between these periods rain is rare, and lasts but a few hours. Snow appears about once every two or three years, and never lies on the ground more than a few hours. A fog is a still greater rarity.

Occasionally a very wet or a very cold season is encountered, and then the sufferings of the visitors are very acute, much more so than at home.

The winter of 1878—9 was a most trying one, on account of the prevalence of rains ; that of 1869—70 on account of the cold. Mérimée, who was devoted to Cannes, thus writes of the latter season : “ L’hiver a été affreux. Il a gélé ici à six degrés, phénomène qui ne s’était produit depuis 1821. Toutes les belles fleurs qui faisaient la gloire du pays ont été détruites, beaucoup d’orangers ont gélé. Jugez de l’effet que produit sur une être nerveux comme moi la pluie, le froid, la grêle du ciel ; *on en souffre dix fois plus ici qu’on ne ferait à Paris !* ”

The country around Cannes is exceedingly beautiful, and in the number, variety, and attractiveness of the possible drives and excursions into the surrounding neighbourhood, it possesses advantages over most of the other health resorts on this coast. “ There is very little ploughed or fallow land. Olive-trees alternate with vines. The hills are verdant to the tops with pines and forest trees, and the warm and sheltered nooks are planted with the orange-tree, which is here almost exclusively grown for its blossoms used for making perfumes. Nearly every kind of shrub and flower grows luxuriantly out-of-doors in the gardens, and the Cannes gardens are unrivalled in their way.”

The eucalyptus-tree, with its tall graceful stem and long, sickle-shape drooping leaves, now cultivated largely all along the Riviera, is especially noticeable in the gardens at Cannes. Dean Alford writes : “ One great advantage of Cannes over other Riviera stations is, that you have actual forest scenery within fifty yards of your hotel. To get such a scene at Nice you have to walk or drive full two miles between high walls ; at Mentone, to go quite as far, and to climb till you are worn out with fatigue ; at San Remo, to go somewhere else in a carriage.” One great drawback, however, to the pedestrian, especially in the central part of Cannes, is the dustiness of the roads and the absence of cross-roads by which to pass from one district to another.

Cannes is provided with many excellent but expensive hotels, and numerous elegant villas. There are plenty of good shops, where all the necessities and even the luxuries of life may be procured. Of society there is perhaps rather too much, if we consider

the interests of the invalid visitors only. Complaints have been made of the drainage of the town, and bad smells are certainly encountered along the promenades near the shore, where open drains discharge themselves into the sea, but these were to be, and probably by this time *are*, carried far out from the shore into the sea.<sup>1</sup> In considering what cases are best suited for the climate of Cannes, it must be remembered that Cannes is a *bracing* place, that its air is tonic and stimulating, and to some nervous and sensitive organizations exciting and irritating. But many who need a calmer and softer climate during the winter months are benefited by a change to the more tonic air of Cannes in the spring—the end of March and the beginning of April. It must be borne in mind also that at Cannes you can avail yourself of two somewhat different climates, according as you choose a residence in the neighbourhood of the sea-shore or inland, in the valley of Cannet for example.

All invalids, except those who suffer from scrofulous or lymphatic conditions, are advised to keep away from the shore. The extreme heat of the Boulevard de la Croisette, the fierce sunshine, the sea air, the wind, excite but do not fortify, induce fever instead of giving strength to a large class of invalids.<sup>2</sup>

Speaking very generally, it may be said that all scrofulous affections, especially in children, as well as all the milder forms of glandular affections and cases of retarded development, derive very great benefit from the climate of Cannes. These are cases in which the forces of growth, repair, and nutrition require flogging into activity, and the stimulating climate of the sea-shore, the air, the brilliant sunshine, the restless winds, are all needed to rouse the sluggish temperament into the vigour of health.

Nearly all cases of anæmia improve greatly at Cannes, especially if they lead a prudent and careful life, and take as much out-of-door exercise as possible; even cases of cerebral anæmia in the aged mend rapidly; these persons, however, must reside inland, away from the sea, and avoid too much exposure to direct sunshine. The same remark applies to cases of slow convalescence from acute disease. Of cases of chest disease, those of simple chronic bronchial catarrh do well by the sea-shore. Asthmatics, on the contrary, should avoid the sea, and live as far inland as possible. Cases of emphysema, of chronic pleurisies, and of chronic laryngitis, also improve here. Cases of chronic consumption, under certain conditions, do exceedingly well at Cannes; and even in very advanced

(1) A serious outbreak of fever at Cannes, prevailing at the present time, points to the urgent necessity of thorough inquiry into its existing means of sanitation; and unless some perfectly trustworthy assurance is given by the municipal authorities that Cannes has been put into a wholesome and safe state, English physicians will certainly not allow their patients to run the serious risk which a residence in its hotels or villas seems now to involve.

(2) Cazalis, *Climat de Cannes*.

stages it will often help to prolong life for many years. But a number of minute details have to be carefully attended to in these cases, which it would be out of place to enumerate here; it is only necessary to say they must avoid the sea-shore. Certain forms of chronic gout and rheumatism, and of Bright's disease, are benefited by wintering at Cannes.

Hysterical and nervous maladies, and neuralgias associated with general nervous irritability, should avoid Cannes, where their sufferings are often aggravated by the too exciting and irritating effect of the climate.

Nice, it must honestly be admitted, is rather a pleasure resort than a health resort, and whatever differences of opinion may be entertained with respect to the value, in certain cases, of its winter climate, it must also be admitted that whatever defects the climate of the Riviera possesses, these are specially concentrated and aggravated at Nice. Of brilliant scorching sunshine there is during most winters an abundance. There are constantly clear blue skies and but little cloud; the air is remarkably dry, bracing, and exciting; there are fewer rainy days perhaps than at some of the other health resorts on the coast. But there are occasionally heavy downpours, which may last for days together in spring and autumn, and in mid-winter a continuous bitterly cold drizzle, with a biting north-east wind, as disagreeable and chilling as anything our own climate can afford, is not unknown at Nice. The frequency, keenness, and inconstancy of the winds at Nice are well known; the wind will shift three or four times a day, making it impossible to obtain any continuous shelter from it. "The winds," says Eliséé Reclus, the well-known French geographer, "are extremely inconstant and sometimes of insupportable violence. At the end of winter and at the beginning of spring when the Mistral blows with fury, the blackish dust which it sweeps before it in a whirlwind does not yield in intensity to the rain of cinders showered down by a volcano." Then at Nice you are in a large town, not in the country, and you naturally lead a town life rather than a country one. Of course it has the advantages as well as the disadvantages of a town. There are much gaiety and animation, abundance of amusements and pleasures, and a certain amount of social and intellectual activity and interests, so that for a certain class of invalids who dread the ennui and quiet of a health resort *pur et simple*, Nice has immense attractions. It also has considerable dangers, for the very movement and excitement and gaiety of a place like Nice tend to throw the visitor off his guard, and to lead to some indiscreet exposure or want of precaution which, in such a treacherous climate, may have serious results. But there are persons who must and will have amusement whether they are ill or well, to whom life, without constant entertainment, is wearisome and fatiguing, who live in

constant dread of being *ennuyé*. Let these by all means go to Nice and take their chance there.

If Nice were the only town on the Riviera where good accommodation and good medical skill could be procured, as no doubt it once was, I could understand the propriety, nay, the necessity of sending sick persons there in great numbers, as was once the custom. But to select Nice, when Cannes and Mentone and San Remo and other places are available, for the residence of the generality of invalids, except for *some other reason* than that they are invalids, seems to me difficult to understand. There are, however, a select class of cases for whom the climate and surroundings of Nice seem very suitable. It is said to be remarkably useful to persons who, from over-work or any other cause, have become the victims of atonic dyspepsia, with torpid livers, and a tendency to melancholia. But if such persons suffer from nervous irritability, as they often do, Nice is to be avoided. It is also beneficial in those diseases of young children and others which depend on the scrofulous and lymphatic constitution. It is a good winter resort for many aged persons with flagging vitality and with a tendency to catarrhal attacks. Age brings caution, and invalids of this class know how to avoid the bad points and take advantage of the good points of the climate. Nice is also suitable to cases of simple anæmia uncomplicated by any nervous affection. It is also very attractive to the large class of *soi-disant* invalids.

The meteorology of Nice has been carefully studied by many competent observers. Its mean annual temperature is 60°·3 Fahr., nearly the same as at Pisa and Rome. Its mean winter temperature is 49·1, and its mean spring temperature 58·1. The minimum temperature at night, 26·6. The coldest months are January and February. In March there are great variations of temperature, with rough winds and clouds of dust. Falls of the barometer are almost always caused by the dry north-west wind, and rains "only cause the mercury to sink gradually and almost imperceptibly." The relative humidity for Nice is small, the annual mean at 2 P.M. being 59·6. The mean proportion of sunny, cloudy, and rainy days for twenty years is represented by the following figures: sunny 219·2, cloudy 77·3, rainy 67·4; and for the winter season, from October to May: sunny 135·8, cloudy 55·3, rainy 52·8. The mean annual rainfall is 32·43 inches, and 19·45 for the six winter months (November to April). Most rain falls, as elsewhere on the Riviera, in October and April; and the winds that bring rain are, according to some observers, the east, the south-west, and the north-east, while others maintain that the heaviest and longest rains come from the south-east. It has been calculated that for the whole year there are 88·4 days of strong wind, 276·8 of gentle wind, 22·8 of complete calm. March, April, and May are the windiest months. The east



wind is the most common of the stormy winds, and blows 45 days in the year. The south-west wind is also a violent wind, especially at the time of the autumn equinoctial rains. The north-east wind sometimes brings hailstorms and snow. The Mistral blows (from north-west or west) chiefly in February and March, and is accompanied with clouds of dust. The magnificent Promenade des Anglais, one of the finest promenades in Europe, running for a mile and a half along the sea-shore, is especially exposed to the fury of the Mistral, as is also the adjacent quarter of the town; more protected from this and other winds is the *Carabacel* quarter, situated about a mile north of the shore, and somewhat under the protection of the northern hills; it is regarded as the most sheltered situation in Nice itself. Here many of the best hotels are built, and here invalids, for whom the neighbourhood of the shore is too exciting, are advised to live. Still further north, between two and three miles from the sea, is the suburb of Cimiez; it is built on one of the spurs jutting out from the mountains to the back of Nice, and is regarded as having a much more sedative climate than Nice itself, and much better suited to invalids with chest complaints. It is also said to be much more sheltered from the north and other winds; but it has appeared to other observers, as well as to myself, that Cimiez is in a very exposed situation, on the brow of a hill, certainly within reach of the Mistral and imperfectly sheltered from most winds, except the north. It of course escapes the sea winds and the stimulating saline emanations on the shore, and with its complete southern exposure must get all the advantage possible from the sunshine, without the reflection and glare from the sea.

The environs of Nice are exceedingly beautiful, especially the drives eastward, and the Corniche road from Nice to Mentone, a drive of about eighteen miles, is a marvel of beauty and interest. One of the most beautiful spots on the Corniche road between Nice and Monaco is the village of Turbia (*Trophæa Augusti*), at an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, built on a crest which unites Mont Agel to the magnificent bold promontory, the Tête de Chien, whose stupendous precipices tower above Monaco. A path practicable for mules and pedestrians descends to Monaco along the steep flanks of the Tête de Chien, but the carriage road has to make a long détour by the village of Roccabruna. But there is now another carriage road only just completed which runs along the sea-shore between Nice and Monaco, and I call attention to it because about a mile or so before it reaches Monaco it passes a station which as yet possesses a name and nothing more—it is absolutely in its earliest infancy; there may be one house there, but not more; and others are, or were last year, only in course of construction. It is named after the village on the heights I have just spoken of, "*Turbie sur Mer*." It is admirably situated in a small rock-bound bay, just a little to

the west of the jutting promontory on which the castle and old town of Monaco are built. It is protected on all sides except towards the sea, and from its own natural advantages as well as from its nearness both to Nice and Monaco it is surely destined, when properly developed, to be a popular resort.

It is scarcely necessary that I should speak of the beauty and attractiveness of Monaco and Monte Carlo. If it were not for the dangerous seductions of the gaming tables it would doubtless be one of the most popular health resorts of the whole Western Riviera, not simply because of its beauty, but also because of its admirably protected situation, especially in parts. The old town and castle of Monaco are built on a curiously shaped rock about one hundred and sixty feet high, which projects into the sea, first in a southerly and then in an easterly direction, so that it curves round towards the east in a manner so as to partially enclose its pretty little harbour. Between this rock and the promontory of Monte Carlo, which juts out into the sea about a mile further east, extend the harbour and Bay of Monaco, with an excellent beach and sea-bathing establishment. Nearly on a level with the shore, but rising gently as it extends inwards, is a new quarter named the Condamine. The north-west portion of this quarter enjoys complete protection to the west and south-west by means of this lofty rock of old Monaco, and to the north and north-west by the high mountains which here approach to within a little distance of the sea. On the opposite side of Monte Carlo, where it slopes down to that part of the coast which stretches away to Cap Martin, and to Mentone, "the loveliest bit of the whole Riviera," there are admirable sites for villas and hotels exposed to the full sunshine, and protected on all sides except to the south and south-east, from which quarters the cold winds do not come.

It is stated that the mean annual temperature of Monaco is two degrees higher than that of Mentone, and three degrees higher than that of Nice, and as a proof of the greater mildness and equability of its climate it is also stated that during the exceptional winter of 1870—71, when at Cannes and at Nice the frost destroyed a number of plants recently acclimatized, the same plants at Monaco did not suffer at all, although in the open air and without shelter, and that the lemon-trees which were severely injured at Mentone were not all affected at Monaco. If the day should ever come when the gaming tables at Monte Carlo are suppressed, this neighbourhood will undoubtedly become most attractive as a health resort.

Mentone is but five miles east of Monaco and fifteen (by rail) from Nice. The bay, on the shores of which the town of Mentone is built, is bounded on the west by the low-lying Cap St. Martin, covered by forests of olive-trees, and on the east by the Cap de la Murtola. From cape to cape this bay is about four miles across, and has a south-easterly aspect. As at Cannes, the old town is built on

a ridge which projects into the sea and divides off a portion of this bay to the east, which forms the smaller and east bay; the western division being much wider, forms the west bay. This division of Mentone into an east bay and a west bay represents a very essential difference in climate; for the Mentone district is bounded, behind and on each side, by a sort of semicircle of high limestone mountains, some of them reaching an elevation of over 4,000 feet, and the lowest depression or gap in which is not less than 2,500 feet above the sea. The chief part of this mountain wall opposite the *western* bay is at a distance of about three miles from the town, but hills and ridges of lower elevation, from 400 to 700 feet, run down from it at right angles to the shore. Between these ridges, three principal valleys, with their torrents, stretch down from the higher mountains and open behind the western bay. Through these valleys currents of air descend from the north, and so produce a certain ventilation and movement of the atmosphere in this part of Mentone.

It is quite different with regard to the eastern bay. In the first place it is a much deeper indentation of the coast than the western bay, so that its curve is almost a semicircle. Then the hills come so close to the shore that there is scarcely any room for the town, which consists here of little more than a road and a row of houses and hotels squeezed in between the base of the mountains and the sea-shore; the mountains, however, recede a little further east towards where the road ascends to the Italian frontier. Nor are there any considerable valleys opening into the eastern bay to bring cold currents of air down from the mountains. It follows that the temperature of this bay is from 2 to 3° Fahr. higher than that of the western bay, owing to the reflection of the sun's rays by day from the surface of the bare limestone rocks which rise directly behind it, and to the gradual giving up at night of the heat they absorb during the day. There is also less motion in the air, and Dr. Cazalis testifies that he has sometimes seen the atmosphere here absolutely still, as he has also seen it at Hyères, a very unusual thing in the Riviera. There is also said to be more humidity in the air of the east bay than that of the west. The east bay then is very sheltered and very picturesque, but it is found to have a relaxing effect on some people, who also complain of a sense of being "shut in" and confined there, and that on bright sunny days, and these often succeed one another with an almost wearying monotony, the heat and glare of the sun become really distressing.<sup>1</sup> Then there is only one level walk, and that is along the dusty high road. But for invalids whose chief care it is to lounge through the winter in a warm and comparatively still atmosphere, the east bay of Mentone

(1) "The eastern bay is simply a sun trap, almost intolerable all the noontide hours. Often have I sought the old town and plunged into its dark street, as into a bath, from the glare of that faint mile of great hotels and villas."—Dean Alford's *Riviera*.

is well suited ; while the villas and houses built in the wider eastern part of the east bay no doubt enjoy the warmest and most protected situation in Mentone. In the western bay it is quite different ; here the higher mountains fall back, as has already been said, to some distance behind the town, and the houses not only stretch along the bay, but extend, in a more or less scattered way, over the gradually sloping territory which reaches from the bay to the foot of the lower ridges and the sides of their intervening valleys which come down to the north of the town. So that the west bay is not so much protected from winds as the east bay, it is more open to the south-west and to the west, and consequently gets more wind and is somewhat colder and more bracing. The considerable differences of opinion which have been noticed to exist between the statement of different observers as to the climate of Mentone may, possibly, be accounted for by the circumstance that some have made their observations exclusively in the east bay, while others have made theirs in the west bay. For example, one writer, an old resident, states that Mentone enjoys "complete protection" from the Mistral ; another says, "The western end is open to the Mistral, there being only the low Cape of St. Martin to ward it off ;" a third writes, "The Mistral seldom blows here from the north-west, and even then is deprived of much of its violence and coldness, but it is still extremely disagreeable ;" while a fourth actually gives the average of the number of days in which he had observed a Mistral blowing during the four winters he resided there, and these are said to be 4·5 in November, 3 in December, 4·25 in January, 6·7 in February, and 5·25 in March. He had observed it blow as many as nine days in February. The writer of this notice certainly found a Mistral blowing and raising clouds of dust in the west bay of Mentone on the evening of Christmas Day, 1880 ! Of other winds, the east wind is felt chiefly along the shore, and shelter from this wind can always be obtained in the walks and drives along the valleys behind the west bay. South, south-west, and south-east winds, all coming across the sea, have free access to Mentone, but these are not, as a rule, cold winds, although they may blow at times with considerable violence. From the north winds it is completely protected.

By comparing the different means of the temperature, records of different observers at Mentone, the following figures are obtained.

Mean temperature for the following months :—

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.
East Bay	65·3	55·3	50·55	49·9	50·6	53·9	58·7	65·76
West Bay	62·2	55·6	50·69	49·12	49·46	51·1	57·64	63·1

It will be noticed that during the months in which there is least wind, December and January, there is scarcely any difference in the temperature of the two bays, but in the windy spring months the

greater protection enjoyed by the east bay is shown by its higher temperature. The lowest temperature recorded during ten consecutive winters was 25·5 in March, 1877, and the highest 77 deg. in November, 1874. The mean daily range of temperature was found to be least in December, 9·2, and greatest in April, 12·5. The average rainfall from October to May inclusive is 25·61 inches, but if we omit October and May, for the remaining six months it is only 17·87 inches. The corresponding number of rainy days is 63·8 if we include October and May, 45·15 excluding them. January and February are the finest months, and have the smallest rainfall and the fewest rainy days. October is the wettest month. The average number of very fine days for the six winter months, from November to April inclusive, seems to be about 94·5, rather more than 15 in each month.<sup>1</sup> Considered generally, the climate of Mentone may be taken as a favourable example of the Riviera climate and it has the great advantage of possessing, as it were, two climates suited to two different classes of invalids. For those who especially desire warmth and shelter and a quiet indolent life, with plenty of sunshine and sunheat, and who like to live close to the sea, there is the mild and sedative climate of the east bay, with its southern exposure and its almost complete protection from strong winds. For those, on the other hand, who find advantage from a more bracing air, who like to have the sunheat tempered by cooling winds who cannot feel at ease without "ample space and room enough" to wander free over hill and valley, or who are irritated by the monotonous beat of the tideless sea against the shore, or to whom the saline emanations from the sea prove exciting and discomforting, for those there is the west bay with hotels and villas, some on the sea shore, some a little removed from it, some, and those the newest and best, far removed from the sea and high up on the hill-side. The value of a climate of this kind in many forms of pulmonary affections in certain chronic gouty and rheumatic conditions, in states of anæmia, in convalescence from many acute diseases, and in the many infirmities to which old age is exposed, is incontestable.

There are some very beautiful walks and drives around Mentone but unfortunately for invalids the walks are nearly all of them steep and fatiguing, so that, unless he is able to climb, the invalid's walk

(1) The discrepancies which are observed in the figures published as "means" and "averages" in the meteorological tables of different observers are, to some extent, inevitable, and depend on the circumstance that the observations recorded extend over varying periods and different seasons. Observations which extend over only five or years will be influenced by the occurrence of one very fine or one very bad season, and will perhaps vary somewhat from the records of another observer extending over two or twenty-five years.

(2) "There is hardly a fairer scene of languid repose to be found in all this resty land . . . There is no edge in the breeze, no sea-air breathing from the waves."—*Alfred W. Riviera*.

will probably be restricted to the somewhat windy "Promenade du Midi." But those only who can climb up to and beyond these mountain ridges which divide the several valleys behind Mentone will discover how exceedingly beautiful the whole district is; in the background a magnificent sweep of high mountains,<sup>1</sup> remarkable for the variety and beauty of their form and the warmth and richness of their colour; in front the limitless expanse of deep blue sea, still and smooth as the surface of a mirror, or crisped into small white crests of foam by some light breeze; far in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Corsican Hills, touching the azure sky, like the ivory pinnacles of some unearthly temple; on each side, the exquisite coast scenery; towards the west, the wooded promontory of St. Martin, the picturesque village of Roccabruna, high up on the hill-side; the bold precipice of the Tête de Chien, and the old tower of Turbia, above Monaco; the rocky promontory of Monaco itself, its miniature bay, the glittering towers of the Casino of Monte Carlo; and stretching out into the sea, far in the west, the ever-beautiful range of the Esterels. Orange, lemon, and olive groves are spread out at our feet; and to the east there are the steep, rock-bound coast of the eastern bay and the adjacent frontier of Italy, the fine promontory of Cap Murtola, with steep red rocks behind it, and the carriage road into Italy winding over it; and extending far out into the sea, and forming the eastern limit of the view the sunny promontory of Bordighera. All this seen in the varied and gorgeous colouring of the setting sun, with its many hues of blue and purple and crimson and gold, composes a picture of almost unrivalled beauty.

"Those who need bracing," writes Dean Alford, "are apt to complain of a fevered and depressing effect at Mentone. On three separate occasions have I found this, and each time I have speedily lost it among the palms of Bordighera." Bordighera is the next health resort eastward from Mentone, from which it is distant about ten miles, being three miles from the Italian frontier town of Ventimiglia.<sup>2</sup> Bordighera is a conspicuous object nearly all along the Western Riviera, as it is seen glittering in the sunshine, its houses clustered together on a promontory that projects far out into the sea. It is the only health resort on this coast that occupies a position on a promontory; all the others being built round bays or depressions in the coast. It is naturally, therefore, much exposed to winds, that is to say, to all those winds that can reach it in blowing across the sea; the east, the south-east, the south-west, and the west winds can all blow freely upon this promontory. But it is well protected by

(1) "There is nowhere else on the shores of Europe so small a locality surrounded by mountains of an equal altitude."—Chevalier Ardoino, *Flores des Alpes Maritimes*.

(2) Where a tedious delay and an examination of luggage takes place at the Italian Custom House.

mountains to the north, north-east, and north-west, whence the coldest winds come. Moreover, it is to be remembered that all the winds that reach it must, on account of its position, come to it from the sea and impregnated with saline emanations. And this is the sole distinguishing characteristic of the climate of Bordighera as compared with that of neighbouring stations; the predominating influence of sea air rendering it essentially bracing and tonic. For this reason, also, its temperature is probably rather more equable—warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer—than at other places on this coast.

The old town of Bordighera is built partly on the promontory itself, and this commands a fine view westward of the Riviera coast Cap Murtola, the mountains round Mentone, the Tête de Chien above Monaco, and even, on a clear day, the Esterels, west of Cannes eastward the view is not very remarkable, the chief objects being the two capes which form the eastern and western boundary of the Bay of San Remo (Capo Nero and Capo Verde), and the little bay and village of Ospedaletti. The *new* town has been built on level ground to the west of the promontory, on each side of the main carriage road. This plain, thickly covered with dense olive groves, stretches for a distance of three miles in the direction of Ventimiglia, and for about a quarter of a mile inland from the shore, till it reaches the base of the hills forming its eastern and north-eastern boundary. The possession of this level tract of land near the shore, and thickly covered with vegetation, gives quite a peculiar and attractive aspect to the western side of Bordighera. Dean Alford, alluding to this says, "Bordighera has an advantage for invalids over many other resorts on the Riviera. I mean its level space of olive and lemon groves between the beach and the hills. Nowhere else can you get such delightful strolls under the dense shade of the old olive without a fatiguing climb. Should Bordighera ever come to the front, as I cannot tell why it should not, as a residence for invalids surely this level may be made of immense use, both for building and for laying out in walks and drives." Bordighera is also celebrated for its palm groves. These give a remarkably Oriental aspect to the place. The largest groves are to the east of the promontory, but they abound on all sides. The church is "amidst a thicket of palms. The promontories on either side are outlined by the feathery tops of a hundred palms, and on looking up in the gorge the woods seem full of them. These noble trees almost grow round on the western and northern sides, and grow in profusion of all sizes, from gnarled giants of eleven hundred years reputed age to little suckers which may be pulled by the hand and carried to England."<sup>1</sup>

(1) Dean Alford, *The Riviera*.

Bordighera is quite in its infancy as a health resort, and there is consequently an absence of long-continued meteorological observations from which we might form a decisive estimate as to the precise relative value of its climate. It would seem, however, from those that have been made,<sup>1</sup> that it is amongst the mildest, most equable of the health resorts of the Western Riviera. The new town, by its position under the cape, is greatly protected from the east and south-east. It is well protected also from the north, and fairly so from the north-west, though the mountains in this direction are distant. But it is completely exposed to the west and to the south-west. At Bordighera the Mistral is a west wind, being turned completely in that direction by the mass of mountains behind Monaco, and from being forced to blow over the sea it loses somewhat of its dry and cold character. Bordighera naturally feels the local sea breezes, which are not strong winds, more than its neighbouring resorts, and it would seem to suffer from the stronger winds in about the same proportion as these.

Its mean temperature differs very little from that of the other resorts on this coast. For the whole winter it is the same as that of Nice, a little lower than at Cannes, still lower than at Mentone. But if we look at the different months, and if we are justified in drawing an inference from the comparatively few observations that have as yet been taken, it would appear that in January and February it is warmer at Bordighera than either at Mentone or Nice, while in November, December, March, and April it is colder at Bordighera than at either of these places. Its position on a promontory jutting out into the sea would certainly tend to make it cooler than its neighbours in the hot spring months, and would seem to point to it as a good locality for invalids to move to, to escape the increased heat of this season before returning northward. Of the rainfall and number of rainy days at Bordighera, it is impossible, from existing data, to speak positively; it would seem to be neither better nor worse off than its neighbours in this respect. It is especially suited to invalids who want *sea* air; to cases of scrofulous phthisis in its early stages, and other cases of early phthisis without any tendency to hæmorrhage; to cases of throat and bronchial catarrhs; to cases of chronic pleurisy; of convalescence from acute diseases, cases of anæmia, and many other conditions of constitutional feebleness. Its climate is too exciting for the very nervous and sensitive. The special facility it affords for a variety of level, shady walks cannot fail to make it attractive to a large class of invalids; the number of possible carriage excursions is limited by the badness of many of the roads.

As we continue eastward from Bordighera the interest and beauty

(1) *Le Climat de Bordighera*, par F. F. Hamilton.



of the coast scenery diminishes greatly. A drive of five or six miles along the coast, passing on the road the pretty little bay and village of Ospedaletti, shut in and protected on almost all sides by its olive-clad hills, no doubt a popular health resort *of the future*, brings us to one of the most thriving of winter stations, the old Italian coast town of San Remo. We miss here all the fine bold and varied rocky scenery that we have left behind; the higher hills recede somewhat from the coast and the nearer ones are wooded to their summits and present nothing particularly striking in form or colouring. Many beautiful spots no doubt lie concealed high up on these hill-sides and amongst their numerous valleys, but they are not accessible to the invalid who cannot climb, unless he trust himself to the back of a donkey, which is perhaps the best thing to do. Dean Alford, evidently an enthusiastic lover of the picturesque, thus writes of San Remo: "San Remo itself is not in any sense an attractive position. The old town is indeed one of the quaintest on the Riviera, as seen from the pier below; the mountain of old houses, stained and weather-beaten, with their arched loggias and terraces, is quite unique. And when we enter the streets the scene is as curious—bands of masonry unite house to house, built as safeguard against the shaking of earthquakes. But what is all this to the invalid? There is absolutely no scenery at San Remo, unless it be sought by distant excursions. There is not even a level walk commanding a view. The prospect is shut hopelessly in by the two promontories, Capo Nero on the west and Capo Verde on the east. There is a picturesque old church, the Madonna della Guardia, on the eastern promontory, but this is almost the only object San Remo can boast. If San Remo be an excellent place for our English invalids, so far well, but other advantages it certainly has not, compared with its beautiful rivals along this exquisite coast." And no doubt San Remo is an "excellent place for invalids," and better suited to the wants of a very large class of invalids than some of the more picturesque resorts on this coast. The special recommendations of its climate seem to be that it is less exciting than some of the resorts farther west, and on that account better suited to nervous and sensitive organizations. Invalids who cannot sleep at Nice and Cannes, can sleep at San Remo. Its temperature records, compared with those of the other health resorts on this coast, show it to be as warm in winter as the warmest of them, somewhat more equable, with less difference between day and night temperature, and less difference between summer and winter temperature. Owing to the greater equability of its temperature, visitors can remain later on at San Remo without feeling the weather unpleasantly hot and relaxing as in some other of the towns in the Riviera. The Italians use it in the summer as a sea-bathing station. It is exceedingly well protected by a triple barrier of mountains from northerly winds,

which blow over the town and are only felt far out at sea. The east wind is the strongest and most felt here owing to the low elevation of Capo Verde and the absence of any other protection in this quarter. This and the south-east are the prevailing winds. The north-east blows occasionally in winter, and it is a biting cold wind. The Mistral, too, is felt here, and some observers state that it is more felt here than at Mentone. San Remo has a clay soil, and on that account it is somewhat damp after heavy rains, but this is looked upon as not altogether a disadvantage, as it tends to render the air less dry and irritating. The rainfall at San Remo and the number of rainy days during the winter season appear to be less than at almost any other resort on this coast.

The accommodation provided for visitors at San Remo is good; the hotels are numerous and well managed; there are plenty of shops, and there is an Italian Opera. It is not well off for drives, and the excursions into the mountains and neighbouring valleys are difficult, not so much on account of the steepness of the ascent as from the absence of paths. As to the class of invalids likely to be benefited by San Remo, it is unnecessary to recapitulate what has already been said with respect to other health resorts on the Riviera. San Remo is adapted to the same class of cases with this distinction, that its climate is rather less bracing and more soothing than some of the other stations, and therefore better adapted to nervous and sensitive constitutions. There are some invalids who have a sort of sentimental preference for Italy over France. They feel happier if they can say, "Now we are in Italy," and this has probably had something to say to the rapid growth of San Remo as a winter resort. The large German colony here may also find Italy more comfortable as a residence than France.

There remain but two other towns on the Western Riviera that can be spoken of as in any sense winter health resorts. They are Alassio and Pegli.

Dean Alford asked why Alassio had "never been praised as a spot of shelter for English invalids?" Since this question was asked, Alassio has been "taken up," and its merits as a health resort have begun to be made known. It is about 28 miles east of San Remo, and is best reached from the north by the line from Turin to Savona, the latter town being about 20 miles east of Alassio. Alassio is situated in a lovely bay, having a south-eastern aspect well protected between two headlands, Capo delle Male on the west, and Capo di Santa Croce on the east. It is also well protected by encircling hills to the north, at no great distance from the shore. It possesses an excellent beach of fine sand, and is popular with the Italians on that account as a summer bathing place. The Riviera scenery again becomes very beautiful at Alassio. The fine hills behind the town are covered

with olive trees, and there are many sheltered nooks for villas as well as admirable picturesque walks and drives in the neighbourhood. Some of the views are remarkably beautiful and interesting, especially one looking west over the bay, and that of the curious island of Gallinaria just outside the bay to the east. Meteorological observations of a thoroughly reliable kind are not yet available. It is probably not so warm as San Remo, as it is rather more open to the north-east winds, and the northern hills not being so high, the north wind (*Tramontana*) reaches a portion of the district close to the shore.

Pegli is really a suburb of Genoa, from which it is distant only half an hour by rail. But it is very much warmer than at Genoa, as it enjoys a purely local protection from cold winds by means of hills to the north as well as to the east and west. It is a little fishing and ship-building town, situated along the sea-shore looking south, and celebrated for the presence of some very beautiful gardens, belonging to the palaces of native noblemen, especially those of the Villa Pallavicini. It differs, no doubt, considerably in its climate from the resorts at the western extremity of the Riviera di Ponente; but there are no available meteorological tables for purposes of comparison. The humidity of the air, for one thing, is much greater, and those who have found the air of Mentone unpleasantly dry and irritating have improved much at Pegli. It has acquired a reputation for benefiting asthmatic cases, which, as a rule, do not do well (if spasmodic) on the Riviera generally.

I would repeat, by way of conclusion, that the climate of the Riviera is by no means a perfect one. But if it has cold winds and at times blinding dust, and if the air in places is exceedingly dry and irritating it has also an immense proportion of fine days, clear skies and bright sunshine, when from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon an invalid can live in the open air. "The warm southern sun and the azure sky of the Mediterranean, far more than elevated temperature constitute the advantages of this climate; fine weather rather than heat is what is here sought for," and let me say is usually found. But if the Western Riviera has its drawbacks—and what climate has not—it must be admitted that the number of localities which we here have to choose from gives us an opportunity of selection impossible to find elsewhere. And then it is a region of almost unrivalled beauty.

J. BURNEY YEO.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY DEFENDERS OF VIVISECTION.

In the papers of Sir James Paget, Mr. Owen, and Dr. Wilks, on the subject of Vivisection published in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1881, more than one reference is made to a Judge or Judges. No other Judge has spoken upon the subject, as far as I am aware; so that when a "Judge" or "law officer" is mentioned by three gentlemen amongst those opponents worthy at once of the contempt and anger which they express, or very imperfectly conceal towards them, I cannot help applying some of the censure to myself. I wish I could; partly because so to apply it may look like vanity, as if in this regard I thought myself worthy of the notice of such great people; but much more because the statements as to anything I have ever said or written are so entirely inaccurate, that I must conclude (want of apprehension in such distinguished men being out of the question), either that they have not read what they profess to notice, or that they feel confident no one will read any reply.

I recognise, as much as any man can recognise it, the duty of a Judge being in court and out of it a man *egregii altique silenti*. But there are occasions on which it is a duty to speak, and I think this is one. Sir James Paget says that, "The only competent judges in such a case are those in whom sentiment and intellectual power are fairly balanced, and who will dispassionately study the facts and compare the pain-giving and the utility of experiments on animals with those of any generally allowed or encouraged pursuit." Sir James Paget would deny, and I do not pretend to assert, that I am a "competent judge;" but I desire to state shortly and temperately, if I can, the reasons which lead me earnestly to support the Bill which Mr. Reid is about to submit to the House of Commons.

I should personally prefer in the abstract Regulation to Prohibition. I think it difficult to answer particular cases in which, without any unfair manipulation of circumstances, it may be shown, that total prohibition might or would stand in the way of justice, or even of humanity. But a practical matter cannot be thus dealt with. In the affairs of men it is hardly possible to lay down a general rule which will not produce hard cases. Probably no law was ever abolished which had not in its time done some good, for which, in particular instances, some defence could not be made. Probably no new law was ever enacted to which some exception could not be justly taken, and which did not in particular instances do some harm. Objections, as Dr. Arnold once said, do not bring us to the point; and nothing would ever be done if we waited till we had satisfied every possible objection to the doing of what we

propose. In all human action we have to choose and balance between opposing good and evil; and in any change of law to determine whether that which we propose, or that which exists, is *upon the whole* the best. On this principle I do not hesitate to support the absolute prohibition of what for shortness' sake, though with some verbal inaccuracy, I shall call, as others call it, vivisection.

The supporters of vivisection in this country are not themselves content with the present state of things. As far as I know the repulsive literature of the subject, no defender of the practice, except Sir James Paget (and perhaps I misunderstand even his last sentence), has said or implied that he is satisfied with the present law. The repeal of it is to be at once attempted; and it is contended that even those (to my mind reasonable) restraints which it imposes so injuriously hamper the practice of vivisection, that little or no good can result from it, if these restraints are continued. But it seems to follow that if the present law is admitted to be as bad for vivisectors as total abolition, and if the present law is reasonable, they, at least, can have no strong motive for resisting an enactment in form of that which they say exists already in substance.

Is, then, the present law reasonable? It is the result of a most careful inquiry conducted by eminent men in 1875, men certainly neither weak sentimentalists nor ignorant and prejudiced humanitarians, men amongst whom are to be found Mr. Huxley and Mr. Erichsen, Mr. Hutton and Sir John Karslake. These men unanimously recommended legislation, and legislation, in some important respects, more stringent than Parliament thought fit to pass. They recommended it on a body of evidence at once interesting and terrible. Interesting indeed it is from the frank apathy to the sufferings of animals, however awful, avowed by some of the witnesses; for the noble humanity of some few; for the curious ingenuity with which others avoided the direct and verbal approval of horrible cruelties which yet they refused to condemn; and in some cases for the stern judgment passed upon men and practices, apparently now, after the lapse of six years, considered worthy of more lenient language. Terrible the evidence is for the details of torture, of mutilation, of life slowly destroyed in torment, or skilfully preserved for the infliction of the same or diversified agonies, for days, for weeks, for months, in some cases for more than a year. I want not to be, if I can help it, what Mr. Simon calls a "mere screamer;" nay, if possible, to avoid that yet more fatal imputation upon an Englishman which Dr. Wilks brings against his opponents, that we "lack a sense of the ludicrous." I wish to use quiet language, but I must, nevertheless, at all hazards own that, sharing probably the lower and less sensitive organizations of the monkey, the cat, and the dog, I fail altogether to see the joke which he sees, in any attempt to stay these tortures; and further that to read of them, not in the language of

"paid scribes and hired agitators," but in the language of these humane and tender men who first inflict them and then describe them, makes me sick. True that the most exquisite and most prolonged tortures appear to have been inflicted out of England; true that, both before the Commission and since the Report, the broadest avowals of entire indifference to animal agony have come from foreign countries, or from foreigners in this. But our inferiority in this respect, the as yet unreasonable dislike of our medical classes to witnessing very painful experiments, are made the subject of earnest and repeated regret. It is hoped that we may be brought up to the foreign standard; that our insular prejudice may be purged away by degrees, and that in time we may feel the beauty and enter into the nobility of M. de Cyons' description of "the true vivisector." "He," says M. de Cyon, "must approach a difficult vivisection with the same joyful excitement, with the same delight, as the surgeon when he approaches a difficult operation from which he anticipates extraordinary consequences. He who shrinks from the section of a living animal, he who approaches a vivisection as an unpleasant necessity, may perhaps be able to repeat one or two particular vivisections, but will never become an artist in vivisection." *Principiis obsta*. I do not desire this result for my fellow-islanders. I think both that the Report of the Commission was at the time and has been since abundantly justified, and that the legislation founded on it did not go beyond very reasonable limits.

But that there exists a statute confining vivisection within reasonable limits, with which some people are dissatisfied, is not, it may be said, any ground for going beyond those limits, and prohibiting the practice altogether. By itself it is not. But the claims of the vivisectors have meanwhile become so large, the tone they take is so peremptory, the principles on which they base themselves are so alarming and (I think) so immoral, that I have become reluctantly convinced it is only by the strongest law, by absolutely forbidding the practice itself, that the grave mischief which follows from holding parley with these claims can be stayed or destroyed. Before the Commission, except by a witness or two of exceptional frankness or indiscretion, an apologetic tone was adopted, the duty of avoiding pain if possible was unreservedly at least in words admitted, of at least minimising suffering, of never inflicting it except in pursuit of some reasonably probable discovery, of not torturing animals simply to show manual skill, or to illustrate acknowledged and ascertained truths. All this sort of thing has somehow disappeared. I am not conscious of any distorting influence on my judgment; I have no anti-scientific bias; I read as far as I can a good deal on both sides with a desire, I think sincere, to arrive at a sound conclusion, and I deliberately say that it seems to me no man can read the Blue Book of 1875, and these papers of Sir James

Paget, Mr. Owen, and Dr. Wilks of 1881, without being conscious that, somehow or other, the whole atmosphere has changed. For example Magendie and his experiments are denounced before the Commission in language such as Robert Southey might have used and did use, respecting them. Dr. Wilks's "world-famous Darwin" applies to experiments such as his what the Commission rightly call the "emphatic terms" "*detestation and abhorrence.*" Now in 1881 Sir James Paget speaks of them without a syllable of disapprobation nay, I must say it seems to me, in a tone of absolute apology. What more cogent can be said? If here or elsewhere I seem to use language of blame or disrespect towards such a man as he is, a man whom in common with all the world I respect and admire with all my heart, it is only because in a grave matter I cannot help, after much reflection, being convinced that he is wrong. I admit the weight of his character; I recognise the moral force he brings to any side which he supports; and if I find that such a man as he cannot advocate his cause without what seems unfair reasoning, and an apparent disregard of or apology for hateful cruelty, it is the strongest possible argument to my mind that the cause itself should be done away with; for if even Sir James Paget cannot escape the evil influences, what will they not effect on the common run of men who have neither his head nor his heart to keep them right? I say, then, that the complete change of tone in the vivisectors, the open scoffing at laws of mercy which not so long ago were honoured at least in words, the broad claim that in pursuit of knowledge any cruelty may be inflicted on animals; these things not only startle me and shock my moral sense, but they convince me that a practice which, according to the contention of its best and ablest advocates involves these claims, is one which it is no longer safe to tolerate.

I do not say that vivisection is useless, and I am sure I never have said so. I do not know enough of the history of science to venture on any such statement. Dr. Wilks indeed asserts that he has looked in vain "for any speech delivered" (*inter alios*) "by a judge who has not made inutility the staple of his argument;" but he is absolutely inaccurate, and I contradict him as flatly as is consistent with courtesy. I should think it as foolish and presumptuous in me to say so, as it is presumptuous (I had almost said foolish) in the gentleman whom Dr. Wilks calls "the venerable Owen," to say of "one of our highest law officers" (meaning, I imagine, me), "that he *purposely*" (the word is the venerable gentleman's) "obstruct the best mode of admitting the light which the law looks for in cases of suspected poisoning." Mr. Owen is an old man, but I am no longer young; and I take leave to say that no age is venerable if a man has not learned to abstain from unmannerly imputation of motive, and from indulgence in mere scolding and abuse of opponents of whom (I do not speak of myself) he can know nothing.

but what is to their credit, and who at least at no time of their lives have ever been accused of endeavouring to crush a scientific adversary by means at once ungenerous and unfair. *Testa servat odorem*; but this is by the way. What I have said and do say is that very considerable men are not agreed as to the great utility of vivisection, or as to the value of the results which have followed from it. There are two sides to the question; which is the right one I do not pretend to say; but there are men of name, and statements which at least look authentic, upon both. There are certain stock cases, some of them very old, which reappear on every discussion; I have heard so often and so much of Mr. Spencer Wells's rabbits, that I will own to a suspicion that if the baked dogs, and mutilated cats, and gouged frogs, and nail-larded guinea-pigs, and brain-extracted monkeys, had resulted in anything worth hearing of, I should have heard of that too. But I do not say, and have never said, that vivisection is useless.

I must, however, be permitted to say how loose and vague are the notions of evidence which, as far as I know them, pervade the writings of men of science on this question. Sir James Paget once in my hearing, in the course of a very striking speech, not only with perfect candour admitted, but insisted on this defect. He said (and I think truly said) that men of science often (not, of course, always) arrive at conclusions on evidence which a lawyer would hardly admit to be evidence at all in a question of disputed fact. No fair man I think can fail to be struck with the uncertainty, a different point from inutility, of the conclusions to which vivisection has conducted those who practise it. The conclusions are doubted, are disputed, are contradicted, by the vivisectors themselves. So that it really is not experiment to verify or disprove theory, which one well-conducted and crucial experiment might do, but experiment *in vacuo*, experiment on the chance, experiment in pursuit of nothing in particular, but of anything which may turn up in the course of a hundred thousand vivisections, and during the course of a life devoted to them. This is the experiment for which liberty is claimed, and the unfettered pursuit of which we are called very hard names for objecting to. "Pseudo humanitarians," "ill-informed fanatics," "true pharisaical spirit," these are but specimens of the language—which the calm and serene men of science find it convenient to apply to their opponents. We may be wrong; but at least let our position be distinctly understood, and let the mode in which we are opposed be distinctly appreciated.

I deny altogether that it concludes the question to admit that vivisection enlarges knowledge. I do not doubt it does; but I deny that the pursuit of knowledge is in itself always lawful; still more do I deny that the gaining knowledge justifies all means of gaining it. To begin with, proportion is forgotten. Suppose it capable of proof that by putting to death with hideous torment 3,000 horses you could



find out the real nature of some feverish symptom, I should say without the least hesitation that it would be unlawful to torture the 3,000 horses. There is no proportion between the end and the means. Next, the moment you touch *man*, it is admitted that the formula breaks down; no one doubts that to cut up a hundred men and women would enlarge the bounds of knowledge as to the human frame more speedily and far more widely than to torture a thousand dogs or ten thousand cats. It is obvious; but it was admitted over and over again that experiments on animals were suggestive only, not conclusive, as to the human subject. Especially is this the case with poisons; some of the deadliest of which do not appreciably affect some animals, and as to all of which it is admitted that it is not safe to argue from their effects on animals to their effects on man. As to man himself, it was not so long ago that the medical men met with a passion of disavowal, what they regarded as an imputation, viz. the suggestion that experiments were tried on patients in hospitals. I assume the disavowal to be true; but why, if all pursuit of knowledge is lawful, should the imputation be resented? The moment you come to distinguish between animals and man, you consent to limit the pursuit of knowledge by considerations not scientific but moral; and it is bad logic and a *petitio principii* to assume (which is the very point at issue), that the considerations avail for man but do not for animals. I hope the morals may always be too much for logic; it is permissible to express a fear that some day logic may be too much for morals.

An interesting illustration of this remark has just been given. Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, the senior surgeon to the London Hospital, has recently been reported in the *British Medical Journal*, as avowing to his pupils that in fact a patient "in a miserable condition" had (1) not been cured, by a Dr. Tom Robinson, who had him under treatment and might easily have cured him, in order that the students at the hospital might be witnesses of the case; and (2) had been kept in the hospital "for a few days before using the magician's wand, in order that all might see that there was no natural tendency to amelioration." If this had been correct, it would certainly have been a curious and convincing proof of the reasonableness of the fear I have expressed that logic might now and then prove too much for morals; for if this is not experimenting upon a human subject, and putting him to needless suffering, in order to demonstrate an already known fact, I do not know what is. But Mr. Hutchinson says he has been, like Dr. Klein, misunderstood and misrepresented. There is no more to be said; but it is to be hoped that the practices of scientific men may not be so far misconstrued by their pupils who see them, it seems their language is misunderstood by those who hear it and report it.

It comes to this, that the *necessity* for vivisection, in order to at

tain the ends proposed, is not admitted by many persons of knowledge and authority; that its *practical* utility in alleviating human suffering, though not denied, is on the same authority said to be much exaggerated by those who practise or defend it; that even if it be admitted to be a means of gaining scientific knowledge, such knowledge is unlawful knowledge if it is pursued by means which are immoral; and that a disregard of all proportion between means and ends often makes both alike unlawful and indefensible. Meanwhile, if we turn to the other side, the positive evil engendered by the practice appears to me to be frightful. I do not speak only of the sufferings of the tortured brutes. To dwell on these might be called "screaming," and I have said that the amount and intensity of these, as described by the vivisectors themselves, is absolutely sickening. In this world of pain and sorrow surely the highest of God's creatures should not wilfully increase a sum which seems too great already. I seem to hear those voices, and that wail, which the verse of Virgil, at once tender and majestic, has ascribed to infants, but which may come also from creatures hardly inferior to infants in intelligence, and not at all inferior to them in their capacity to suffer.

"Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo,  
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos,  
Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo."

Far worse I think in result are the practice and the principles on which it is defended upon the defenders and advocates of both. I should have expected this *à priori*. Where the infliction of pain is the special object of the experiment, where the power to endure it is the thing to be measured; nay, where the sensitiveness to pain and the liability to mortal or non-mortal injury of this or that organ, or set of organs, or nerves, or muscles is the matter of investigation, I should expect to find that a man who was an habitual vivisector, "an artist in vivisection," as M. de Cyon calls him, was one by nature callous to the sufferings of animals, or who in the course of these experiments had become so. Surely experience shows the justice of the expectation. Who, not a vivisector, can read without a shudder these papers in the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. Simon's address to the Medical Congress in 1881, a shudder at the utter and absolute indifference displayed to the terrible and widespread suffering which the practice the writers are defending entails upon helpless and harmless creatures? Yet who are these writers? Chosen men; bright examples (we are told) of the scientific class, persons whose names alone are to be arguments in their favour. If these men write thus, and it is incredible that merely as men of common sense they should affect an indifference they do not feel, what will be the temper of mind of the ordinary coarse, rough man, the common human being, neither better nor worse than his neighbours, of whom the bulk of

the medical profession, like the bulk of every other profession, is made up? What is the effect of the familiarity with cruelty in other cases; what was it in the Slave States? What was it in the days of slavery and gladiators in Rome? What was it in England a hundred years ago? What is it now in places and amongst persons where and amongst whom cruelty and brutality is not the exception but the rule? Natural laws are not suspended in the case of vivisectors; and I will mention an instance within my own experience which I am sure cannot offend, because I am certain the person cannot be known. Some time since I met in society a very eminent man, a man of very high character, and for whom, in common with most men, I have a very great respect. He is certainly not an habitual vivisector, but I believe he has occasionally vivisected. I left his company shocked and disturbed to a degree difficult to express; not from any particular thing he said, or any particular experiment he described, for he said little on the subject, and I think described nothing; but from the assumption that underlay his conversation, that we had no duties to the lower creatures when science was in question, and that the animal world was to a man of science like clay to the potter, or marble to the sculptor, to be crushed or carved at his will with no more reference to pain in animals than if they were clay or marble. Yet this was a most gifted man, a man but for the taint of vivisection every way admirable, but a man whom that taint had made (I feel sure in his case, owing to the blessed inconsistency of humanity, to the animal world only) cruel and heartless.

This is a question not to be decided by an array of names. I know that great men are not all on one side about it. But we have great men, and those surely not weak or effeminate, on ours. In the single volume written by Sir Arthur Helps, entitled *Animals and their Masters*, there will be found a collection of authorities on this point, as well as others cognate to it, which may well bring to a pause these gentlemen, venerable and otherwise, who are so smart upon us with their sneers and sarcasms. I will not quote Montaigne, though a man less sentimental never lived; for he is old, and may be said to write only in the general. But what is to be said of Jeremy Bentham? "The question is," says he, "not, can they reason, or can they speak, but can they suffer?" What of Voltaire, who has passage after passage of trenchant scorn for the vivisectors of the faithful dog? What of Sir Arthur Helps himself, who "has a perfect horror of vivisection; the very word makes his flesh creep"? But why multiply examples? It is not true that fools and women and children are on one side, and wise men on the other. It is not true that we are Pharisees, or fanatics and shams. We know what we are about, and we think that Parliament will be moved, if it is moved at all, not by calling names, but by facts and arguments.

Now what besides this somewhat ostentatious contempt is the argument of these gentlemen? So far as it depends upon their

frequent assertions of the practical value of vivisection, I have said already that I will not dispute with them as to the fact. A lawyer ought at any rate to know the folly of encountering an expert without the knowledge necessary for success in the conflict. I deny the practical conclusion sought to be drawn from it upon grounds of another sort which appear to me to be of overwhelming force, but which I will not repeat. There is, then, another line of argument which I am positively mortified to have to notice ; it seems to me alike unworthy of the subject and of the men who use it. In substance it is this : it is hypocrisy, it is inconsistency, it is folly to attack vivisection, which, if it be cruel, is not more cruel than some, is not so cruel as many, sports or practices which all men follow, which you yourselves, the anti-vivisectionists, either do not dare attack, or do not condemn. Then there is the inevitable Hudibras about "sins we have no mind to ;" the equally inevitable Sydney Smith (distorted as inevitably from the context which made it sense), that all prohibitory acts contain principles of persecution ; and so, because nature is cruel, because men are cruel, because there are hypocrites in the world, because the principle of prohibition may in some cases contain the principle of persecution—what then ? why something which, *consistently with all this argument*, may be horribly cruel and utterly useless, is to be let alone. As argument, nothing can be feebler ; but are these statements fair ? I think certainly not. It is true that there is much cruelty in the world as to which some men are careless, but a great many more are ignorant, and which, if they knew more or thought more, they would not permit. I do not believe that the gentle ladies and refined gentlemen who subject their horses to cruel pain, day by day or year by year, by means of gag-bits and bearing-reins, have ever seriously thought, or perhaps really know, what they are doing. They have not read Sir Francis Head, or Sir Arthur Helps, or Mr. Flower ; they have not thought about it ; they are in bondage to their coachmen. A man, a woman, who deliberately tortures a noble animal as we see hundreds, perhaps thousands, carelessly and ignorantly tortured day by day in London, is, I freely admit, open to the taunts of Mr. Owen and Dr. Wilks.

So again I should suppose that the vast majority of persons who have white veal brought into their houses have never seen, as I have seen, a calf still living hung up in a butcher's shop. If they had, and if they knew the process by which veal is made white, I think better of my countrymen than to believe that they would bear to see it at their tables. Most men do not reflect ; nay, most men do not know these things. If they do, and the knowledge makes no difference in their practice, I leave them to the tender mercies of the gentlemen of the *Nineteenth Century*.

As to the mutilation of horses and bulls I do not know how they manage in other countries, but I am quite sure that in this it is, if these animals are to be kept in numbers at all, a matter of sheer

necessity. If cruelty which can be prevented is used, it is wrong and I at least do not defend it. Nor am I prepared to say that this is not much in our ordinary habits towards these and other animals which needs amending. But I think that Mr. Owen must be highly driven indeed if he can sincerely speak of mutilations "to enhance the charms of vocal music especially of the sacred kind," as this is the point which his adversaries are interested, or are in consequence bound to defend. I never heard of such a practice obtaining at any time in this country; and I imagine that his venerable age has led him at the moment to forget how long it is since it was tolerated even in the dominions of the Pope. Surely a man must be at his wits' end before he could gravely put forward such an argument as this in defence of a claim to vivisection by wholesale. If he is joking, I am sorry to say the humour has escaped me.

But sport? Well I am not ashamed to say that there are sports which appear to me so cruel and so unmanly, that I wonder very much how any one can pleasure in them. Although I was youth devoted to some kinds of manly exercise which inflicted pain only on myself, and not quite unskilled in them, I own that at no time has the slaughter of pigeons out of cages, or of half-trained pheasants driven in thousands by beaters across the muzzles of guns, or some other forms of fashionable amusement in which the whole point is the wholesale destruction of terrified and unresisting creatures, ever appeared to me to be very distinguishable from duck-hunting, or cat-baiting, or the slaughter of cocks and hens in a poultry-yard. A fox, an otter, a stag (a wild one), die game; there is skill, there is courage, sometimes there is even danger at the end or in the course of the hunt which explain the enthusiasm of those devoted to it; and which make even one not devoted to it doubt whether Dr. Johnson was quite as wise as usual in saying "that it was only the paucity of human pleasures which persuaded us ever to call hunting one of them." But a hare! Certainly to hunt down with hounds and horses one poor timid, trembling creature, be it manly, I am content on this matter to be unmanly all my life.

I do not defend everything that is done in sport. One I knew a brave and high-spirited man, a keen and successful sportsman, gave it up in the prime of life because he could not face the cruelty. Another, almost the manliest man I ever came across, one of the best shots and finest riders in England, with whom I had many talks on these matters, did not give it up, for it had become a second nature to him, but laid down and enforced a set of rules for his shooting parties which, as he said, at least "reduced pain to a minimum." These men may have been exceptions, but, depend on it, they were not alone. Yet I do not doubt that there is pain in sport; I do not question there is cruelty; if ever the general sentiment of mankind awakes to it I believe that either the cruelty will be indefinitely lessened, as it might be, or the sport itself put down, as bull-baiting.

has been in England, tried in vain in France, in spite of the patronage of an Empress. I should think, however, that Sir James Paget greatly overstates the pains of animals like the otters, which die fighting in hot blood. Moreover, at the worst as a rule they die quickly, and they and their pains end together. The slow torture, the exquisite agony, the suffering inflicted with scientific accuracy up to the point at which the frame can bear it without death, these things are unknown to sport. At least and at lowest sportsmen do not intend them.

These are the deductions which I think a fair man would make from Sir James Paget's or Mr. Owen's facts. But grant them all, and what do they come to as an argument? I have already peremptorily denied that we defend or are indifferent to cruelty anywhere; and are we not to try to prevent one sort of cruelty which we can reach because there is much that we cannot? One can hardly suppose these gentlemen are in earnest. We are not to forbid larceny because there are many forms of dishonesty which the law cannot restrain; nor injury to life or limb from bodily violence because existence can be made miserable and life shortened by taunting, by temper, by a thousand means known to ingenious malignity and familiar to us all, which yet evade the law; not to punish rape because seduction, which may be more wicked, is dispunishable; not certain frauds and cheats, because a multitude of other frauds and cheats escape us. I waste time over such argument. Of two things, one—vivisection is right, and then there is an end of the matter; or, it is wrong. If it is wrong and can be prevented, it is none the less wrong, and ought none the less to be prevented, because other things are also wrong, but cannot be prevented, or cannot be prevented now. One thing at a time.

There is a sort of argument or mode of influence employed persistently on this question on which it is fit that I should say a word. The writers with whom I have been dealing, not content with the contumely they pour upon our "mature ignorance," "crude sentiments," and "pretences," are never tired of celebrating the moral and intellectual virtues of the men who agree with them. One man is "venerable," another "world famous," two more "most illustrious," and so forth. "The air broke into a mist with bells," says Mr. Browning; and it is well if the walls of our city do not tumble down and our own senses forsake us, with the blare of the trumpets which announce the arrival of each foe upon the field. But besides being surely a trifle weak, this trumpeting is nothing to the purpose. Why should a venerable osteologist, a world-famed naturalist, or a couple of most illustrious physicians, be any better judges than a man of average intellect, average education, and average fairness, when the question is what is the limit (it being I think certain that there is one) between lawful and unlawful knowledge, and lawful and unlawful means of gaining it; and what is the moral effect necessarily, or probably, according to the common facts of human nature, of a

certain course of practice? When the Factory Acts and the Mining Acts were passed, Parliament did not question the doctrines of the venerable Adam Smith, or the world-famous Mill, or the most illustrious Ricardo, but it decided that notwithstanding their doctrines, certain morally mischievous things, which could be prevented, should be

I own I am not much moved by this appeal to authority. I remember the time when it was difficult even among cultivated men to get a hearing for the North, in the American civil war; and when the sympathies of society went with slavery. As far as I know the Church of England never raised a finger, and very few of its bishops ever raised a voice, to put down our own slave trade, or to free our own slaves. Sir Arthur Helps tells us, in the book already mentioned, that he never heard a single sermon, out of many hundred he had attended, in which the duty of kindness to dumb animals had ever been alluded to. Yet amongst these preachers, or amongst the maintainers of slavery and the slave trade, were to be found I doubt not many who were venerable, some illustrious, a few world-famous.

Further, I have heard that the great Roman Communion holds that we have no duties to the animal creation; that it has been given to us in absolute subjection; that it is a Pagan view to hold otherwise; and that some clergymen sometimes deliberately bully animals before their pupils to show their despotic authority over them. I do not assert this; the name and known opinions of Cardinal Manning seem to show that at least it has never been so decided; but I have heard it on respectable evidence. If it be so, we must, with due responsibility, think and act for ourselves without authority, or, if need be, against it. But there is one authority, conclusive, no doubt, only those who admit it, conclusive only to those who believe that they can read it, to which in conclusion I dare appeal. When a bishop of the Southern States had been defending slavery, he was asked what he thought our Lord would have said, what looks He who turned and looked upon St. Peter would have cast upon a slave market in New Orleans, where husband was torn from wife, child from parents, and beautiful girls, with scarce a tinge of colour in them, were sold into prostitution. The answer of the bishop is not known, but I will venture on a kindred question. What would our Lord have said, what looks would He have bent, upon a chamber filled with "the unoffending creatures which He loves," dying under torture deliberately and intentionally inflicted, or kept alive to endure further torment, in pursuit of knowledge? Men must answer this question according to their consciences; and for any man to make himself in such a matter a rule for any other would be, I know, unspeakable presumption. But to any one who recognises the authority of our Lord, and who persuades himself that he sees which way that authority inclines, the mind of Christ must be the guide of life. "Shouldst thou not have had compassion upon these, even as I had pity on thee?" So He seems to me to say, and I shall act accordingly.

COLERIDGE.

## THE ETHICS OF VIVISECTION.

"*Quamvis enim melius est bene facere quam nosse, prius tamen est nosse quam facere.*"

I TAKE the pregnant words in which Karl the Great (better known to us as Charlemagne) expressed his primary object in founding schools throughout his Empire, as an appropriate introduction to the attempt I am about to make towards the solution of a much-vexed question of Ethics. For while in regard to most matters there is a general agreement as to what is ethically right—the difficulty being to carry our theory into our practice—Vivisection is a subject as to which it seems to me far more difficult for a really earnest and honest seeker to find out what his duty is, than to do it when found.

I once heard it pithily said in a discussion upon the "rule of duty"—"There can be no question between the *white* and the *black*; but what are we to do about the *grey*?" Every one knows of "cases of conscience," in which the man who honestly desires to do right is distracted between two opposing motives, each laudable in itself; as, for example, when the question is one of strict adherence to truth, a violation of it (whether by word or act) seeming absolutely necessary to avert impending evil. In these mixed cases, as Dr. Martineau long since pointed out, conscience is an *ethical judgment*, based on the comparative nobility of the motives on either side.—It is an unfortunate peculiarity of the present case, that the extreme partisans on both sides cannot admit that there is any room for hesitation in the matter; the grey looking quite *white* to some people, and quite *black* to others, just (as I shall presently endeavour to show) according to the light reflected upon it from themselves. And as it seems to me that there are most excellent motives on each side, which are but very inadequately appreciated on the other, my object will be to give them *all* their due weight, and then endeavour to strike the balance justly.

In any discussion of this kind, the greatest care should be taken, first, to call things by their right names, and secondly, to state the questions at issue in their simplest form. And I cannot but think that the Anti-Vivisectionists deceive themselves in this matter, by the use of language which in effect prejudges the question. Thus, they constantly speak of vivisection as "cruel," and of animals subjected to it as being "tortured;" and hence easily conclude that as every right-minded person *must* reprobate cruelty and torture, vivisection ought to be absolutely and completely put down, like bull-baiting or cock-fighting. But is the infliction of pain—even of agony—in itself "cruel?" Is a father "cruel" in inflicting on his child what he honestly believes to be a wholesome chastise-



ment? Was the surgeon "cruel" who (before the blessed discovery of anæsthetics) had to excise joints, to dissect-out enormous tumours and to perform other tedious operations upon the most sensitive part of the body, compared with the suffering of which that sustained in the skilful and rapid amputation of a limb was as nothing? Is the soldier "cruel" who does his very best, whether in attack or defence, to kill and disable as many as possible of the enemy he has to face? On the contrary, do not we applaud each for the honest and fearless discharge of what he deems to be his duty?

Clearly, then, it is not in the act itself, but in *the motive of the act*, that its moral character lies. The "cruel man," according to the definition of Dr. Johnson, is one who is "disposed to give pain to others; willing or pleased to torment, vex, or afflict; destitute of sympathetic kindness and pity." And while the noun "torture" in its original meaning is synonymous with extreme pain or agony its use has been so constantly associated with those *acts of torturing* which consisted in intentional inflictions of the severest pain *for pain's sake*, that its application to cases in which the ultimate object is admitted to be laudable, and the pain is unfortunately a necessary condition of its attainment, is as clearly inappropriate to a well devised Physiological research, as it would be to a Surgical operation.

Again, I cannot but think that great confusion has arisen from the mixing-up of questions which ought to be decided by different tribunals. The question whether Vivisection ethically can or cannot be justified must be discussed upon ethical grounds; no considerations of expediency can make that right which is in itself morally wrong; but the question what *is* morally wrong is one as to which, I shall endeavour to show, the common sense and common feelings of educated mankind have more to say than has yet been urged. On the other hand, the question whether physiological experimentation has, or has not, contributed in any considerable degree to human welfare, is one as to which I utterly deny the competency of a judge, who has not made a special study of the history of the subject. The vastness of the revolution thus worked within my own recollection in one single department—the functions of the Nervous System—with all its multifarious bearings on pathology, therapeutics, and psychology (normal as well as abnormal), can only be appreciated by such as are able to put themselves back fifty years and to look into that chaotic darkness whose dispersion has given place to our present light. If any one who has made a life-study of the progress of Physiology, and of the multifarious applications of the advanced knowledge of our time to the diagnosis and treatment of disease, will assert that this knowledge is otherwise than *inestimable*, I am quite ready to join issue with him. But until I meet with such an antagonist, I feel justified in taking my stand upon

what I deem an incontrovertible fact; and in asserting that as physiological experimentation has contributed largely to human well-being in the past, so, when rightly directed, it is likely to be attended with the like benefit in the future.

Reduced, then, to its simplest form, the Ethical question which lies at the "root of the matter" is this:—*Is it right or justifiable to inflict severe suffering upon brutes, in order to obtain scientific knowledge likely to prove advantageous to man?*

This question is unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative by the Medical Profession at large, which looks upon this subject in the light of the νόμος which constitutes the very basis of its existence. Every one who enters it takes upon himself (tacitly if not expressly) the obligation to do everything in his power for the prolongation of human life and the mitigation of human suffering; and is held grossly culpable, as well by the public as by his brethren, if he allows any consideration for his own personal welfare to interfere with his discharge of that duty. He is expected not only to risk his own life in attendance upon the wounded in the field of battle, or upon the sufferers from the most malignant forms of contagious disease; but to incur the danger (which lurks in spite of every precaution) of carrying infection home to those most dear to him. And, putting aside these extreme cases, it is the rule of his conduct in the ordinary routine of practice, to be continually sacrificing the daily meals and the nightly rest which are essential to the maintenance of his power of gaining a livelihood, to the calls of professional duty. I do not affirm that this rule is universally followed; there are "skulkers" in every calling; but it is that which the conscience of every man who is worthy to be a member of the profession feels to be binding upon him. What would be said of him, and what would he have to say to himself, if a man were to bleed to death from a wounded artery, or a woman from uterine hemorrhage, because he had stopped at home after receiving an urgent summons, only long enough to swallow the food or take the repose which he sorely wanted? It is often sneeringly asked of the doctors, whether *they* would be willing themselves to suffer the pain which they claim the right to inflict upon animals, for the advancement of medical knowledge. They can answer with truth, that the practice of their profession by the great body of hard-worked and ill-paid members who constitute its "rank and file," is constantly inflicting upon large numbers of them a *far greater* amount of suffering, moral even more than physical;—a fact made only too apparent to the subscribers to the Medical Benevolent College, by the appeals continually made on behalf of widows and orphaned families left almost destitute by the death of their bread-earners from infectious disease—a sad case of which fell within my own immediate knowledge while I was residing at Ripley (Surrey) in 1844—5.

Such, then, being the "rule of duty" which the Practitioner of medicine makes the guide of his own daily life, it is not to be wondered at that he should regard it as *paramount* whenever (according to his educated judgment) the welfare of man is likely to be promoted by the infliction of suffering upon brutes. And he can find abundant justification for his view of the case (as I shall presently show), not only in the support given by "society" to the field-sports whose pursuit involves a vast aggregate of animal suffering, as well as an unnecessary sacrifice of animal life, but in the common feeling of mankind at large (not excepting, so far as I am aware, the most ardent anti-vivisectionists), which sanctions not only the temporary infliction of pain, but a lifelong deprivation of happiness, for its own pleasure or convenience.

But I am fully ready to admit that when the professional *vóμo* is carried from the Practice of the healing art into the Physiological laboratory, a new element comes in which is too often lost sight of. The question is no longer one of *self-sacrifice*, but of our right to inflict severe pain (with the very best motives) upon creatures which are helpless in our more powerful hands, and which themselves receive no adequate compensation for their sufferings. There undoubtedly is a class of Vivisectors by whom this consideration has been altogether ignored, and whose principles and practices alike deserve the strongest reprobation. It is to the credit of British physiology that until a recent period, this class was confined to Continental schools. Those, for example, who had a leading share in the working of our present body of accepted doctrine as to the functions of the nervous system, took anatomy as their guide; and only when they had learned as much as possible from it, "put Nature to question" by experiments so devised as to test and correct their conclusions. Sir Charles Bell thus introduces his narrative of his early experiments:—"After hesitating long on account of the unpleasant nature of the operation." And when they had satisfied themselves of the validity of those conclusions, they ceased to perform experiments that involved suffering to the subjects themselves, for the mere purpose of exhibiting their results to others. This, again, was the case with those experiments made by Dr. Hope, Williams, Billing, and others, within my own recollection, by which the causes of the normal sounds of the Heart were elucidated, so as to enable the physician to diagnose the conditions which give rise to the sounds heard in disease; those humane men most sincerely regretting the infliction of the pain, which was a necessary incident of an investigation justly regarded by them as fraught with benefit to suffering humanity. But such has not been the prevailing tone of the Continental schools. In the earliest days of my medical pupilage, I was taught to hold in abhorrence the needless cruelties of Magendie, and the wanton brutalities of the

Alfort Veterinary College; and I have entertained the same feeling throughout the half-century which has since passed over my head.<sup>1</sup>

Being myself not without apprehension lest admiration of the Continental zeal for scientific progress should take too exclusive a hold of our rising school of Physiologists—utterly repudiating as ethically indefensible the doctrine of Professor Virchow, that man has the same right to inflict suffering upon the animals he rears for his uses, as he has to kill them—and feeling a no less sincere abhorrence at a large proportion of the acts cited in the last number of this journal, as done under the sanction of that doctrine, than is expressed by the narrator of them—I by no means deprecate the action of the Anti-Vivisectionists in making the British public acquainted with the horrors enacted abroad; and I would earnestly press it upon some of my younger friends, that this dreadful exhibition of the abuses of what I—not less than themselves—uphold to be in itself a justifiable procedure, shows the danger of looking at the object *too exclusively* under the light of a laudable desire to advance science and to benefit mankind, so that it seems to them a *pure white*, untempered by that dark shadow of animal suffering which (happily) lies over no other field of scientific inquiry.

But are not those who can see nothing but the *blackness* of “cruelty” and “barbarity” in Physiological experimentation guilty of the like or even of greater exclusiveness? Do they not show themselves utterly disregarding, not only of the benevolent and beneficent *vómos* of the Medical profession, but even of the very principles they themselves assume as the basis of their moral condemnation? Let us try *their* conduct by Ethical tests.

What *are* the moral rights of brutes? Will any one maintain that they are *equal* to those of man? Was the “golden rule” meant by its promulgator to apply to animals? Is it not the very basis of Ethical doctrine, that the moral rights of any being depend upon its moral nature?

(1) I recall a little incident which may serve to illustrate the difference between the ideas of British and Continental physiologists on this point. It happened about 1850 that Magendie came over to London on a commission of medical inquiry; and my friend Dr. Sharpey and I having been invited by Sir James Clark to meet him, we asked him for particulars about the then recent experiment, in which Bernard had induced an artificial diabetes by puncturing the fourth ventricle of the brain. He offered to show us the experiment, but said that he should require for it the particular knife which he had devised for his own experiment of dividing the fifth nerve within the skull. Dr. Sharpey having confessed that he had not got such a knife in his possession, and further that he had never repeated Magendie's experiment, and Magendie having turned to me and received the same answer, he could not restrain his surprise; “*Vous, Messieurs,*” he burst out, “*vous vous appelez Professeurs de Physiologie, vous, et n'avez jamais coupée la cinquième paire!*” Of course we assured him that the implicit faith we placed in his account of the results of that experiment made it unnecessary for us to repeat it; but he seemed quite unable to conceive how physiology could be taught without the exhibition of experiments so important.

In the old times of the Anti-Slavery agitation we used to see pictures of the negro kneeling in chains before the white tyrant holding a whip, and urging on him the claim, "Am I not a man and a brother?" Would the most ardent Zoophilist urge such a claim in behalf even of a dog or a cat; would not the claim be as more absurd for a rabbit or a guinea-pig; more again for a frog or a tortoise? Nothing but a low sensibility to physical pain can be affirmed in behalf of the reptile; nothing higher than "cupboard love" shows itself in the rodent; and if the domesticated dog or cat shows a capacity of attachment to man, which sometimes seems almost human, it must not be forgotten that this is merely superinduced by association with him, and that the fundamental character of the animal remains untouched. The cat, which purrs with pleasure under the caressing hand of its mistress, does not give up its feline habit of keeping a hapless mouse in an agony of prolonged pain and terror before giving its victim the *coup de grâce*. A nothing but the deterioration of its physical courage keeps the amiable Newfoundland from showing on occasion the savage nature of the bull-dog, or the sociable Skye from worrying "vermin" when duly trained to the contest. That dog-nature undergoes no permanent essential elevation by association with man, is further evidenced by the well-known fact that when domesticated dogs run wild (as in the case of the descendants of the dogs first introduced into South America by the Spaniards), they soon return to the almost wolf-like condition of their ancestors.

Thus, then, the *narrow limitation and unprogressive range* of the moral nature of animals justify a corresponding limitation of their moral rights, as compared with those of beings of *unlimited capacity for progressive elevation*; and I hold this to be the Ethical justification of those dealings with them which are sanctioned by usages that have never, I believe, been seriously called in question. True it is that there are a few amiable Vegetarians who refuse to eat fish, flesh, or fowl, on the ground that man has *no right* to take the life of an animal; but I never heard that such persons carried out this principle to the extent of cheerfully giving their own bodies to be bitten by bloodthirsty insects, or letting rats and mice multiply unchecked in their dwellings. Everywhere and in all ages man has claimed and exercised the power of life and death over animal creation; deeming himself perfectly justified in putting to death of existence such as are noxious to him, and in limiting the natural term of life of such as he breeds and rears for his uses. I never heard any moral objection raised either to the killing of innocent lambs, calves, or sucking-pigs, or to the slaughter of the worn-out horse; all that humanity is thought to demand of us being that the death shall be attended with as little suffering as possible; forbidding, for example, that calves should be repeatedly bled for the sake of whitening their meat, and that turkeys should be subjected to

barbarous treatment required for the production of *pâté de foie gras*. The moralist justifies the breeding and rearing of animals with a view to their being killed for food at a fitting time, by the consideration that the sum of animal happiness is thereby increased. But would any one maintain that if *we* were the subjects of such an arrangement on the part of a race stronger than ourselves (as in the case of the victims whom the Khonds of India used to keep for years until the time for their sacrifice arrived) we should view it with the like complacency? Clearly, then, this is a case to which the "golden rule" does *not* apply. On the contrary, it is universally felt that there is a sacredness about *human* life which altogether removes it from the pale of comparison with that of animals; and it is the universality of this feeling that constitutes the ethical basis of the professional *vómos*. If this sacredness were in anywise lowered in the eyes of the practitioner of medicine, innumerable evils would inevitably follow. Not only would he be continually tempted to prefer his own ease and comfort to the calls of professional duty, but he would be in danger of having his own moral perceptions confused and perverted in those most trying cases, in which simple humanity cries aloud for a *euthanasia*, on behalf not only of the sufferer himself, but of those who are being worn and wasted by the sight of a prolonged agony scarcely less grievous than the torments of the rack, without the least hope of its termination otherwise than by death.

But how far does the same hold good in regard to animal suffering? The painless taking of life, it may be justly urged, is to the animal a mere *negative* evil; but the infliction of severe pain is a *positive* evil which is often so much worse than death, that we feel ourselves not only justified, but impelled by the strongest motives of humanity, to "put out of its pain" a dog or a horse that has sustained a severe and disabling injury, or is the subject of an agonizing disease. I entirely agree, therefore, with those who urge that animals *have* rights against such as carelessly or wantonly subject them to pain, still more against those (if such there be) who actually take pleasure in the sight of their sufferings. But do these rights justly demand on our parts an *absolute abstention* from the infliction of pain, or even an abstention from any pain but what we should ourselves be willing to bear under the like circumstances? Let us seek for an answer to this question in our most familiar experiences.

As we breed and rear Sheep and Oxen that the materials of their bodies may serve our uses, so we breed Horses for the sake of their mechanical "energy;" and we consider ourselves justified in getting out of them as much work as they can be made to do without severe physical suffering to themselves, in repayment for the feeding, housing, and general care we bestow upon them. But are the horses consenting parties to this arrangement? What should *we* say if a conquering nation were to use *us* as beasts of draught or burden?

Should we not raise the cry, "Am I not a man and a brother? Have *you* a right to treat *me* like a brute beast?" Clearly, then, the common sense of Mankind claims—in virtue, not of superior strength, but of higher elevation in the scale of being—to make the horse labour for man's use, allowing to him in return only the right of kindly treatment at our hands.

But is it not a matter of every-day experience that our occasions require some extraordinary exertion, such as the horse can be only induced to put forth by the application of whip or spur—or, to put it in plain terms, by the infliction of pain? If an Anti-Vivisectionist puts himself into a cab, on his way to denounce the atrocities of "doctors" at a public meeting, and finds that the continuance of the jog-trot pace at which he is going will cause him to miss his appointment, does he hesitate to tell the driver to urge on his horse—knowing well what this extra speed involves? Or, if he had the misfortune to be dangerously injured by a railway collision in a place far removed from medical assistance, and were lying in bodily and mental agony, counting the minutes until relief could arrive, would he be content to wait the good pleasure of the horse whose rider goes off in search of the doctor, or of that on which the doctor comes to his rescue? Would he not rather feel that all that the horses *can* do must be got out of them by the free use of whip and spur?—the limited and temporary suffering inflicted on the lower creature being quite justifiable in view of the greater (because permanent and far-reaching) benefit conferred on the higher—involving, it may be, the future welfare of others dearer to him than his own life. Let me put one more case for my opponents' consideration, which, whether it did or did not really occur, may be accepted as a "crucial instance." A man, condemned to death for a crime he had not committed, is brought out for execution, and the noose is already round his neck. A rider is seen in the distance urging towards the scaffold a horse covered with foam, and obviously ready to drop with fatigue; he waves something in his hand with a deprecating gesture; the execution is stayed; the crowd opens to let the horse reach the scaffold; the rider presents the reprieve which had been obtained at the last moment by the production of unexpected evidence of the prisoner's innocence; and the horse drops down dead. Who shall condemn the use of whip and spur, even to this extreme, for the sake of preserving the life of an innocent man, with all its possibilities of future happiness and usefulness? The Anti-Vivisectionist may *talk* about his unwillingness to profit by sufferings inflicted upon innocent brutes; but will any one *say* that he had rather have been hung than that the horse should have suffered to save him? Or if he dares say it, would any one but a Zoophilist *believe* him?

I suppose "Anti-Vivisectionist" sometimes visits the Zoologica Gardens. Does he ever ask himself on what grounds the lifelong deprivation of the liberty of wild animals is to be justified—

involving as it generally does a serious deterioration of their health and vigour?<sup>1</sup> It cannot be asserted that Man gains any other benefit from the sacrifice he thus requires, than the pleasure he derives from the sight of the creatures about whom he reads or hears—the gratification, in fact, of an intelligent curiosity. But I have never heard it seriously called in question, that the lifelong injury here inflicted on a small number of brutes is justified by the vast amount of rational pleasure imparted to a very large number of men, whose moral nature it thereby helps to raise, rather than tends to degrade.

I have one more point to urge, which, though touched upon by Sir James Paget, has never yet been thoroughly brought out. If I am forced to speak plainly of a thing usually referred to under some veil of euphemism, it is because the necessity of the case requires my doing so. In the rearing and breeding of sheep and oxen for clothing and food, and of horses for our mechanical aid, it is found requisite that by far the larger proportion of the males of these races should be deprived of their generative power, only a sufficient number being left in possession of it to propagate the race. I need not enumerate the reasons by which this practice is justified; it will suffice for my argument to say that they are reasons of expediency only. Compare our silent acquiescence as regards the brute, with the abhorrence with which the like infliction upon man is now regarded throughout Christian nations. Most people know that even in the last century the practice was kept up in Italy, for the production of male *soprani*, some of whom sang in the Pope's chapel, while others performed on the Operatic stage. But even Continental humanity having pronounced against it, the practice has been long discontinued. It is still maintained, however, among those Eastern nations whose women are kept in seclusion under the guardianship of these unsexed beings; the moral condition of most of whom, according to all accounts, is one of extreme wretchedness. But will any Zoophilist claim the like exemption, on the ground of a community of rights based on a community of moral nature, for sheep, oxen, or horses? Surely the obvious reply would be, "We do not inflict on them a moral degradation; the pain of the operation to which we subject them is temporary and limited; the pleasure of which we deprive them is purely physical; we give them large compensation in the care with which we supply their physical wants; and the material welfare of mankind is permanently promoted in a measure which is out of all proportion to the injury done."

(1) No Orang or Chimpanzee brought young to this country has ever attained adult growth, none surviving the second dentition. The skeletons of caged Carnivora are often good for nothing as museum-specimens, their bones being rickety and distorted. The teeth of menagerie-specimens of the *Hyæna* (I have it on the highest authority) are seldom good enough to serve as guides in the determination of fossil species.



My argument, then, is, that if in all the foregoing cases the Moral consciousness of those who consider themselves most elevated in the scale of humanity justifies the infliction of animal suffering for what is obviously a real benefit to Man, even though the continuance of such benefit involves *the constant renewal of the suffering* much more is *a temporary and limited infliction* justifiable, for the discovery of such scientific truths as have a clear prospective bearing on human well-being, moral as well as physical; since every such discovery, once established, is *a boon for ever*, not only in its direct applications, but in serving as a stepping-stone to further discoveries, which may prove of still more priceless benefit.

If the prospect of such amelioration which opens out before the view of the Experimental Physiologist is not a high and noble motive I do not know where such a motive is to be found. But that anticipation must be assured by the most careful and prolonged study of the subject on his own part, and should be confirmed by the approval of others of equal or superior competence, before he can be justified in entering upon a course of experimentation involving severe and prolonged suffering to the subjects of it. In the course of his investigation he should never forget the pain he is inflicting, or lose sight of any means he can devise for its avoidance or mitigation. But when all this is honestly begun and sedulously carried out, I can from the bottom of my heart wish him "God speed;" in the full conviction that his work is good and right, and will be approved as "merciful" in the highest sense, by that Divine Father who desires from us the obedience of the spirit, not that of the letter.

Let it not be said that I have been here drawing an ideal picture. The "antiseptic surgery" which constitutes by far the greatest single improvement ever introduced into Surgical practice, is the result of a long course of experiments planned and carried out on the basis afforded by Pasteur's admirable researches upon disease-germs, by a man reared amidst a religious community distinguished above all others for its far-seeing humanity, trained in biological science under the ablest teachers, approved by his previous labours as a profound and philosophic physiologist, and a master of the science and art of surgery. I hold up this research as a model for the imitation of Physiologists, whether medical or scientific; and should be surprised indeed if any Anti-Vivisectionist who had the misfortune to sustain a compound fracture of both legs in a railway-collision (as once happened to a valued friend of my own) should refuse to avail himself—or herself—of its beneficent results; or if, having made a rapid and comparatively painless recovery under the antiseptic treatment, instead of (as happened in that case) having to go through months of protracted suffering, with long-continued apprehension that the sacrifice of one or both limbs might be necessary to preserve life, he should regard the work of Joseph Jackson Lister with any other feelings than those of the most grateful approval.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WHEN, now over two years ago, the news reached these shores that William Lloyd Garrison was no more, it fell on the hearts of the few here who had known him intimately and followed his well-nigh fifty years' career, awaking an emotion such as that of no man of their time had done before. If his friends had been asked to express their feelings they would probably have felt that they could not do this better than in the words of Milton over the dead but victorious Samson :—

“ No time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
A life heroic.       \*       \*       \*  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair ;  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

Just fifty-three years ago, in the year 1829, William Lloyd Garrison was undergoing trial in the court-house of Baltimore. He was accused of libelling one Francis Todd, a merchant of Newburyport, by denouncing him in a newspaper of the city, called *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, of which he was junior editor, for letting out his ship to carry certain slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans. An attempt was made to prove that at the time when the contract was entered into by the master of the vessel with the owner of the slaves, the owner of the ship knew nothing of the matter, but whether this was really so or not—and no doubt the master had good reason for reckoning on the owner's approval in what he did—no offence had been committed against State law, and as the defendant had previously refused to apologise, and as he had never made any attempt to deny his responsibility for the article, the jury, whether packed or not, found him guilty, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 1,000 dollars. To pay a fine of 100 dollars would probably have been a hard matter for him ; to pay a fine of 1,000 was impossible, and in default he was sentenced to be imprisoned for two years.

This singular and self-appointed champion of a universally despised race had been born some twenty-five years before in Newburyport, Massachusetts, of middle-class parents ; had received the briefest and most meagre sort of education in the schools there that offered ; after working at various things and under various masters, had at last been bound apprentice to the printer of the *Newburyport Herald*, and had commenced writing at the age of sixteen in that newspaper.

In the course of the next few years he had served for a time as editor on more than one of the numerous papers of the country, and a few months before this trial occurred he had joined a poor and comparatively illiterate man of the name of Lundy, who ten years previously had started an insignificant print in Baltimore called *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* with the purpose of working for the abolition of American slavery. With this Mr. Lundy, Garrison had been engaged in conducting the paper until legal proceedings had been taken against the latter, and the partnership for the time at least necessarily terminated by his being sent to jail. Garrison, however, was not called upon to serve out his term. He had only been in prison about two months when a generous merchant of New York, Arthur Tappan by name, honoured himself by paying the fine, and the sufferer for human rights was again free.

Two years afterwards, in 1831, Garrison had fixed himself in Boston. On the 1st of January in that year a truly insignificant-looking print calling itself the *Liberator* dropped almost still-born into the wide American world. It consisted of only four pages, and the whole thing when fully unfolded covered little more than sixteen inches square. Looking at the top of the first column of the first page, the reader found it professed to be printed by *Stephen Foster*. Its editor was announced to be Garrison, who, after lecturing from town to town during the two years that had passed since his imprisonment, had finally cast anchor in Boston, "determined," as he wrote, "to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, within sight of Bunker Hill, and in the birth-place of Liberty."

Garrison, then, wrote, edited, and, with the help of one white man and a negro boy, printed, published, and sold his puny weekly. For the object of the paper, it purported to be the "immediate and unconditional emancipation" of the slaves in America, and in the first leading article occur these words, remarkable as coming from the pen not of a novice and visionary, but of one who had all along seen life from the poor man's point of view, and who only two years before had been lying in a Southern jail, in the same cell that had just before held a murderer, for pleading the cause to which he was now again devoting himself for life. The writer says:—

"I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man, whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present! I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead."

It is almost impossible for us, living sixteen years after the destruction of the system against which war was thus declared, to conceive even faintly the faith and courage implied in this act. Let it be remembered that the youth who thus stepped into the lists in behalf of 2,000,000<sup>1</sup> of slaves, flung down the gauntlet, not only against the 6,000,000 masters of these at the South, but also, as he well knew, against the almost equally hostile 7,000,000 in the Free States. To many of the latter slavery as a source of gain was quite as important as to the actual owners of the slaves themselves. The manufacturers and merchants of the North had the debts of their Southern customers secured by the slaves whom those customers owned; and a Northern merchant or manufacturer often found himself, on the death of a Southern debtor, forced either to realise by the sale of the slave "assets," or to renounce all hope of realising at all. The carrying trade, too, of Southern goods, which was in the hands of Northern shipowners, further tended to make the North wink at slavery; and to all this was added a clear understanding between Southern producers and Northern manufacturers that the former should protect Northern manufactures, while the latter should support Southern slavery. In these and a thousand other ways was it believed at the North that the interest of the Northern States was bound up quite as much as that of the Southern with the slave system; and, indeed, Garrison had to complain, after lecturing in Northern towns on the subject of slavery before establishing the *Liberator*, that he had found them more apathetic than the South itself. But this was not all. Even had the North, for its part, been willing to see slavery rooted out from the entire Union, the nature of the constitution of that Union, so it was believed on all hands, forbade Northern interference. Now, to all this add that when Garrison first issued the *Liberator*, slavery, though shortly afterwards abolished, still existed in the British Colonies; that in the colonies of France it was found flourishing forty years later, while in the old Portuguese colony of Brazil it is not extinct even now, and the tremendous sentiment against it after Europe had emancipated its slaves was then uncreated; that the only thing superficial eyes could have seen at that moment in all the world to give Garrison the faintest encouragement was the abolition of the British slave trade twenty-four years before, and the sentiment among a certain section of the people against slavery itself. When we have fully recognised all this, and when we remember that the man who at the age of twenty-seven now lifted up his axe against the immeasurable moral jungle was extremely poor, had as yet given no proof that he was furnished with superior intellectual implements for the work, and was, besides, friendless and unaided,—we shall scarcely

(1) The number at that time in the South.

wonder that the community mistook the sublime moral heroism inciting to such an enterprise for mere imbecility, and Garrison for a man of distempered brain.

Yet he had carefully counted the cost. When shortly afterwards, become a hissing and a byword, he was writing amidst daily threats of abduction and assassination, he could declare that none of these things moved him, that he had foreseen them all, and was prepared for them all. He was penetrated in every fibre of his soul with the intensest belief that the Power that works behind all things is *just*, and that whatsoever is unjust carries in it the seeds of its own destruction : or, to put it as he himself expressed it, when several years afterwards his enemies were crying that his influence was on the wane, " My influence in the world will be in exact proportion to my fidelity to God and His cause, and it will not be in the power of men or devils to destroy it." At the end of the first year the outlook seems to have been of the dreariest. In the number for the last week of that year he was found writing, " If we have not lived exclusively upon bread and water, our fare has been simple and economical. We are willing to suffer privation to the extent of human endurance, and to make sacrifices to the last farthing to promote a cause so benevolent and excellent as that of African emancipation." He has since stated as matter of fact that for a time he and his companions *did* live on bread and water, " with, by way of luxury, when the paper sold well, a bowl of milk." The *Liberator* itself at first could not be brought out until he and his companion borrowed the types of a neighbouring paper, the loan of which they paid for partly by working as compositors in the printing department of the newspaper. They themselves lived in a dingy upper room during the day, and slept under the compositors' frames at night. Gradually, however, the paper seems to have made its way. At first it circulated chiefly among the free people of colour in the town ; then it extended to a few of the whites, and long before the year was over, slight as might be its returns, it had made itself felt, not in Boston and its neighbourhood alone, but in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and on to the most distant Southern States themselves. At first, and for a time, people seemed unable to realise it as a clear fact that the project of abolishing slavery by means of a wretched-looking weekly print could be seriously contemplated, or that, if it was, it required or deserved any attention. Then, when they read the thing for themselves, and found every line burning with indignant resolution ; when they saw by what sagacious measures it was contemplated and recommended that slavery should be assailed, and that the whole tone and temper of every article from the pen of the editor as he steadily sent forth his paper week after week indicated a man utterly fearless and resolute, they became

conscious that the paper could not be ignored; nay, such were the vehemence and ardour of the writer that they were forced in their own despite to take sides either with him or against him. Then, long before the first year was over, burst that terrible storm upon his head, which was to grow and rage during the next generation until, like a vast thunder-cloud, it overspread the whole American sky, and finally discharged itself in the greatest civil war of modern times. It began with challenges to meet Southern pro-slavery champions at the South, with private threats of abduction, of assassination. All this failing in the slightest degree to intimidate or stay the hand of the assailant, the Legislature of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars to whoever would seize him and bring him to trial in that State. Calumny set to work upon him. An insurrection of slaves having taken place in Virginia, which, before it could be suppressed, resulted in the deaths of, according to one Southern account, some sixty-eight whites, Garrison and the Abolitionists were accused of causing it by instigating the slaves to revolt. Never was calumny more groundless. A non-resistant from the first in every sense of the term, in obedience to what he understood to be the plain teaching of the Founder of Christianity himself, he had again, in the programme he drew up of the measures to be advocated in his paper for the overthrow of slavery, shown that he looked to moral means alone to accomplish his purpose. In proof of this I have only to state that among these were such as the following: the entire "abstinence from the products of slavery," the "opening of markets for free goods," the "encouragement of conscientious planters to cultivate their land by free labour," the "formation of anti-slavery societies," the starting of "one hundred periodicals in the land devoted to the cause of emancipation," and that there was not a single passage in any of his writings or speeches to which his enemies could point at variance with these professions of policy. Still, much craft and subtlety were shown in the selection of this charge. The offence charged against him was just what Southern and Northern upholders of slavery might be expected alike to credit of one accused as Garrison had been—of being a fanatic and an incendiary. Some believed the accusation, many probably only pretended to believe it. In either case it served its purpose in giving a cry to the slaveholders against Garrison, and leaguings them together in a body to crush him. Under influence of the horror that would presumably be excited in the breasts of all natives of Massachusetts at the thought that one of their number could be suspected of such a deed, Southern slaveholders felt a certain hope that, if they could not get Garrison delivered up into their hands, his paper might be stopped, and the man at least silenced. Application for that purpose was there-

fore made to the Mayor of Boston. The time will come when it will seem almost incredible to free-born natives of Massachusetts that their ancestors submitted to the outrageous insolence of a Southern State daring, without assigning anything like a legal pretext, to solicit the civic authorities of Boston to interfere with the right of a member of the State to speak and to publish freely so long as such member violated no law. But that such an indignity should have been tamely submitted to by an entire State in the person of the chief magistrate of its principal town is only another proof, in addition to the many previously existing, how impotent to secure the rights of free men are institutions, however free in name, which lack free spirits to give them their true effect. The Mayor, too weak to refer the complainants to the regular legal forms for securing redress for any wrong they might suppose themselves to have sustained, actually sent to the office of the *Liberator*, and finding, to his relief, that the source of so much Southern terror was only what he described as "a few insignificant persons," wrote back to his instructors to that effect, and there left the matter.

Garrison for the time was safe, but the whole business had now entered on a totally new stage. It had now become a question of the right or otherwise of one State to interfere with the members of another, and this soon widened into a question of the right of public assembly, the right of free speech, and the right of free publication. Scathing as were his denunciations of the system of slavery, and stinging as were his criticisms on individuals concerned in upholding it, Garrison had never done or said anything after 1829 that his enemies could fasten upon as making him amenable to the law. Intimidation had been tried and had failed; application to the Boston magistrates had been tried and had failed; and Garrison seemed perversely bent on observing the law. The law itself must therefore be changed. Already the right to petition Congress for the abolition of slavery had been withdrawn. This was felt to be a good beginning. But it was good only as a beginning. The war must be carried on in the same direction. The right to denounce slavery in private, in public, in print, must also be withdrawn. Until this should be done it was felt that the system could not know a moment's safety, and the efforts of all Southern men were therefore bent in this direction. Congress was to be applied to to get the necessary changes in the law; and that these changes might be carried it was not enough that all the Southern votes should be recorded in favour of them; Southern influence also must be strained to the uttermost and brought to bear in every possible way on Northern votes.

Meanwhile forcible measures to put down Garrison and his steadily increasing disciples were to be employed whenever possible. And it was not long before an opportunity was found for taking such

measures. In 1835 a meeting was to be held in Boston, at which Mr. George Thompson, the well-known anti-slavery advocate, was expected to be present and to deliver an address. Mr. Thompson had been met by Garrison when over in London in 1833 on his mission for the destruction of the Colonisation Society. He had then just concluded a long campaign, in which he had dealt the boldest and most telling blows against British slavery, and, the doom of the system having been sealed in that year, Garrison had invited him to go over and help in the American campaign. He had proved a most powerful ally; since the declaration of Dr. Channing against Southern slavery no such tower of strength had been added to the American Anti-Slavery Movement. It was determined to "snake out" the "British emissary," as Mr. Thompson was called, "for the overthrow of American institutions," and so deal with him that his fate should at once constitute a warning to "impertinent foreign intermeddlers," and strike a chill into the hearts of Garrison and his little band of Abolitionists.

The day and the hour, three o'clock in the afternoon, fixed for the meeting arrived, and soon a crowd of some thousands assembled in the street before the Anti-slavery Hall, in which the meeting was to be held. The Mayor, apprehending a riot, had earlier in the day sent to the Anti-Slavery Office to inquire whether Mr. Thompson intended to be present at the meeting. Having learned through Garrison that he did not, and was not even in the city, he announced these facts to the multitude, and urged it to disperse. It was entirely to no purpose. The disappointed would-be rioters would not withdraw, though they seem to have remained irresolute for a time as to what should next be done. Suddenly, however, a new light broke in upon them, which, under the circumstances, we must surely admit, had consented to dawn in a very dark place. "Thompson having, by the mean cunning of his friends, been kept out of our hands, we have lost *him* for the present; but here, to console us, is that other arch-incendiary and first disturber of our Satan's peace—Garrison; him let us seize, and with him let us deal as we would have dealt with Thompson." This time the mob had made no mistake. With the fearlessness and utter regardlessness of personal consequences which characterized him in following the pointing of what he regarded as the finger of duty, Garrison had some time before proceeded to the place of meeting, through the hundred or so just-gathered forerunners of the immense mob that was to follow, in compliance with an invitation of the ladies to address them on his great subject. He was prepared to go through with his work; but, before the meeting could even be regularly opened, numbers of these people overflowed into the room, and soon made it apparent that, whoever might be heard, they were determined



that Garrison should not. Seeing this, and hoping that if Garrison were away, this "highly respectable and well-dressed" mob, "consisting of gentlemen of property and standing,"<sup>1</sup> might retire, and the business of the meeting be allowed to proceed, the lady president and Garrison thought it best that the latter should withdraw. Garrison, with his friend, accordingly did so, and, as it was impossible to pass out through the swarming crowd by the front door, they retired into the Anti-Slavery Office adjoining, locking the door behind them, lest the mob might enter after them and destroy the anti-slavery publications preserved there. But now, from the mob outside in the street below, amounting by this time, as I understand, to some three or four thousand, arose the cries—"Garrison is there," "We must have Garrison!" "Out with him!" "Lynch him!" The panel of the door leading to the room in which Garrison and his friend were having been broken in, and the Mayor having ordered the sign-board of the office to be taken down and flung to the rioters, Garrison's companion, seeing that his own or his friend's life might be lost at any moment through the unwillingness or inability of the Mayor to protect them, now declared that from that time he repudiated the principle of non-resistance, and prepared to defend himself and Garrison. But Garrison, who throughout had remained perfectly cool, and who had, even when the panel was broken in, been found writing what proved to be an account of the riot to a friend, checked him, addressing him in these quiet and effectual words:—

"My dear brother, you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword. God forbid! If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and His omnipotence will at length be victorious."

The Mayor, or his satellites, unable or afraid to defend him from the mob, now pressed him to try and make his escape by dropping from the window, and Garrison, embracing this form of protection, dropped, preceded by his friend, at the risk of his life, and, together with him, took shelter in a friendly carpenter's shop. But here his companion was soon discovered and in the hands of the mob. Seizing hold of him under the impression at first that it was Garrison that they had got, the ringleaders led him forth and were about to execute their wild vengeance upon him, when they discovered their mistake. They tried to compel him to discover to them where Garrison was; but they had got among a class of people to whom devoted friendship was not an incredible tradition. At last, releasing him as incorrigible, they left him and went in quest of their proper prey. Meanwhile the rest of the pack had got hold of

(1) The words employed in a newspaper, next day, friendly to the rioters, to describe the mob.

Garrison. Just, however, as he was being dragged through the streets with a rope round his person, the mark for many inhuman blows, but with a face indicating, as bystanders have since testified, a martyr-like serenity and composure, three or four powerful and resolute men rushed to his side and fought their way through the crowd with him. It would still probably have ended in his death, but now the police, under the direction of the Mayor, seized hold of him, thrust him into a cab, and, by sheer hard fighting, whipping, and lashing of the horses through the crowd that surged and swayed around, at last succeeded in reaching the city jail with him, and lodging him there as the only place of safety for him in the town. The next morning he wrote the following words on the walls of his cell—

“ William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21st, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God ; ”

and the same day, having been asked to quit Boston for a few days, until the excitement should have spent itself, he was liberated as a “ harmless ” man.

I have been thus minute in my account of this proceeding, because it marks an era in the history of the anti-slavery movement. When Garrison quietly returned to his post, and, setting at naught alike what he had suffered and what he might still have to suffer, launched his bolts anew with the old fearlessness and resolution, it began to be felt that a spirit of truly heroic temper had arisen to combat with the powers of darkness. What was best in America began to rally to his side, and the quality of the apostle, tried as if by fire, recommended the faith that the apostle preached.

The next great generally visible impulse that Garrison witnessed helping forward his cause occurred in 1837, the year of the murder of the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy. Of that impulse, Garrison was the original source. Nor will it be possible to understand the great results to the anti-slavery movement that followed upon the murder of one who, though slain in the act of asserting his *general* right of free speech and free publication, and not merely his right to free speech on the subject of slavery, nevertheless fell really and directly in consequence of his having exercised the latter right, without considering Garrison for a moment in the two great aspects of destroyer and creator under which he presented himself during those early years.

When he came upon the ground in his first conflict with slavery he found that it had been occupied before him. A society pro-

fessedly friendly to the slave, called the Colonisation Society, was work, supported by leading statesmen, clergymen, and merchant. It professed at first, or was understood to profess, to aim at the gradual emancipation of the slaves; and, as it was felt that it would be impossible for the emancipated blacks and the whites to live together in the same country, this was to be achieved by transporting the former to the colony of Liberia. There they would exert a good influence on their barbarous fellow-countrymen, and the inferior black type of Christians, as the white type lacked not faith to believe, might gradually elevate and Christianise, at first the more neighbouring races, and in due course of time the whole of Africa. Garrison felt obliged to condemn both the principles of the society and their fruits. For the former, he showed that, in spite of its friendly professions, it had at last stated in its then latest report that it need not look, and did not, in point of fact, look to the abolition of slavery as its object. For the latter, he proved that, after existing for thirteen years, it was sending no more than a hundred and fifty coloured persons yearly to Liberia, and was, in fact, being used—as he was able to prove it was in practice supported by Southern slaveholders—as a means of keeping down the coloured race in America, dreaded as perilous to the “domestic institution.” He accordingly denounced it on the platform; he denounced it in the *Liberator*; in 1832 wrote a book against it, in which he demonstrated all this by irrefragable evidence; and, having thus logically extinguished it, soon after extinguished it in fact when, in 1833, having visited the leaders of the anti-slavery movement in England, and convinced them of the justice of his charges, he returned to America, bearing in his hand the official condemnation of the society by the great anti-slavery body of England.

Unable to enlist the clergy in the work, Garrison was forced to figure as a creator. Starting with whatever materials first came to hand, free people of colour, women—for, to the honour of American women be it said, they seem to have answered to his call earlier and more enthusiastically than the men—he first formed them into societies. Then, as the men began to rally to his side, at first the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, open to either sex, then the great American Anti-Slavery Society, similarly open, was founded, until, as result of all this organization, and in spite of, for a time, the determined and virulent opposition of the clergy as a body, with one or two exceptions, such as the magnificent one of the Unitarian, Mr. May, Garrison could count, by the beginning of the year 1840, nearly two thousand Anti-Slavery Societies, with a membership of some two hundred thousand, all industriously at work throughout the Free States, and all, it is believed, looking to him as their natural head and director. And, most promising symptom of all,

literature, that "true church of the nineteenth century," by the voice of its rising priests in the American branch of it, had declared in favour of the movement, and, as in the case of Whittier and Emerson, had paid its highest tribute to the author of it.

Such, then, was the aspect of things as Garrison beheld it ten years after his first determined attack on slavery in the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, and eight years after the founding of the *Liberator*; and it may now be understood how the murder of Lovejoy, three years before, produced the profoundly important consequences to Garrison and his party which the student of the anti-slavery movement in America must ever attribute to the event. It showed that Garrison and his followers were right when they had maintained that slavery at the South was by its very nature destructive of freedom at the North.

I ought also to mention here that this event in the year 1837 is further remarkable not only for having brought Dr. Channing into closer and more active co-operation with the assailants of slavery in Boston than ever before, but far more as it was the occasion of Mr. Wendell Phillips's first riding into the lists against the slave power, which in a few years he was to return to, and to hold with determined inflexible front against all comers, until he and his friends remained undisputed masters of the field.

But now a new form of obstacle arose to confront Garrison. He had to deal with intestine divisions. The latest and most serious of these owed its ostensible origin to three features of the policy of Garrison and the Anti-Slavery Society—the principle of non-resistance, the refusal of Garrison and his followers to allow the Society to be used as a political agency, and the practice of permitting female members to exercise the same rights as the male. It was pointed out to the objectors that in these respects the policy of the Society was what it had always been, and in no respect altered since the objectors themselves had joined. In vain; Garrison and his friends had reason to suspect that many of the agitators were aiming at ruining the anti-slavery movement. An enormous secession took place in 1840: calumnies of various kinds against Garrison and those who remained with him were scattered broadcast both in America and England; and not until Mr. J. A. Collins had been sent over here, and had written a book exposing the inconsistency of the conduct of the secessionists and the malignity of the charges brought against Garrison and his friends, could the latter re-establish themselves in the confidence which for a time had been forfeited of the English anti-slavery leaders.

Whatever Garrison and his followers might have lost in thus adhering to the particular principles which had been employed as the ostensible grounds of quarrel was far more than counterbalanced by

the fact that by that means they had at least secured the continued presence in the Society of those members who had had the sagacity to discern, and would have the courage to keep the true flag—immediate and unconditional emancipation—ever before the eyes of the American people as opposed to all false and ineffective flags. Such was that of the *Free Soilers*, aiming at preventing the spread only, not at the extinction of the evil of slavery. And, whatever other Societies may have done to help or to hinder emancipation when at last it was gained, none could show leaders to compare in mental and moral power with that party which acted under the harmonious and seldom divided leadership of Garrison and Wendell Phillips.

And now, with Garrison in the *Liberator*, again launching his fiery bolts from week to week, uplifting his battle-cry on the platform, in council guiding, controlling, inspiring; with Phillips on Boston platforms and elsewhere, the American Demosthenes, shaking the arsenal of slavery, and fulminating over America from Massachusetts to Texas; soon after, the rising star of the poetry of Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow—what was deepest and most ennobling in American literature, favouring and aiding the movement, slaves began to feel that it must either break this rock of Abolition, or itself crushed to powder beneath it. So, gathering itself together till every nerve was strung to the utmost, it closed and grappled with the foe. The history of America from that time is much the history of the passionate, convulsive efforts of the pining and doomed Ghouls as he is slowly throttled and falls, the two heroic figures of Garrison and Phillips towering above the crowd that now fought either under their direct leadership, or with similar aims.

During the period extending from the great secession from the Anti-Slavery Society and the accession of Phillips to the movement to the outbreak of the war, the great aspects of Garrison's character, so far as I am aware, present no essential alteration. It would be impossible here to follow the whole course of the Abolition movement and to show Garrison as he appeared in relation to it throughout. But if one turns one's eye on the river at one or two of its bends, so to speak, as for example, the attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Bill,<sup>1</sup> and the raid of John Brown into Virginia,<sup>2</sup> one finds him in essentially the same attitude. While Wendell Phillips was in favour of escaped slaves using every weapon that Nature had given them to prevent their being kidnapped into slavery again; while Theodore Parker put a knife into the hand of an escaped slave, and told him that he would be justified in using it to save his wife's liberty or life; and himself, with an escaped slave sheltered in his house, sat writing his sermon, a loaded pistol on the table beside

(1) As in 1852.

(2) 1859.

him—Garrison, equally ready to set at naught an iniquitous law and to peril his goods, his life, his reputation, would resort to no such means of defence, either in his own behalf or in that of others. He was far from condemning or censuring as guilty those who in such a cause were for resorting to such a weapon as Phillips and Parker would have employed, but he believed the weapon to be an unpermitted one, at bottom a coarse one, and, compared to what he deemed spiritual and higher, even a weak one. So, too, just before the war broke out, in the case of the armed intervention on behalf of the slaves at the South headed by John Brown. Admiring and loving the hero to enthusiasm, and as sensible as any of the heroism and grandeur of his character, he yet lamented the resort to warlike measures. This did not prevent him from welcoming to the pages of the *Liberator* a passage in a lecture of Emerson's delivered at the time when Brown lay wounded and under sentence of death in a Virginian jail, in which Emerson alluded to Brown as—

“The saint, whose fate yet hangs in suspense, but whose martyrdom, if it shall be perfected, will make the gallows as glorious as the cross.”

When at last the war came which was to be the means of effecting his object, Garrison found that the weapon was to be made use of which he had least reckoned on ; which he would never on any consideration have employed or recommended ; and which he deemed needless. To moral means he had all along looked as sufficient to compass his end. Writing in the *Liberator* only a few months before the war broke out, and when many Northern politicians had long regarded it as the inevitable Red Sea which must be passed through before the slaves could be freed, we find him declaring that if the Free States would only separate from the Southern, and have no complicity whatever with slavery, slavery throughout the South could not maintain itself a month. Still, considering what the passions of men were, he appears to have seen that the war was a necessity, and, lamenting over all war as among the most awful of scourges, to have accepted this one and the sufferings and misery it entailed as trivial in its calamities as compared with the vast mass of moral wrong and putrefaction he hoped to see the war sweep away. That he was no fanatic or slave of his idea this alone, I think, would prove, but it is perhaps still better proved by what is told of his conduct in this matter in relation to his own son. To the young man startling his father with the intimation of his desire to enlist, all that he said was, “I could not do it myself. Obey your own conscience.” This little anecdote seems to me to bring out the true Garrison, “resolute to obey the dictates of his own conscience,” resolute not to interfere with the just freedom of others.

As to his share in producing the result of this war—the eman-

cipation of the slaves—he has been both praised and dispraised. By one party it has been said that it was he who made this necessary, and that, if we praise the result, then we ought to praise him who was the cause of the result. By the other party it has been objected that the moral means to which he was always pointing as adequate, were not in fact the means which produced the final result, and that by even declining to work through those other means he has discredited himself to the praise of the statesman who has devised and employed the means by which the final result has been brought about. But both these parties, it seems to me, are wrong, or, if we please, they are both right.

At the end of the war, when in 1865—the year of the passage of the 13th and 14th Amendments of the Constitution of the United States—Slavery had received its legal death-blow, Garrison felt that the great end for which the *Liberator* and the Anti-Slavery Society had been started had been attained, and on December 29th of that year he closed the *Liberator*, putting up the type of the last article with his own hands, and intimating his heartfelt pleasure at being no longer at strife with the bulk of his fellow-countrymen now free from slavery, the occasion of the division, was no more.

Many of those who felt that there could be no justice for the emancipated negroes until equality of political rights had been secured for them, have blamed Garrison for shutting up the *Liberator* and withdrawing from the Anti-Slavery Society before that point in the battle had been gained. But Garrison held that the avowed end of both the one and the other had been attained, and the old machinery having served its purpose, new machinery ought to be called into existence to work for the new ends that had presented themselves. And accordingly he continued working, as I understand, in every possible way for the political, social, intellectual and moral elevation of the freedmen; and one of his last acts, when he was too ill to attend a meeting of his Boston fellow-townsmen, to be held in Faneuil Hall, for the purpose of concerting measures for the reception of coloured refugees from Mississippi and Louisiana, was to write a letter to be read at the meeting denouncing the merciless brutality of treatment and cruelty which he believed had led to the exodus of the freedmen, stirring up his friends to extend sympathy and help to them. Still he found time during those years, as he always had done, to work in other causes; as, for example, the cause of Temperance and the cause of Woman's Rights. The latter, in particular, he was a warmer advocate than Garrison, and he quotes with hearty approval that fervid passage in Mazzini, in which the latter, addressing his compatriots, tells them that man has no superiority over woman, and that they should dismiss from their minds every idea of such superiority, and "seek in her not merely a comfort but a force, an inspiration, a

doubling of their intellectual and moral faculties." Whether or not we agree with Garrison, one must call the man happy whose belief in them amounted to a faith—a faith as much more affecting than that of the knights of chivalrous times, as it does not strike one as being in him at all fantastic or overstrained. It leaves on one the irresistible impression that it grew up in the highest degree spontaneously, and on grounds which to him were perfectly assignable. On the other hand his was a nature before which all that is best in women would confidently unfold itself; and his sympathetic eye may have often discerned in them depths suggesting to him possible corresponding heights of greatness and nobleness, lying unrevealed to more shallow-searching eyes. And, as what I have just said would prove that Garrison was not a man of one idea, as too many have thought him, so neither was he a man who required some near all-engrossing "cause" to excite his sympathy and to engage him to study it. The condition of Italy, for example; the condition of Ireland; in his late years the treatment of Chinese immigrants to America—these had all a genuine interest for him: and about these, as about everything else, he seems to have formed his own independent conclusions.

In his last days, surrounded with what is called "every comfort," with reputation such as few in America have ever enjoyed, and the best of America's sons loving and reverencing him as I think no American ever has been loved and revered before, he could take no rest. It was complained of him that even after the slaves were regularly and with every legal formality freed, he could never be easy about them and their condition. It was so. "Remembering those that are in bonds as bound with them," had been the words which he had said at starting he wished to take to heart and to act upon. If now, thanks to his having carried them out so well, the objects of his early solicitude were no longer "in bonds," they were still all but helpless, and requiring almost as much as before pity and aid. Was he to "enjoy life," and take his ease, while anything remained that he could do to succour? And so he dragged himself up to his work to the last; and in that last letter, written three minutes at a time, in the intervals between severe paroxysms of pain, breathes unabated the old indignation against the oppressor, the old pity and ardour in the cause of the suffering and the oppressed. A few days more and he lay awaiting his end as calm and fearless before its now near and certain advent as he had always been when only threatened with it before. Pain had left him, and towards the end the power to articulate had left him likewise. But consciousness remained, and as his children sang one of his favourite hymns they could see he was keeping time, at first, with a feeble motion of his hands, then, as he lost control over



these, by a faint movement of the feet, until all power was gone and the spirit had shaken off "the fetters of Time."

As a writer, I confess he seems to me a phenomenon as remarkable as any I have yet met with in the writing species in America and that speaking of him, not merely relatively to the small educational advantages he enjoyed in his youth, but speaking of him absolutely and as we find him. I do not expect that anything of the kind will be felt by those who shall merely peruse "selections" from the writings of Garrison.<sup>1</sup> Reading him in this way but a faint idea is to be got of his power. It is to such as, following his career from its beginning, watch his heroic battlings and advancements through the driving of the furious tornado that beset him, that the force of his words is multiplied a thousandfold, and every line, almost every syllable becomes instinct with meaning. The chord he played upon most frequently was the chord of indignation—an indignation smiting relentless, unappeasable, and kindling the same sort of feeling in the breast of the reader. But it is when in speaking of some friend such as the late Mr. George Thompson, whose noble qualities he admired and loved to enthusiasm, when duty does not restrain him from pouring out the native feelings of his breast, that he will be found most moving and eloquent; and passages, I believe, might be pointed to here and there in his writings which, for fineness of pathos and a certain infantine pureness, surpass anything that ever came from an English pen. Wit also he possesses, and of a truly delightful sort, when no sterner sort is required: but it is far more in humour, a true poetic humour, that Nature had meant him to excel—a humour springing from love and heartfelt gladness. His general literary style, as it appears in his articles in the *Liberator*, is in strange contrast to the usual manufactured hack style of ordinary newspaper articles. His favourite poet, as in the case of our own greatest living orator, would seem to have been Milton, and not Mr. Bright himself was more familiar with that best treasury of the English orator and writer, the English Bible, than he—or, I will venture to add, drew upon it more liberally.

As a statesman, he seems, in relation to the cause of emancipation, to have commanded a confidence such as few leaders have inspired in their followers. It was he—to mention no more—who first, as I have already said, saw the importance of destroying the Colonisation Society, who detected the service to which women might be put, who raised and adhered to throughout the cry of immediate and unconditional emancipation—that cry which the best judges have since pronounced the only one on which the cause could have been gained.

(1) See *Selections from the Writings and Speeches of William Lloyd Garrison*. Boston: R. F. Wallcut, 1852.

and, if we at first feel somewhat staggered by his determination to keep it apart from the politics of party, and never to employ any means in aid of it but moral means, a closer study of American politics leads us to believe that in the former determination he was right, and that, whether right or wrong in the latter, considered as a rule never to be departed from, the adoption of it probably helped the cause at first, inducing a class of people to sympathize with and to join it who would otherwise have stood aloof.

On the side of the intellect, Garrison presents himself as extreme and penetrating, rather than wide and comprehensive. On the side of the heart he is distinguished for a fineness and a largeness of all-embracing love, such as is to be found only in the greatest poets and in the founders of religious faiths. His will, again, was inflexible as a Milton's or a Carlyle's. As result of all this we behold a task, as hard and grand as any human spirit in our time could have proposed to itself, undertaken almost in boyhood, continued throughout a generation with apostolic fervour under a shower of insult and hatred that would have quelled any spirit less than heroic, and this task at last fulfilled. Finally, as source of all, we find a calm faith in the Invisible and Divine scarcely surpassed, save in a single instance, in the history of the world.

ROBERT NIVEN.

## *HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.*

THE political situation in France is to the last degree interesting and critical. After having assailed M. Gambetta for three years and more because he did not accept office, he has no sooner accepted a position of responsibility and of power than he is in imminent danger of being thrust out of office by the vote of a Chamber, made, as it were, in his likeness, and elected in response to his appeal. Before these pages see the light the crisis will probably be at an end, and the chronicler can only state the events which have led up to this strange and so unexpected a crisis.

The French Republicans of the Left, who for a dozen years have recognised M. Gambetta as their only possible leader, who have made and unmade Ministers at his bidding, and who at last have installed him in office and in power, appear to have recoiled in dismay from the work of their own hands. Their unswerving allegiance made him, when out of office, the dictator of the parliamentary situation. As simple deputy leading the Republican Opposition, and as President of the Chamber, he was the most powerful personality in France. No sooner, however, does his official position correspond with his actual influence, and responsibility is joined to power, than the very men who installed him in office eagerly seek every opportunity to thwart his will, to defeat his policy, and even to cut short his ministerial career. M. Gambetta, whose advent to power was regarded by all as the appropriate crown of the Republic which he founded, is now assailed as if he were Bonaparte clutching the Imperial purple, or a Cæsar plotting to rear his throne on the ruins of the Republic. Sympathetic admirers of France and her institutions have seen this sudden revulsion of feeling with anxiety and sometimes even with dismay. France has had a succession of ministries but no great Minister. One Cabinet of mediocrities has followed another into obscurity but everything was excused and much was forgiven, because the Republic could hardly be said to have come into full possession until the Republicans until M. Gambetta took his rightful place as First Minister of France. After long and wearisome delay, in the fulness of time M. Gambetta is installed in office by an overwhelming majority in a Chamber fresh from a brilliant Republican victory at the polls. As if to render his position doubly secure, the Senatorial elections on the 8th of January transferred twenty-seven seats from the Opposition to the Republicans, sixty-six out of seventy-nine Senators elected were pledged to support his programme of revision.

and by their return the Republican Government was enabled to count for the first time upon a majority in both Chambers. But the day after this crowning triumph his troubles began, and in less than a week he was confronted by a hostile coalition which threatened his Government with imminent overthrow.

The immediate cause of the crisis was M. Gambetta's decision in favour of securing an immediate revision of the Constitution by modifying the constitution of the Senate, and substituting election by *scrutin de liste*, or by departments, for the existing system of election by *arrondissements*. It was unexpected, because at Neuchbourg, shortly after the elections, M. Gambetta had relegated the question of *scrutin de liste* to the last session of the new Chamber. Various motives are alleged as the cause for this sudden change of front. The commonly received explanations were that M. Gambetta wanted an excuse to quit office, and that he wanted to make himself Dictator. It was notorious that he was chafing at the restiveness of the Chamber, and his ultimatum offering the deputies a choice between the revision Bill plus *scrutin de liste* and the loss of his services, was said to be dictated by mingled petulance and ambition. There is no necessity to accept this solution of M. Gambetta's change of front. He has always been of opinion that it is practically impossible to establish a firm and stable parliamentary Government in France under the present system of uni-nominal constituencies with parochial representatives. He may be wrong, but until this year, his belief has been shared by the Republicans of France ever since the Revolution. Even M. Grévy, who now is a strong opponent of *scrutin de liste*, voted for it when the Monarchists of the National Assembly established the rival system in 1875. For years M. Gambetta declared that he would never accept office until *scrutin de liste* was adopted, and he has now seized the first opportunity of carrying out the programme to which he is so deeply pledged.

Whatever were his motives, the declaration of his policy raised a storm in Paris. All the papers, with half-a-dozen exceptions, denounced it, and the more violent of its assailants was the *Pair*, which was believed to be the organ of President Grévy. Deputies, fearing an immediate dissolution, elected a committee to consider it, on which thirty-two opponents were confronted by only one supporter of the Bill. It was in vain that M. Gambetta explained that he did not demand urgency, and that so far from meditating a dissolution, which, by the way, could only take place with the assent of the President and the Senate, all that he proposed was, that the principle of *scrutin de liste* should be inscribed on the Constitution, leaving it to a subsequent session to pass the law required to give it effect. The tide of hostility continued to

run strongly against the Ministry. When M. Gambetta appeared before the Committee he let fall an unlucky sentence, which gave some semblance of colour to the assertions of his adversary that he was meditating a *coup d'état*. In accordance with the precedents of 1791, 1793, and 1848, he maintained that the Congress for revising the Constitution could not go beyond the lines laid down beforehand by the Senate and the Chamber voting separately. But what if it attempts to do so? asked a tempter. In that case it would create an illegal (some say he said a revolutionary) situation, which would be dealt with as such by the President of the Republic. As all that would be done under such circumstances would be that the President would ignore the decisions of the Congress as *ultra vires*, until at least they had been voted by both Chambers sitting separately, M. Gambetta's remark was needless and offensive. His adversaries eagerly seized the opportunity which it offered them, and proclaimed abroad in all their newspapers that M. Gambetta had threatened the Congress with a *coup d'état*. Under the influence of this excitement a report was drawn up strongly hostile to *scrutin de liste*, but declaring in favour of unlimited revision of the Constitution. To this the Senate will not consent. If, therefore, the Chamber accepts the report of the Committee, the Ministerial scheme for revision will be wrecked, and M. Gambetta's Ministry will come to an untimely end. If, on the other hand, the Chamber recoils from such an issue of the crisis, it will reject the report of the Committee and show its confidence in M. Gambetta by accepting the fundamental bases of his policy. Either alternative would be preferable to M. Gambetta's acceptance of office without power, or of his continuance in place as the servant of a Chamber without any definite policy, and with only too many definite prejudices of its own. The danger of a dictatorship seems so remote as not to be placed in the balance with the pressing inconvenience of the lack of stability which has hitherto characterized the Ministry of Republican France.

Apart from the interest which the vicissitudes of French politics must always command on this side the Channel, Englishmen have reasons of their own for following with the keenest interest the struggle that is now going on in Paris. The Commercial Treaty has not yet been renewed, and although the prospects of its renewal are by no means of the brightest, there was more hope of securing a tolerable treaty from M. Gambetta than from any of the ephemeral Ministers which would probably rise and fall in quick succession after his defeat. The situation in Egypt, also, is so grave that no one can contemplate with complacency the prospect of having to face a crisis at Cairo without any certainty as to the policy of our ally

Paris. England and France are joint partners in one of the most difficult and delicate tasks that ever perplexed the wisdom of statesmen. They have to control a province of the Ottoman Empire by two representatives who have not even a company of soldiers at their backs, in face of a mutinous army, a nationalist agitation, a hostile Suzerain, and jealously suspicious Powers. The Eastern Question is simplicity itself compared with the question of Egypt, which is perhaps the most entangled with international complication of all questions that at this moment are disturbing the peace of nations. To begin with, there is the Khedive, amiable but weak and timid, who imagines his only resource is to rely upon the Sultan. The Sultan, who is devoted to a gigantic scheme for the revival of Islam, absolutely incompatible with the control of a Mohammedan country by infidels from the West, is the Suzerain of Egypt, and Egypt as part of his Empire comes to some extent under the treaties which make all the affairs of the Ottoman Empire the common concern of the European Concert. Even if we assume that the tripartite treaty has lapsed, by which France, Austria, and England guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire—a treaty which on our part was concluded with special reference to Egypt—the doctrine of European Concert brings Egyptian affairs under the cognisance of the six Great Powers. The arrangement for the payment of the debt sanctioned by the Liquidation Commission, on which England and France had two representatives, and Italy, Austria, and Germany one each, gives five Powers right of intervention; while the international arrangement establishing the mixed tribunals gives no fewer than fourteen Powers the right to regard everything affecting the maintenance of order in Egypt as a matter on which they are entitled to be heard. At present all these rival claims are in abeyance. The Anglo-French control, established in 1879, has, on the whole, worked well, and as long as it maintains itself and keeps the machine going it will be acquiesced in by the other Powers. But the moment the *status quo* breaks down, the other Powers will assert themselves, and it will be difficult, perhaps even dangerous, for the Western Powers to re-establish their present predominant position in the Nile Valley.

To avoid that danger the Governments of France and England this month dispatched a Note to the Khedive informing him that they were prepared to maintain him on the throne against attacks from without or from within, as the only possible solution of the Egyptian Question. The Note was little more than a repetition, with a French endorsement, of the November dispatch of Lord Granville. But it came near to defeating the object which it was issued to attain. The National party, which, although not including in its ranks the millions of the Fellaheen, nevertheless represents a substantial body

of opinion in Egypt, having the army, the Notables, the ex-employ and the Ulema in its ranks, took alarm at this sudden and uncalculated move. An arrangement which the Controllers had almost completed with the Notables concerning the Budget was blown as by a shell, and the Notables, instead of becoming submissive, boldly advanced claims for the entire control of Egyptian finance. Arabi Bey, who had been silenced by an under-secretary, has once more begun his mischievous activity. Nor was this all. The object of the Note was to strengthen the Khedive by guaranteeing him against both his subjects and his Suzerain. The effect was not only to increase the agitation of the former, but to excite the alarm of the latter. Subjects and Sultan regarding themselves as assailed by a common foe, threatened to make common cause against the Western Powers. The Turks were very stiff in their protest, being possibly encouraged in their obstinacy by the secret sympathy of other Powers. For the moment there is a lull; but the Notables insist on quarrelling with the Control, England and France will have to act, and act at once. A landing of sepoys from the Red Sea and of French marines at Alexandria is talked of, but apart from the intrinsic difficulties of such a joint occupation, could only be carried out at risk of war with the Porte, who would unquestionably be supported by at least one other Power, and objection to the landing of a foreign force on Egyptian soil. It is said to be prepared to insist that Turkish troops only shall be employed in restoring order in Egypt. Neither troops nor ironclads would be necessary if the Khedive had a few thousand Arab arm police officered by men like Colonel Gordon. But there is no solid nucleus of force anywhere in Egypt. Its politics are as fluid as the mud of the Nile.

While the Sultan anxiously endeavours to secure the position of Caliph of the Moslem world, his authority is threatened by a revolt in Arabia, which, although at present confined to the province of Yemen, has broken out, as readers of Mr. Blunt's *Future of Islam* will not need to be informed, in a region where many a small beginning has been followed by world-wide consequences. Probably it will not be so in this case, but the spirit of rebellion may be not as one among the many indications of the seething unrest of Arab Islam. Much more serious to all outward appearances is the formidable revolt which has broken out in the Herzegovina against the Austrian army of occupation. The attempt to force 1,200 natives of the occupied provinces in the Austro-Hungarian army and to enrol all the males as members of the Landwehr, has precipitated an insurrection in which the orthodox Slav fights side by side with the Bosnian Bey, in resisting the execution of the Austrian

edict. The mountaineers of course can be crushed in time. Even Russia succeeded in time in subduing Schamyl and his highlanders, and in time, no doubt, the Austrian Caucasus will be reduced to order. But in the meantime the Empire Kingdom has a wolf by the ears to the south of the Save, and for many a year to come it will pay dearly for its first step to the Ægean. Troops are being forced southwards in thousands to crush the insurrection, fresh supplies have been raised by the million, and the military preparations now going on are so extensive as to fill onlookers with an uneasy suspicion that Austria contemplates war with a more formidable enemy than the insurgents and their allies in Montenegro. Things may settle down, of course, but the prospect is by no means reassuring, and unless there is a change in the tenour of the telegrams from the shores of the Adriatic, people will begin to recall the remarkable prediction of Louis Kossuth, when he declared that, "like a death-propheying bird," he foresaw the inevitable break-up of Austro-Hungary as the penalty of her participation in the plunder of the Ottoman Empire.

There has been a striking lull in the agitation of public feeling as to the state of Ireland. The convictions that were obtained at the Munster Assizes had a reassuring effect upon English opinion. It was not generally taken into account that the juries in the late trials were not taken from the localities where offences had been committed, but were shopkeepers and others in the city of Cork, where naturally the agrarian sentiment is less violent than in the rural districts of the province. Still, convictions were obtained, and this produced the highly desirable effect that the vehement cries for suspension of trial by jury, martial law, change of the venue to England, and other wild measures of that sort, came suddenly to an end. There was no contrition, indeed, on the part of the impatient politicians who had filled the air with the violence of their clamour; and when it answers party purposes, the same cry will be raised again. For, as has so often been insisted, the root of the mischief in Ireland is that that country is made the battle-ground of English parties, and these look less at the actual facts of the situation as it is, than to the shifts of class and personal struggles in Great Britain. We may be thankful that for the moment the current of excitability which seems always to be ready to flow in this country, has been diverted into other channels, and many of those who have so long been taunting their own Government with failing to suppress atrocities in Ireland, are now sufficiently and more harmlessly occupied in addressing the same taunts to the Government of Russia.

The point of real interest, however, lies less in the extinction of temporary disorder, than in the progress that is being made towards



a settlement of the struggle between the landlords and the people. The Irish question is fundamentally a land question; only secondarily, though still unmistakably, a question of nationality and government. The land is the root of the matter. The month began with a meeting of landlords at Dublin, and on the 20th of January there was a most important gathering of tenants at Belfast. At the close of these, the landlords, while professing to limit their objections to the administration of the Act, in fact did not seriously attempt to disguise their aversion to its whole policy and scope, as well as their animosity against its authors. That this should have been the temper of the meeting is not surprising. A dispossessed tenant cannot be expected to acquiesce without a murmur in the measure which calls it to rigorous account. It may safely be said that in modern times, at any rate, no retrograde social class has ever existed with a worse record of oppression and selfishness than the Irish landlords. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, said something to the effect that he had come out of the ordeal with cleared fame. But Mr. Gladstone has often been apt to speak better of vanquished opponents than they deserved. In the next place, that he should have supposed that the Act of 1870 was a settlement of Irish claims in full, is one of the many proofs, surprising as it may sound, that Mr. Gladstone, in spite of the vigour of his intellect, has hardly probed the social maladies to the bottom, or reached a comprehensive view of the troubles as a whole. The tone of the Dublin meeting shows what use the landlords are inclined to put the Prime Minister's untenable admission. There was not a word which showed that they felt that it is they who, by the abuse of their unbounded power for good and for evil, by their neglect, by their cupidity, by their selfishness, are mainly responsible for the pass to which Ireland has been brought. If they had fulfilled every duty of ownership, instead of having neglected all, they could not have complained more loudly. If they had scrupulously regarded the rights of others, they would not have talked more virtuously of the infringement of the rights of the poor. As if it was not these denunciators of plunder who have the longest record of plundering the wretched peasants: as if the Sub-Commissioners were doing more than restoring a portion of the rights of tenants of that of which they have been robbed regularly by the system by their landlords.

Even if there were any disposition to go back from the present position to the Land Act as carried out by the Court, that is rendered impossible by the attitude of the farmers of Ulster. Their meeting was an answer to the note of defiance which had been sounded at the meeting in Ulster. In Ulster, we must remember, discontent with the old social system of Ireland has nothing to do with the sentiment of nationality, and is mixed with no desire to get rid of the English con-

"The men of Ulster," as one eminent speaker said, "have always, in a sense, been Conservative, for they were the guardians of order, and they were the friends of law." Yet these men cry as loudly against the fallen system, which the landlords still hope in some shape or other to revive, as if they were the chiefs of the Land League. They are alive to the fact that the grievances with which the Land Act deals are old and established. If Mr. Gladstone threw out the rash *obiter dictum* that there would be no sweeping reduction of rents, then, they said, he had been misinformed. Ever since the time of the Devon Commission—forty years ago, and ten years after Mr. Gladstone entered public life—it had been clear that rents were systematically screwed up to an unjust point. The rent was imposed upon improvements made by the labour and thrift of the man who had to pay it. "In dealings relating to family settlements," Mr. Charles Russell said, "or mortgage interests, or what not, the rent was treated as a fixed and certain income; and not only that, but as an income capable of being increased as the industry of the tenant increased, and as the producing capabilities of the land, with which the landlord had nothing to do, were increased."

If the Act does not prove adequate to put a stop to so odious a system of exaction, it will have to be amended until it does; for if ever the Ulster loyalists find their grievances intolerable, we may be pretty sure that they will not much longer be tolerated. As it is, even in this, the orderly and well-affected province, there are now to be associations with a common purse for the support of the Land Act. "It shall not be left," said one speaker, "to those who are unable from their position to bear the brunt of the fight and the costs of litigation—it shall not be left to them one by one to fight the fight, but it shall be a common cause to you." Now that such a spirit as this has got possession of Ulster, it is certain that the end of landlordism in its old and most sinister sense cannot be far off. Not only will the Land Act of 1881 be maintained in its integrity; it will have to be supplemented and corrected. At the least, and before long, provision will have to be made for clearing away that block of business to which the landlords are looking for the nullification of the law; and some means will have to be found for extricating the tenants from the desperate entanglement of long arrears.

Meanwhile a decision of the utmost importance has been settled by the Land Court. The section of the Act which guided the Sub-Commissioners in the most critical feature of their awards was that which is known as Healy's Clause. The object of this section of the Act is to exclude the tenant's improvements from the elements to be taken into account against him in the computation of a fair rent. It is an assertion—against the principle of the Act of 1870—of the principle that a tenant is not compensated for his improvements by

the use, profit, and enjoyment of them for a certain time, but entitled to the benefit of them so long as they last. The principle of compensation by enjoyment disappeared from the Bill of 1881, but Mr. Healy pressed the House to give specific effect to the opposite principle. At the time he was defeated, but after various manoeuvres, which we need not now give the history, it was at last duly enacted that a certain number of years of user is not a satisfaction nor an exhaustion of the tenant's right in his improvements; nor do these improvements after the expiration of a given period become the property of the landlord, nor are they to be legally taken to justify an increase of the rent. This is the clause which has been mainly operative in those reductions of rent which have so exasperated the landlords, and so surprised the people in this country who were ignorant of the just and equitable principle on which the reductions were made.

So far the Commissioners have not, to any extent worth speaking of, found it proper to vary the awards of the Sub-Commissioners. They sent two experienced valuers of their own in certain cases to the north to make an independent estimate of farms where application had been made for a judicial rent. The valuers in the main confirmed the estimates of the Sub-Commissioners. Their report gave rise to a new difficulty. They valued the holdings as they found them. But what the Court had to consider was not the value of the holding as it is, but as it would be without the tenant's improvements. To these, however, no regard is to be paid in fixing the rent. The dilemma was evaded by assuming the valuers not to have taken the improvements into account. At present it looks as if the action of the Courts were satisfactory (if only it could be made more rapid) though in Ulster there is still a strong feeling that the tenant's improvements have not always been properly valued.

The working of the Land Act will form an important element in the acrimonious debates which are expected to fill at least the early part of the approaching Session. The continued detention of the untried prisoners will furnish another ground of protest and dispute. The promise of the Government to take measures for improving the management of parliamentary business will open a field for the display of passionate party-spirit. Nor is it expected that any progress towards legislation will have been made before Easter. In the interval between now and then, however, we shall see the crisis or perhaps only the first of a series of crises, in a great party struggle.

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JOWETT'S THUCYDIDES.<sup>1</sup>

MR. JOWETT's two volumes of Thucydides suggest some thoughts beyond those which are at once suggested by either author, translator, or subject. We may be sure that Mr. Jowett does not publish without an assured circle of readers; but the thought at once comes into the mind, for what circle of readers can the two volumes, as a whole, be designed? Can there be any class of people for whom the English translation in the first volume, the notes in the second, and the Essay on Inscriptions and the other short dissertations in the second volume can all be of use? They seem to appeal to three separate classes, and to be designed to compass three separate objects. For the Essay on Inscriptions the historical scholar will be thoroughly thankful; he would be glad to exchange the translation and much of the notes for a larger allowance of the same kind. What Mr. Jowett has given us in this way is of a very high order indeed. It shows sound scholarship united with sound common sense, or rather with something beyond sound common sense, with a certain vein of practical shrewdness which finds a field for itself in essays on Greek inscriptions as well as in quite other matters. But turn from the essays to the notes, and we seem at first sight to have gone back a good many years of our life. We are carried back to the days when we were still working at the text as a piece of Greek construing, when we were thankful for suggestions about the use of this or that particle. We then turn to the English translation, and a crowd of questions suggest themselves. The notes will doubtless be found useful by undergraduate Balliol. Large parts of this, we shall come to find, will be useful to the advanced scholar. But does undergraduate Balliol allow itself the use of the crib, and that with the direct sanction of the Master? Or again: there may be a class who have never learned Greek or who have forgotten what they

(1) *Thucydides translated into English*, with Introduction, Marginal Analyser, Notes and Indices. By B. Jowett, M.A. In two volumes. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1881.

have learned, but who feel interest enough in the subject of Thucydides to wish to get as near to his actual words as they can. Is such the first volume may have its use; but of what use for them could be the minute textual annotations in the second volume? I can judge only by myself. I am driven to read the Koran in a crib; the former minute grammatical notes on the Arabic text would be useful to me. But of a book in any tongue which I knew well enough to understand minute notes on its grammar, I should not thank anybody for a crib; I should read the book in the original, if I wanted to read it at all. There is to be sure one exception; it never came into my head, I fancy it does not often come into the head either of a senior wrangler or senior classic, to read Euclid's Elements in Greek text. One might almost say that there is a second exception. The man who, when he found any difficulties in the Greek Testament, turned to consult the English original, did after all only give into words a lurking feeling which the associations of childhood make it hard altogether to shake off. But, setting such exceptional cases aside, it is hard to believe that those for whom Mr. Jowett's first volume may be useful will be able to make much use of the second; and old prejudices perhaps lead one to think that those for whom the second volume will be a lawful and useful help cannot have any business to meddle with the first.

But Mr. Jowett no doubt knows his public. As he thinks it worth while to put out these two volumes as twin-brethren, we may infer that there are those to whom they will be useful as twin-brethren. As a good many translations of Thucydides have been put forth in several generations, it follows that there have been a good many people in each generation who have wished for translations of Thucydides to read. And this seems to imply that there have been many who have had a good deal of care, not only for Thucydides' subject, but for the subject as treated by Thucydides; but who have not known enough of the Greek tongue to enable them to read the original text with profit. I confess that it surprises me somewhat that this should be so; but the facts clearly prove that it is so. I should have thought that few would care to read Thucydides but those who made Greek history a matter of primary study, and that those who made Greek history a matter of primary study would be able to read Thucydides in the original. I say a matter of primary study, for there are many secondary branches of historical research in which translations have a very legitimate use. I mean when they are used, not as substitutes for the original, but as helps for the original. A man who is either writing on, or attentively studying, any of the great branches of history must surely be really master of those languages in which his main authorities are written. By really master, I mean really able to use the books for their matter, and even to appreciate the

**style**, not necessarily master of every minute point of grammar or **philology**. For these main points of his work, he will surely have **no** need of translations; he will use the originals. But there may **easily** be—I constantly find in my own work that there are—secondary **and** illustrative subjects to which it is needful to turn now and then, **and** the authorities for which are in other and less familiar languages. **Here** comes in the necessary use of translations. But the translation **is** most useful when it is merely a guide to the original, not a **substitute** for it. Any Teutonic or Romance dialect is pretty intelligible **by** the help of an English or a German, a Latin or a French crib. **We** might not understand the text by itself; that is, we might only **make** out a word here and there; but by the help of the crib we do **understand** it. We do really understand it, though only by the **help** of the crib. We are not wholly at the translator's mercy: we **can** see what words the original writer uses; above all, we can see **what** is his usage with regard to proper names, titles, technical words **of** all kinds, which translators commonly take so much pains to **confound**. This is a kind of knowledge of a language which for **philological** purposes is of course contemptible, but which, for the **purpose** for which it is meant, for that of using subsidiary historical **authorities**, is often quite enough. Only, did anybody ever use the **text** of Thucydides in this subsidiary kind of way? One might **indeed** conceive a man mighty in Eastern languages and Eastern **history**, but knowing little or no Greek, wishing to know how Thucydides spoke of matters with which he was familiar, and using **an** English translation to that end. Unluckily, if such an one tried to **use** Mr. Jowett's translation to that end, it would not serve his **purpose**. In i. 69 τὰ Μηδικὰ becomes "the Persian War" and ὁ Μῆδος becomes "the Persian." In ii. 48 ἡ Βασιλείως γῆ becomes, **yet** more grievously, "the Persian Empire." The forms which Thucydides really uses are not even put in a note. Whatever may **be** the right name for this process, it has no right to the good old **name** of "done into English." It reminds me how puzzled I was, **years** ago, on reading for the first time the famous chapter of the **Koran** which Sale heads "The Greeks." "Greeks," I cried: "surely **he** would say 'Romans.'" I looked down, and saw that Sale, more **kind** than Mr. Jowett, had at least put in a note that the original **was** *Al Roum*. So in later days I have seen "Franci et Angli" translated "Normans and Saxons"; but that was at a stage when such things had ceased to puzzle me.

I am therefore driven to infer that there is a class of people who care for the history of the Peloponnesian war, who wish to read about it as nearly as they can in the words of Thucydides, but for whom it is thought to be a matter of no importance or interest that Thucydides, unlike the traveller and ethnologer Herodotus, calls the

Persians *Medes* according to the general Greek use of his time. are they allowed to know that the Greeks commonly spoke of Persian King as "the King," or rather as "King," without article at all. I do not know how others feel; but these are the things which I wish a translator to tell me when I have not means of finding them out for myself.

But this seems throughout to be Mr. Jowett's way. What gives us is not Thucydides "Englished." It is rather the story Thucydides told over again by Mr. Jowett. The translation does give the kind of help which I at least look for when I am driven to use a translation. I am thankful to newer translators of the *Ko* because they have enabled me to come nearer to the true word Mahomet than Sale's version brought me. But Mr. Jowett will not bring my supposed Eastern scholar anywhere near to the words of Thucydides. Wherever I have compared his version with the text, I find that the story of Thucydides is accurately told, that the words of Thucydides are not represented. Any one who reads Mr. Jowett's version will fancy Thucydides to be quite another kind of writer from what he really is. All his many peculiarities, all his style and spirit, are gone. Thucydides, though he did not know his Greek grammar, wrote Greek. He found the Greek tongue enough for all his needs. Happy in his knowledge of the tongue only, he lay under no temptation to eke out his native speech with scraps of Persian or Egyptian. Yet when (in iv. 17) Thucydides wrote the good Greek word *ἀξίωμα*, Mr. Jowett is cruel enough to represent him as using something which would be expressed by the horrible word "prestige." Now when Cicero sticks a Greek word into the middle of his Latin, the effect of the mongrel sentence is very well preserved by sticking a French word into the middle of the English. But Thucydides plays no such tricks; it is unfair to make him seem as if he did play them. My Eastern scholar will be led to form quite a wrong notion of Thucydides' way of writing if he found the word "prestige" in a sentence which professed to be a sentence of Thucydides "done into English." Moreover, *ἀξίωμα* is not only Greek, while "prestige" is not English; it is further a good honest word, coming from an honest root and bearing an honest meaning. "Prestige," if it has any meaning at all and is not used simply to sound fine, can only mean false reputation, reputation kept up by some kind of sleight of hand, by those "*præstigæ diaboli*" of which William of Malmesbury had something to say. It is too bad to represent a great master of speech as using this kind of newspaper jargon. It is too bad also to wipe out all the little special technical phrases. Thus "the men," "the men from the island" becomes a technical phrase for the Spartans taken at Sphacteria. Mr. Jowett makes a point of turning the phrase into something

The simple *ἄνδρες* becomes "countrymen," "captives;" *οἱ ἄνδρες οἱ ἐκ τῆς νήσου* become "the prisoners taken at Sphaktêria," anything rather than the simple set phrase of the author. So it is everywhere; the sentences are turned about, the technical phrases are got rid of, all that is characteristic of the author is wiped out. Yet ever and anon comes a note with Greek words in it, with some remark on the text or the construing. The more I look at the translation, the more I am puzzled as to its object. For what kind of people can a translation be meant, which really is no representation of the words of Thucydides, but only the story of Thucydides told again in Mr. Jowett's words. I fully understand the very great difficulty of translating anything, and the special difficulty of translating Thucydides. It is perhaps beyond any man's power really to translate Thucydides; that is, so to translate to him as to preserve his peculiarities and yet turn out a piece of tolerable English. It is easy to preserve the technical phrases of the man and his time, not to talk of the "Persian" when he talks of the "Mede;" it is not easy to preserve the manner of Thucydides, so strange, often so obscure, yet always powerful beyond that of any other writer, and at the same time to make anything which can be read as an English story. It is no hard matter to do Herodotus into English; Sir John Mandeville—or his Englisher, if it so be—gives us the right pattern ready made. It is another matter to do Thucydides, a writer archaic but not archaic, modern but not modern. Mandeville style and Bible style are now out of place; newspaper style, "prestige" and that kind of thing, is more out of place still. And the question will thrust itself in, whether, when a thing cannot be thoroughly well done, it is worth while trying to do it at all. But it comes to this: that we cannot give our inquirer any representation of Thucydides' words, but can give him only Thucydides' story in Mr. Jowett's words. We cannot help remembering that the same story has also been told in Mr. Grote's words. And it is hard to keep down the doubt whether one who cannot read the text of Thucydides, but who wishes to know the story of Thucydides, would not do better to read the story in Mr. Grote's words than in Mr. Jowett's. Mr. Grote does not profess to translate Thucydides; he can therefore give no wrong impression as to the manner of Thucydides. Mr. Jowett, on the other hand, would certainly send his reader away with the belief that Thucydides wrote in altogether another way from that in which he really did write.

To me personally then the translation and its object remain a puzzle. No translation can be wanted by those who understand Greek, and such a translation as this cannot serve the object for which those who do not understand Greek do need a translation. At least, when I want a translation of a Persian or Arabic book,



it is to tell me just the things which Mr. Jowett does not tell his readers. It is to tell me how the Eastern writer called a count or bishop, how he distinguished between *king* and *emperor*, by what names he called the different nations of Europe and those of Asia; generally all those things which you can get only from the original writer himself, and which the best narrative of his facts by the best modern historian does not tell you. I wish I could see King Roger more clearly in his Saracen garb than at present I can; but I can at least get a nearer glimpse of him than Mr. Jowett gives anybody of Periklês.

Still, as I began by saying, the mere fact that Mr. Jowett publishes forth this kind of translation proves that there must be those to whom this kind of translation is sought for, though I cannot guess what manner of people they can be. But anyhow those who require the translation must be supposed to be unable to read the text; and what use then can they make of the notes in the second volume, which imply knowledge and minute study of the text. They are in the strictest sense notes on the Greek text, primarily useful to him who is studying the text at school or college, only incidentally useful though very often incidentally useful, to any one else. The different ways of construing *ἐν τούτῳ*, or what happens when *ἦν μὲν* followed by *εἰ ἔη*, can be of no interest to those who can read Thucydides only in a translation. Nor are they of any interest to those who read Greek books every day of their lives, who read them perhaps almost as easily as English books, but who have long since kicked away the grammatical ladder by which they climbed up to their practical use of the language. Such readers will most likely instinctively feel a bad mistake in Greek writing, though they may not always be able to say where the mistake lies. They will not thoroughly feel, even if they do not always understand, the depth and power of a mighty Thucydidean construction; but they have long since lost all interest in discussions as to his use of this or that particle. Not that these too, will find something for them in Mr. Jowett's notes. He often discusses, and discusses very usefully, points of history and geography; but he discusses them only incidentally, so far as they directly bear on some point in the text. The notes are primarily for those who read the text of Thucydides with a view of being examined in it, rather than for those who read the text of Thucydides as the only sure way of getting at his matter. To the former class the notes will be useful throughout; to the latter they will be useful very often; but of what use can they ever be to any class of people to whom the first volume can be of any service?

But I will turn to a more pleasant part of a survey of Mr. Jowett's volumes than the mere expression of wonder why some parts of them should have been written at all. Mr. Jowett tells

in his preface that "it was originally intended that the work should contain a series of essays on subjects connected with Thucydides." He adds that "the accomplishment of this part of the design has been unavoidably delayed," but that "he hopes to complete what is wanting in the course of a year or two." For my own part, I could heartily wish that the translation, and even the more part of the notes, had been unavoidably delayed, and that we had got the series of essays instead. For the specimens which Mr. Jowett has given us may certainly make us wish for more. In his preface and in the small instalment of the essays which he has given us, I at least can follow Mr. Jowett much more freely than in the other part of his volumes. I find in them some direct instruction, some things which I had never thought or heard of before; I find some things which I had thought of before, and about which I am glad to find Mr. Jowett thinking as I do; and I find some things in which I cannot go along with Mr. Jowett, but in which Mr. Jowett's views are eminently worth disputing against. A certain vein of quiet sarcasm and irony is common, and it often comes in with a striking effect. So it does in the dedication to Lord Sherbrooke, which has naturally been quoted over and over again. It comes in where, in the preface, Mr. Jowett says of Mr. W. H. Forbes that "few persons take as much conscientious pains about their own writings as he has taken about those of another." It is less easy to see why Mr. Jowett, who in this work has done really good service in the matter of inscriptions, should go out of his way in some sort to depreciate the study of inscriptions. Certainly, if anybody has fancied that the study of inscriptions is altogether a separate science, apart from the other helps to history, Mr. Jowett does well to take him down. "To elevate such an accidental and multifarious kind of knowledge into a science of 'Epigraphy' is misleading." So it certainly is; but, whatever may be meant by multifarious, why is the knowledge which we get from inscriptions more "accidental" than knowledge which we get from any other source? Why does Mr. Jowett say that "the study of ancient Greek inscriptions . . . throws a real but not a considerable light upon the history of Greece"? What can Mr. Jowett mean by "considerable"? He goes on to tell us that many inscriptions "have a direct connection with the history of Thucydides." He then brings them together and discusses them, and shows how very considerable—in all ordinary use of that rather outlandish word—is the light which they throw on the story. Mr. Jowett may be easily forgiven for nominally cursing the study of inscriptions when he thus practically blesses it. Certainly "the study of inscriptions is not separable from the general study of the Ancient World." But what rational person would wish to separate it? Inscriptions

have this advantage that they can hardly become a mere craze or mere hobby for the collector, as even coins easily may become. One does not know what the vagaries of "culture" may come to, but, as far as one can follow them in *Punch*, they do not yet seem to have taken the shape of lining houses with inscribed stones. Inscribed stones must be studied either in their right places, or, at the worst, in a museum. And in free Greece at least things must far stay in their places that they must abide in the kingdom; the museum-thief of the breed of Elgin is driven to seek for his prey in the lands which are still under the yoke. The study of inscriptions could hardly be taken up except as a serious study, as a study which can surely have no object except as a part of the "general study of the ancient world." Mr. Jowett may say that "the task of reading ancient Greek inscriptions may be compared to the amusement of putting together a dissected puzzle, or of making out an acrostic," and that "the ingenuity which is required in both cases is of the same kind." Mr. Jowett may have more familiarity than I can pretend to, with puzzles and acrostics; but surely there is a great difference, that the ingenuity spent on puzzles and acrostics is simply ingenuity wasted, while the ingenuity spent on Greek inscriptions is ingenuity applied to rational purposes. No doubt a mutilated inscription supplies plenty of room for rash guess-work; but so do most other pursuits in one way or another. Mr. Jowett (p. xxviii.) waxes eloquent over the temptations of the study of inscriptions, and describes a state of mind gradually shading away from unwitting inaccuracy to conscious forgery. "A lively imagination," he tells us, "the love of creating a sensation, the habit of poring over the same words or letters during many years, may create a state of the intellect in which the distinction between truth and falsehood is lost." And he goes on to describe some more stages of "the analysis of imposture." All this is true enough; but what has it specially to do with the study of inscriptions? "The habit of poring over the same words or letters for many years" is at the worst a praiseworthy habit carried to excess. There surely are very many much worse habits. What if the "lively imagination" and "the love of creating a sensation" happen to be joined, not with "the habit of poring over the same words or letters during many years," but with the habit of writing down anything at random after a moment's hasty glance, not so much at the words as at the letters of the supposed authority? It is not only in this despicable business of "epigraphy" that we must, as Mr. Jowett says, "ask the old question, 'Where are the originals?'" One has seen an elaborate piece of English local history, founded on a single original writing, in which the original and the copy had really nothing in common, except some of the proper names. One has seen elaborate

**extracts** from documents in a foreign tongue and in a foreign land, **which** present differences as wide as any different versions of a Greek **inscription**, when they are copied by an Englishman of lively **imagination** who has his paradox to prove, and when they are copied as a **matter** of business by a native expert who has nothing to prove at **all**. It is really hard to see why Mr. Jowett should have picked **out** the epigraphists for his sarcastic anathemas more than any **other** class of people. He does not squib at anybody, unless it be at **Thucydides** himself, in his next short essay on Geography. Yet **surely** carelessness as to the use of geographical terms has done much **more** to confuse history than the worst rashness of epigraphists. And **after** all nobody better understands the value of inscriptions for **historical** purposes than Mr. Jowett himself. He winds up by **setting** forth their value in a really eloquent and beautiful passage.

"We must not indulge in sanguine or exaggerated language, but must **con-**  
**fine** ourselves to general results. And general results, when they relate to the **history** of the past, are by no means to be despised. Though we cannot rewrite **the** history of Greece out of her stones, is it a small thing to know that **in-**  
**scriptions** of the fifth century before Christ confirm and illustrate the great literary **works** of the same age? They bring nearer home to us the political institutions, **the** great struggle for freedom, the writings of Herodotus, Thucydides, **Xenophon**. They realise to us the innumerable details of private life about **which** history is silent; they illustrate forcibly some of the characteristics of **Athenian** public life. . . . They add to our previous knowledge a **few** facts. They make an important contribution to the Greek alphabet. And **the** investigation of them, especially on the spot, is full of interest independently **of** the result. To be busy on Greek soil, under the light of the blue heaven, **amid** the scenes of ancient glory, in reading inscriptions or in putting fragments **of** stone or marble together, has a charm of another kind than that which is to **be** found in the language of ancient authors. Yet even to appreciate truly the **value** of such remains, it is to the higher study of the mind of Hellas, and of **her** great men that we must return, finding some little pleasure by the way **(like** that of looking at an autograph) in deciphering the handwriting of her **children** amid the dust of her ruins."

One parting sarcasm, it would seem, Mr. Jowett could not keep **himself** from in "the little pleasure by the way, like that of looking **at** an autograph." His next subject, as I have already said, he treats **all** but without sarcasm. The "Note on the Geography of Thucy-  
**dides**" comes in a few words to this, that Thucydides is not infallible **in** his geography. And this is a really important point to insist on. **It** is part of the great work of putting Greek history and Greek **historians** into their proper places, as that is part of the greater work **of** putting all history and all historians into their proper places. And **no** stage in this work is more important than to grasp the fact that **the** great men of old, whether those who wrought history or those **who** wrote it, were simply men like ourselves. No fact is really more **obvious**; yet none seems harder to take in. It is not easy to avoid **alike** the temptation to deify and the temptation to depreciate. This

last is the vein into which Lord Sherbrooke falls, when, as Mr. Jowett so happily puts it, he "dissembles." The plain truth that man, or any rate Aryan man, is the same being in all times and places, but that each individual, each generation, must be judged according to the circumstances of this and that time and place, is to many a paradox. Here, for instance, is Thucydides, a great and wonderful man according to his light, and who, I must venture to think, would very likely have been less great if his light had been greater. And, which is very important to notice, as he could not make use of the lights which were yet to come, so he does not make use of all the lights which were to be had in his own age. He writes a history of one side of his own age after a fashion which is simply without rival. It is no less plain that he leaves out all notice of another side of his own age or of more than one other side of his own age. He takes no notice of the sides which are represented by the names of Sophoklès, Aristophanès, Sôkratès, Pheidias, Herodotus. He may, or he may not have thought them unworthy of his notice; he at least thought them foreign to his subject. It is plain that, in his character of statesman, general, political observer, he had mastered a whole world of thought of which Herodotus, traveller and ethnologist, had no notion. And I think we may say that Herodotus had, on the other hand, mastered a whole world of fact of which Thucydides had no notion. One can hardly escape the conclusion that Thucydides was on one side of him above his own age and thereby above all ages, but that on another side of him he lagged behind some of the developments of his own age. It implies no lack of respect to say this. Thucydides, like other men, doubtless did better by cultivating the natural bent of his own genius and leaving others to cultivate the natural bent of theirs. Thucydides had attempted the manner of Herodotus, or if Herodotus had attempted the manner of Thucydides, we should have had neither the Thucydides nor the Herodotus that we now have. There is no need, therefore, to make any excuse for criticising the geography of Thucydides or anything else that Thucydides has left us. It is simply unreasonable to expect Thucydides to be minutely accurate in his geography in an age when scientific geography did not exist. We may be sure that he was as accurate in his geography, or in anything else, as his means of observation allowed him to be. But then we must remember what his means of observation were. As Mr. Jowett says truly, "there were no correct maps;" "the eye was no judge of distance." "Daily experience," he adds, "tells us how seldom the power of judging distances is found in any one who has not been trained by long habit." In this I can bear Mr. Jowett out from my experience while writing this article. Where I am writing I look out on the Blue Ridge of Virginia. I ask the distance; and it tells me thirty miles, another a hundred. My own experience, and

as it is in such matters, enables me to reject the hundred ; but I am quite ready to accept either twenty, thirty, or forty miles, or the witness of any one who really knows the ground. Here a map will settle the question ; but Thucydides had no map. It is indeed true that, where maps are unknown, the average gift of measuring distances will be greater than it is where maps are familiar. Still the difference will not be so great as to put Thucydides himself on a level with a modern scientific geographer, or to justify us in assuming that every statement of his must have been accurate at the time, even if it has ceased to be accurate now. There is admirable common sense in what Mr. Jowett says on this head :—

“It may very likely be true that Thucydides is far behind Strabo or Pausanias or Stephanus Byzantinus in geography, though his conception of history may be quite unattainable by them. Still greater would be the disparity of his knowledge when compared with that of a modern traveller, such as Colonel Leake or Sir William Gell. For the knowledge of geography is always growing with time, while history fades into the distance. The materials for the one are increasing, while the materials of the other are diminishing. The credibility of an author's geography is not therefore to be judged of by the credibility of his history, because in the one far more than in the other he is dependent on the conditions of his age.”

Every word of this essay of Mr. Jowett's seems to me to be true. That is, I cannot in each case or in many of the cases speak from personal observation, yet I am sure that in every case Mr. Jowett's method is the right one. Yet I could wish that one sentence had been differently worded. There is something that grates, on my ear at least, in the faintest approach to a sneer when it touches the name of Arnold. Mr. Jowett says—

“Certainly in his account of Pylos and Sphacteria, Dr. Arnold is ready, in a figure, to work a miracle in order to save the reputation of Thucydides. Changes in the formation of the coast are the ‘Deus ex machina’ to which he has recourse.”

I have merely sailed by this coast, and can say nothing from my own knowledge. But I remember thirty years ago that Arnold's explanation was a little violent. Yet Mr. Jowett need hardly have talked about “miracle” or “*Deus ex machina*.” Surely changes in the coast-line are so common in Greece that, whether Arnold was right or wrong in supposing one in this particular case, there is at least nothing absurd in the supposition. And I cannot help protesting against Mr. Jowett's way of speaking of Arnold in his preface. Much of it is verbally true, but it is all put in an unkind, depreciatory, even patronising, way. The praise is given grudgingly ; the fault-finding is dwelled on. I have Arnold and Jowett both before me, and I certainly see nothing in the younger man which gives him the slightest right to speak of the elder from any point of view other than that of a learner looking up to one who was, or might

have been, his teacher. Arnold, according to Mr. Jowett, "add little to actual knowledge." These are ungracious words at the best, and, if Arnold added little to Mr. Jowett's knowledge, it must have been Mr. Jowett's own fault. I had no personal knowledge of Arnold; I never saw him but once or twice at his public lecture but I know no man from whom I learned more. Mr. Jowett allows him to have been "a great man." "When a great man undertakes the office of an interpreter, he throws a light upon the page which the mere verbal critic is incapable of communicating, and it would be ungrateful to span too closely his deficiencies in scholarship." Arnold, according to Mr. Jowett, "never gained an intimate and idiomatic acquaintance with the language of Thucydides, and never formed a sound notion of textual criticism." Mr. Jowett is kind enough to "regret" this, but with a sneer mingled with his regret. It may be true; it is so long since I meddled with matters of minute scholarship that I have no right to say anything either way. Even if true, it is unpleasantly put. I somehow cannot help thinking that those, living and dead, to whom we have been in the habit of looking as real masters of minute Greek scholarship, those who may have a real right to talk about "seeming deficiencies" and so on, like, would have spoken of such a man as Arnold in a somewhat different tone from that in which Mr. Jowett speaks. So again, I am sure that any one used to historical criticism and to the practice of the comparative method would hardly say of Arnold in Mr. Jowett's off-hand way, "He is frequently led away by fanciful comparisons of things Biblical and Classical, of Greek and English constructions, and of events ancient and modern." A general statement like this, backed by no particular instances to bear it out, may very likely mean that Mr. Jowett sees less clearly than Arnold saw in marking likenesses and contrasts. The very form of the complaint suggests the thought. "Fanciful" is the regular, one might say the technical term, by which a man who has less insight into any matter always tries to throw a slight on the observation of the man who has more insight than himself. Then again, the use of the words "classical," "ancient and modern," might also suggest that the ground for the complaint really is that Mr. Jowett has not reached to Arnold's view of history, to that wide and really philosophical view which, six-and-forty years ago, he put forth in the last paragraph of the preface to his last volume of Thucydides. "Classic," "ancient and modern," and the like, are words which are seldom used except by those who are still groping in that wilderness of arbitrary distinctions from which Arnold managed to set some at least of us free.

I am not sure that this slighting way of speaking of the great men of a generation back of which I see an example in Mr. Jowett

way of speaking of Arnold, may not really be a sign of the times. While Mr. Jowett partly censures, partly patronises, Arnold, some shallow man in the *Times*, reviewing Bishop Thirlwall's Letters, speaks jauntily of the Bishop's *History of Greece* as having been "superseded" by that of Mr. Grote. And I believe this is the general notion of those who have not studied Greek history seriously. Then the charm of "the last German book" is always great, and I am quite ready to hear some other shallow man, some member of the school which thinks it clever to say that "good books are commonly written in German," tell me that Grote too has been in his turn "superseded" by Curtius. Now, as I have tried to show before now, for any one who really wishes to understand Greek history, Thirlwall is not superseded by Grote, nor yet is Grote superseded by Curtius. Each of the three is so manifestly the best of the three in the treatment of particular parts of the subject that the real student must have all three before him, and cannot look on any one of them as "superseded" by any other. Least of all can one admit that Thirlwall, who gives a complete history of independent Greece, can be "superseded" by any writer who stops short at an arbitrary point. Writing here on Federal ground, on the soil of the Mother of States and Mother of Presidents, I am more loath than ever to believe that the scholar from whom I first learned the worth of old Achaia can be "superseded" by any writer who has not a word to tell us of the worthies of Sikyon and Megalopolis. No one can admire more than I do, each in his own range, the great historian of Athenian democracy and the great painter of Greek geography and general Hellenic life. But I cannot believe that either has "superseded" the work of the man who told the tale of free Hellas to the end, the man of whom, alone or in company with a single living compeer, we can truly say that, in the whole of his long task, his minute accuracy never failed, and his impartial judgment never swerved.

Mr. Jowett ends his preface with a remarkable and weighty paragraph on the way in which each generation seems to find it needful to treat the old subjects over again for itself. He gets beyond me when he gives as a reason that "we have not so completely got rid of the 'subjective' element as we are sometimes inclined to imagine." I have not the faintest notion whether either Arnold or Thirlwall was "subjective" or "objective." But there is force when Mr. Jowett comes to plain English, and tells us—

"If Greek literature is not to pass away, it seems necessary that in every age some one who has drunk deeply from the original fountain should renew the love of it in the world, and once more present that old life, with its great ideas and great actions, its creations in politics and in art, like the distant remembrance of youth, before the delighted eyes of mankind."



This is surely true; each generation does look at past times in some way of its own, and each has, for that very fact, some light to throw on past times. This, I suppose, is the only excuse Mr. Jowett or any of the rest of us writing anything at all. It might, in his words, "be better to reprint old books than to write new ones." But why not do both? I read my Schlegel and my Mommsen, and I learn much from both of them, but I do not therefore feel the least call to throw my Arnold or my Niebuhr behind the fire. Where Niebuhr stands in Mr. Jowett's eyes is hard to guess. He says, with a kind of surprise, that "the influence of Niebuhr over him [Arnold] is perceptible in his speculation about the ancient Greek races." Of course it is; how could it fail to be? What then? Mr. Jowett speaks as if "the influence of Niebuhr was in itself a thing to be shunned, as if any trace of it stamped a book with condemnation. I am used to quite another class of people, those who still declaim against Niebuhr as a bad thing, and the most persistent thing, in the way of unbelief. With them Mr. Jowett can have no sympathy; yet he seems to me as unreasonable as they are. Niebuhr doubtless had great faults, but where would Mr. Jowett or any one else be without him? What can Mr. Jowett or any other critical inquirer do except to follow Niebuhr's method, in some points doubtless more successful than Niebuhr applied it? The votaries of Niebuhr used to see in him a certain power of "divination" which enabled him to dispense with evidence. The votaries of Mommsen must surely see the same power in their master. And if all that is meant by "divination" is a certain special insight, a certain power of seeing one's way where other people cannot see it, we are quite ready, while not ready to follow either the earlier or the later scholar, to admit it in Niebuhr, in Mommsen, in any man with whom great natural gifts have been strengthened and sharpened by long experience in a particular range. "Other men have laboured and we have laboured into their labours." This truth is sometimes forgotten. Niebuhr doubtless sees farther than Arnold or than Arnold's method, but he should remember that it is largely by standing on the ground that he sees further than they did.

The whole of Mr. Jowett's preface is thoughtful and sensible, even when there are particular points on which one might dispute against him. He sets forth with admirable clearness and terseness the difference between the conditions under which Thucydides wrote and those under which a modern historian

"The sources from which the ancient historian gathered his materials were very dissimilar to those which are at the disposal of the modern historian. The former was oral, the latter often overwhelming the compiler by the mass of written and printed materials. . . . Modern history is

multitude of books. Thucydides drew his narrative fresh from the lips of men after hearing the different accounts of the contending parties."

This is perfectly true; but what follows can be accepted only with some limitations.

"Whether his views . . . are true or false we can only determine by internal evidence; for it is useless to balance them against the ever-diminishing truth and ever-increasing fiction of a later generation. Nor can we supplement the one by the other. Thucydides may possibly have been unjust to Cleon, but the suspicion is not confirmed by the statement of *Marcellinus* that Cleon was the proposer of the decree by which he was banished: for such an anecdote is more likely to be invented than not. When, as in modern histories of ancient Greece, the good cloth of Herodotus or Thucydides or Xenophon is patched with the transparent gauze of Diodorus and Plutarch, the whole garment becomes unequal and ragged. There is a special impropriety in combining the fictions of later writers with the narrative of Thucydides, who stands absolutely alone among the historians, not only of Hellas, but of the world, in his impartiality and love of truth."

Now in the critical study of the history of any time or people, nothing is more needful than to distinguish between the genuine narratives of contemporary writings and the fictions and embellishments of later times. It is a battle which I have had to spend a good part of my own life in fighting, and a very hard battle it is to fight. Let me tell a small experience of my own, in which I am sure that Mr. Jowett will sympathise with me. Some time back I was taken to task in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* by a writer whose words are weighty on subjects which he has thought about, for my account of the burial of William the Conqueror. Here, in Orange Co. Va., I cannot get at the exact words, but the substance was something like this. I was blamed because I merely followed Orderic's account of the claim made by Asselin Fitz-Arthur, in which Orderic left out the *clameur de haro* recorded by Paulus Æmilius. That is, I was, in Mr. Jowett's phrase, blamed for not patching the good cloth of Orderic with the transparent gauze of Paulus Æmilius. I confess that, when I wrote my story, it did not come into my head to look into Paulus Æmilius, a rhetorical writer of the end of the fifteenth century, for any light as to the burial of the Conqueror beyond what I could get from writers of the eleventh and twelfth. But when I was challenged, I made the reference to Paulus Æmilius, and there was the *clameur de haro* sure enough. Still I was perverse enough to argue that what this proved was, not that Orderic—and all the other early writers—had left out a real *clameur de haro*, but that Paulus Æmilius had put in an imaginary one. I even went so far as to take the absence of the *clameur de haro* in the old writers and its appearance in the later one as throwing some doubt on the antiquity of the *clameur de haro* itself, at all events under the name and with the meaning that is commonly assigned to it. There is no harder task than to make people understand the difference in value

# JOWETT'S THUCYDIDES.

the simple tale of the contemporary writer, and the tricked-ry of the later compiler who seems to know more about the simply because he knows less. But Mr. Jowett, I must think too far in what he says about Diodôros and Plutarch. He does not read to me like the words of a man who has had much experience in comparing earlier and later writers, Greek, English, or other. They read rather like the words of a college tutor, with a college tutor's contempt for those Greek writers who are not taken in the schools. One has heard of men holding positions which ought to have implied no small knowledge of the Greek tongue, who had not so much as read Polybios. One has heard of scholars who could discourse of every particle and every construction who refused to read Polybios because he was "bad Greek." Now, one who chooses to set up his arbitrary standard of "good Greek" a little earlier might on the same ground refuse to read Thucydides. Mr. Jowett's way of speaking of Diodôros and Plutarch has a little of the savour. There is a wide difference between the later and inferior sources for Greek history and the later and inferior sources for English or other mediæval history. Plutarch speaking of William the Conqueror. It very seldom happens that writers of the school of Paulus Æmilius had access to any contemporary documents or histories which are unknown to modern scholars. Plutarch has before him a whole library of Greek literature which is now lost. We may regret that the popularity of Plutarch has more likely led to the loss of much of this literature. If Plutarch has not written the lives of Aratos and Sulla, we should have had more chance of reading their own autobiographies. We can afford to toss Plutarch aside, as Mr. Jowett would have us even for the age of Thucydides, still less for the age of Xenophon; but his very stupidity is some safeguard against mere imitation; and what if Diodôros should preserve to us some scraps of contemporary narrative of Philistos? And where would Mr. Jowett draw the line in his exclusion of later writers? Could he witness of Thucydides' own younger contemporaries. Is it an instance "transparent gauze"? At vol. ii. p. 519 Mr. Jowett discusses—and, as he always does, discusses thoroughly the circumstances of the death of Phrynichos. With the few Thucydides he compares, as Arnold had compared before him, the account given by Lysias, Lykourgos, and Plutarch. He mentions the death of Phrynichos; he does not give the slayer or slayers. The names are given by Lysias, and are confirmed in a singular way by an inscription which

most remarkable example of an "undesigned coincidence." Must a historian of Greece or of Athens stick to the bare words of Thucydides? Is it quite unlawful to "supplement" him by Lysias and the inscription? I can only say that I am always delighted when the Chronicles fill up Domesday or when Domesday fills up the Chronicles. Yet we might fairly pause a moment and weigh the value of the witness of Lysias, not because he is not Thucydides, but because he is Lysias. The recklessness of the orators when a client or a partisan is concerned, as Arnold says, is notorious; it might be wonderful, if the same thing were not so well known to us in much later times. Lysias had as good opportunities of knowing as Thucydides had; but, on any point on which Lysias and Thucydides told two different stories, we should certainly follow Thucydides. But here Lysias does not materially contradict Thucydides, he only "supplements" him. Lykourgos, speaking two or three generations later, does really contradict him in detail, though on points which are of no great importance to the general history. But his mention of Kritias as playing a popular part is probable and valuable. It agrees with what we know of Kritias from other sources; while it is so unlike the best known side of his character that it is most unlikely to be invention or confusion. Mr. Jowett himself seems inclined to accept the statement, that is, he is inclined so far to "supplement" Thucydides with perhaps "the transparent gauze" of Lykourgos. When we come to the story of Plutarch, that doubtless comes, as Mr. Jowett says, "chiefly from an imperfect recollection of Thucydides." "It shows the manner in which error and confusion grew up in the mind of Plutarch." It proves also that Plutarch is to be carefully weighed and cross-questioned at all points. But it does not prove that he is to be wholly cast aside when he directly quotes his authorities. Nay, it does not prove that we may not dig something out of him even when he does not quote his authorities. I have found very good bits of stray historical truth in writers who stand very much lower down in the scale than Plutarch.

I suspect that this tendency altogether to despise the secondary writers, and the opposite tendency to show a certain regard for them, is always likely to be a point of difference between editors and narrators. I can understand that to an editor of Thucydides it may seem a kind of irreverence to "supplement" Thucydides by Plutarch. But "modern historians of Greece" will not easily be persuaded by editors of Thucydides to forbear from so doing. And the tendency to shut up one's Greek reading within a certain narrow range, to look on all writers after some arbitrary date as lying altogether out of that range, to look at them as something foreign and uncanny, comes out the more strikingly, because unconsciously, in Mr. Jowett's

way of referring to a writer who was a professed imitator of Thucydides, but who is for his own age almost as precious as Thucydides is for his. When Mr. Jowett (ii. 147) compares the plague of Constantinople in the time of Justinian with the plague of Athens in the time of Periklês, he quotes at length the account in Gibbon, which he says, "is chiefly based on Procopius." He has clearly turned to his Procopius. He goes on farther to refer to John Kantakouzênos; but there is a kind of air as if, not on Kantakouzênos but Procopius himself, belonged to an unfamiliar world into which no one could make his way except through the guidance of Gibbon. Yet the later Greek writers are as much part of the history of the Greek tongue as the earlier, and one would have thought that a professor of Greek would have had his Procopius as much at his fingers' ends as his Thucydides. It is wonderful how many minds the idea still cleaves, often in the most perfunctory unconsciousness, that Greek history came to an end, certainly on the field of Chairôneia, perhaps even at the earlier stage when Timotheus offered sacrifice to the Ephesian Artemis.

Another point strikes one in a paragraph which contains so much that is weighty. Look at what Mr. Jowett says about the statement of Marcellinus with regard to the personal enmity between Thucydides and Kleôn. It is highly ingenious; but it does not show much appreciation of historical evidence. It is perfectly true that the statement of Marcellinus does not confirm the suspicion against Thucydides in the sense of being a distinct and trustworthy authority for that suspicion. I should hardly say that "such an anecdote is more likely to be invented than not;" but it certainly is by no means unlikely to have been invented. But if so, why was it invented? There could be no temptation to invent such a story, unless Marcellinus or some one whom Marcellinus followed had been struck, as Mr. Grote was afterwards struck, with the tone which Thucydides takes up with regard to Kleôn, as afterwards with regard to Hyperbolos. With regard to two men in his history the calmest of historians breaks out into something like reviling. He gives a description of Kleôn and his style of oratory, and then puts a speech into his mouth as unlike as possible to the kind of speech which we should have expected from his description. He pronounces a judgment on Kleôn's conduct which is not borne out by his own narrative of his conduct. He never speaks of him, as Mr. Jowett himself points out in his notes, without some special expression of dislike. All this would strike us in any writer; it strikes us yet more in Thucydides from its contrast with his usual calmness and dignified impartiality. The suspicion of some personal grudge against Kleôn is almost unavoidable. The statement of Marcellinus may have been a mere guess, a mere inference, without any inde-

pendent authority. Crowds of such guesses and inferences have made their way into history. And the guess or inference may have been a mistaken one; we cannot say either way. But even as a mistaken guess or inference, it marks the impression which Thucydides' way of speaking of Kleôn naturally made. And so far the statement of Marcellinus is an indirect confirmation of the suspicion which we cannot help feeling for ourselves.

Mr. Jowett is at his best when he is dealing most directly with his author himself. Nothing for instance can be better than his discussion of the genuineness of the eighth book of Thucydides. He here comes to the same conclusion as Arnold, and on the same general grounds. He differs only on a point of no practical importance, a mere matter of opinion, about which there is something to be said on both sides. In the eighth book there are no speeches. Arnold thought that this was simply because the book is, as many things now, clearly imperfect, that the "elements of speeches are to be seen" in several places, and that he would doubtless, if the book had been finally corrected, have wrought up these elements into the full form of speeches. Mr. Jowett, on the other hand, says—

"It is remarked by Dionysius that no speeches are found in the eighth book; and it is not unlikely that so trifling an accident may have given rise to the suspicion of its genuineness. If it were worth while to consider such a difficulty at all, it might be remarked that in the fifth and the seventh books the speeches are few and unimportant, and that the matter of the eighth is of a kind more suited to the 'oratio obliqua' of which Thucydides has already given a striking example in ii. 13, and elsewhere. The turbulent assembly, the general thought, the policy of Alcibiades and Tissaphernes, the intentions of the oligarchy, are best described in the new manner. So far was Cratippus, the contemporary of Thucydides, from being right (if indeed he be correctly reported by Dionysius, i. c.) in saying that the historian, having arrived at the conclusion that the speeches were wearisome to the hearers, ceased to introduce them in the latter part of his history."

I am here rather inclined to follow Mr. Jowett rather than Arnold. Two of the places to which Arnold refers are cc. 45, 46, which describe the advice privately given by Alkibiadês to Tissaphernês. I can hardly see here the elements of speeches. And even in the other places, there is hardly the same opportunity for speeches that there was in the earlier books. Thucydides is describing irregular and sometimes secret proceedings, not formal assemblies like those which listened to the speeches of Kleôn and Diodôros. And Mr. Jowett's reference to ii. 13 is very apt. What we have there is mainly the details of a budget, which will do just as well in "oratio obliqua" as in the most elaborate speech that Periklês, or Thucydides for him, could desire. Indeed, wherever I look in Mr. Jowett's notes, I find instruction and good sense in every page. Let him dispute against Arnold, Grote, or anybody else, on any particular point on which he can throw fresh light. All that I complain

of is the grudging, depreciating, way in which Mr. Jowett speaks of a man from whom he must surely, like everybody else, have learned much, and who was the first to put forth those wider and nobler views of history to which it is plain that Mr. Jowett himself has failed to rise. I look back once more to the last paragraph of the preface to the third volume. In the presence of those golden words all questions of detail, all talk about deficiencies of scholarship, seem small indeed. I can read them with no feelings but those of overpowering reverence and gratitude. *Σοφὸς ὁ πολλὰ εἰδὼς φυῆ*—I have no Pindar here to copy from exactly, and the words that follow might be disrespectful. But these words seem to me exactly to hit off Arnold's historical position. In many points of method and detail he needlessly bowed to Niebuhr; but he was none the less an original teacher, in some things more truly original than Niebuhr himself. It is hard to say of such a man that he "added little to actual knowledge," that he merely "created an interest about" this and that. From him I at least gained the greatest of all pieces of knowledge—the knowledge of what history is and how it ought to be studied.

I have spoken freely, and I have spoken personally, because I have no right to speak for anybody but myself, as indeed I have just now very little means of knowing how far any one else would go along with me or not. I cannot see for what class of people Mr. Jowett's two volumes, as a whole, can be meant. I cannot understand to what class of people his translation can be really useful. But I can see, not only that his notes must be very valuable for those for whom they are doubtless specially meant, but that they may often be incidentally useful even to "modern historians of Greece." And if Mr. Jowett's unpublished essays on subjects connected with Thucydides are at all on a level with the Essay on Inscriptions, I can only say, for myself and for others, that the sooner they are given to the world the better.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

## ITALY AS IT IS.

ANY ONE who writes an account of a visit to Italy generally begins by saying that his going there had been looked forward to during his previous life with great expectation. I may say the same of a visit recently paid to that country. The reasons in my case, however, were widely different from those which generally lead people to go there. While enjoying the country, the cities familiar from history, and the works of art with which they abound, it was the state of agriculture I longed to see; the rich plains from Capua to the sea, where, from the time of Hannibal to the present day, with little cessation, luxuriant crops have been grown; the plains of Lombardy, of more recent fame, but still old in high farming compared with the Lothians; the dreary, fever-stricken Maremma, with the slightly rolling and undulating lands of the Campagna, leading down to the Pontine Marshes, which have been subjects of interest to every one acquainted with the history of agriculture both in past and present times.

That the old Romans were well advanced in the knowledge of the methods of culture which enabled them to grow much produce is apparent from their writings, and their maxims show their practice was intelligent, though occasional references are made to superstitious customs, oftener quaint. Columella, in addressing landlords, advises them to be "more rigorous in exacting good cultivation than rent, as this for the most part brings profit;" and "except in the case of storms, the farmer cannot ask ease of rent;" and further, "the land ought to be weaker than the husbandman." Their systems of manuring, draining, liming, top-dressing, composting, and irrigation showed the progress they had made in a knowledge of the essentials to success in agriculture. Many of the practices at present followed in Italy seem to have been handed down from those remote times with little change, and several even of the implements now in use in the South answer the description of those used by the Romans.

Italy now contains about 28 millions of people, one million or so less than Great Britain. The extent of surface (or area), including the islands, is about 120,000 square miles, or 77 millions of acres. Bounded on the north by the Alps, and divided along the centre by the Apennines, while washed by the sea on its other boundaries, produces considerable variety in the climate, though even far up the mountains, on the sunny side, from the intense heat, vines flourish, and



fruit, besides many other plants or shrubs which would not thrive in England. To a visitor from our northern clime this influence of the sun on the lofty mountain range is most remarkable, since where snow lies throughout the winter months, grapes are gathered in autumn. Another very noticeable fact is the great extent of the plains upon which wheat is cultivated, and in some districts grain crops, trees, and vines are all to be seen growing in proximity.

The extent of productive land is estimated at about 57 millions of acres, equalling the whole of Great Britain. Of this, 27 millions are arable, 12½ millions pasture, 3 millions are meadow land, half a million rice ground, olive and chesnut plantations cover about 1½ millions each, and woods and forests are put down at 10½ millions. The yield of wheat is over 12 millions of quarters, maize 6 millions of quarters, barley, oats, rye, rice, and millet about 6 millions of quarters, lupines and beans about 1½ millions of quarters, chesnuts 2 millions, and potatoes 4 millions of quarters. The wine made affords eighteen to twenty gallons for each of the population; a little is exported save from Sicily, which province contributes nearly a third of the whole make, and is followed at a great distance by Piedmont and Romagna. Silk culture is still very considerable, but has been stagnant for years.

It is shown that 9 millions of men and women find employment on the land, and one-seventeenth of the grown population, males and females, are small proprietors, who cultivate their own land. There is nearly an equal proportion of "Messadri," or occupiers who cultivate the land they hold for proprietors, retaining half the produce thereabouts as their share; and in addition there are upwards of three hundred thousand tenant-farmers paying rent, a portion of whom are females. Under the head "Coloni" there seems a large number of very small holdings, amounting to between 300,000 and 400,000; while one-third of the whole agricultural population belongs to the day-labourer class without any land.

Italy, therefore, depends largely on the cultivation of the soil. This is very evident to a visitor from England, accustomed to the rapid succession of mineral and goods trains on the railways of Great Britain, there being no similar stir on the Italian railways. About Turin there is a little bustle; one hears the sound of the hammer, and smoke arises from some few factories, but in the rest there is an entire absence of such signs of mechanical industry. In all the towns; and when a visitor ascends the campanile or cathedral towers, the view of the surrounding country is not interrupted from this cause. In the streets of all the chief cities loaded waggons are to be seen, and the horses which draw them are met by light of build, while the most conspicuous

narrow carts (laden with hay or other fodder), set on a couple of wheels of considerable height, and of the same form, but of much less substantial construction, than those of France.

The traffic of the streets of Glasgow, or even of Edinburgh, would soon grind down the best formed roadways in the Italian towns, and the little that can be said of their cleanness would be changed to complaint of mud in wet and dust in dry weather, were such heavy loads as ours to pass along them.

The fuel of the country being wood, coal traffic scarcely exists and the consequent back cartage of ash so overpowering to the municipal authorities of our northern towns, is unnecessary. The water supply of towns such as Turin is defective, and though as of old Rome has great displays in her fountains, it is by no means universally diffused. Much manurial matter is retained for field or garden use. In Genoa, one of the most cleanly kept cities, refuse is carried from the streets outwards on the backs of ponies and mules, and women do much of the scavenger work. In general all town refuse is most cared for where the best farming prevails in the adjoining country.

#### SOIL.

The soils of Italy are of the most varied character. For all the purposes of cultivation I have seen no finer in any country than those found around Capua and the plain of the Volturno onward to Naples and the sea. They are deep, friable, and of a dull colour, changing into richer brown all the more striking from the bald, bare, stony-looking hills which form their boundary inwards. Much of the soil of other districts rests on stiff tenacious clay, the remains of what I am inclined to believe is the débris produced by the Ice-sheet, which, originating in the mountains and extending to the sea, left the spoils of the high land on the flats.

The subsoil is in many cases akin to the boulder clays of England and Scotland, at least so far as the dissimilar rocks from which it was formed could produce it; and it is impervious to moisture. Much of it has a covering of stiff soil of good depth, which is still kept in those narrow ridges formed by a couple of turns of the plough or more, as directed by Palladius. These are perhaps not over two feet wide where the soil is wettest, but three, four, or five feet where it is drier, with deep furrows between them for drainage.

On the subsoils corresponding to the upper drift of Scotland the soils are more friable, are naturally dry, and carry more luxuriant crops; while on the traps, or volcanic rocks, their constant decay leaves, as in Scotland, a soil fit for carrying all kinds of crops.

The river flats on the plains of Lombardy and the banks of the Arno and Volturno consist of alluvial deposits from their waters, rich in the elements of vegetable growth. The soils along the Tiber

are chiefly of the dull yellowish-grey colour which characterizes much of the country through which it flows, and give their colour its waters. The lower mountains are thinly covered with soil, which the best use is made by terracing in suitable situations, while the valleys among the hills have large accumulations of moraine matter which the streams are working away, and this is the chief cause of the dull, muddy appearance of the waters they contain.

The agricultural districts of Italy may be divided into the plain or river flats, the downs, and the mountains. First, the plain or river flats, have a large extent of excellent farming land for all crops; in no country can that of Lombardy be surpassed, the Volturno, primitive though it be. While much of the low district of the Po and Venetia are poor enough, as in most of the countries of Europe, the plains, or river flats, as they provide the most accessible soils of the greatest depth and endurance, are the best cultivated; these portions, however, are often limited in extent, though considerable here. The whole of the flat country from Alessandria by Milan to Brescia, and by Lodi, Pavia, Novara and Vercelli, is well farmed, though all is not irrigated. Of many places in this district it may be said, when you take your stand at some lofty campanile or cathedral tower—

“ That beneath is spread like a green sea  
The waveless plain of Lombardy.”

To a northern agriculturist accustomed to green, but green of dingy sort, the bright clear green of the grass or corn-fields in spring is something to be remembered in this part of Italy, and when the cause which has produced this appearance is looked into, art is seen to triumph over nature. For more than six hundred years has the great canal of the Ticino carried eighteen hundred feet per second of water from that river to fertilize by thousands of channels the soil of the country between the river near its source in Lake Maggiore and the city of Milan, while other rivers have been tapped by numerous canals. So that there are nearly one and three-quarters of a million of acres watered in the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont by five thousand miles of canals, besides smaller channels, which spread out the supply of water to the farms where wanted. There are several thousand acres under water,—meadows,—where the flow is constant. These afford two or three cuttings of grass during winter besides three in spring and summer. The large portion of the irrigated grass land is not cut until April, richly-manured portions affording a supply about the first week of March, and then two or three others afterwards. A portion of the land is grazed for the two months of the autumn; sheep-land seems not again irrigated until early spring. The grass from the winter meadows is used for the food

of dairy cows in milk, and the cuttings from the permanent summer meadows, after supplying the immediate wants of the dairy and other livestock, is made into hay for winter food. The crops grown in the lower plains are rice on the marshy flats, generally all hand-cultivated; green crops of different sorts; potatoes forming a moderate portion, maize, wheat, much the largest, followed by flax, with a small acreage of millet. In the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy many farms of from six hundred to twelve hundred acres are passed; on these a more definite rotation of crops is met with than elsewhere.

The tall red-brick steam-engine stalk of the Lothian and the border counties is wanting, while the farm buildings are lofty, in the form of a square, or say sixty yards by fifty yards, or of greater proportions, all built round, with large haystacks within and accumulations of straw outside. Stately oxen, tall and well-proportioned as many horses, are the chief animals of draught, and are seen there in perfection. Manure, liquid and solid, is properly valued, a full stock of cattle being kept. Compost heaps are everywhere attended to. Where the soil is deep, portions are made into dressings with various sorts of material. These after due time to make, are spread over the fields and bush-harrowed into the grass-land. Silt from the watercourses, where of value, is also used, and every vegetable or animal substance procurable is turned to account for manure. Guano has been, and is still, in use, as well as phosphates. All the processes of husbandry are carried out in a thorough way. It is strange to see so many trees surround the fields. The poplars are cut straight up and regularly branched. Mulberries, elms, and maples abound, while cherry and other fruit-trees are not wanting. At certain yearly intervals these are lopped and dressed for firewood and fencing, while vines also form an important branch of culture in different localities. Milk, cheese, grain, and wine are the chief articles of produce, with some flax and hemp, besides medick, clover, turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables. Of course, silk culture is carried out where the mulberry-trees abound. The greatest watchfulness is exercised over the water supply, the canals and minor channels being closely looked at under the supervision of a class of engineers trained from their boyhood, and who add to their acquirements a thorough knowledge of practical agriculture as carried on in the district, and act as valuers in connection with the entry and the removal of tenants. These engineers have a thorough training in all questions of hydraulic art, and a knowledge of the system of irrigation and the rights of property.

The part they play in the irrigated districts is most important. They not only design and superintend the construction of all works in connection therewith, but also arrange the whole details of leases, as those are for a term of years, and usually at a fixed rent in money and certain quantities of produce. On the entrance of a tenant to a

farm the proprietor appoints an engineer to make out a list of fixtures and stock, and to report on the state of every field, its cultivation, and condition. Plantations are noted and trees numbered, and everything of a permanent nature stated, and the whole valued according to a scale of prices. The tenant has the right to associate an engineer of his own choice with the one appointed by the proprietor. When the lease expires, the same work is gone over again, and should ameliorations have been made by the tenant he is credited with these at their value; and, on the other hand, should deteriorations have taken place he is debited with them, and he either receives from his landlord, or has to pay him, the sum brought out in the revaluation. This is a simple and efficient way of solving the question of tenants' improvements, so much discussed at present throughout this country.

From what I could learn of the estimation in which this method is held, both the landlord and tenant seemed satisfied. When a tenant invests capital in the farm and improves the property he is sure of receiving the fair value for it when he leaves, and the landlord of paying no more than the actual value of the improvements made. In this country there are no such educated professional valuers as are found in Milan or Lombardy. This would operate against the success of the introduction of the system at present. The tenantry have no great confidence in land valuers, who are appointed by the landlords. The establishment of a school for the training of agricultural surveyors on the lines of that of Piedmont seems the first step, and the next, that landlords consent to allow such valuation to be made, and the tenant to appoint a valuer along with him.

While the valuations made by parties employed to ascertain the rental of land are being continually challenged in this country, I have heard comparatively little of this from those I conversed with who knew the work of the Italian valuers; and what success in Piedmont and Lombardy is surely worth considering here, see that it has long been in practice among farms of different sizes from not very small to very large—over the wide lower plains of those provinces. Tenants are entitled to assign their leases in the absence of provisions in the lease to the contrary; the consent of the landlord is not required to such assignments; the principal tenant remains bound to the landlord. In the case of loss of crop, or half the crop, the tenant is entitled to claim a reduction of rent, which is allowed unless compensated for in previous years' excess. The tenant for a single year is also so entitled to claim for the whole or half loss of a year's crop. This, or something like it, was understood to be the custom of Scotland, although not acted on of late. The landlord has always the right over the tenant's stock and crop for rent due and to become due.

In the flat alluvial land by Capua, Caserta Averso, and the ba-

of the Volturno on to Naples the cultivation is by the hand, few animals being employed in ploughing. The oxen may draw on the manure, which is often laid out in drills two feet or more wide, and at the rate of ten to sixteen tons per acre or so. It is spread in the rows and dug in with a spade, which has a long handle, and a spur on the lower part for the foot to press it into the soil. Bands of men are seen at work in spring digging in the manure and sovericio, the latter a mixture of green lupins and beans, raised in autumn and kept growing during winter for green manuring. This second crop in the year keeps the land in heart. There are no fences here.

Most luxuriant crops of wheat, beans, maize, are raised. By the first week in March the winter-sown beans are in bloom, the wheat is also far advanced, and the sowing of the spring crops mostly completed, and the land left with a most beautiful garden finish on the surface. There are seven or eight crops had in five years. The fields are of various sizes, often not much more than half an acre in extent, and surrounded with trees when near the towns. In other situations they are much larger.

The rotation is sovericio, followed by cotton, sovericio, or grasses, then hemp or Indian corn, madder, sovericio, cotton; or in some places Indian corn, wheat, hemp, and wheat. In such lands, counting the crops as passed, there is always a greater number of fields under wheat than of all the other crops put together. Thus, the proportions of rye, barley, oats, beans, or other cereals are together less than wheat. A good many potatoes are raised, and great attention is paid to their culture, though the varieties did not seem the most desirable.

In the garden farms hand-watering with liquid manure is resorted to, tanks being kept in the fields, from which a supply is to be had. It is apparently a portion of this district that Pliny writes of, and which he calls "Laboriæ," and describes as "bounded on two sides by consular ways, the one leading from Puteoli, and the other from Cannæ to Capua, which is never allowed to rest, producing a valuable crop every year, and where the straw of the crop is so strong that it is used in place of wood." The trees which bound the fields carry the vines, which root and feed on the cultivated land.

There are few surface-drains, and the soil—in the main alluvial—has been added to by volcanic ash and the application of all the manure which much vegetable wealth and careful preservation supplies.

The shade of the trees would in most northern countries injure the quality of the grain grown. Here it has not that effect; there is ample light, and the wheat—grown among them—is capable of making excellent flour, though its produce may be reduced.

Oranges are abundant, and all the productions of a climate without

frost and with a powerful sun and cloudless sky succeed. The abundance of cheap manual labour, a fertile soil, and a genial climate are here united.

The land is not without weeds. The twitch, when the land dug, is carefully thrown out on the surface, collected, washed, and made up into bundles of a couple of handfuls, and sold at the markets and at shop-doors for horse-feeding. In Naples during spring the cab-horses are partially fed on this. The cabmen call "gramenia." In spring, too, all vegetable products are in great demand, and the leaves of autumn-grown turnips serve the cat the best being used for human food. In those deep friable soils around Naples and in the garden enclosures close to that city the luxuriance of the turnip-leaves from autumn-sown plants is prodigious, the warmth of the winter being great, and sufficient moisture which is often scarce in summer, being then abundant. There are many old olive-trees, and mulberry, loquat, figs, and more southern fruit-trees abound.

The large population have the advantage of living in a climate where winter is like the summer of many parts of Scotland. The larger portion of the land is held by tenants, although a good number of peasant proprietors hold small patches of ground which they cultivate. Tenants rent land from two acres upwards. The very small holdings where garden culture prevails have two men employed per acre, while the largest do not require one-third of the number.

*The Downs.*—Every one has heard of the unhealthiness of many parts of Italy during summer and autumn; few districts are more so than the wide plain from Pisa to Terracina. This tract of country lies between the Mediterranean Sea and the Apennines; all the drainage water from those hills pass through it. The Maremma of Tuscany extends from near Pisa to the Roman States, has six considerable rivers, of which the Ombrone is the largest; all of them are more or less sluggish, carrying dull, muddy waters. So much is this the fact that the Ombrone was diverted from its course fifty years ago into the Lake of Castiglione, for the purpose of filling up with the silt and rougher deposits it fetches down from the upper country. A large extent of the lake has been made dry by this operation of warping; the process is not yet completed. Over the Maremma the rivers run in shallow beds, and the drainage into them is difficult. Water underlies the soil, and where drainage operations were in progress much water was drawn out of the subsoil, showing that it exists there to the injury of the crops grown and the health of the inhabitants. The Maremma is the least inviting, and it is indeed, the most dismal district in Italy, forming a portion of the land occupied by the ancient Etruscans, who had much of it under cultivation.

tion. It is said to be from the overflow of the streams, the growth of marsh land, and the rough, coarse vegetation and constant neglect, that it has reached its fever-stricken condition. Making all allowances for the effect of neglect, it is scarcely possible to believe that all this country was ever thoroughly cultivated. A large portion is covered with a thin poor soil resting on stiff tenacious clay of all colours of yellow, grey, or whitish. Here and there apparently drift-shingle is met with covered by a finer soil, drier and deeper. Much, however, of this large district has an inferior soil on a cold subsoil, unfit for cultivation in its present state. This state seems very like that condition described by Palladius, where he writes of those stiff lean soils which should be shunned as land that breeds the pestilence. There is land met with here and there, such as is described by Virgil as being a loose and crumbling mould fit for any crop; on such, a goodly field of wheat may be seen, but very little other cultivation.

Large herds of cattle, supplemented by young horses, graze among the creeks in the scrubby woods, while in the open land you see flocks of sheep. Buffaloes of a not very inviting appearance frequent the marshes and less accessible land. These animals are said to have been brought to Tuscany by Lorenzo the Magnificent. Save for such districts they are not of much account. Attempts have been made by opening canals and carrying the waters more directly to the sea to improve the sanitary condition of parts of the country. All such local attempts never can effect what only thorough and complete drainage operations and cultivation can secure, and certainly such attempts are not now being made.

Neither farmhouses nor cottages are erected, and the people interested in the land appear to reside in the villages or small towns on the high land or rocky eminences on the edge of flat country; rough vegetation is allowed to spread over the district; scrubby timber also abounds, which charcoal-burners utilise in the winter season. It is still as it has been, subject during summer and autumn to pestilential exhalations, which strike down even the natives, and much more strangers; the wet rancid soils, the rank vegetation allowed to decay on the surface, and the sun's heat produce the reek from the rotting fens, so destructive to health. Following the example of the monks at Tre Fontane, near Rome, the railway authorities have of late been draining pieces of land around the stations on the line along the flat country, digging pits four feet deep and square, exposing the output to the atmosphere, and planting blue gum-trees. These trees spring up with great rapidity in a few years; those first planted are thriving and healthy, and in the deep rich soil at Grossetta, the chief city of the Maremma, about four acres of land were being planted last spring around the station. In soil as shown in the pits, they will



have very favourable conditions for growth ; and if, as is expected they extract from the air the miasma as it rises, in a few years they will be so grown as to test the correctness of the opinion, as every station is to have a surrounding of these Eucalyptus or blue gum. The dwellers there will realise their value, and it may be hoped will enjoy better health than they hitherto have done.

I am afraid that at many of the railway stations the extent of land planted is too limited, and that the blue gum alone will not cure the evil. The whole district requires to be looked to ; the Government alone can secure such improvements as seem likely to overcome the poisoning emanations which from the earliest times have afflicted this part of the country. Draining from the sea upwards of all the stagnant flats during the winter season, when labourers can work with safety, clearing off the rough vegetation and burning and keeping the scrubby timber in check, would prove a sure means of preventing the decay of vegetable matter on the surface of a moist soil under a hot sun. Various of the old Roman writers on agriculture praise the advantages of burning off all surface growths. It is a well-known fact that in many gum-tree districts of Australia, when first fresh taken up, much fever prevailed. After repeated burning of the surface growths, a much healthier state of matters existed. M. Lesseps can hope successfully to overcome the Chagres fever in making his Panama Canal, within nine degrees of the equator, the opening up of the Campagna and Maremma may be more easily accomplished, with more beneficent results than in the big guns that the Italians boast of.

The Roman Campagna is a continuation of the Tuscan Maremma southwards ; it is more undulating, with outbursts of trap and deep watercourses running from the hills to the sea. The Tiber flows in a valley from a few hundred yards to more than a mile in width, and the bed it has cut out varies from fifty to fully a hundred yards broad. The other streams are sunk in the valleys, and all seem to indicate a much larger flow of water at one time than at present. In many of the brooks boulders occur, and such carried blocks are scattered over several districts. The rock covering here consists of material very much resembling the boulder clay with a covering of drift gravel, and the soils vary accordingly.

Outside of Rome the Appian Way passes over outbursts of blue basalt, which is largely quarried for the streets of the city, as it has been for the old Roman roads. Onwards, Albano is largely composed of traps, the surface of which is decaying. The soils of the Roman Campagna in all the higher districts have little alluvial matter on them, while in general the quality is superior to the Maremma of Tuscany. The cultivation is better, though very antiquated. You see twenty old Roman ploughs each drawn by four oxen, in chains

of one man who stands on it. They work in two lines and are attended by a man on horseback in charge. The work done is rough. In other large fields bands of thirty or forty men and youths are at work weeding wheat, which with hay is the principal crop in the Campagna. Sheep are grazed during winter over the hay-grounds, and cattle in herds are supplied with hay and straw out of doors. In summer the sheep are removed to the hills. Should the blue gums succeed in rendering the malaria harmless to the dwellers in the belts around the railway stations in the Maremma, much of the Campagna could be turned into the finest sugar-beet growing land in the world. With the manufactories placed in suitable situations, and surrounded by those trees, and by tramways of simple construction reaching over wide districts, the produce of the fields could supply roots enough to yield sugar for the whole of Italy, while the manure from Rome and from cattle fed on the refuse of the factories would be sufficient for the land. Barley for exportation could be had to succeed the beet, followed again by grasses for hay, which is in great demand for live stock in and near the city.

Through a cheap system of tramways, the work-people could be quickly conveyed from the highlands to their work during winter and spring; and opening the levels so that waters could not stagnate anywhere, cultivating and exposing the soil to the action of the atmosphere, and allowing nothing in the shape of animal or vegetable matter to decay in the soil or on the surface, but collecting all manure into heaps for fermentation, are among the most likely means of checking this deadly poison from getting into the air.

Occupation for an increasing population may some day, now that there is an Italian kingdom, force on such beneficent work. It ought to be the work of the nation. The Maremma being mostly in the hands of large proprietors and clear of inhabitants, arrangements could more easily be made to effect such a result. The finding of occupation for a poorly employed people, and prospectively adding to the home production of food, should surely induce Italian legislators to spend money on such improvements.

A large population occupies the hillsides and lower mountains of many districts. In general the soil is thin; and water, scarce at times, is over plentiful at others. By terracing or building up stone facings they check the waste of the soil by the sudden melting of the snow or rushes of the rain-water. Vines, walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, and many fruit-trees are grown, while vegetables provide food for their cattle, on which they depend for manure for their crop.

Many of the mountains have a bare, grey look, and the want of wood seems remarkable. The planting of timber would appear to have been neglected. Those stone pines, of which a few stately examples are seen about Rome and elsewhere, rarely meet the eye of a

visitor on the mountain-sides. It is more frequently the juniper, the berries of which form an article of export to this country. At certain elevations the summer pastures prevail, to which so many of the sheep are driven in spring and removed in autumn.

There is a large amount of excellent cultivation by small proprietors in Piedmont and Liguria, where about six hundred thousand of them are to be found—not, however, that they are all exemplary in their practice; many are certainly the reverse. Those of them on the river flats show clean, carefully managed lands. In Lombardy there are many *mezziauli* in the upper plain, and in the plain of Bologna they abound. The farms are here from twenty to fifty acres; the tenancy, being annual, is generally renewed. Six months' notice to quit from May is given in the event of leaving, and an equal division of the products of the soil between landlords and *mezziauli* constitutes the usual terms of occupancy, though differences exist. When the crops fail both suffer, and the loss is less to the cultivator than where the rents are fixed. On *messadri* land mulberry-trees and vines are the subject of contract. The landlord supplies half the manure for the use of the farm and half the cattle, and the *mezziaulo* pays income-tax, hearth-tax, and half the cattle tax. When there are successive bad seasons the *mezziaulo* gets into his landlord's debt, and at Florence and elsewhere I heard landlords complain of this, even for one season, and of the difficulty of improving the management and cultivation of the land by *mezziaulo* tenants. From what I learned, though there have been bad seasons in different districts, there has been no succession of them; 1879 was locally unfavourable, while 1880 was generally good, and the present year 1881 irregularly so.

In the absence of diseases, such as the *Phylloxera*, the vine seems very suitable for the soil and climate of the country, and with abundance of cheap labour may be largely extended. The demand for grapes from Germany for wine-making was very considerable last year. As yet the Italians have not succeeded in making a wine which has a high character and stands transportation well. Perhaps this easy mode of disposing of their growth of grapes to others who can make wine may pay best. Some cultivators seem to think as they are planting on the French system and training to *peral* and on such land as is most suitable for large crops.

In Great Britain we find no class of small proprietors of from ten to twenty acres farming their own land, and no equally small tenants such as are found in Italy. A class of large farmers exists in Lombardy and Piedmont, the Tuscan Maremma, and the Roman Campagna, who will compare with the larger tenant farmers of England and Scotland, and between whom and the small landlords and tenants of Italy there is a wide difference. How it comes it is difficult to say that there should be large farmers in the plains of Lombardy.

Piedmont and small proprietors in the valley of the Arno, about Foligno and Perugia (and of whom Mr. Kay, in his *Notes of a Traveller*, speaks in such raptures), save that, as Topsy says, "they grewed." Such growth, however, is often dependent on local conditions, and these conditions, with certain acts of legislation, direct industrial occupation.

It is difficult to agree with the reasons those writers give who disparage the class of small landlord cultivators and farmers, or with those of other writers who exalt the same class and run down the large tenant farmers. There is no reason why a country should not be well farmed by numbers of small landlord cultivators if they have been trained to the business. In Italy that class is not tempted to leave it for less laborious and more lucrative employment, as neither trade nor manufactures offer great inducements; while at present, what could small proprietors do in the Maremma country (to which Mr. Kay alludes as in "such a wretched plight," from its being cultivated by large farmers) in its fever-stricken condition? Some of the cultivation as carried on by small landlords in the valley of the Arno and elsewhere is excellent undoubtedly; so also is that of the large cultivators in Piedmont and Lombardy; both are advantageous to the country. In some of the districts where the small cultivation abounds labourers scarcely have a place, and where found are in great wretchedness from want of regular work and fair pay. On the other hand large farms of Lombardy employ many more labourers' time, and they are more continuously occupied. The saleable produce from these large farms, taking the amount of labour employed into account, is certainly in excess of that of the small farms. But no large farmers could support themselves and labourers, and turn out from the terraced slopes on the lofty mountain-sides of Italy the same saleable produce which the small cultivators supply. Neither could an equal amount of human labour be employed in any other way on such land. It is the beneficent power of the summer sun which enables this to be done.

It is the want of such genial influence which renders the Scottish mountain-sides less fit for occupation by such small tenants, and to utilise which, for either sheep or deer, so many glens have been cleared of the cottar occupants who reared black cattle in those glens as their chief source of living, and partly utilised the hills for their summer grazing. These cottar tenants were, no doubt, like many of the "messadri" tenants of Italy, slovenly, backward, and slow to improve.

It is questionable, now that large portions of the north-west highlands of Scotland have been cleared of that class of occupants, whether the landlords in reality draw more rent from the land than would have been got from those cottar tenants, the dwellers in

hundreds of glens, had measures been taken to improve position by giving each enough of land on which to live. stocking of the cleared country with sheep, the large outlay capital in such stock, and the heavy death-rate, together with inability of the land to winter the number required for sun grass, all diminish the actual rent obtainable from such country.

In Italy the existence of many small proprietors in the hills as well as the small occupants, and the essential difference in character of the people, make clearances impossible. The effect of evictions in Ireland are only too notorious, and had such attempted on the large scale in Italy the result would have been more serious still, judging from the frequency of revengeful attacks, stabbings, and murders reported. It is only among a loyal, abiding people like the Scottish Highlanders that such clearances could be made as have drafted to the sea-shore, Canada, and the United States the occupants of so many glens.

Apparently it is impossible to change in one generation the habits, customs, and practices, the growth of centuries, and it is equally impossible always to succeed in a wholesale way in replacing old systems of occupation with new methods, equally advantageous to the individual and the country. In the highly cultivated counties of the south and east of Scotland there at one time existed many hundreds of cottar tenants. None such are to be found now. As the amount of stocking they owned was small, the operation of the Law of Hypothec told against them, and the Great Game Laws, and the extra cost of buildings requisite on those smaller holdings, has effectually crushed them all out. Had such been in existence now, they would have provided the means for preserving industrious ploughmen, rising in the world and becoming masters. No such system now exists. To cut up farms and divide into forty or fifty small allotments is a very difficult and expensive affair. Many large proprietors are now regretting the absence of such small farms, and it seems in certain districts the rents have been better paid by the tenants who do all the work on the farm by themselves and their families, since the great rise in the rates paid for hired labour on the larger farms in Scotland.

In Italy during the making of the railways the price of labour rose; it has fallen again. Neither the small proprietors farm their own land, nor the "messadri," nor those tenants who share with the landlords the produce of the land they occupy, employ many hired work-people, and as a consequence much of the agricultural work of Italy is done by the owners and occupied themselves; the landowners share the loss in bad years and participate in the profit in good years under the *mezzeria* system.

However much the lot of these small occupants and little landlords may be praised, it is anything but a pleasant one; many of them, though literally living under their own vine and fig-tree, have no outlet for their families, and further subdivision of the land they own is not possible, though the soil and climate of such a country as Italy, still affords enormous opportunities for industrial occupation, were there skill and money at command. It would be a long time before a great increase in the rate paid for labour could take place by the steady addition made to the population and the small emigration. If the practice so universal in England of employing horse or steam power, instead of manual labour, were introduced, it would still further keep down the rise of the labour rate. Cultivation by steam power, however, will not, for various reasons, soon extend in Italy. For threshing grain it has already been introduced, and it certainly may increase; but for ploughing, the small size of the fields in all the cultivated districts and the high price of fuel stand in the way. In the Maremma and Roman Campagna the steam plough or grubber and reaping machine ought to be serviceable, but they cannot succeed in other districts, while reaping machines, land rollers, and many other machines used in England are of no use over Italy, as the hand does the work at little cost.

Thus in Italy may be found all the modes of owning and occupying land. We have the large landowner leasing or cultivating his own land, the large farmer of from 300 to 1,200 acres or more, in the Campagna, the smaller farmer of from 50 to 300 acres, and the small mezzauolo of 2 to 50 acres, with a very large proportion of the population owning land from a few acres up to 50 and farming it themselves, while tenants pay rent yearly in money and kind and service.

When a person dies intestate, his or her descendants, males or females, alike inherit his or her capital. The surviving husband or wife has the absolute property of one-third, and no person can dispose by will of more than a moiety of his property if at his death he leaves children.

These laws tend greatly to prevent the accumulation of land and to favour its dispersion, and were it not for the earth-hunger, as it has been called, which exists, tending to add field to field, the land of Italy would be more divided than it even is.

#### LABOURERS.

The labourers in Italy are poor enough. Their numbers far exceed the demand for them, and being largely dependent on agricultural work they are in much the same condition as the Irish were before the potato famine.

In the south (Naples) and north-east (Venetia) their condition is

the worst I saw. Work is irregular and poorly paid; perhaps two hundred to two hundred and fifty days' employment in the year is all they have, at 1s. per day on an average. Wheaten bread is as high in price as in this country; indeed higher, taking quality into account. They have not much of it, however; Indian corn forms their chief food, along with chestnuts, flour, vegetables, including few potatoes. Usually animal food is beyond their reach, and, where they can obtain it, it is pork, cheese, and offal. In other districts wages are rather higher, viz. from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. Food is supplied by some employers for a few weeks in harvest, with a poor sort of wine called workmen's wine. The wives of the labourers, their daughters and sons, are also employed in the fields; their pay is less than half of the men. Wherever the farms are large, such as in the Campagna, Lombardy, and Liguria, bands of from twenty to forty are seen hoeing, or weeding, or engaged at other out-of-door work according to the season. In the small-farm districts a few labourers only are at work together; these are the families of the mezzadri and small owners, few labourers being here employed save in harvest. In a country so dependent on agriculture, and where so much an extensive subdivision of the land exists, labourers have little chance of rising; their hope of improvement must be very slight, there is little use for them in the towns, and they neither have the means nor the spirit to emigrate, while their numbers are always increasing. The three millions or more of them and their belongings must form a source of great anxiety to the rulers of the nation. On the verge of starvation in good seasons, when a series of poor crops and great depression prevails, their lot must be sad indeed. Even in fair seasons, with so much green vegetable food, inferior quality of meal, little milk, and their poor wine, the deadly disease called "pellagra" kills many of them.

So far as my observations went, wherever farms were of fair size, not too large, and where hired labourers do the work, their condition compares well with that of those employed by the "messadri," or even with small proprietors who farm their own land and do their own work. In many other districts they are hopelessly poor. However, the class of tenants immediately above them are only slightly better off, and from the fellow feeling that this begets, and from never having known a happier condition of life, they are apparently resigned to their lot.

The rural districts of such a country are not pleasant to live in. A class always so abjectly poor, so short of the necessities of life, often idle, and always nigh to want, are exposed to many temptations to which well-employed and fully-paid labourers never are. Hence the high walls and strong enclosures which surround many farming places, and hence the strange precautions taken to indicate an

interference with property, such as whitewashing the coal-heaps and the tops of the loaded coal-waggon on the railways, the almost universal use of locked waggon for all sorts of merchandise; and all private precautions that are taken on the fields and farm-places to prevent petty spoliation.

In many districts education has been low, and ignorance rampant; the loafing habits of the youth stick to them when they grow up, and render them little serviceable as members of the community. Their number keeps down the rate of wages. Education, now that there is a united Italy, is well attended to; as the class of teachers they possess have not themselves had the best training, time will be required for its effects to be developed. Their teachers must be first taught, however.

Had the Italian labourer, the small tenant class, and many *mes-sadri*, as large a share of the produce of the land as the Scottish labourer has, the amount left for rent would be inconsiderable indeed; in many districts there would be no margin. In saying this, I by no means desire to see the Scotch labourer share less. He has little enough certainly. The Italian, however, has less, and but for the abundance of vegetables, life could not be sustained. It is impossible fairly to compare the Scottish agricultural labourers with the labouring class in Italy. On the large farms of Piedmont and Lombardy it may be so far comparable, but even there the Scottish labourer is vastly better placed; his nearness to great centres of trade and manufactures, where his sons and daughters are readily employed, enables him to obtain fair wages for his labour and to check over supply, while the easy access to the ports of departure of the various foreign and colonial steam shipping companies enables those inclined to go to join other friends and acquaintances abroad. In Italy no such facilities exist. The trade and commerce of the country is small, while little emigration for settlement abroad is heard of. It seems to me that our labourers are not only far in advance in the comforts of life, but they are far above those of the small tenant class and many of the *mes-sadri*, and will compare favourably with the small property class who farm their own land.

#### CATTLE.

The cattle are of a motley sort. No finer draught oxen are to be seen than those around Alessandria, south and north-west, with large, well-proportioned, muscular frames, strongly knit limbs, and capital feet, not very long tapering horns, and of light ashen white colour. They are admirably adapted for slow, steady work. The finest sell when three or four years old at £40 to £50 a pair. Some of the milking sorts of Lombardy seem much prized; many are, however, imported from Switzerland, the land being too valuable for breeding. The cattle of Naples and the south are of all colours



and shapes ; few of them are good, being of an inferior stock, for milk ; indeed, there are no true beef-producing cattle in Italy. None have the mellow touch, the tendency to fatten, and the kind look of the English breeds. When visiting the cattle markets of Rome and other towns I saw large numbers collected for sale. These, even in the last week of February, when in England they are in the highest condition, were not in first-class fat ; indeed, the most of them would be deemed third-rate in this country. They were of all ages, chiefly white in colour, and many had been used for draught, a purpose for which purpose the breeders' attention had been chiefly directed. I by no means wish to decry the stately, sturdy draught oxen which you meet in the Campagna or on the banks of the Arno or the Po. Without, however, interfering with this noble class, there is ample room for improvement in most of the other breeds. Any one who recollects the Irish cattle of fifty years ago, and knows them now, can appreciate the benefit which improved breeding confers. Such the Irish were then, so are the greater number of the South Italian cattle now.

It would be rash in a stranger to say the Italian breeder should use this breed or that breed for crossing his with. It is enough to say that in shape, form, and quality, either for milk or beef, they are sadly inferior. Slowly, and by using the best bulls that they can obtain of their present breeds, they would improve their stock. Through judicious crossing, as in the case of Ireland, they would in far fewer years make a more rapid improvement. In several of the northern towns, such as Genoa and Florence, the veal is particularly good, though injured by the absurd custom of blowing up with air, and generally the care shown about carrying meat from the slaughter-houses to the shops, and from them to the consumers, is superior to that in England and Scotland. On the top of a hotel omnibus I asked my neighbour what those little neat vans drawn by small ponies contained. "Butchers' meat," he said. "You English say you have the best meat in the world, and you have good meat, but you treat it badly ; you throw the carcasses into a cart, often cover with a dirty sheet over them, and the driver jumps up and sits on the load. In Paris, if anywhere, beef, veal, mutton, and lamb are cleanly handled and neatly kept."

The price of beef and mutton varies in different towns in Italy. It is highest in Naples, where the supply is very poor. What is fairly good might reach nearly home price ; and fair comparison can only be made with equal qualities. That which is priced at the butcher's stall or shop-doors is generally the inferior sorts.

#### THE DAIRY.

If the Italians cannot be praised for the quality of their beef and

mutton, the products of the dairy in the shape of cheese is of the highest class. Gorgonzola, which along with English stilton forms the favourite of the clubs, is chiefly made at the village of that name a few miles from Milan. In other parts of Lombardy the Parmesan, the best known product, is made for export, with a variety of the grana, or cheese for country sale. Gruyère cheese is also being imitated, while that from skimmed milk is the common food of the labourer, hard and uninviting though it be. What may be called factories for making cheese abound, and now several companies have started for the purpose of supplying milk to the towns. The Lombard Condensed Milk Company has its factory at Locate, and another is the Lateria Lombarda. These subject the milk which they purchase from the farmers to a process by which, in the hot climate of Italy, when sent to the towns it keeps fresh for four days, and with the addition of sugar for longer periods, and even for exportation. It appears that the price paid for the milk to the farmers by the Company is about sevenpence a gallon. The extension of railways and tramways allows its being sent to the factories more readily, and from them to the towns. Very little first-class butter is made in Italy, though there is a fair quantity of second quality.

#### HORSES.

In Italy you may travel far without meeting any one on horseback. The horses of Italy have yet to be improved; neither for riding, cart, plough, nor carriage have the Italians the right sort, nor are they in numbers sufficient to supply the army with the choice that the service requires. Of the thousands of troop horses I saw at Milan and elsewhere few had substance enough, and many were weak over the loins and not well ribbed home. So long as the ox proves the chief beast of draught, the Italian horses will be limited in numbers. This, however, does not preclude the improvement of those that they now possess for the car, carriage, or army. Some of the Roman horses are of good shape, fair size, and well topped, but the best horses (few in number, no doubt) which you see are either imported horses or their produce. Such as the English dray or shire horse, not to speak of the Clydesdale, are not to be found in the country. The absence of such animals, seeing that the state of farming and trade is so different from ours, is not felt yet. The load their horses draw is for their weight perhaps equal to what English horses of similar size would take. I carefully noted the loads both in the North and South, and found that as a rule a horse, an ox, and a mule yoked to a cart drew nearly an equal load to that which one horse would do in Scotland, yet the weight of the Clydesdale would nearly equal that of all the three. I freely admit that the small size of so many of the holdings, and the inability of

the cultivators to purchase higher-priced, larger-framed animals must be considered. Why, however, should no attempt be made to breed even at light weights beasts which would have symmetry of strength, and endurance? It is not that there are no good horses of the various sorts, but it is that the shapely, well-proportioned animals are so few as compared with the "weeds." At Rome, in the Capitol, the horse on which the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius is mounted is an animal worthy of its rider, but no such horse is seen in Italy now. He is a clean-legged, long-bodied Clydesdale, with a noble head, though a little low at the withers for our present ideas. With such a pattern before them, than which a better does not exist, it only shows that Italian breeders cannot appreciate the truest and grandest specimen of the ancient sculptor's art as a model to work from.

Bakewell and all the other great improvers of the breeds either of horses, sheep, or cattle had an ideal form to breed to, and the chief benefit derived from shows of cattle, horse, or dog arises from exhibiting to the public those animals which more nearly approach the ideal forms which the best judges have adopted for their own. In this the Italians have much to learn. I had an opportunity of seeing an exhibition at Florence of a procession of the Hunt Club; about two hundred horses were turned out, among them many hacks and carriage horses, with some good hunters. At Rome also during the Carnival the carriage horses were very mixed, but a goodly sprinkling, including those of the royal carriages and those returning from hunting the wild boar on the Campagna, were good, and would compare well with English horses. Such animals, however, sell at high prices in every country; but the horse which is met doing either farm work or in the conveyances on the roads is of low value, selling usually for less than the best oxen, £10 to £20 being the range of prices, and often exceeded by the mules, of which a goodly number are used in preference to the horse.

#### SHEEP.

The sheep of Italy are of a very mixed sort, being well adapted neither for wool nor mutton. Their bone and offal form too large a proportion of their bulk, while wool does not make up for this defect. The butchers' shops in many towns exhibit in spring what they call lamb; it is so precocious that it is far from inviting, and along with juvenile kid it makes an entry to such places repulsive. Ewe milk and goat milk is more valuable than well-fed lamb or kid.

In nothing can the Italians benefit their country more than in improving the breed of sheep. Were they crossed with English breeds they would carry more wool, and better mutton would soon appear in the shops. The large-boned, long-legged, narrow-backed

**B**reed met with in the country between Ferrara and Padua would give a better account of their food if so crossed than they now do. **T**he yield of wool, at present only about two and a half pounds, might be doubled, and the value of the sheep increased from what they are at present, namely 10s. to 20s., to 30s or 40s.

**T**axation is high in Italy, and agriculture bears a large share, being levied in all sorts of forms on the farms and at the city gates, to pay the interest of the debt incurred for a united Italy, the cost of a large standing army, and an expensive system of administration. **W**ere the energy and skill displayed on the large farms of Lombardy and Piedmont, as well as by the peasant proprietors of the Arno, diffused over the kingdom, the poorly employed labourers would have full work, and the land, now in many places almost idle, yield such an increase of produce as greatly to lighten the burden of the taxes.

JAMES MELVIN.

## MISS FERRIER'S NOVELS.<sup>1</sup>

AN old novel is to some people, I believe, a piece of literature worth to be ranked with an old newspaper or an old almanack—not quite dull as the last, a good deal duller than the first, but sharing with both the same distinguishing quality, that of essential incapacity to fulfil the reason of its existence. Students of the philosophy of language may be left to decide whether this is or is not a proof of the singular tyranny of names—an unconscious practical syllogism with the major premise that a novel must be new. But no one, I think, is likely to contest the fact that such a view of old novels does prevail. If it prevails with any one who is accustomed to read for something else than the mere story, this must be set down to a conviction that in at least the majority of novels there is nothing more than the story, and very often exceedingly little of that. But the books which Mr. Bentley has just reproduced in a handsome and convenient form (so that they neither sprawl over twice their proper portion of the shelves like the ordinary three-volume novel, nor weary the eye with blue type, close-packed print, and bad paper, like the “Railway” variety) have the reputation at least of belonging to the small class of novels which are not merely more or less hardy annuals. They have very high testimonials, some of which must be known to many people whose way the books themselves have never fallen. Scott praises them highly, not only, as he was wont to do with perhaps more generosity and good nature than strictly critical exactness, in private but in his published works. Mackintosh read *Destiny* with absorption sufficient to make him forget all about an impending dissolution of Parliament, for the news of which he was anxiously waiting. There is praise of Miss Ferrier in the *Noctes*—praise which certainly does not require forgiveness as in Mr. Tennyson’s case. But, above all, there is something curious and, at the present time especially, almost portentous in the fact that Miss Ferrier was content to write three novels, and three only. She had no imperative private reasons for ceasing to write; she had won a great deal of reputation by her books, and (a consideration which certainly would not have weakened the case with most people) she had made money in a most agreeably increasing proportion by her three ventures. *Marriage* brought her in £150; not a magnificent sum, certainly, but more than most novelists even of greater genius have made their first novels. *The Inheritance* was sold for £1,000, and *Des*

(1) *Marriage. The Inheritance. Destiny.* By Susan Edmonstone Ferrier. 6 London: R. Bentley & Son. 1882.

for £1,700. She might probably have depended on at least as much for a fourth novel. But she persistently refused to write any more, and the probable reason for this refusal (as to which I may have something to say) rather heightens than impairs the merit of the refusal. So she remains in literary history a singular and almost unique figure. Men and women of one book—a book in most cases inspired by some peculiar circumstance or combination of circumstances—are not uncommon. But that an author should live many days, should try the game three several times with result of praise and profit, and then, without any disgust such as checked Congreve or any sufficient disabling cause, retire from the field, this is certainly a most unusual thing.

Susan Edmonstone Ferrier was born at Edinburgh on the 7th of September, 1782. The memoir which has been prefixed to the new edition of her works, and to which I am indebted for the facts of her biography, enters after the manner of the Scotch with some minuteness into her genealogy and family connections. Among these latter in various distances of ascent, descent, and collateral relation figure the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Braxfield (famous as the hero of many anecdotes of judicial and jocular brutality), and some other persons of note. But the principal fact of interest in this kind about Miss Ferrier is that she was aunt of the last of the metaphysicians, as he has sometimes been called, the late Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews. Her father was a Writer to the Signet, and among his clients was the fifth Duke of Argyll. He and his daughter were frequent visitors at Inveraray, and these visits are said, with pretty evident truth, to have had not a little influence in supplying Miss Ferrier with subjects of study and determining the character and personal arrangement of her books. Whatever criticism these works may be exposed to, even Madame de Staël, in the mood in which (according to a priceless anecdote recounted by Mr. Austen Leigh in his life of his aunt) she returned one of Miss Austen's novels with the disdainful comment, "vulgaire," could not have objected to the *ton* of Miss Ferrier's people. Her first heroine is an earl's granddaughter; her second, a countess in her own right; her third, the only surviving child of a great Highland chieftain; and in all her books, countesses and duchesses, baronets and Honourable Mr. So-and-so's, "do be jostling each other." This, it is true, was very much the way of the novel of the period, and Miss Austen was almost the first to break through it—indeed, it may be shrewdly suspected that Corinne's fine feelings were secretly shared by a large number of readers, and that this had not a little to do with the comparatively limited success of *Pride and Prejudice* and its fellows. There is, perhaps, present in Miss Ferrier herself, the least little feeling of the same kind; her books contain some excellent sentiments on the

vanity of rank and fashion, but somehow they leave on the reader's mind an impression that the author is secretly of Major Pendennis's mind as to the value of good acquaintances, and that it was more comfortable to her to walk down her literary St. James's Street on the arm of an earl than on that of a simple commoner who would have been puzzled to tell the name and status of his grandfather. However this may be, her sketches were at least taken from the life, and she did not, like certain writers of our own day, talk familiarly of the Honourable Jem and the Honourable Jemima on the strength of seeing the one at a respectful distance in a club smoking-room, and the other across some yards of gravel and the railings of Rotte Row.

It is not quite clear at what time *Marriage* was actually begun but that it was begun in consequence of the Inveraray visits and the company of "fashionables" and of originals there open to inspection, is pretty clear. It seems to have been planned with certain Miss Clavering, niece of the Duke of Argyll, who was not only confidante, but was allowed to hold in some small degree the more honourable and responsible position of collaborator. The book was certainly in great part written before 1810, and was read in manuscript to Lady Charlotte Campbell, who approved of it highly. But though the author saw a great deal of literary society—she and her father visited Scott at Ashestiel soon after the date just mentioned—the book did not appear till 1818, when it was published by Blackwood. It may be suspected that part of the reason for hesitation was the audacious extent to which (as is acknowledged in the correspondence with Miss Clavering) the characters were taken from living originals. However this may be, it appeared at last and was highly popular, drawing forth immediately after its appearance a public compliment from Sir Walter.

The original idea of *Marriage* is stated correctly enough in a letter to Miss Clavering. It is the introduction of a spoiled child of English fashionable life to a rough Highland home abounding with characters. Miss Ferrier's way of working out this conception was to a certain extent conventional—it is doubtful whether, with all her power, she ever got quite as clear of convention as did her admirable contemporary, Jane Austen—but it brings about many very comical and delightful situations. Lady Juliana Lindore is the daughter of a somewhat embarrassed English peer, the Earl of Courtland. Having no idea beyond her collection of pets, the society to which she has been accustomed, and a certain varnish of romance about handsome lovers and love in a cottage with a double coach-house, she receives with consternation her father's announcement that she is to marry an ugly duke. For a time she vacillates, chiefly owing to the splendour of the duke's presents, but at last the good looks of her

handsome lover, Harry Douglas, prevail, and the pair elope to Scotland and are married. Douglas has a commission in the Guards, and though he is only the second son of a petty landowner, he has fortunately attracted the attention of a rich bachelor, General Cameron. But the general is disgusted with his favourite's escapade, Lord Courtland disowns his daughter, and after a brief honeymoon there is nothing for it but to accept his father's invitation to the ancestral mansion in the Highlands. The pair set out with man and maid, pug, macaw, and squirrel, and Lady Juliana has pleasant visions of a romantic, but at the same time elegant, retreat where they will sojourn for a short time receiving the attentions of the countryside and giving *fêtes champêtres* in return, and will then return to enjoy the pleasures of London with a handsome endowment from her husband's father. He himself has some misgivings, but having left his home at a very early age, and looking back at it through the "filmy blue" of the past, is by no means prepared for the actual condition of Glenfern. The introduction of the pair to the reality of things takes place as follows:—

"The conversation was interrupted; for just at that moment they had gained the summit of a very high hill, and the post-boy, stopping to give his horses breath, turned round to the carriage, pointing at the same time, with a significant gesture, to a tall thin gray house, something resembling a tower, that stood in the vale beneath. A small sullen-looking lake was in front, on whose banks grew neither tree nor shrub. Behind rose a chain of rugged cloud-capped hills, on the declivities of which were some faint attempts at young plantations; and the only level ground consisted of a few dingy turnip fields, enclosed with stone walls, or dykes, as the post-boy called them. It was now November; the day was raw and cold; and a thick drizzling rain was beginning to fall. A dreary stillness reigned all around, broken only at intervals by the screams of the sea-fowl that hovered over the lake, on whose dark and troubled waters was dimly described a little boat, plied by one solitary being.

"What a scene!" at length Lady Juliana exclaimed, shuddering as she spoke. "Good God, what a scene! How I pity the unhappy wretches who are doomed to dwell in such a place! and yonder hideous grim house—it makes me sick to look at it. For Heaven's sake, bid him drive on." Another significant look from the driver made the colour mount to Douglas's cheek, as he stammered out, "Surely it can't be; yet somehow I don't know. Pray, my lad, letting down one of the glasses, and addressing the post-boy, 'what is the name of that house?'"

"'Hoose!' repeated the driver; 'ca' ye thon a hoose? Thon's gude Glenfern Castle.'"

Disenchantment follows disenchantment. Glenfern is a sufficiently commodious but quite uncivilised mansion, and its inhabitants consist of the father, a well-meaning chieftain, his three maiden sisters (Miss Jacky, the sensible woman of the parish, Miss Nicky, who is a notable housewife, and Miss Grizzy, who is nothing in particular), and five daughters. The eldest son with his wife abides at a short distance. Very short experience of these circumstances suffices to



reduce Lady Juliana to hysterics, which are treated by the aunts the following fashion :—

“ ‘ Oh, the amiable creature ! ’ interrupted the unsuspecting spinsters, almost stifling her with their caresses as they spoke : ‘ Welcome, a thousand times welcome, to Glenfern Castle,’ said Miss Jacky, who was esteemed by much the most sensible woman, as well as the greatest orator in the whole parish ‘ nothing shall be wanting, dearest Lady Juliana, to compensate for a paren rigour, and make you happy and comfortable. Consider this as your future home ! My sisters and myself will be as mothers to you ; and see these charming young creatures,’ dragging forward two tall frightened girls, with sandy hair and great purple arms ; ‘ thank Providence for having blest you with so many sisters ! ’ ‘ Don’t speak too much, Jacky, to our dear niece at present,’ said Miss Grizzly ; ‘ I think one of Lady MacLaughlan’s composing draughts would be the best thing for her.’

“ ‘ Composing draughts at this time of day ! ’ cried Miss Nicky ; ‘ I should think a little good broth a much wiser thing. There are some excellent family broth making below, and I’ll desire Tibby to bring a few.’

“ ‘ Will you take a little soup, love ? ’ asked Douglas. His lady assented, and Miss Nicky vanished, but quickly re-entered, followed by Tibby, carrying a huge bowl of coarse broth, swimming with leeks, greens, and grease. Lady Juliana attempted to taste it ; but her delicate palate revolted at the homely fare ; and she gave up the attempt, in spite of Miss Nicky’s earnest entreaty to take a few more of these excellent family broth.

“ ‘ I should think,’ said Henry, as he vainly attempted to stir it round, ‘ that a little wine would be more to the purpose than this stuff.’

“ The aunts looked at each other ; and, withdrawing to a corner, a whispering consultation took place, in which Lady MacLaughlan’s opinion, ‘ birch, balaam, currant, heating, cooling, running risks,’ &c., &c., transpired. At length the question was carried ; and some tolerable sherry and a piece of very substantial shortbread were produced.”

What follows may be guessed without much difficulty, though the recital is well worth reading. Lady Juliana wearies her husband and his relatives with every possible demonstration of insolence and folly. The pipes make her faint ; her favourite beasts and birds (which the old-fashioned politeness of the laird and a certain respect for her rank will not permit him to banish) become the nuisance of the house ; and though she condescends to stay at Glenfern until she has enriched the family tree with a new generation—Major Douglas, the eldest son, has no children—she shows more and more her unfitness, vacuity of mind, her want of real affection for her unlucky husband, and the impossibility of satisfying her by any concessions consistent with the means of the family. After a time, however, a new personage appears on the scene in the person of Lady MacLaughlan, one of the strongest and most original characters who had yet found a home in English fiction. Her defects are two only, that she is admitted to be very nearly a photograph from the life, and that, like too many of the characters of *Marriage*, she has but very little to do with the story. Lady MacLaughlan’s humours are almost infinite, and can hardly hope to represent themselves in any sufficient manner by dint of extract. She is a sort of cross between Lady Bountiful

and Lady Kew, a mixture which will be admitted to be original, especially as one of the component parts had not yet been separately presented at all to the public. This is the fashion of her introduction:—

“ Out of this equipage issued a figure, clothed in a light-coloured, large-flowered chintz raiment, carefully drawn through the pocket-holes, either for its own preservation, or the more disinterested purpose of displaying a dark short stuff petticoat, which, with the same liberality, afforded ample scope for the survey of a pair of worsted stockings and black leather shoes, something resembling buckets. A faded red cloth jacket, which bore evident marks of having been severed from its native skirts, now acted in the capacity of a spencer. On the head rose a stupendous fabric, in the form of a cap, on the summit of which was placed a black beaver hat, tied *à la poissarde*. A small black satin muff in one hand, and a gold-headed walking-stick in the other, completed the dress and decoration of this personage.”

Lady Maclaughlan has a Smollett-like husband who is a hopeless cripple, and she is a tyrant to her friends, and especially to “the girls,” as she calls the aunts at Glenfern, but she has plenty of brains. An excellent scene, though like many in the book rather of an extravagant kind, is that where the Glenfern party have come to dine with her on a wrong day. They make their way into the house with the utmost difficulty, surprise Sir Sampson Maclaughlan in undress, and only at last are ushered into the redoubtable presence:—

“ After ascending several long dark stairs, and following divers windings and turnings, the party at length reached the door of the *sanctum sanctorum*, and having gently tapped, the voice of the priestess was heard in no very encouraging accents, demanding ‘Who was there?’

“ ‘It’s only us,’ replied her trembling friend.

“ ‘Only us? humph! I wonder what fool is called *only us*! Open the door, Philistine, and see what *only us* wants.’

“ The door was opened and the party entered. The day was closing in, but by the faint twilight that mingled with the gleams from a smoky smouldering fire, Lady Maclaughlan was dimly discernible, as she stood upon the hearth, watching the contents of an enormous kettle that emitted both steam and odour. She regarded the invaders with her usual marble aspect, and without moving either joint or muscle as they drew near.

“ ‘I declare—I don’t think you know us, Lady Maclaughlan,’ said Miss Grizzy in a tone of affected vivacity, with which she strove to conceal her agitation.

“ ‘Know you!’ repeated her friend—‘humph! Who you are, I know very well; but what brings you here, I do not know. Do you know yourselves?’

“ ‘I declare—I can’t conceive—’ began Miss Grizzy; but her trepidation arrested her speech, and her sister therefore proceeded—

“ ‘Your ladyship’s declaration is no less astonishing than incomprehensible. We have waited upon you by your own express invitation on the day appointed by yourself; and we have been received in a manner, I must say, we did not expect, considering this is the first visit of our niece Lady Juliana Douglas.’

“ ‘I’ll tell you—what, girls,’ replied their friend, as she still stood with her back to the fire, and her hands behind her; ‘I’ll tell you what,—you are not yourselves—you are all lost—quite mad—that’s all—humph!’

“ ‘If that’s the case, we cannot be fit company for your ladyship,’ retorted

Miss Jacky warmly; 'and therefore the best thing we can do is to return the way we came. Come, Lady Juliana—come, sister.'

" 'I declare, Jacky, the impetuosity of your temper is—I really cannot stand it——' and the gentle Grizzy gave way to a flood of tears.

" 'You used to be rational, intelligent creatures,' resumed her ladyship 'but what has come over you, I don't know. You come tumbling in here at the middle of the night—and at the top of the house—nobody knows how—when I never was thinking of you; and because I don't tell a parcel of lies, and pretend I expected you, you are for flying off again—humph! Is this the behaviour of women in their senses? But since you are here, you may as well sit down and say what brought you. Get down, Gil Blas—go along, Tom Jones,' addressing two huge cats, who occupied a three-cornered leather chair by the fireside, and who relinquished it with much reluctance.

" 'How do you do, pretty creature?' kissing Lady Juliana, as she seated her in this cat's cradle. 'Now, girls, sit down, and tell what brought you here to-day—humph!'

" 'Can your Ladyship ask such a question, after having formally invited us?' demanded the wrathful Jacky.

" 'I'll tell you what, girls; you were just as much invited by me to dine here to-day as you were appointed to sup with the Grand Seigneur—humph!'

" 'What day of the week does your Ladyship call this?'

" 'I call it Tuesday; but I suppose the Glenfern calendar calls it Thursday. Thursday was the day I invited you to come.'

" 'I'm sure—I'm thankful we're got to the bottom of it at last,' cried Miss Grizzy; 'I read it, because I'm sure you wrote it, Tuesday.'

" 'How could you be such a fool, my love, as to read it any such thing. Even if it had been written Tuesday, you might have had the sense to know—meant Thursday. When did you know me invite anybody for a Tuesday?'

" 'I declare it's very true; I certainly ought to have known better. I am quite confounded at my own stupidity; for as you observe, even though you had said Tuesday, I might have known that you must have meant Thursday—'

" 'Well, well, no more about it. Since you are here you must stay here and you must have something to eat, I suppose. Sir Sampson and I have dined two hours ago; but you shall have your dinner for all that. I must shut shop for this day, it seems, and leave my resuscitating tincture all in deadthraw—Methusalem pills quite in their infancy. But there's no help it. Since you are here you must stay here, and you must be fed and lodged—so get along, girls, get along. Here, Gil Blas—come, Tom Jones.' And, preceded by her cats, and followed by her guests, she led the way to the parlour.

The humours of Glenfern and its neighbourhood, however, come to an end before long. The offer of a farm to Harry Douglas by good-natured old father and his wife's utter horror at the idea, the birth of twin girls for whom their mother entertains no feelings of profound disgust, and the general revolt of the whole family at Lady Juliana are happily succeeded by the relenting of General Cameron. He procures the restoration of the commission which Douglas forfeited by breaking his leave and gives him a handsome allowance. One of the twins is left to the care of Mrs. Douglas; the elder brother's wife, the other accompanies her parents to London. Lady Juliana's senseless folly once more ruins her husband. Her discourtesy to General Cameron alienates him, her insane extravagance far outruns the allowance which even while marrying and disinheriting Harry he does not withhold. Douglas goes on fore-

service and practically nothing more is heard of him. Lady Juliana finds a home with her daughter Adelaide in the house of her brother, who has been deserted by his wife. A long gap occurs in the chronology, and the story is resumed when Adelaide and Mary (whom her mother has practically forgotten) are grown up. It is thought proper (much to Lady Juliana's disgust) that her daughter shall pay her a visit, and the second volume of the novel is occupied by the history of this. On the way to England there is a lively episode in which Mary Douglas is taken to see an ancient great-aunt in Edinburgh, whose account of the "improvements" of modern days is not a little amusing. Mrs. MacShake, indeed, is one of those originals, evidently studies from the life, whom Miss Ferrier could draw with a somewhat malicious but an admirably graphic pen. Similar characters of a redeeming kind in the second part of the book are Dr. Redgill, Lord Courtland's house physician, a parasite of a bygone but extremely amusing type, and Lady Emily, Lord Courtland's daughter, who is one of a class of young women whom for some incomprehensible reason no novelist before Miss Austen dared to make a heroine of. Mary herself, who is the heroine, is a great trial to the modern reader.

" 'I am now to meet my mother!' thought she; and, unconscious of everything else, she was assisted from the carriage, and conducted into the house. A door was thrown open; but shrinking from the glare of light and sound of voices that assailed her, she stood dazzled and dismayed, till she beheld a figure approaching that she guessed to be her mother. Her heart beat violently—a film was upon her eyes—she made an effort to reach her mother's arms, and sank lifeless on her bosom!"

"Lady Juliana, for such it was, doubted not but that her daughter was really dead; for though she talked of fainting every hour of the day herself, still what is emphatically called a *dead-faint* was a spectacle no less strange than shocking to her. She was therefore sufficiently alarmed and overcome to behave in a very interesting manner; and some yearnings of pity even possessed her heart as she beheld her daughter's lifeless form extended before her—her beautiful, though inanimate features, half hid by the profusion of golden ringlets that fell around her. But these kindly feelings were of short duration; for no sooner was the nature of her daughter's insensibility ascertained, than all her former hostility returned, as she found every one's attention directed to Mary, and she herself entirely overlooked in the general interest she had excited; and her displeasure was still further increased as Mary, at length slowly unclosing her eyes, stretched out her hands, and faintly articulated, 'My mother!'"

In the same way "trembling violently" she is ready to fall upon her sister's neck, a proceeding to which her sister (a young woman, leaving something to desire in point of morality, but sensible enough) strongly objects. This second volume includes, besides the capital figure of Dr. Redgill (to whom I regret that justice cannot be done by extracts), not a few isolated studies of the ridiculous which can hardly be too highly spoken of. The drawback is that they

have no more than the faintest connection with the story as such; indeed, it can hardly be said that there is any story in *Marriage*. It is a collection of exceedingly clever caricatures, some of which deserve a higher title, and the best of which will rank with the best originals in English fiction.

Six years passed between the appearance of *Marriage* and the appearance of *The Inheritance*. The practical success of the earlier book may best be judged by the fact that while *Marriage* brought Miss Ferrier in £150, Blackwood, who had published it, gave her more than six times as much for the new novel. For once difference of price and profit corresponded not unduly to difference of merit. The individual studies and characters of *The Inheritance* are as good as those of *Marriage*, while the novel, as a novel, is infinitely better. In her first work the author had been content to string together amusing caricatures or portraits without any but a rudimentary attempt at central interest. *The Inheritance*, if its plot is of no great intricacy (Miss Ferrier was never famous for plots), is at any rate decently *charpenté*, and the excellent studies of character which make it delightful to read, are bound together with a very respectable cement of narrative. "The Inheritance" is the Earldom and estates of Rossville, which, by a chapter of accidents, devolve on Gertrude St. Clair, the only daughter of a younger and misallied brother of the reigning Earl, as inheritor presumptive. She and her mother are invited to Rossville Castle, the inhabitants of which are the reigning Earl and his sister, Lady Betty. Lady Betty is a nonentity, Lord Rossville a pompous fool, who delights in his own eloquence.

The Rossville society is completed by three nephews, with one of whom Gertrude is intended to fall in love, with another of whom she ought to fall in love, and (as a natural consequence) with the third of whom she does fall in love. The remaining characters of the book are more numerous than is the case in *Marriage*, and much better grouped. Miss Pratt, a talkative cousin of the Rossville family, is one of the few characters in Miss Ferrier's books who can afford comparison with those of Miss Austen. She is constantly citing the witticisms of a certain Anthony Whyte, who may be justly said to be an ancestor of Mrs. Harris, inasmuch as he is always talked about and never seen. She is also foredoomed to cross the soul of Lord Rossville, whose feelings of decency she outrages by proposing that a large company shall visit his dressing-room, whose elaborate sentences she constantly interrupts, and whom she finally kills, by making her appearance in a hearse, the only vehicle which she has been able to engage to convey her through a snowstorm. The other branch of Gertrude's connections, however, furnish their full share to the gallery of satirical portraits. The Blacks, Mrs. St. Clair's

relations, have improved somewhat in circumstances since she made a stolen match with her husband, and they are now on the outskirts of county society. The eldest daughter is engaged to a wealthy and fairly well-connected Nabob, Major Waddell, and on this unlucky pair Miss Ferrier concentrates the whole weight of her sarcasm, especially on Miss Bell Black, the bride elect, who is always talking about "my situation." The gem, however, of this part of the book is the following letter from Lilly Black, the second sister and bridesmaid, who, according to old fashion, accompanies Major and Mrs. Waddell on their bridal tour. Jeffrey is said to have admired this particularly, which shows that the awful Aristarch of Craigcrook, when his prejudices were not concerned, and when new planets did not swim too impertinently into his ken, was quite ready to give them welcome.

"The following letters were put into Gertrude's hand one morning. The first she opened was sealed with an evergreen leaf; motto, *Je ne change qu'en mourant*.

"I am inexpressibly pained to think what an opinion my dearest cousin must have formed of me, from having allowed so much time to elapse ere I commenced a correspondence from which, believe me, I expect to derive the most unfeigned and heartfelt delight. But you, my dear friend, whose fate it has been to roam, "and other realms to view," will, I am sure, make allowance for the apparent neglect and unkindness I have been guilty of, which, be assured, was very far from designed on my part. Indeed, scarce a day has elapsed since we parted that I have not planned taking up my pen to address you, and to attempt to convey to you some idea, however faint, of all I have seen and felt since bidding adieu to Caledonia. But, alas! so many of the vulgar cares of life obtrude themselves even here, in "wilds unknown to public view," as have left me little leisure for the interchange of thought.

"Were it not for these annoyances, and the want of a congenial soul to pour forth my feelings to, I could almost imagine myself in Paradise. *Apropos*, is a certain regiment still at B., and have you got acquainted with any of the officers yet? You will perhaps be tempted to smile at that question; but I assure you there is nothing at all in it. The Major and Bell (or Mrs. Major Waddell, as she wishes to be called in future, as she thinks Bell too familiar an appellation for a married woman) are, I think, an uncommon happy attached pair—the only drawback to their happiness is the Major's having been particularly bilious of late, which he ascribes to the heat of the weather, but expects to derive the greatest benefit from the waters of Harrowgate. For my part, I am sure many a "longing lingering look" I shall cast behind when we bid adieu to the sylvan shores of Winander. I have attempted some views of it, which may serve to carry to you some idea of its beauties. One on a watch-paper, I think my most successful effort. The Major has rallied me a good deal as to who that is intended for; but positively that is all a joke, I do assure you. But it is time that I should now attempt to give you some account of my travels, though, as I promise myself the delight of showing you my journal when we meet, I shall omit the detail of our journey, and at once waft you to what I call Lake Land. But where shall I find language to express my admiration!

"One thing I must not omit to mention, in order that you may be able to conceive some idea of the delight we experienced, and for which we were indebted to the Major's politeness and gallantry. In order to surprise us, he proposed our taking a little quiet sail, as he termed it, on the lake. All was

silence; when, upon a signal made, figure to yourself the astonishment and delight of Mrs. Major and myself, when a grand flourish of French horns burst upon our ears, waking the echoes all round; the delightful harmony was repeated from every recess which echo haunted on the borders of the lake. At first, indeed, the surprise was almost too much for Mrs. Major, and she became a little hysterical, but she was soon recovered by the Major's tenderness and assurances of safety. Indeed he is, without exception, the most exemplary and devoted husband I ever beheld; still I confess (but that is *entre nous*) that to me, the little taste he displays for the tuneful Nine would be a great drawback to my matrimonial felicity.

"After having enjoyed this delightful concert, we bade a long adieu to the sylvan shores of Ulls Water, and proceeded to Keswick, or, as it is properly denominated, Derwent Water, which is about three miles long; its pure transparent bosom, studded with numberless wooded islands, and its sides beautifully variegated with elegant mansions, snow-white cottages, tap-spires, pleasant fields, adorned by the hand of cultivation, and towering groves that seem as if impervious to the light of day. The celebrated Fall of Lodore I shall not attempt to depict; but figure, if you can, a stupendous catara rushing headlong over enormous rocks and crags, which vainly seem to oppose themselves in its progress.

"With regret we tore ourselves from the cultivated beauties of Derwent and taking a look, *en passant*, of the more secluded Grassmere and Rydal, we at length found ourselves on the shores of the magnificent Winander.

"Picture to yourself, if it be possible, stupendous mountains rearing their cloud-capped heads in all the sublimity of horror, while an immense sheet of azure reflected the crimson and yellow rays of the setting sun as they floated on its motionless green bosom, on which was impressed the bright image of the surrounding woods and meadows, speckled with snowy cottages and elegant villas! I really felt as if inspired, so much was my enthusiasm kindled, and yet I fear my description will fail in conveying to you any idea of this never-to-be-forgotten scene. But I must now bid you adieu, which I do with the greatest reluctance. How thought flows upon me when I take up my pen! How inconceivable to me the distaste which some people express for letter-writing! *Scribbling*, as they contemptuously term it. How I pity such vulgar souls! You, my dear cousin, I am sure, are not one of them. I have scarcely left room for Mrs. Major to add a PS. Adieu! Your affectionate

"LILLY."

"Mrs. Waddell's postscript was as follows:—

"MA CHERE COUSINE—Of course you cannot expect that I, a married woman, can possibly have much time to devote to my female friends, with an adoring husband, who never stirs from my side, and to whom my every thought is due. But this much, in justice to myself, I think it proper to say, that I am the happiest of my sex, and that I find my Waddell everything generous, kind, and brave!

"ISABELLA WADDELL."

There are not many better things than this of the kind, and it is matched by a long passage (too long, unhappily, to quote) as to a certain Miss Becky Duguid, an old maid, and a victim of commissions and such-like sacrifices to friendship. But one passage dealing with the Black family must be given to show the keenness of Miss Ferrier's observation, and the neatness of her satirical expression:—

"Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be anything else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and

decencies of life were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother; she was the grandmother of her dear infants, her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts, and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings or refined taste; and although at first he did feel a little unpleasant when he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet in time he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and finally resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother. In all this there was more of selfish egotism and animal instinct than of rational affection or Christian principle; but both parents piqued themselves upon their fondness for their offspring, as if it were a feeling peculiar to themselves, and not one they shared in common with the lowest and weakest of their species. Like them, too, it was upon the bodies of their children that they lavished their chief care and tenderness, for, as to the immortal interests of their souls, or the cultivation of their minds, or the improvement of their tempers, these were but little attended to, at least in comparison of their health and personal appearance."

Such passages are fair, but not extraordinarily favourable examples of the faculty of satire (a little "hard" perhaps, as even her admirers acknowledged it to be, but admirably clear-sighted and felicitous in expression) with which Miss Ferrier illustrated all her novels, and especially this her masterpiece. The general story of *The Inheritance* is, however, quite sufficiently interesting and well-managed, even without the embroidery of character study. Lord Rosville, a well-meaning but short-sighted man, begins to suspect, rightly enough in general, but wrongly in particular, that his heiress is likely to be disobedient to his desire that she shall marry her cousin (and failing her, his next heir), Mr. Delmour, a dull politician. She boldly tells him that she cannot marry Mr. Delmour, and he threatens to disinherit her, but before his mind is fully made up he dies suddenly, and she succeeds. Her lover, the younger brother of Mr. Delmour, has shown signs of interestedness which might be suspicious to a less guileless person than Gertrude, but the chapter of accidents enables him to regain his position, and he is more attentive than ever to the Countess of Rosville in her own right. Luckily an old promise to her mother prevents her from marrying at once. But at her lover's suggestion she goes up to London, is introduced by him to fashionable society, indulges in all sorts of expense and folly (Miss Ferrier is great on the expense and folly of London life, and the wickedness of absenteeism), and neglects the good works at Rosville, in which the third cousin Lindsay, the virtuous hero of the story, has interested her before. At last she returns to her home, and a storm, which has long been brewing, breaks. A stranger, who has before been introduced as mysteriously



threatening and annoying Mrs. St. Clair, makes himself more objectionable than ever, forcing his way into the castle, wantonly exhibiting his power over the mother, and through her over her indignant daughter, and by degrees making himself wholly intolerable. At last the mystery is disclosed. Gertrude is not Countess of Rossvi at all, nor even daughter of Mrs. St. Clair. She is a supposititious child whom her ambitious mother (so called) has taken for the purpose of foisting her as heiress on the Rossville family. At first it seems as if she were to suffer the intolerable punishment of being handed over to the scoundrel Lewiston as his daughter, but her pretensions to her are so far disproved. *Cetera quis nescit?* The faithless Colonel Delmour flies off, the good Lindsay remains, and in the course of accidents replaces Gertrude as mistress (though not in her own right) at Rossville Castle.

*The Inheritance* is a book which really deserves a great deal of praise. Almost the only exceptions to be taken to it are the rather violent alternations of ἀναγνώρισις and περιπέτεια, which lead to the conclusion and the mismanagement of the figure of Lewiston. The ruffian is represented as a Yankee, but he is not in the least like either the American of history or the conventional Yankee of fiction and the stage. He is clearly a character for whom the author has no type ready in her memory or experience, and whom she consequently invented partly out of her own head and partly from such rather inappropriate stock models of villains as she happened to be acquainted with. He is not probable in himself, nor are his actions probable, for a business-like scoundrel such as he is represented to be would have known perfectly well that forcing himself into Rossville Castle, and behaving as if it were his own property, was an almost certain method of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. But these faults are not of the first importance, and the general merits of the book are very great. Gertrude herself is consistent, lifelike, and agreeable character, neither too sentimental nor too humorous, but perfectly human; all the other characters group well round her, and as for the merely satirical passages and personages they are wholly admirable.

*The Inheritance* was more popular even than *Marriage* had been, but the author still refused to be hurried into production. She has always been very coy about acknowledging her work—all her books were published anonymously—and she was accustomed to write (though that operation may seem a harmless one enough) with much secrecy as Miss Austen herself observed. But Sir Walter Scott was taken into confidence as to the publication of *Destiny*, and through his good offices with Cadell she obtained a much larger price for it than she had hitherto received. The book is an advance even upon *The Inheritance*, and much more upon *Marriage*, in unity and

completeness of plot, and it contains two or three of Miss Ferrier's most elaborate and finished pictures of oddities. But, as it seems to me, there is a considerable falling off in *verve* and spontaneity. The story-interest of the book centres on the fortunes of Glenroy, a Highland chieftain of large property, and his daughter Edith. In former days an appanage of considerable extent has been carved out of the Glenroy property, and this at the date of the story has fallen in to a distant relation of the family, who is childless, and who visits the country for the first time. Glenroy, petty tyrant though he is at home, condescends to court this kinsman for the sake of his inheritance. The old man, however, who is both ill-natured and parsimonious, and who is revolted by the luxurious waste of Glenroy's household, leaves the property, under rather singular conditions, to certain poor relations of Glenroy's, Ronald Malcolm, a boy about the same age as the chief's son, Norman, and his nephew, Reginald, being the special heir. This boy goes to sea, and what may be called one branch of the plot concerns his disappearance and his unwillingness, by making himself known after a long absence, to oust his father from the property (as under the settlement he would be obliged to do). The other branch, which is reunited with this first branch rather adroitly, springs in this wise. Glenroy, somewhat late in life, and after the birth of his children Norman and Edith, has married Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, a reproduction of Lady Juliana in *Marriage*. She has one daughter, who, by the death of relations, becomes a peeress in her own right (Miss Ferrier, it will be observed, has a genuinely Scotch objection to limiting the descent of honours to heirs male), and Lady Elizabeth having quarrelled with her husband, is very glad to take her daughter Florinda away with her. Only after many years does she return, and the rivalry (unconscious on Edith's part) between Glenroy's daughter and the English peeress for the hand of Reginald gives rise to some good scenes. Norman Malcolm, the heir, has died already, and after a short period of dotage Glenroy himself follows, leaving his daughter totally unprovided for, in consequence of his belief in her approaching marriage to Reginald, on whom the estates devolve. Edith's subsequent fortunes (for, as may be readily imagined, the beautiful and wealthy Florinda carries the day); her stay with some Cockney connections of her mother's; the unlucky relations (again much copied from *Marriage*) of Reginald and Florinda, all lead up to the final reappearance of Ronald and the necessary marriage bells.

The lighter dishes of this particular banquet consist of a *Haus-französin*, Madame Latour (who is perhaps somewhat indebted to Miss Edgeworth); of the Cockney pair, Mr. and Mrs. Ribley, amusing but conventional; of the chief's two dependants and butts,

Benbowie, a cocklaird of his own clan, and Mrs. Macaulay, a good-hearted, poor relation, who plays the mother to Edith; and, above all, of Mr. McDow, the minister of the parish. This last portrait is a satire of what Dryden called the "bloody" kind (the same word in the same sense is used to this day in the politest French, and I do not know why English should be more squeamish), on the foibles of the Presbyterian clergy. Jeffrey is said to have pronounced Mr. McDow an entire and perfect chrysolite. With his "moderate" opinions, his constant hunger and thirst after decreets and augmentations (it may be explained to those who do not know Scotland that a minister of the Established Church, unlike his English compeer, is enabled if he chooses, to be a perpetual thorn in the sides of the owners of real property in his parish by claims for increased stipend, repairs to the manse, &c.), his vulgarity, his stupid jokes, his unflinching presence as an uninvited guest at every feast, there is no doubt of the truth of the picture or of the strength of the satire. But Miss Ferrier occasionally lets her acid bite a little too deeply, and it may be thought that she has done this here. Mr. McDow has the same fault as some of Flaubert's characters—he is too uniformly disgusting. A testimonial to this man, who is a model, be it remembered, of coarseness, ignorance, stupidity, and selfish neglect of his duties, is a good specimen of the sharp strokes which Miss Ferrier constantly dealt to the vices and follies of society—strokes sharper perhaps than any lady novelist, except George Eliot, has cared to known how to aim:—

"MY DEAR SIR—It is with the most unfeigned satisfaction I take up my pen to bear my public testimony to worth such as yours, enriched and adorned as it is with abilities of the first order—polished and refined by all that learning can bestow. From the early period at which our friendship commenced few, I flatter myself, can boast of a more intimate acquaintance with you than myself; but such is the retiring modesty of your nature, that I fear, were I to express the high sense I entertain of your merit, I might wound that delicacy which is so prominent a feature in your character. I shall therefore merely affirm, that your talents I consider as of the very highest order; your learning and erudition are deep, various, and profound; while your scholastic researches have ever been conducted on the broad basis of Christian moderation and gentlemanly liberality. Your doctrines I look upon as of the most sound, practical description, calculated to superinduce the clearest and most comprehensive system of Christian morals, to which your own character and conduct afford an apt illustration. As a preacher, your language is nervous, copious, and highly rhetorical; your action in the pulpit free, easy, and graceful. As a companion, your colloquial powers are of no ordinary description, while the dignity of your manners, combined with the suavity of your address, render your company universally sought after in the very first society. In short, to sum up the whole, I know no man more likely than yourself to adorn the gospel, both by your precept and example. With the utmost esteem and respect,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Most faithfully and sincerely yours,

"RODERICK M'CRAW,

"*Professor of Belles Lettres.*"

*Destiny* was published in 1831, and was its author's last work. **No**thing else from her pen has been published to my knowledge, **except** the brief reminiscences of visits to Ashestiel and Abbotsford, **wh**ich appeared in *Temple Bar* some years ago, and are reprinted in **this** edition. Her silence was not owing to want of invitation to **w**rite, for London publishers offered her handsome terms; but she **could** not please herself with any idea that occurred to her, and **acc**ordingly declined the offers. Indeed, there are not, I think, **w**anting signs in *Destiny* that a fourth book would have been a **f**ailure. She was no longer young; her stock of originals, taken *sur le rif*, was probably exhausted; her old sarcastic pleasure in cynical **d**elineation was giving way to a somewhat pietistic view of things **wh**ich is very noticeable in her last novel; and, to crown all, she **was** in failing health and suffered especially from impaired eyesight. **Y**et she survived the publication of *Destiny* for nearly a quarter **of** a century, and did not die till November, 1854, at the age of **se**venty-two.

Miss Ferrier's characteristics as a novelist are well marked and not **l**ikely to escape any reader. But nothing brings them out so clearly **as** the inevitable comparison with her great contemporary, Miss **A**usten. Of the many divisions which may be made between different **cl**asses of fiction writers, there is one which is perhaps as clearly **v**isible, though it is perhaps not so frequently drawn, as any. There **i**s one set of novelists (Le Sage, Fielding, Thackeray, Miss Austen, **a**re among its most illustrious names) whose work always seems like **a** section of actual life, with only the necessary differentia of artistic **t**reatment. There is another, with Balzac and Dickens for its most **p**opular exponents, and Balzac alone for its greatest practitioner, whose **w**ork, if not false, is always more or less abnormal. In the one case **t**he scenes on the stage are the home, the forum, the streets which all **k**now or might have known if they had lived at the time and place of **t**he story. These writers have each in his or her own degree **s**omething of the universality and truth of Shakespeare. No **s**pecial knowledge is needed to appreciate them; no one is likely **t**o reading them to stop himself to ask—Is this possible or **p**robable? In the other case the spectator is led through a **s**eries of museums, many if not most of the objects in which **a**re extraordinary specimens, "sports," monstrosities; while some, **p**erhaps, are like the quaint creations of Waterton's fancy and in **v**enue—something more than monsters, mere deliberate things of **r**eds and patches more or less cleverly made to look as if they **m**ight have been at some time or other *viables*. Of these two schools, **M**iss Ferrier belongs to the last, though she is not by any means an **e**xreme practitioner in it. A moment's thought will show that the **s**tem o. relying for the most part on thumb-nail sketches which she

avowedly practised leads to this result. Not only is the observer prompted to take the most strongly marked and eccentric specimen in his or her range of observation, but in copying them the invariable result of imitation, the deepening of the strokes, and the hardening of the lines, leads to further departure from the common form. These eccentricities, too, whether copied or imagined, fit but awkwardly into any regular plot. The novelist is as much tempted to let his story take care of itself while she is emphasising her "humours"; another kind of novelist is tempted to let it take care of itself while he is discoursing to his readers about his characters, or about things in general. Hence the sort of writing which was Miss Ferrier's particular *forte* leads to two inconveniences—the neglect of a congruous and sufficient central interest, and the paying of disproportionate attention to minor characters. The contrast, therefore, even of *The Inheritance* with, let us say, *Pride and Prejudice* is a curious one, and no reader can miss the want in the later book of the wonderful perspective and proportion, the classical avoidance of exaggeration, which mark Miss Austen's masterpiece. On the other hand it is interesting enough to let the imagination attempt to conceive what Miss Ferrier would have made of Lady Catherine, of Mr Collins, of the Meryton vulgarities. The satire would be as sharp but it would be rougher, the instrument would be rather a saw than a razor, and the executioner would linger over her task with a certain affectionate forgetfulness that she had other things to do than to vivisect.

Notwithstanding this drawback, notwithstanding her admitted inability to manage pathos (which in her hands becomes mere *sensibilité* of an obviously unreal kind), and lastly, notwithstanding her occasional didactic passages which are simply a bore, Miss Ferrier is an admirable novelist, especially for those who can enjoy unsparingly social satire and a masterly faculty of caricature. She writes, as far as mere writing goes, well, and not unfrequently exceedingly well. It is obvious, not so much from her quotations, for they are dubious evidence, but from the general tone of her work that she is thoroughly well read. There are comparatively few Scotticisms in her, and she has a knack of dry sarcasm which continues the best traditions of the eighteenth century in its freedom from meanness, quaintness and grotesque. The character of Glenroy at the beginning of *Destiny* is nearly as well written as St. Evremond himself could have done it, and the sentence which concludes it is a good example of its manner. "As it was impossible, however, that an one so great in himself could make a great marriage, his friends and followers, being reasonable people, merely expected that he would make the best marriage possible." This little sentence, with the admirable piece of *galimatias* already quoted from Mrs. St. Clair

**int**erview with Lord Rossville, and the description in *Marriage* of **Mis** Becky Douglas's arms as "strapped back by means of a pink **rib**bon of no ordinary strength or doubtful hue," are examples taken **at** random of the verbal shafts which Miss Ferrier scatters all **about** her pages to the great delight of those who have alertness **of** mind enough to perceive, and good taste or ill-nature enough (for **both** explanations may be given) to enjoy them.

Her main claim, however, to be read is unquestionably in her **gallery** of originals, or (as it has been, with the dispassionateness of a **critic** who does not want to make his goose too much of a swan, **called**) her museum of abnormalities. They may or may not have **places** assigned to them rather too prominent for the general harmony **of** the picture. They may or may not be exaggerated. There may or **may** not be a certain likeness to the fiendish conduct of the ancestor **of** the author's friend, Lord Cassillis, in the manner in which she **carefully** oils them, and as carefully disposes them on the gridiron **for** roasting. But they are excellent company. The three aunts, **Lady** Maclaughlan, Mrs. MacShake, Dr. Redgill, and in a minor **degree** the Bath *Précieuses* in *Marriage*, Lord Rossville, Miss Pratt, **Adam** Ramsay, and above all "Mrs. Major" in *The Inheritance*, **Molly** Macaulay, Mr. McDow, and the Ribleys, in *Destiny*, are **persons** with whom the reader is delighted to meet, sorry to part, **and** (if he have any affection for good novels) certain to meet **again**. When it is added that though she does not often indulge **it**, Miss Ferrier possesses a remarkable talent for description, it **will** be seen that she has no mean claims. . Indeed, of the four **requisites** of the novelist, plot, character, description, and dialogue, **she** is only weak in the first. The lapse of an entire half-century **and** a complete change of manners have put her books to the hardest **test** they are ever likely to have to endure, and they come through **it** triumphantly.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE ANTHROPOMETRIC LABORATORY.

WHEN shall we have anthropometric laboratories, where a man may from time to time get himself and his children weighed, measured, and rightly photographed, and have each of their bodily faculties tested, by the best methods known to modern science? In the January number of this Review I endeavoured to show the advantages of Photographic Chronicles maintained from childhood to age, and how they should be made and preserved; in the present memoir I propose to briefly speak upon the anthropometric and medical facts that might properly be recorded by the side of the photographs in the family records to which I there referred. I shall endeavour to define the scope of what may be effected in this direction, partly by accurate apparatus now extant, and partly in a rougher and less effective way, owing to the present want of appropriate apparatus. In doing so several instrumental and other desiderata will be pointed out that seem more easily capable of being supplied if the attention of a few persons interested in the matter could be brought to bear on the subject. Two things are at present needed—a desire among many persons to have themselves and their children accurately appraised, and an effort among a few scientific persons who have the special knowledge required for the purpose to systematise the methods by which this could best be done.

There appears at length to be a somewhat general concurrence of opinion that the possibilities of a child's future career are more narrowly limited than our forefathers were fondly disposed to believe. I shall not endeavour to epitomise the many arguments *pro* and *con* in respect to such views as these, but will merely recall in partial justification of them the results of some inquiries into the life histories of twins<sup>1</sup> that I published a few years ago. I took two categories of twins—those who were closely alike in their infancy and those who were exceedingly unlike—and I traced their histories up to the date of the memoir. It appeared that twins who were closely alike at the first, frequently preserved their resemblance throughout life, subject I may almost say to the accident of a fever or other serious illness altering the constitution of one of them, and laying the first foundation of a gradually widening divergence. I found not a few cases in which twins residing apart and following different professions at home and abroad still continued to live parallel lives, ageing in the same way, and preserving all along the same features, voice, gestures, and ways of thought. I also met with cases in which death had occurred at nearly the same time to the two

(1) *Journal of Anthropological Institute*, 1875. *Fraser's Magazine*, Nov., 1875.

twins, and from the same disease. It further appeared, as regards those twins who were born very unlike, that in no case did their dissimilarity lessen under the influence of identical nurture. They had the same nurses, the same tutors, the same companions, they were reared in every respect alike, yet their characters continued to be as dissimilar, and, I need hardly add, their features remained as different as if they had belonged to totally different families. The conclusion to which I was driven by the results of this inquiry was that a surprisingly small margin seemed to be left to the effects of circumstances and education, and to the exercise of what we are accustomed to call "free-will."

It follows from such opinions as these, which appear to be gaining ground in popular estimation, that it is highly desirable to give more attention than has been customary hitherto to investigate and define the capacities of each individual. They form his stock-in-trade, the amount of which admits of definition, whereby he has to gain his livelihood, and to fulfil the claims upon him as head of a family and as a citizen. So far as we succeed in measuring and expressing them, so far almost in an equal degree should we be able to forecast what the man is really fit for, and what he may undertake with the least risk of disappointment. They would encourage him if unduly timid, or they would warn him from efforts doomed to be wasted.

What I propose to speak of in the present memoir are those measurements of the bodily form and faculties that can, or apparently could be, made with some precision, but the personal data in respect to intellectual and emotional capacities and to special aptitudes and tastes require a separate treatment. The progress of the art of measurement of the more purely bodily faculties has been by no means uniform. It has never been specially directed towards furthering the knowledge of the life-history of individuals, but for the most part towards other theoretical investigations. In some cases elaborate instruments and methods of observation have been devised by which certain faculties have been tested with extreme minuteness; in other cases no well-contrived and approved system of examination exists. If everything should be stated by which anthropometry might profit, the effect would be not unlike the map of some partially settled country drawn on a scale so large as to show the cadastral survey of its principal town lands. A fraction of the whole would be minutely engraved, the wide adjacent regions would be presented by a few lines of route, and the remainder would consist of blanks. In order to convey in the best way an idea of what is known about such a country as this, the general map of it should be on a small scale, and then uniformity of treatment becomes possible. Acting on this principle, I shall avoid entering into details of those subjects where there exists very much to speak of, and



shall nowhere go farther than is sufficient to express the simpler requirements of anthropometry.

Let us then consider how we should set to work to define and describe the various bodily faculties of a person whom we had ample means of observing, say one of our own children. Some of the observations could hardly be made except at a properly equipped anthropometric laboratory; others, as it will be seen, could at present be carried on best in the playground. I shall not care to distinguish these in the description, they will be obvious enough when they occur. The tests would define the capacities of the person at the moment when he was observed. They are expected to be renewed at intervals so as to serve as records of successive periods in his life-history.

Photography was the subject of my last memoir. I showed that the features should be taken in full face and in exact profile, and not too small a scale—that of about one-seventh of the natural—being perhaps the most convenient. I also spoke of other photographs in less formal attitudes, to show the whole figure and gesture. In some of these the limbs might be more or less bared to exhibit muscular development.

I need not dwell upon the usual anthropometric measurements. They should of course be made, and probably no better rules can be followed in making them than those of the present Anthropometric Committee of the British Association. These measurements refer to height, to weight, to chest girth (but only if taken by skilled observers on a uniform plan), to capacity of lungs (also under those conditions), and to colour of hair and eyes. Other data are asked for in the instructions issued by the committee which would also require to be recorded, and which may as well be mentioned now—such as birthplace and residence, whether in town or country, both of the person and of his parents; also their race, whether English, Scotch, or Irish, &c.

We now proceed to the measurements and records that are more especially the subject of this memoir.

Energy may be defined as the length of time during which a person is wont to work at full stretch, day by day, without harm to himself, in obedience to an instinctive craving for work, and Endurance may be tested by the same observation if an adequate motive for work be supplied. Some persons seem almost indefatigable; they are never happy or well except when in constant action; and they fidget, fret, and worry themselves under enforced idleness. Others, whose vitality is low, break down under a small amount of strain, and their happiness lies mainly in repose. The true tests would undoubtedly be physiological and of considerable delicacy, but they have yet to be discovered, or at least to be systematised for anthropometric purposes. They would measure the excess of waste

over repair consequent upon any given effort, and would furnish the indications of a loss of capital which, if persevered in, must infallibly lead to vital bankruptcy. Now, when a haberdasher examines a piece of cloth to learn its strength, he handles and pulls it gently in different directions, but he does not care to tear it to pieces or to strain it. He learns by the way it behaves under a moderate tension how it would support a great deal more of it. So it may prove to be with physiological tests as applied to the determination of the amount of endurance. The balance of the living system might be artificially disturbed by a definite small force, and its stability under the influence of greater forces might thereby be inferred. Unfortunately the only convenient tests of a person's endurance that are now available are records of such feats of sustained bodily or mental work as he may have recently performed, that were not succeeded next day by feverish excitement or by fatigue, but whose effects were entirely dissipated by a single night's rest.

The faculties about which I have next to speak admit of being developed in a high degree by exercise, and some difficulty will always arise in knowing how far their development may be due to nature and how far to practice. This difficulty is, however, of less importance than it might appear to be. All our faculties are somewhat exercised in the ordinary course of life, and when we begin to practise any special test, though our skill increases rather quickly at first, its rate of progress soon materially lessens, and we are able to judge with sufficient precision of the highest point which we can hope to attain. When recording the results of any test it would be sufficient to append a brief note concerning the amount of previous practice.

The strength is best measured by a spring dynamometer, of which the framework is held in the left hand with the arm extended, while the spring is drawn back by the right hand in the attitude of an archer. This is the test used by the Anthropometric Committee; it only refers to the strength of the arms, but that is in most cases sufficient to express the general muscular power, and it has the advantage of not causing injurious straining to weakly persons. Trials of lifting heavy weights are positively dangerous. If a multitude of persons were tested in that way, some instances of broken blood-vessels and of abdominal ruptures would be almost sure to occur.

Agility may be defined in terms of the number of seconds required to run a hundred yards, of the greatest horizontal distance that can be covered by a leap, of the distance to which a cricket-ball can be thrown, and by means of various gymnastic feats. The several merits of the latter, however, require to be carefully considered, and those that can be performed indoors and in a confined space should be selected as standards.

The co-ordination of muscles and eye is another faculty that varies

widely in different persons, while it is also greatly increased by education. Some persons are gifted with a high power of accurate movement, while others are as notoriously clumsy. In all cases, however, this faculty may be largely developed in special directions, as is shown by the superior dexterity of artisans to that of amateurs. It seems a most simple faculty to be tested, nevertheless I know of no recognised methods of doing so; and in default of one, the best plan of defining its amount might be, in the case of youths, by their measured skill in well-known games, as racquets, cricket, rifle-shooting, billiards, and wherever else a good eye and steady hand are required.

The faculty of sense discrimination has in many respects been the subject of most elaborate experiments, chiefly in regard to the relation between the amounts of stimuli, as measured by objective standards (such as weight in pounds, as brightness in units of intensity &c.), and the corresponding amount of evoked sensations, measured by subjective standards, namely, by the feelings of the several persons operated on. Out of all the contrivances that have been devised for these experiments, some of which are extremely delicate, we want a battery of the most simple ones that are sufficiently effective for ordinary anthropometric purposes. I find it difficult, in obedience to the programme already laid down, to enter as much as I should like to do into particulars concerning this wide and important part of the subject before us. The sources of error to be guarded against, the principles that have to be attended to, and the instruments already in use cannot be properly explained in a few paragraphs. The reader must take it for granted that all this is a familiar subject to many writers and experimenters, such as Fechner and Delbœuf, and that the work remaining to be done is to select out of extant instruments those that are sufficiently inexpensive and quick in manipulation to be appropriately placed in an anthropometric laboratory. Under these circumstances I will refrain from doing more than specifying the more important measurements among the many that admit of being made.

*Sight*.—Its keenness; the appreciation of different shades; that of different colours.

*Sound*.—Its keenness; the appreciation of different grades of loudness; that of different notes.

*Touch*.—Discrimination of different roughnesses, such as wire-work of differently sized mesh.

*Muscular Sense*.—Discrimination of weights externally alike, but differing slightly in specific gravity.

Another class of delicate apparatus refers to the rate of response to stimuli. A signal is given to one of the senses, as by the sight of a suddenly lifted finger, by an exclamation, or by a touch, t

which response is made by pressing a stop. The interval between the signal and the response is measurable, and it differs in different persons.

Another well-known arrangement tests the time lost in forming a simple judgment. Arrangement is made for two possible and different signals, which are severally to be responded to by different forms of response. The subject of the experiment is ignorant which of the two signals will appear. After he perceives it, there is an appreciable time of hesitation before he is able to make the appropriate response, and this time is easily measured, and is found to differ in different persons.

The persistence of impressions, especially if visual ones, is exceeding various. Some persons are strongly affected by after-images and others are not. For example, after gazing at a red wafer for a short definite time and then rapidly withdrawing the eye, the appearance of a green after-image will be present to some and not to others. There can be little doubt that the liability to after-images is an important factor of the artistic temperament, being the base of the enhanced susceptibility to conditions of contrast and harmony of colours. Numerous experiments exist bearing on various kinds of after-images, but they want systematising for anthropometric purposes.

The memory, in its dependence on the relative impressions of eye, ear, and other senses, whether severally or in combination, admits of being tested, and here again numerous scattered experiences have been gained, and ingenious experiments have been devised which require consolidating and systematising.

This is perhaps as much as need be said in a very brief general glance over a large division of a large subject. My object is to point out that means already exist for the appraisalment of many of the principal bodily faculties, but that they require to be systematised, and that others have to be contrived, and that they cannot be properly utilised for ordinary anthropometric purposes without such apparatus as would require to be kept in a laboratory and used under the guidance of an intelligent operator.

I will say a few words, and a few only, upon another large branch to which I alluded in my previous article, namely the medical life-history of each individual. There seems to be a need for medico-metric laboratories where certificates of observed facts should be furnished to any applicant for stated fees. These would contain as exact and complete a report of the physiological status of a person as is feasible in the present state of science, by the help of the microscope, chemical tests, and physiological apparatus. Laboratories of this description ought to be welcome to practising physicians, who, being unable to keep the necessary apparatus in their consulting

rooms, could send their patients to be examined in any way they wished, whenever they thought it desirable to do so. The laboratories would be of the same convenience to them that the K Observatory is to physicists, who can send their delicate instruments there to have their errors ascertained.

The data for the medical history of a man's life are the observations made by his physician in his successive illnesses, and I would dwell on the importance of gradually establishing a custom that a medical attendant of each patient should as a matter of course write down such clinical notes of his case as are written at the bedside of public patients at hospitals. These papers would be for the private and future use of the patient, and would be preserved by him together with the prescriptions. They would accumulate as the years went by and would form the materials for a medical life-history of very great value to the patient himself in the illnesses of his later life. These records might be epitomised by his physician from time to time, and they would in that form be an heir-loom to the children of the patient, warning their medical attendants in future years by throwing light on hereditary peculiarities.

The popular object of this and the previous memoir is to further the accumulation of materials for life-histories in the form of adequate photographs, anthropometric measurements, and medical facts. No doubt it would be contrary to the inclinations of many people to take much trouble of the kind about themselves, but I would urge them to do so for their children so far as they have opportunities and to establish a family register for the purpose, filling it up periodically as well as they can. It will have been seen that much may be effected without special apparatus, and on the other hand that much more could be effected and with increased ease and precision if anthropometric laboratories existed. Should a demand arise for such establishments it would not be difficult to form them in connection with various existing scientific institutions. A few shelves would hold the necessary apparatus. Something useful of the kind could be set on foot at a moment's notice, but it would require much practice and consideration by capable men before a standard outfit could be decided on.

The motives that might induce a person to take the trouble of getting himself accurately measured and appraised from time to time and of recording the results are briefly as follows:—(1) The biographical interest to the person himself, to his family, and descendants. (2) Their utility, especially from a medical point of view, to himself in after life. (3) The information they might give of hereditary dangers and vital probabilities to his descendants. (4) Their value as future materials for much-needed investigations into the statistics of life-histories.

FRANCIS GALTON.

## THE DECAY OF CRITICISM.

### I.

IN the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Caro has a vigorous and polished article, keen and well thrust, like a rapier in a master's hand, *more suo*, on the decadence of the critical function in France. If anybody has a right to an opinion on such a subject it is certainly M. Caro himself: and his ideas deserve consideration here in England, too, where many of the facts he points out are as true as beyond the Channel, while, as to others, we may perhaps occasionally congratulate or commiserate ourselves on a decided contrast, in our favour or otherwise. Let us first hear what this critic of critics has to say, and then let us proceed to criticize his criticism in its turn, if haply we may thus get at last some little way toward the bottom of this interesting question, so far as concerns the England of the present day at least.

Everybody knows, says M. Caro—whose words I can only pretend to condense roughly, *crassa Minerva*, in our blunter mother tongue—everybody knows that criticism is now reduced to such a dead level of mediocrity and impotence as it has never before known. Not, of course, scholarly criticism, art criticism, theatrical criticism; not, above all, religious criticism, which plays so large a part in the great underlying struggle of our age. Our present question narrows its bounds to the consideration of criticism applied to books—literary, historical, or philosophical—the kind once wielded in the past by a Villemain, a Saint-Marc Girardin, a Gustave Planche, a Sainte-Beuve; which had for its domain the comparative literature of all ages and nations, or the curious analysis of a single great typical work. Twenty years ago, the publication of an important book was a literary event. As soon as it appeared, it became the object of a careful and scrupulous examination. It was deeply studied, well weighed, and judged on its merits. Praise or blame were meted out, not by favour but by desert, though, of course, without shutting out the idiosyncrasy and the preferences of the individual critic. On every leading paper literary criticism was then as thoroughly organized as dramatic criticism is to-day. Setting aside first-rate names like that of Sainte-Beuve, with his keen discernment of nascent genius, many distinguished men of the second order kept up the general level of this intellectual magistracy. The public had competent guides to direct its choice. In those thrice happy days the critics were recognised oracles of good sense, reason, and sound knowledge. 'Twas they who set the current of opinion about new works, who made and

explained success or failure, who unmasked quackery and stamped out meaningless paradox in its earliest stage. They were not always infallible, they were not always even impartial; but at any rate they were seldom so far mistaken as the mob of readers, left to-day without pilot or compass, and driven helplessly about by every passing wind of pseudo-critical doctrine.

And now, in our own time, where do we find ourselves? The success of a book, be it novel or poem, historical work or philosophical essay, if not due to mere chance, has at least no sufficient cause or reason. In the long run, of course, before the final court of appeal—posterity—distributive justice will prevail, and books live or die at last by their merits alone. But meanwhile good works have to wait unconscionably long before they get their recognition. At the same time sensational successes, forced on by some journalistic rivalry or mutual-admiration freemasonry, perhaps even by simple impudence and inordinate puffing—M. Zola is not mentioned by name—carry the day triumphantly for the moment. Trashy windbags achieve a scandalous publicity, while meritorious productions languish in the shade. Public opinion on literary questions has become absolutely anarchic. Each man reads by chance, and judges by his own hasty and unreasoning impressions. Hence the public taste inevitably declines. We seldom meet nowadays a man who judges wisely and can give the grounds for his judgment. Each blindly follows the fashion, without perceiving that he himself is one of the units which make it up.

So much for the symptoms; the causes are complex and hard to diagnose. The obvious explanation is to say there are no more critics. The race has worn itself out and no longer reproduces its kind. But then this disappearance of a whole literary genus leaves itself the fact which demands explanation; the odd phenomenon of the poverty and the lessened influence of those who survive. There are still critics—ay, and good ones too. But they cannot stem the tide of public taste: they find themselves slowly stranded and isolated on their own little critical islets. Their authority is only recognized within a small sphere of picked intellects, and does not affect the general current of the popular mind. They have reputations, but they have not influence. Some, addressing themselves to the narrow circle of experts, appear but rarely in print in order to express their sympathy with some really great work, or their righteous wrath against some aberration of the public taste. Others, designed by nature and by the lofty impartiality of their literary judgment, to be the heirs of Sainte-Beuve, are daily deserting literature and giving to politics what was meant for mankind. By the side of these survivors from the Augustan age of criticism, there are other younger men, ripened before their time by study and reflection,

consolation in the present and our hope in the future, who are no unworthy representatives of the race that has passed away. But the striking point about all these manifestations of contemporary criticism is just this—that such occasional scattered individual judgments do not coalesce into a body, do not form a code, do not compose a tribunal. Judges there still are, no doubt; but a literary court there is not. The decrees of the experts lack validity; there is no force to back them up, no sanction such as only the wider public can bestow. Their authority is personal, not official. In short, criticism has now become a happy accident; it is no longer an institution universally accepted as of yore by virtue of its collective force and its recognised light and leading. Our generation has altered all that.

## II.

So far M. Caro on the main question. We shall return by-and-by to his further charges and side issues. Meanwhile, what can we in England say in answer to this stern gravamen? Are things as bad here as we are told they are in France; or can we still show a critical school as good and as authoritative as any that our fathers knew?

The lawyers have an illogical but convenient habit of meeting the various counts of an indictment by quite contradictory answers, any one of which, if proved, will sufficiently serve their purpose. First, their client did not commit an assault at all; secondly, he committed it under grave personal provocation; thirdly, he was somewhere else at the time he is alleged to have committed it. I propose to treat M. Caro's charges—which he intends for France alone—in much the same manner. First, it may be denied that there is now any decay of criticism in England at all; secondly, it may be maintained that there never were any critics in England; and thirdly, it may be humbly argued that the reasons for the decline are not exactly those suggested by M. Caro.

Nobody can doubt that, so far as France is concerned, our author is absolutely right in his facts. Twenty years ago there *was* a critical school in Paris, which commanded universal respect. A *causerie* by Sainte-Beuve settled the question at once, and taught people authoritatively what they ought to think. A review signed by one of the recognised names made or marred a struggling reputation. And this criticism, whatever we may think of it on the scientific side, at least knew its own mind, had its own canons, and could give its reasons boldly in very straightforward language and in a very polished French style. It was itself literature, as well as a criticism of literature; and it was further from deserving Balzac's famous but very unjust sneer than any other critical school that has ever existed. In England, however, it may well be doubted whether we have any



such Augustan age to look back upon. Our great period of criticism in the past can hardly be that of musty fusty Christopher, of Hazlitt or of Macaulay. To criticize is not to tear to pieces every book by political opponent, and to smear with congenial but indiscriminate laudation every book by a political friend. It is not to apply artificial rules of composition thirty years after they have become practically obsolete. It is not to write prettily and brilliantly about any side subject suggested by the work nominally under review. It is not to begin with a formal passing allusion to the supposed examinee, and then to diverge into a glowing original declamation in the best and most magnificent Philistine taste, like a very Goliath of Gath, upon the matter which your poor lay-figure has merely served to drag in clumsily without rhyme or reason. The criticism of our fathers and our grandfathers was not even successful in its haphazard predictions. It was the criticism that crushed Keats snarled at Byron, smiled contemptuously over Wordsworth and Coleridge, and tried to snuff out Tennyson.

On the other hand, in our own days there has begun to grow up for the first time in England, a school of critics who have obviously based their ideas of criticism upon the model of Sainte-Beuve, and of Saint-Marc Girardin. Englishmen reading the works of the great French critical masters have been seized by the conviction that such a high, wide, and earnest conception of the critical function has never yet existed in English minds. They have been impressed at once by the philosophical breadth and by the literary finish of the French school. They have learnt much from the Villemains and the Sainte-Beuves on the one hand, from the Taines, the Renans, and even the Gautiers on the other. Thus, just at the moment when the critical impulse is dying out in France, it has begun to live in England. Contrast even such a book as Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe* which stands on the borderland between the two periods, with anything that ever went by the name of criticism in England before. In fact, until the last thirty or forty years, nobody here had ever dreamt that a critic ought to look at book or author from anything higher than the standpoint of his own immediate passing likes and dislikes, or that criticism need be anything different in kind from the comments which young ladies make upon the novels that they recommend or condemn to one another at the door of the circulating library. And now, take just the set of names appended to the well-known series of *English Men of Letters*, and ask one's self when before could such a mass of high critical opinion have been brought together in England? At our universities, indeed the real danger seems to be that men are growing too exclusively critical and neglecting original productivity altogether.

"But this criticism is not authoritative. It does not form

supreme court, and possess a recognised jurisdiction." Well, that is true enough, perhaps. It is a characteristic of our higher criticism in England at the present day that it confines itself mainly to the past or to made reputations. It publishes solid books and essays, but it does not descend into the arena of the current journalistic press. It is reticent about new men; to say the truth, in such a crowded world as ours has now become, it has no leisure to know or consider them. Time was when promising young men were aged eighteen or twenty; nowadays, the promising young man is aged forty-five, and he has elbowed his way with difficulty by that time out of the vast crowd of average competitors. Hence our criticism is at present mostly retrospective. Perhaps the best, certainly the safest criticism is always so. It is easiest to prophesy after the event; easier, too, to get rid of distracting particulars, and to estimate the man's real place among his contemporaries when you can look back upon him with the calm impartiality of posterity. No doubt, the true critics still in many cases contribute to the current press: but then, they do not put on their best critical spectacles for the purpose. They supply the common article that the current press demands. What this article is, and why it must be so, we may consider after we have heard M. Caro's views upon the origin and nature of the analogous commodity in France.

## III.

Our present condition in this matter, M. Caro continues—again I abstract loosely—is due to a peculiar concurrence of social and political causes in contemporary French opinion. In the first place, politics have split up all society into two hostile camps. Never before was the division of parties so radical or so universal. A civil war is smouldering insidiously among the intellects of the country. The generous courtesy of other days is dead: the republic of letters has lost its old friendly and chivalrous character. A charming book, published on the wrong side, will meet in certain quarters with nothing better than a damning silence. A ripe study, falling into the midst of this chilly environment, is judged not on its merits, but by purely political likes and dislikes. Nay, one can even foretell, long beforehand, its exact reception in each journal. It is apotheosis on the one side, anathema on the other. The public naturally learns to interpret these hysterics at their true worth. It cares neither for the stock enthusiasm that the reviewers keep on hand to order, nor for the vials of wrath that they hold in reserve for the unoffending adversary. Their very exaggeration makes them innocuous, because nobody takes any notice of what they say. The general injustice of criticism annihilates itself—by a sort of natural compensatory principle, the blame and the praise cancel out. How different, indeed, are these

falsetto shrieks from the delicate irony and scathing self-restraint a Voltaire! And how infinitely more execution can be performed with that fine and trenchant blade of tempered steel than with the coarse African knob-stick of these latter days, which makes so loud noise and does so little real damage!

Again, a second cause of the barrenness of contemporary criticism is to be found in the existing organization of the newspaper press which has turned the reviewer into a kind of improvisatore, instead of a careful and deliberate critic. There are a few old-fashioned steady-going papers, it is true, which make it a point of honour to keep up the traditions of better days: but with this exception, the state of the periodical press makes serious criticism an absolute impossibility. Journalism no longer demands either special aptitude, special training, or special function. Nowadays, any man can write because there are papers enough to give employment to everybody. No reflection, no deliberation, no care: all is haste, fatal facility, stock phrases, commonplace ideas, and a ready pen that can turn itself to any task with equal ease, because supremely ignorant of all alike.

"A little time since," said a journalist of the old school to M. Combarieu—"a little time since there were a few papers definitely devoted to certain well-understood political programmes, all edited by men of talent or else—no mean alternative—by men of honest merit. Journalism was not then an open profession. A man must have proved his mettle before he could enter it; he must keep up to his own first mark in order to remain in it. Now, it is far otherwise. Increased communications, augmented industry, wider popular education, greater public freedom, have between them multiplied tenfold the number of newspapers. So the number of journalists has multiplied side by side with them a hundredfold to meet the increased demand: and the Press has accordingly become an open profession where every comer may serve at once, without apprenticeship, special training, or noviciate of any kind."

What this veteran journalist said was no more than the truth. Under the old régime, a paper was a commonwealth guided by responsible leaders, who formed, so to speak, a cabinet ministry for the whole concern. Recruits were not picked up haphazard, but carefully selected for their peculiar talents and specially adapted to their peculiar functions. The articles were written more or less in council or at least under the same informing inspiration, so that the idiosyncrasies, the fancies, and the humours of each contributor were finally subject to a certain central control, or general discipline. Each writer shared to his proper degree in the collective authority of the paper. A double responsibility bound the contributor: that of his own personal reputation and that of the common organ. Each had

**his** speciality, and moved easily in his own orbit, as a writer who **respects** himself must always do ; but still, they had none the less to **reckon** in the end with the understood spirit of the paper. Their **liberty** was bound up in its solidarity. Nowadays, all is changed. **There** is no subordination, no discipline, no common sentiment. **True**, you must write within the limits of the party creed ; you must **keep** strictly to the fraction of a political faith which your journal represents ; but with this one restriction you are free as air. You need not show special knowledge nor special talent ; if your first article is a hit, if you can even make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness in the shape of a capitalist proprietor, your way is smooth before you. You may write on any subject on earth—literature, science, finance, politics, or small-talk. In this singular trade, you may become a master-workman offhand without the trouble of learning the rudiments of the handicraft.

How can criticism exist in such an atmosphere as this ? The writer takes to his craft nowadays, not because he has a taste for literature, but because he has an incurable faculty for scribbling. He has no culture, and he soon loses the power of taking pains, if he ever possessed it. But he can talk with glib superficiality and imposing confidence about every conceivable subject, from a play or a picture to a sermon or a metaphysical essay. It is this utter indifference to subject-matter, joined with the vulgar unscrupulousness of pretentious ignorance, that strikes the key-note of our existing criticism. Men write without taking the time or the trouble to read or to think. Hence, instead of critical studies we are getting to expect nothing more than anecdotal portraits. It is a long or even a difficult piece of work to study a book : it is a delicate and complex operation to criticize it. A book suggests innumerable ideas : even to read it through may take three or four whole days—an impossible waste of time for the modern journalist. But the reading is only a fraction of the entire task ; to weigh it, to compare it, to unravel all its intricacies—why, the thing is quite too unspeakably tedious. And who, pray, would be the better for it ? The paper ? Good heavens, the paper could never print anything so intolerably dull as a real critique ! The public ? Do you really suppose that that frivolous, amusement-hunting, many-headed creature could conceivably take the trouble to read it ? Let us have a good story or two, and everybody will be satisfied. The critic accordingly becomes a reporter—perhaps even an interviewer. He gives us an exact inventory of the author's study, a full diary of his average habits, a general account of his social peculiarities. If he knows nothing about these things, then he evolves them from his inner consciousness. All the world is pleased, and the critic is an extinct animal.

But journalism is not only to blame. The public has made what it is. A society always gets the type of journal that it wants; the press does but photograph and stereotype the taste of the people. Now, never before was the world at large so culpably indifferent to great works—so careless of the higher literature in every sphere of thought, as at present. We are standing by while society is passing through a transitional stage on its way to the dead-level of uniform mediocrity that we see already in the United States. It is the fashion to laugh at De Tocqueville: yet the facts that De Tocqueville pointed out forty years ago in America were almost prophetic in their application to ourselves. We Frenchmen are getting rapidly Americanized. Business grows daily more and more absorbing; politics grow daily more and more concentrated and specialized. Between these upper and nether millstones, poor literature is whirling ground out of existence. A crass practical materialism is the inevitable result, and the struggle for life slowly crushes out all the non-essentials from our existence, till we are left at last to live on bread alone, and not on the word that was once held to be a vital part of our innermost being. The higher criticism and the higher letters ask too much effort from our wearied and blasé public. Idleness, repose, not fresh occupation, is all that it demands. The intervals of business must be filled up with mere pleasures; and organized gossip must be henceforth the mainstay of our reformed mode of journalism. The world requires that, and will put up with nothing else. What a Nemesis of public bad taste!

## IV.

Now, I do not think the first of M. Caro's reasons holds good in the England of to-day at all. The times are gone by when a Tory reviewer felt bound to read a Radical poet, and when a Radical reviewer felt bound to insinuate doubts about a Tory historian's private character. Even the *Quarterlies* do not now consider it a point of honour to attack and defend a Homeric treatise by Mr. Gladstone, or a novel by Lord Beaconsfield, as though the future of the country depended on the interpretation of a line in the *Sixth Iliad*, or upon the literary fate of *Endymion* and *Lothair*. The issues before us are more momentous than they ever yet were; but we have learned to approach them with less personal rancour than at any previous period. To be sure, there is an acrimonious tail here and there, which stings like the scorpion's rather blindly, against all the traditions of English public life: but then these tails have no effect upon the world at large, and we may probably boast with truth that never hitherto was criticism in general so little influenced by personal or political animosities as at the present moment in England. That it is quite otherwise in France one must regretfully admit.

Here, politics have really divided the world upon every possible question. Even in science the political bias has made itself a marked disturbing factor. It has been my duty of late years to read and review an immense number of French books on various anthropological subjects: and I cannot recall a single instance in which the political animus did not distort the author's view in one direction or the other.

As to the mania for apotheosis, that we may admit is quite as rampant here as elsewhere, perhaps, indeed, a great deal more rampant than in any other country. Our phases of Ruskin-worship, Carlyle-worship, and Browning-worship are more grotesque and servile than anything to be found even in America itself. As a rule, too, such worship gathers around whatever is most amorphous and least definite or categorical in thinking and philosophising among us—around the most immature, or crudest, or most truly purposeless of our great writers. A nebulous bazy thinker, who cloaks platitudes or unintelligible sayings in that grand, eloquent, high-souled phraseology that makes them sound like profound truths, is sure to attract a great deal of this heedless worship to himself. On the other hand, the men who assert a definite idea in definite language get followers, it is true, but do not become the centres of a professed cult. There are Millites, but no Mill-worshippers—Spencerians, but no Spencerists. Even in poetry, Mr. Tennyson has many imitators, but hardly a school of adulators; while Mr. Swinburne has gathered around him a whole galaxy of tuneful anarchists and pantheistic Bacchants.

Let us pass on to M. Caro's second point, the organization of journalism. Here we must allow that matters in England are tending in the same direction as in France, though they have not yet gone nearly so far. Our better journals are still written by men of high culture and special training; perhaps, indeed, the better journals are so written now more than at any previous time. But it cannot be denied that current criticism as we get it in the average even of these leading papers is of a very empirical and hasty character. How can it be otherwise? In the first place, look at the space placed at the disposal of each reviewer: why, there I have half unconsciously hit upon the very kernel of the question, for does not the mere word "reviewer" call up a wonderfully different mental concept from the word "critic"? Well, the reviewer has to say what he has got to say in some two or three short columns at the outside. How absurdly inadequate for anything like real criticism! But even in this limited space, the larger part must be devoted to a mere general descriptive analysis of the book and its contents, which crams the purely critical portion, if such there be at all, into a single half column perhaps. Then the reviewer has above all things to make his review readable, as the term is understood by the public

for whom he writes. I do not deny that this treatment is quite good enough for nine out of ten books that come under his notice: for probably only the professional reviewer has any conception of the depths of human inanity that are poured daily out of the British printing-press; and it would be a good thing if reviewers were once at liberty to stifle some of these monstrous births at the outset, or have a periodical massacre of the innocents under a heading "Books not worth reviewing," so as to leave more space for those which are really deserving of a hearty commendation or even of a sound though detailed castigation. But this may not be. *Fas est*: and the publishing interest could not hear of it.

Then, again, look at the really good books. When such a book falls into the reviewer's hands, he generally knows that he cannot attempt to criticize it at all. He has no room, and what is more, in most cases, he has no time. If it is what the publishers call "an important work,"—in plain English one of which they expect to sell a great many—advance copies are sent to the principal critical journals, and the review appears as soon as the book itself is announced for distribution. The public is eagerly waiting to be told all about it: and the so-called critic is really reduced to the position of a mere reporter, who gives a running analysis of the book to save his readers the trouble of skimming it for themselves. Even a newspaper is afraid that every other will be beforehand with it. Suppose a critic of the conscientious sort were asked to criticize—not merely to review—a new book of real value, for a modern weekly paper. Could he do it in a couple of days? Could he do it in three columns? Could he do it in the weekly paper style at all? Of course, in such a well-conducted journal as the *Academy*, we still often get the very best judges giving their opinion on the very best books; but how often, even there, is such an opinion anything worth calling, in the true sense, a criticism? anything more than a mere dogmatic statement of weighty and well-grounded approval or condemnation.

Naturally, reviewing thus becomes wholly unauthoritative. There are too many books published for the public to read the reviews at all. These reviews are themselves too hasty and too incomplete to be worth much. And the consequence is that, except in the case of "important books," they scarcely serve as a guide to the general public at all. The worst sufferers are, of course, the younger writers of good but not of startling or sensational works. At one time the complaint of young authors was that the critics snuffed them out. Nowadays they cannot complain of the critics but of the public. There is at this moment a whole knot of young men in London who have written meritorious but unsaleable books, and who are now waiting, as they have been waiting any time these ten years, for their recognition. When their books first appeared the critics in every case dealt them all round substantial justice—praised them

recommended them, and even as far as possible criticized them. But the recommendations carry no weight. If *laudari a laudatis* were all the battle, they might rest upon their laurels; for it is just the leaders of thought who are most accessible and most ready of recognition for new men. But it is the solid, massive, immovable, pachydermatous public whose hide the younger authors fail to pierce. Indeed, with the solitary and damning exception of Mr. Mallock, it would be hard to name a single writer of the present generation who has achieved even a decent reputation before he was forty. The fact is, newspaper criticism produces no result, because there is too much of it, and the competition is too fierce for any one name to emerge from the crush except by a miracle. A good book, you say—the critics praised it; ah, indeed—why look at the Opinions of the Press at the end of everybody's volume and see if the critics have not praised them all. They were every one good, no doubt; but how on earth can anybody read the ten thousand books per annum that the critics have praised? It was another thing when a new book was an event in the world, and was eagerly canvassed by all the town: but nowadays what can the young author expect but to wait his turn, and back his life against his innumerable competitors?

As to the part played by the public in this decadence of newspaper criticism, it is much the same in England as in France. Only one may reasonably doubt whether our public is not far more instead of less immovable than that of America. We are a slow and very Philistine people; it is hard to get at us in any way. Consequently, new works become much more slowly known here than across the Atlantic. There are men by the dozen—I could name them, but refrain—whose books are quite unknown in England, and who have sold their hundred or two here at a loss, while in America you may see them hawked about by dozens at the railway depôts, in cheap popular paper-covered editions (pirated, of course,) at fifteen cents the volume. The public here does not want criticism because it does not want literature. It interests itself only, as M. Caro puts it, in business and pleasure; it demands only *panem et circenses*. It is, therefore, content in the matter of literature to follow the big names that it knows; and, really, one cannot much blame it. Who can seriously sit down to examine critically the mass of trash that is turned out daily in London alone? And when the reviewer comes unexpectedly across a genuine pearl, who is going to listen to the voice of one crying in the wilderness of anonymity, and proclaiming that he, the anonymous one, has at last discovered a real live author?

## V.

M. Caro's final reason for the decadence I shall consider more briefly, interspersing such reflections as his remarks suggest, side by side with his own statements. It is one more peculiarly applicable



to France, though it has side applications to England as well. I believe that the evil may be traced in part to the new French system of higher instruction, which sets a peculiar premium upon specialism. There are no more thinkers among the younger men, he complains; there are only philologists, archæologists, Hellenists, Orientalists. One professor said to him—a truly gruesome saying—"Nous voulons plus de critiques; il nous faut des chercheurs d'inédit." Now, specialism is full of attractions for mediocrity. There, a small man may easily reign supreme within his own petty realm. He can make his private microscopic discoveries, and gain kudos for them at the cheapest possible rate. Men of this class, multiplied innumerable by the new French system, can never become critics in a wide sense of the term. They may pick small holes in other people's scholarship, but they will never rise to take a broad general view of anybody or anything. Such views can only be gained, intellectually as well as physically, from a height: and a height is just what these good easy specialists can never attain to.

Well, we cannot deny that we in England are somewhat menaced by precisely the same danger. At Oxford to-day, specialism is rampant. "There is no chance now," said a clever lazy Oxford man to me one day, "in Latin and Greek, or even in Sanskrit, and Assyrian, and Akkadian, without a lot of grind; so I mean to go in myself for the Ostiak dialect of Tungusian." Mere banter, of course, but characteristic, for all that. Who has not met in London the man who greets any mention of a Darwin, a Spencer, or a Helmholtz with the stereotyped remark, "Well, for my part, I can say what his general theories may be worth, but I can certainly assure that in my own department, his molecular physics, you know, are horribly shaky," or "his views about Amharic grammar are painfully false," or "his information as to the edicts of Asoka is not corroborated by the latest German researches." With us, however, I do not think this evil has yet crept high enough to affect even newspaper criticism very largely; I mean, the specialists are still too young for the most part to have obtained a hearing even in journalism.

All this specialism, too, says M. Caro, what is it after all but the product of a weak abandonment, in the panic which followed the war, of whatever was essentially and distinctively French in our intellectual natures? We Frenchmen are just at present out of humour with our own native qualities. We want to make ourselves into Germans off-hand, and we only succeed in losing our national virtues and becoming very second-rate Frenchmen after all. Yet they were surely well worth preserving, when one comes to think of it, these essentially French characteristics that we are trying to exchange for second-hand German specialism. It was no unimportant trifle, believe me, that art of just composition, that sense of due pro-

portion, that power of setting in the highest relief the innermost essence of a question, and of disregarding mere side digressions and minor episodes, which marked the best French school of criticism. Clearness and form are not simple ornaments of style, they are the symbols of the highest grasp of matter. France has always possessed certain intellectual aptitudes in this direction which none but Frenchmen themselves can ever take away from her. She is the mother country of those lucid and luminous spirits who know how to make their brilliant ideas distinctly visible before all the world. She is the land of Montaigne, Pascal, Descartes, Montesquieu, and Voltaire. Even her masses are distinguished by an extraordinary development of unconscious critical taste. It is one of the advantages enjoyed by Frenchmen that they move amid so delicately discriminative an environment. But if France is to continue what she has been, the soil must not lie fallow; it must be tilled in future on the same old lines as ever. Suppose hereafter a Villemain, a Cousin, or a Guizot arises in our midst, for heaven's sake don't let us condemn him, with his broad vision and organizing intelligence, to decipher inscriptions or to publish unedited fragments. Let us be Frenchmen still, and don't let us lose our national individuality in the arid and dreary specialism of the new school, imported smoking hot to Paris from the lecture-rooms of Berlin.

Is there not in all this a certain lesson for us Englishmen as well? Are not we, too, a little over-anxious to convert ourselves forthwith into the image of the fashionable Teutonic monographist? Are we not too apt to forget that England also has by native inheritance her great and invaluable mental qualities, above all the grand quality of grasp? Among the widest and most all-embracing generalisations of the world, surely no small part has been due to Englishmen. We have had a Bacon, a Locke, a Hume, a Newton, a Darwin, a Lyell, and a Spencer. Evolutionism, which is revolutionising the world of thought, has been throughout an almost exclusively English impulse. Even in pure *belles lettres*, our literature has been marked by a certain kindred noble expansiveness that is wholly alien to the microscopic pettiness of modern specialism: for have we not also had a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a George Eliot? Our historians and our poets have mostly possessed the broad philosophic temperament; witness, each in his way, Gibbon, Pope, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning. Surely our own English traits are well worth preserving, and we would be ill-advised indeed if we were lightly to exchange them for a base imitation of German ponderousness, or even for a futile endeavour after French lucidity, grace, and brilliance. Let us be English before all things, and then we need scarcely fear that the higher criticism in its best and widest aspect will ever really be lacking in professors among us.

GRANT ALLEN.

## THE PRACTICE OF VIVISECTION IN ENGLAND.

THE renewed vigour with which the question of experiments living animals has been discussed during the past few months, both by those who see its necessity and by those who condemn as cruel and scientifically worthless, may be attributed to variety of circumstances, the most powerful of which no doubt are the very decided opinions in its favour expressed by the International Medical Congress and the British Medical Association at their meetings in August last. The unanimity which was then shown by the medical profession has considerably shocked the anti-vivisectionists, and urged them to greater activity. At the same time, a wave of feeling was sent through the minds of medical men, causing them to think that their experimental fellow-workers were accepting with too great meekness and indifference a position which seemed to be passing gradually from bad to worse. They began for the first time to recognise that the misdirected energy of some well-intentioned and powerful, but badly informed persons, might put a stop to all experimental research in this country, if physiologists and pathologists continued to confront the unceasing activity of their opponents with the apathy they had hitherto shown.

As a result of this feeling, some of the ablest leaders in Science, Medicine, and Surgery, have taken up their pens to explain how really inconsiderable is the amount of suffering caused by experiments on the lower animals in the cause of scientific medicine, when compared with that inflicted in carrying on other human institutions and how absolutely essential experimental research really is for the advance of medical knowledge. I have no doubt that these essays will do much to enlighten the public mind, and to relieve the anxiety of those really interested in the subject; but I fear some persons may have failed to find in them sufficiently explicit statements of what actually takes place nowadays in English laboratories to enable them to put aside the dreadful doubts which have been created in their minds, by reading the heartrending tortures detailed in anti-vivisectionist pamphlets and periodicals.

This deficiency of exact information arises from the fact that the many eminent men, even including Dr. Carpenter, who have most ably and judiciously advocated the utility and morality of experiments on living animals, have not, for some time past, if ever, been engaged in practical physiological work. Hence their conceptions of the methods employed in experimental physiology are chiefly derived from what they saw many years ago in the continental schools, or have since read in foreign journals.

I find that the most erroneous views as to what physiologists do, are current among my lay friends. For the first time in my life I hear from them of some horrible kind of experiments, and am told that such things are done every day in all physiological laboratories both abroad and in England.

I cannot here give a full account of the daily work of a physiologist, much as I should like to do so, but I shall try to lay before the reader a few facts relating to modern physiological research, which I trust will be sufficient to show them that the hideous pictures of the physiologist's barbarity drawn by anti-vivisectionists, and constantly thrust in the face of the public, are, to say the least of them, inexact and misleading so far as the method of working of Englishmen is concerned.

At the outset I must insist that the question which should interest the people of this country is the manner of operating of English biologists, and not that of the continental experimenters, many of whose methods are repulsive even to the most advanced and energetic of English physiologists, as well as to the lay public. This point is not only disregarded but is almost wilfully kept back by the writers of the anti-vivisection societies, who mix up all the physiologists of the world into one great agony-producing community, which they stigmatise as worthy only of hatred.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals calls attention to this in the introduction to its work on this subject<sup>1</sup>:—

“Again a random accusation to the effect that vivisection is vivisection, and its practice attended with as much pain whenever and wherever and by whomsoever conducted, all difference in the methods used by operators notwithstanding, and that English physiologists are equally cruel in their operations on animals as foreign experimenters, has been made admittedly without proof, and certainly against the common experience of persons acquainted with the facts. Again, descriptions of experiments, of implements of experiments, of conduct and conversations of experimenters in laboratories, have been published in papers in reference to the present agitation in England, conveying impressions that such matters relate to English vivisections. Exposures of cruelty are valuable provided they do not mislead. It is not always convenient to identify; but in a discussion on English practices, it is incumbent on a writer to exonerate English physiologists, when narrating particular and definite circumstances in which he knows they are not blameable, while certain foreign physiologists are, instead of leaving them under the stigma of his terrible recital.”

My present wish is simply to point out that there is no sufficient reason to think that the few Englishmen who are engaged in experimental research have any more sympathy with cruelty than any other set of men, and that they should, therefore, be quite freed from the horrible charge that “the most cruel of cruelties” is the business of their lives.

The paucity of evidence about the work of English physiologists

(1) *Vivisection*. 1876. P. 11.

which one finds in anti-vivisection pamphlets and articles does not depend upon any want of literature on the subject in this country for Englishmen are obliged to make an official return of all the experiments they perform; and comprehensive reports are laid before Parliament, setting forth the number of experiments, especially calling attention to those which are "calculated to inflict pain." It cannot, therefore, be true that in this country the question of experimental inquiry is, as Miss Cobbe says, "carefully shrouded in an ever-thickening cloud of mystification." On the contrary, English physiologists have laid bare to the world what they do, and have done their best to clear away any misconceptions about their work, by accepting a statute which enforces the registration and inspection of their laboratories, and demands that a return shall be made of all their actions and methods of study. This they have done in the vain hope of satisfying those who distrust them; but it may have some effect in removing the prejudice which has been created in the public mind by persons who have no practical knowledge of the actual facts of the case.

Let us at once, then, examine the official evidence which appears in the Reports to Parliament of the experiments done during the years 1878, 1879, and 1880, and see if they in any way support the unpleasant statements which have been crowded around the term vivisection.

These reports furnish the public with so much useful and indisputable evidence, that I think it well to quote each of them at some length, especially where it is said that "there is any reason to believe that pain or suffering of an appreciable kind was inflicted."

After some statistics as to the number of licenses and painful experiments, the Report for the year 1878 goes on to say:

"4. As regards the *painful* or *painless* nature of the experiments, it is necessary to refer only to those which were performed under certificates in columns 2 and 3, the former of which allows the use of anæsthetics to be dispensed with where their administration would render the experiment valueless; and other permitting the animal to survive the state of anæsthesia in cases where otherwise the object of the experiment would be frustrated.

"5. With respect to the experiments under certificates in column 2, it would appear from the descriptions of them with which I have been furnished, and also in part from what I have myself witnessed, that in the majority of cases the only actually painful part of the proceeding was done under anæsthesia, an anæsthetic being administered whenever it was admissible.

"Upon full consideration of all these experiments, and the mode in which they were performed, I am of opinion that the extreme number of cases in which an amount of suffering worth notice was inflicted could not have exceeded forty. I would state, however, that in twenty-four of those cases the animals did not suffer from the actual experiment, but, as in the experiments instituted for the investigation of certain epizootic diseases, from the after consequences only. In sixteen cases alone, so far as I am able to judge, and these were confined to two sets of experiments, is there reason to believe that any considerable amount of suffering was directly inflicted.

"6. As regards the experiments under certificates in column 3, it is less

easy to form a correct estimate of the actual amount of pain that may have been caused. Taking, however, all the circumstances connected with them into consideration, I believe that the amount of suffering, where any at all was inflicted, must have been very slight, in the majority of cases not being greater probably than that which necessarily attends the presence and the healing of a wound of the integument.

" 7. In the remaining experiments, inasmuch as they were all performed either whilst the animal was in a state of insensibility from the previous exhibition of an anæsthetic, or were experiments regarding the action of agents in themselves having narcotic or anæsthetic properties, there is no reason to suppose from any particulars that have come to my knowledge, that any appreciable pain was inflicted. As a matter of fact, moreover, I would beg to observe that of the experiments performed under the license alone, at least two hundred appear scarcely to come within the scope of the Act at all, and might probably have been performed independently of it, as not being calculated to give pain; but as they were performed under the license, they are included in this return."

The Report of experiments performed during 1879 shows that practically no pain was given in that year, as may be seen from the following extracts:

" 3. The number of experiments in which there is reason to believe that any material suffering was caused appears from the statements I have received from the operators themselves, and from my own consideration of the nature and probable effect as regards the production of pain of the experiments under the certificates in columns 2 and 3, to have been about 25.

" Of these, fifteen were cases in which disease followed the inoculation of infectious matter, but in which no painful operation was performed; and ten were experiments upon as many frogs, in which an incision of the skin was required for the introduction beneath it of a medical substance.

" In none of the other experiments under these certificates, as I am assured by the experimenters, was any appreciable suffering inflicted.

" 4. As in all other experiments, except those done under the above certificates, the whole proceeding is conducted whilst the animal is in an unconscious condition, no pain is inflicted if the provisions of the Act are duly observed, and this there is no reason to suppose was not in all cases carefully attended to."

Very similar facts are learned from the Report of experiments performed during the year 1880:

" 3. The only experiments in which there is the least reason to believe that any appreciable suffering would be caused are among those enumerated under certificates in columns 2 and 3.

" Under the former head the total number of experiments was 79, of which, however, 69 consisted in simple inoculation (no more painful than ordinary vaccination),<sup>1</sup> which in 38 cases was followed by no ill-effect whatever. But in

(1) " With reference to these 69 experiments, it should be stated that they consisted of two series, directed to two important objects.

" One set of experiments, 29 in number, and undertaken at the instance of the Royal Agricultural Society, were devoted to the investigation of the nature and prophylactic treatment of the disease termed ' Anthrax,' or ' Splenic fever' of cattle and sheep.

" The other series (40 in number) were undertaken at the direct request of the Medical Department of the Local Government Board, and were directed to the elucidation of an obscure and fatal disease, affecting more especially persons engaged in wool sorting, and now found to be identical in nature with ' Anthrax.'

" The results of these inquiries have been most important, and cannot fail to prove highly beneficial both to man and domestic animals."

about 30 instances, viz. 19 guinea pigs and 10 or 12 mice, disease appears to have ensued, which, during the brief period the animals survived, may have caused slight suffering.

"In the remaining ten experiments under this certificate, either no operation of any kind involving pain was performed, or one consisting merely in the passage of a needle through a fold of the skin in rabbits, and attended with no more pain than would be thus caused.

"4. In the 35 experiments performed under certificates in column 3, 18 consisted in simple inoculation, or the hypodermic injection of morbid secretions, with the view of tracing the development of morbid germs in the blood, and no painful effect from the proceeding appears to have been produced during the 2 or 3 days during which the animals were kept alive.

"In the remaining 17 cases in which incisions through the integument were required, as those which constituted the only painful part of the proceeding were made under anæsthesia, and the animals afterwards suffered nothing beyond confinement, until the wounds healed, or until killed, no appreciable suffering can be said to have been inflicted.

"5. As all the other experiments either under the license alone, or under the certificates in column 1, were performed on animals previously rendered insensible, these experiments were necessarily painless, as there is no reason to doubt that the provisions of the Act with respect to the administration of anæsthetics were in all cases faithfully carried out."

No one will, I think, presume to say that this evidence is not absolutely unimpeachable and without prejudice. There are no signs of any attempt to keep back anything on the part of the experimenters; on the contrary, they seem to have been rather too punctilious in giving returns of experiments, since some two hundred "appear scarcely to come within the scope of the Act at all." The average number of experiments that can be supposed to inflict even the least appreciable amount of pain is very small, and the very great majority of the experiments were of the nature of inoculation, and, therefore, not more painful than vaccination, while in many others, though returned as possibly painful, we are told by the Inspector that "no appreciable suffering can be said to have been inflicted." In only sixteen cases during the three years does the amount of pain appear to have been greater than that accompanying the healing of a wound of the skin. So we find that all the physiologists in this country only cause suffering about five animals per annum, and, from my knowledge of the work which has been done during the past year, I am certain that the next report will show a still further diminution.

From the exhaustive Tables appended to these reports we find that the number of persons who actually performed experiments in England and Scotland, in these three years, were twenty-eight, twenty-seven, and twenty-six, respectively, and the names and addresses of all of them are given in full. In Ireland the number of licenses which have been made use of was four in 1878 and 1879 and five in 1880, and the independent report of a different Inspector shows that no appreciable amount of pain has been inflicted there.

(1) Extracts from Irish reports:—

"1878. 4. From the returns received from the several experimenters it would appear

Moreover, we learn that these few persons are well-known, and have strong educational and other claims to be entitled to the dispassionate judgment of their fellow-countrymen. Twenty-eight of them hold higher degrees from British Universities. Of the remainder, one is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and another is a Fellow of the Royal Society, an honour shared by five of the licensees. To every one of them some great teaching establishment confides the instruction of its pupils; and a vigilant Inspector can find no reason to suppose that the provisions of the Act are not carefully attended to in all cases.

But these Parliamentary Reports only inform us of what has gone on during some five years, and it may be argued that much more pain used to be given before the passing of the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1876. The question then arises were Englishmen, since the introduction of chloroform, in the habit of giving much pain in the performance of their experiments, before they were prevented from so doing by law? On this point there is very trustworthy evidence, for those who wish to get at the real truth of the matter, in the Report of the Royal Commission. I shall not quote the statements of the medical witnesses, as they might be said to have had some prejudice in favour of the physiologists, but content myself by repeating a portion of the evidence on this subject given by the Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mr. Colam was, at the time of the Commission, the most patient and powerful opponent of painful experiments. He had been engaged for some sixteen years on the part of this Society in investigating the question of how much pain was given by physiologists. He seems to have proceeded in a most systematic, thorough, and practical way. By returns from the teachers of the medical schools he found the general amount of practical work done; by visiting laboratories and witnessing experiments he made himself familiar with the mode of operation employed in England. He left no stone unturned, for when he was not satisfied by the information he could thus obtain, he tells us that he employed "the surveillance of detectives." The following words then come from no mean authority upon this question, and may be taken as not being in the least warped by physiological bias :

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that in no case has pain been inflicted, and that some of the experiments might have been legally performed without the license under the Act.

" 1879. Under the licenses fifteen experiments were performed, and under the certificate, eight, being a total of twenty-three, all of which were free from pain.

" 1880. I have to report that I have carefully considered the nature and bearing of all the experiments performed under the Act, and that I am of opinion that they have been free from any appreciable sufferings, and have all been of a character useful to science, and tending to increase our knowledge of disease, and to improve its treatment."



"1543. In the cases in which it would have been possible, so far as time or the object was concerned, do you consider that anaesthetics have been used always?"

"I believe that generally the English physiologists have used anaesthetics where they think they can do so with safety to the experiment.

"1544. Then may the Commission take your belief to be that there is a desire on the part of the scientific men in this country so far to get rid of the infliction of pain as is compatible with the scientific object which they have in view?"

"I should say so generally, but in some cases there appeared to be some heedlessness with regard to the suffering of the animal; for instance, in some of Brown-Séquard's experiments, when animals were kept for weeks in suffering."

"1545. May I take it to be your view that the general tendency of the English scientific world is not at variance with humanity?"

"I believe it is very different indeed from the practice of foreign physiologists.

"1546. So that you would treat cases of wilful cruelty, if they exist at all in this country as exceptional cases, rather than as fairly chargeable upon and want of proper sentiment on the part of the profession?"

"Undoubtedly with regard to wanton cruelty. I do not know that I know of a single case of wanton cruelty, by which I mean suffering caused without any object, except to gratify a cruel mind.

"1547. Then you give the scientific men of this country credit for using anaesthetics, and dealing tenderly with animals so far as is compatible with the objects which they have in view?"

"Yes, I think so, speaking generally. As regards tenderness I have no evidence to prove that they are tender to animals.

"1548. That the cases where that is not so are exceptional cases, and are not cases fairly chargeable to the profession generally?"

"I think so."

When we remember that this is the evidence of the professional advocate of the prevention of painful experiments, I think we may say that no proof of needless pain was to be found; and although Mr. Colam only says that he has "no evidence to prove that they are tender to animals," I think we may safely conclude from his remarks that he had no proof whatever of any want of tenderness among English physiologists, or he certainly would have brought it forward.

We see, then, that before this law to prevent cruelty to animals on the part of physiologists was passed, nothing approaching cruelty could be found to exist: the infliction of pain was acknowledged to be very exceptional in this country.

The number of painful experiments set forth in the Reports is, no doubt, surprisingly small, but the fact must be remembered that vivisection forms but a very small part of physiological research, and since the introduction of chloroform the infliction of pain in vivisection is very seldom necessary, and therefore seldom occurs. The physiologists of this country have taken advantage of the blessing of anaesthetics with the same readiness that surgeons have, and yet never hears of surgeons being denounced as cruel, though they are also obliged occasionally to inflict some pain.

(1) Prof. Brown-Séquard is not an Englishman.

The exact relation of painful experiment to physiology may be **best** seen in a short analysis of physiological methods. Practical **physiology** is made up of four departments, in which its histological, **chemical**, physical, and vital branches are respectively studied. **The** first of these deals with the use of the microscope, and the **minute** structure of the body. The second investigates the chemistry **of** the secretions and of the dead tissues. The third consists chiefly **of** instruments which are used for research and teaching, such as **models** illustrating the mechanisms of the circulation, the organ of **voice**, the special sense organs, &c. In none of these departments **does** any vivisection take place. Thus in fully three-quarters of **practical** physiology living animals do not appear at all. All **vivisections** are found in the fourth branch of physiology, but even here **they** form but a very small part, for a large number of experiments **on** living animals are carried on without either cutting or pain. **Even** on man we perform many experiments; his respiration is **studied** with the stethograph, his heart with the cardiograph, his **blood-vessels** with the sphygmograph, &c. Various researches on the **special** sense organs can only be done on a living man. Some of **the** best results as to nutrition and the velocity of nerve-impulse **have** been obtained by experiment on the investigator himself.

Of the experiments in which cutting the skin is necessary, there **are** many which would perhaps be called vivisection which are done **on** living tissues, but not on a living animal. Thus, in experiments **on** muscles, a frog is killed, and when it is dead the heart or other **muscle** is removed, and may be experimented with for hours. No **one** surely contends that such an isolated muscle could feel pain.

We now come to the cases in which the animal is alive, and, as **the** Act says, the experiment is "calculated to give pain." Here we **find** from the reports above quoted that almost invariably chloroform **is** given, so as to render the animal perfectly unconscious, and it is **commonly** killed before it recovers from the anæsthetic. In these **cases**, there can be no pain from the beginning to the end **of** the experiment. But there are some rare instances when chloroform **is** inadmissible, or the animal must be allowed to recover from **the** anæsthetic. Now what proportion do these make of all **vivisections**, and what are the operations like? From the figures in these **reports**, I have calculated that about twenty-four of every hundred **of** the experiments might have given pain. But of these twenty-four, **four-fifths** are like vaccination or the hypodermic injection of morphia, **the** pain of which is of no great moment. In about one-seventh of **the** cases the animal only suffered from the healing of a wound, **having** been completely under chloroform when the incision was **made**, and in about one-twentieth of the twenty-four, pain equal to **that** accompanying an ordinary surgical operation on the human **body** is inflicted. In other words, we learn from the reports that in

one hundred vivisections we should find the following number arranged to show the amount of pain inflicted:—

Absolutely painless . . . . .	75
As painful as vaccination . . . . .	20
„ „ the healing of a wound . . . . .	4
„ „ a surgical operation . . . . .	1
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Pain forms then but a rare incident in the work of a practical physiologist in England; and when it is necessary that any be inflicted, every precaution is used to reduce it to a minimum.

These facts, I feel sure, are not known to the general public; and considering their intimate bearing on the question of the amount of pain inflicted by physiological research in this country, we might have expected more prominence to have been given to them by lovers of animals. Indeed Miss Cobbe, who claims to be the chief scribe of the Society she so ably fosters, quite ignores their existence, and always assumes as an accepted fact the proposition that English physiologists are a most cruel set of men, practising as their profession that which “inflicts more intense pain than any other form of cruelty.” I hope but few people are prepared to admit this without further evidence. The only proof that is given of this assumption, which is frequently and forcibly brought forward, is that some physiologists on the Continent perform painful experiments, and from this it is concluded that all physiologists (Englishmen included) are cruel. I am surprised that one who aspires to logical acumen, and speaks so glibly of syllogisms, should put forward an argument which bears so plainly stamped on the face of it the character of deduction from the particular to the universal. I might as well argue that because Englishmen are *not* cruel, therefore all continental physiologists are humane persons, and never give unnecessary pain in their investigations. But I regard with pain and loathing quite equal to Miss Cobbe’s such work as that of Mantegazza, and I am perfectly confident that no English physiologist would for any purpose sanction the performance of such experiments in his laboratory.

Often the impression that the experiments have been performed by Englishmen is given by the practice of taking extracts from foreign books and journals, and reproducing them in a form in which their foreign origin is not made apparent; for the quotations are commonly copied from English medical papers, to which also reference is given. Moreover, the citations are commonly used in close proximity to the names of known English physiologists, that a natural confusion arises in the mind of the horror-stricken reader, and he forgets who it is that is really cruel. Surely the who are so happy in detecting in foreign languages revolting

descriptions of pain-giving experiments have not failed to search carefully into the writings of English physiologists, in order to find out their method of work? Why repeat the oft-told tale of horrors contained in the works of Claude Bernard, Paul Bert, Brown-Séquard, and Richet in France, of Goltz in Germany, Mantegazza in Italy, and Flint in America? One would imagine that no evidence could be found to enlighten the English public as to the actual amount of pain inflicted in this country. The facts contained in the reports above quoted are open to all. But they do not accord with the pronounced intentions of the Anti-vivisectionists, and do not support the case for the total prohibition of vivisection, and therefore they have not been put in evidence.

In Miss Cobbe's recent essay in this Review, three examples are given as illustrations of English cruelty. But immediately before them are quoted at great length the disgusting details of foreign atrocities, which excite a persistent feeling of repugnance. Let us analyze the cases put forward as evidences of English cruelty.

In the first the physiologist is quoted as saying, "As soon as the cat comes out of the chloroform, it lies in a helpless state, and does not move or give any signs of feeling." Commenting on this case, Miss Cobbe—quite ignoring the important word *chloroform*—suggests that the animal is "paralyzed by the intensity of the agony." Can she really understand the matter so little as to imagine that an animal suffers intense agony when it is completely stupefied by chloroform?

The second example refers to Professor Rutherford's experiments on the secretion of the liver. The only details of this research which are given are taken from an inaccurate account of the operations by a Dr. Walker, and are introduced by the statement that "at least fifty dogs, under the express sanction of the law as it now stands," were used in the experiments. We have seen by the official report that no such number of animals suffered pain during the year in which Professor Rutherford made these experiments (1878). If they were done under the "express sanction of the law," they must have been noticed by the Home Office. It is clear, therefore, that this statement cannot be true. I happen to know that the exact number of animals used by Professor Rutherford under the certificate in question was twelve, and that they form three-fourths of all the experiments, where the pain can be called appreciable, that were done during that year.

The third set of experiments adduced in proof of English cruelty is that performed by Dr. Roy on the innervation of the kidney, which was mentioned in the Physiological Section of the International Medical Congress. Of these experiments Miss Cobbe admits she knows nothing, yet she suggests that they may prove to be a ghastly counterpart to some others; and she appeals in a telling manner to

one hundred vivisections we should find the  
arranged to show the amount of pain inflicted:—

Absolutely painless . . . . .	0
As painful as vaccination . . . . .	1
„ „ the healing of a wound . . . . .	2
„ „ a surgical operation . . . . .	3

Pain forms then but a rare incident in the life of a physiologist in England; and when it is inflicted, every precaution is used to re-

These facts, I feel sure, are not known to the public, considering their intimate bearing on the question of pain inflicted by physiological research. I have expected more prominence to be given to the sufferings of animals. Indeed Miss Cobbe, of the Society she so ably fosters, always assumes as an accepted fact that physiologists are a most cruel class of men, a notion which “inflicts more pain than cruelty.” I hope but few will be deterred by this out further evidence. The position, which is frequently taken by physiologists on the Continent, is that this it is concluded that vivisection is cruel. I am surprised that one who speaks so glibly of the cruelty of vivisection, which bears so plainly its deduction from the facts, should argue that because physiologists are ignorant of the results of their investigation, they are to be excused. To Miss Cobbe’s perfectly confident sanction the public must give.

Often the public is misled by English writers on foreign biographies, which the

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with hideous tortures, and some feverish symptoms. I think it unlawful to torture the

A man who declares, “I am not a physiologist,” on my judgment; I have not tested a case so horribly in my life, and I think it is not such a sacrifice, and I think it can be called physiological experiment.

It is not that such sheer brutality is done, but does he merely make the case so that those who have no knowledge of this sentence simply as an accurate idea sometimes originate, but the mere mention of this name, however repugnant it may be, have some very unpleasant traces. It is not that a Lord Chief Justice would not be a leading Review, unless he had no practical bearings of the subject.

The Vivisection Society endorse Miss Cobbe’s statement that it is practically impossible to separate the question of “vivisection”? Are they so wanting in knowledge as not to be able to distinguish between the two questions? I cannot think so. The question of the use of anæsthesia is a question of experimental research makes one side of the question in order to further the moral. In speaking of surgery, I shall mention of the administration of anæsthetics. Yet the surgeon is often

ethics, and in fact does  
biologist.

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attention as well as confounding  
I presume Lord Coleridge must  
axioms laid down by the honorary  
is vice-president. I do not under-  
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ment "is the most cruel of cruelties."  
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intent, and whether painful or not, vivisection  
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ward the intention of the act.

information is inaccurate, and her ideas of pain are  
her views about cruelty, when she says:—

that physiologists use horses, dogs, and cats for numberless  
the nervous system, and select delicate petted dogs to exhibit  
spasms of agony) under their operations, is proof at all  
the sensitiveness of these creatures bears a terribly close analogy to

asses are not used for numberless experiments on the nervous  
any other system; indeed, I can find no account of an animal of  
a genus having been used in England for such a purpose since

Charles Bell operated on asses some seventy years ago, and long  
before anaesthetics were in use. It is not a fact that we select petted  
asses for these experiments, for they show no better reactions than  
a poor mongrel. But, letting these erroneous statements pass, let  
us see how far "spasms of agony" may be taken as an equivalent for  
a physiological word "reactions."

I suppose it is only in speaking of the nervous system that this  
explanation is given; but even in experiments on the nerves, there  
is not the least relation between agony and reaction. In the first place,  
the animal—which, nowadays, is generally a frog—showing the reac-  
tion is usually quite dead; or, as the reports teach us, if not dead it  
is put under the influence of chloroform, in which state most reactions  
of the nervous system can be best studied, because there is no con-  
sciousness, i.e. pain-appreciation, to disturb the observation, and in  
such cases agony is a totally unsuitable and misleading term.

Pain is essentially a peculiar phase of consciousness, and when  
consciousness is wanting there can be no pain, though there may be  
a variety of reactions, even such as might be taken as indicative  
of pain by persons unacquainted with the mechanism of the nerve

Dr. Roy's hearers "to tell us what those experiments were." heard him on that occasion, and have also seen him operate; and can assure your readers that the infliction of pain had no part in the investigation, for the animal was kept under chloroform all the time and was killed before it recovered from the influence of the anæsthetic.

But even with so much testimony against and so little for the existence of cruelty in England, I feel it to be an almost hopeless task to attempt to remove from the minds of kind and credulous people the erroneous impressions concerning vivisection which have been created by the writings even of the most enlightened Anti-vivisectionists. For instance, I find in the article by Lord Coleridge which appeared in the last number of this Review, the following passage:—

"Suppose it capable of proof that by putting to death with hideous torments 3,000 horses you could find out the real nature of some feverish symptoms, I should say without the least hesitation that it would be unlawful to torture the 3,000 horses."

I should have thought it impossible that a man who declares, "I am not conscious of any distorting influence on my judgment; I have no anti-scientific bias," could have suggested a case so horribly improbable. The extravagant irrelevancy of such a sacrifice, and its utter incompatibility with anything that can be called physiological research, are so manifest as to need no comment.

Surely the writer cannot really imagine that such sheer brutality is within the range of possibility; or does he merely make the hideous suggestion in order to frighten those who have no knowledge of the matter? I refer to this sentence simply as an illustration of how unfounded and inaccurate ideas sometimes originate. For there can be no doubt that the mere mention of this appalling problem by such an authority, however repugnant it may be to common sense, cannot fail to leave some very unpleasant traces in the minds of many who imagine that a Lord Chief Justice would not undertake to write articles in a leading Review, unless he had some accurate knowledge of the practical bearings of the subject.

Do the supporters of the Anti-vivisection Society endorse Miss Cobbe's statement, "We find it practically impossible to separate torturing from non-torturing vivisection"? Are they so wanting in every-day experience and knowledge as not to be able to distinguish painful from painless operations? I cannot think so. The studious care with which the question of the use of anæsthesia is avoided by the writers against experimental research makes me believe that they suppress this side of the question in order to further the cause they think so good and moral. In speaking of surgery, would they think it fair to omit all mention of the administration of chloroform during the severer operations? Yet the surgeon is often

compelled to abstain from the use of anæsthetics, and in fact does dispense with them quite as much as the physiologist.

Whether intentional or not, this confusion of painful with painless experiments certainly has the effect of including all English workers in the cloud of crimination thrown around the whole physiological profession. It is difficult to imagine an English judge completely omitting the consideration of *intention* as well as confounding painful with painless acts; and yet I presume Lord Coleridge must have read and subscribed to the maxims laid down by the honorary secretary of the Society of which he is vice-president. I do not understand what that Society can mean by the word "cruelty," when it says that physiological experiment "is the most cruel of cruelties." I can hardly believe that it means to argue thus—Whether done with good or malicious intent, and whether painful or not, vivisection is most cruel. And yet this is what the argument seems to me to come to if it does not distinguish between experiments with and without pain or regard the intention of the act.

Miss Cobbe's information is inaccurate, and her ideas of pain are as distorted as her views about cruelty, when she says:—

"The very fact that physiologists use horses, dogs, and cats for numberless experiments on the nervous system, and select delicate potted dogs to exhibit reactions (anglicé, spasms of agony) under their operations, is proof at all events that the sensitiveness of these creatures bears a terribly close analogy to that of man."

Horses are not used for numberless experiments on the nervous or any other system; indeed, I can find no account of an animal of that genus having been used in England for such a purpose since Sir Charles Bell operated on asses some seventy years ago, and long before anæsthetics were in use. It is not a fact that we select petted dogs for these experiments, for they show no better reactions than any poor mongrel. But, letting these erroneous statements pass, let us see how far "spasms of agony" may be taken as an equivalent for the physiological word "reactions."

I suppose it is only in speaking of the nervous system that this explanation is given; but even in experiments on the nerves, there is not the least relation between agony and reaction. In the first place, the animal—which, nowadays, is generally a frog—showing the reaction is usually quite dead; or, as the reports teach us, if not dead it is put under the influence of chloroform, in which state most reactions of the nervous system can be best studied, because there is no consciousness, *i.e.* pain-appreciation, to disturb the observation, and in such cases agony is a totally unsuitable and misleading term.

Pain is essentially a peculiar phase of consciousness, and when consciousness is wanting there can be no pain, though there may be a variety of reactions, even such as might be taken as indicative of pain by persons unacquainted with the mechanism of the nervous



system. Indeed, these so-called reflex reactions not only take place without the individual being conscious of any suffering, but they are even more marked when the influence of the brain-centres is removed. This, in Miss Cobbe's language, would sound rather paradoxical, for it would run thus: The spasms of agony become all the more intense in proportion as the individual is less able to feel pain.

I have been much distressed to find a necessary part of my vocation assailed for so many serious reasons, amongst which are—its *inutility*, its *immorality*, and its *irreligion*.

Concerning its inutility, however, the highest anti-vivisectionist authorities do not agree. Miss Cobbe says, "The Society is convinced it is scientifically worthless—a misleading method of physiological research." Cardinal Manning regards it as "a detestable practice, without scientific result." On the other hand, the inutility of vivisection is no longer used as an argument by some of its most powerful opponents. Thus Lord Coleridge says, "I do not say vivisection is useless, and I am sure I never said so." Mr. Hutton does not attempt to argue that experimental research is scientifically worthless. He states, "I have never believed all these experiments to be scientifically, or even medically, useless," and he adds, "I, for my part, have always thought that the genuine inoculations—the only really fruitful experiments amongst those of recent times—should be included in this class," *i.e.* those "we may fairly require of the creatures beneath us."<sup>1</sup>

I think that the question of the utility of vivisection has been satisfactorily answered by more competent authorities than those above mentioned, namely the largest gathering of medical men that has ever taken place. On the 9th of August last, a meeting composed of some thousands of the most eminent medical men, collected from all parts of the world, unanimously passed the following resolution:—

"That this Congress records its conviction that experiments on living animals have proved of the utmost service to medicine in the past, and indispensable to its future progress. That, accordingly, while strongly deprecating the infliction of unnecessary pain, it is of opinion, alike in interest of man and of animals, that it is not desirable to restrict competition in the performance of such experiments."

And two days afterwards the British Medical Association, at a crowded meeting which may fairly be said to represent English medical opinion, carried the following resolution (with one dissentient):—

"That this Association desires to express its deep sense of the importance of vivisection to the advancement of medical science, and the belief that further prohibition of it would be attended with serious injury to the community."

(1) *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1882, pp. 29 and 38.

by preventing investigations which are calculated to provide the better knowledge and treatment of disease in animals as well as in men."

With such expressions of skilled opinion before them, few reasonable people will choose to agree with Cardinal Manning, Mr. Jesse, or Miss Cobbe, in thinking that vivisection is useless and should be totally abolished.

With regard to its immorality, most of our opponents agree with Cardinal Manning in thinking that it is "immoral in itself." Miss Cobbe speaks of it as "a grave moral offence, the consequences of which—be they fortunate or the reverse—we are no more concerned to weigh than those of any other evil deed." This side of the question has been dealt with by Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Gurney, whose articles in recent numbers of this Review seem to me to be conclusive. I shall, therefore, only remark that being convinced, as I firmly am, of the absolute necessity of vivisection to the well-being of my fellow-creatures, I cannot recognise in it any immorality. Had I any doubts in my mind on this matter, I should not apply for a license to perform experiments.

But it is said to be irreligious. Mr. Reid, M.P., said at Lord Coleridge's house, "For myself, I object to vivisection on religious grounds," and Lord Coleridge himself enlarges considerably on the religious aspect of the matter, and says that he believes it "to be displeasing to Almighty God." Though I deprecate bringing religious beliefs into this question, I think it right to examine myself when interrogated by the Lord Chief Justice of England in such terms as these, "What would our Lord have said, what looks would He have bent, upon a chamber filled with 'the unoffending creatures which He loves' dying under torture deliberately and intentionally inflicted?" &c. I cannot imagine any such chamber of horrors any more than I can his other hideous suggestion; nay, more, I know that no such thing exists in England, and, therefore, I do not attempt to answer this question. But as regards vivisection as it really is performed in this country, my conscience unhesitatingly tells me that it would have met with the full authority and approval of our Lord. I cannot find any direct command from Him as to our conduct towards the lower animals, nor can I discover any such sentence as that which Lord Coleridge cites as if it were a quotation of His words applying to them, viz., "'Shouldest thou not have had compassion upon these, even as I had pity on thee?'"<sup>1</sup> I may point out that the only recorded miracle of our Lord in which he can be said to have caused the least pain (except that of catching a fish), was that in which he alleviated human suffering and at the same time inflicted pain, not upon one, but on an enormous number (about two thousand) of the lower animals.<sup>2</sup> And I like to bear in mind the texts which seem to

(1) The nearest approach to this that I can find is Matthew xviii. 33, "Shouldest not thou also have had compassion upon thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?"

(2) Mark v. 13.

have an accurate bearing upon the subject. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."<sup>1</sup> "How much then is a man better than a sheep?"<sup>2</sup>

We are told that on account of the very unsatisfactory state of the present law, a Bill for the total abolition of Vivisection, whether painless or painful, is to be introduced to Parliament during this session. Because some persons cannot, or will not, "separate torturing from non-torturing experiments," Parliament is to be asked to repeal the Act which prohibits "experiments calculated to give pain."

The first question that naturally strikes one is this: Is the present law really unsatisfactory? Let us examine the statute. By it all experiments are prohibited, except they be performed by a person holding a license from the Secretary of State, and be done in registered place. Such a licensee can only experiment on living animals with the object of making a new discovery which will be "useful for saving or prolonging life, or alleviating suffering." Further, "the animal must, during the whole of the experiment, under the influence of some anæsthetic of sufficient power to prevent the animal feeling pain;" it must be killed before it recovers from the anæsthetic; the experiments must not be used to illustrate lectures, or to attain manual skill. If the teacher wish to show an instructive experiment to his class (even though he render the operation quite painless); if an investigator wishes to test the work of another man, whose results do not agree with his; if it be required to keep an animal alive, to watch the effect of a medicine or test inoculation; or if the experiment cannot be done under chloroform, a special certificate must be obtained for each investigation from some scientific body, granting exemption from one of the general rules. The public exhibition of any experiment calculated to give pain is absolutely prohibited. The inspection of all physiological laboratories is provided for. And the Secretary of State may from time to time require detailed reports of the methods and results of all experiments.

This law has been administered in a most stringent manner during the last five years. Licenses have been granted jealously, and detailed reports demanded by the Home Secretary. Active inspections were instituted, and the inspectors find that the provisions of the Act "are carefully attended to," and "the administration of anæsthetics in all cases faithfully carried out." The vigilant opponents of research cannot find the least evasion of the conditions of the Statute, nor is there the least probability of such evasion being adopted by the class of persons who are licensees. All this is most satisfactory, and should have great weight with the public.

What then are the reasons for demanding that this Act should be changed? Why does Lord Coleridge say of Vivisection, "Control it

(1) Luke xii. 7.

(2) Matthew xii. 12.

you cannot." I have searched in vain for answers to these questions in his comprehensive *réchauffé* of the stale scraps of reason so frequently served up by our opponents. I confess I cannot follow his argument on the point of new legislation. He states, "I do not hesitate to support the absolute prohibition of what for shortness' sake, &c., I shall call Vivisection." But in the same paragraph he says, "I should personally prefer in the abstract Regulation to Prohibition," and he adds, "it may be shown that total prohibition might or would stand in the way of justice or even of humanity."

Another reason urged for changing the present Act is the statement that "the supporters of Vivisection in this country are not themselves content with the present state of things," but they demand "free and untrammelled Vivisection," and the repeal of the law is to be at once attempted. I do not pretend to say that "contentment" exactly expresses the feeling of medical men on the subject. I dare say some of them regard the existing law as an insult to their profession, just as some lawyers think it "a blot on the statute book." But as a working physiologist I can assert that no attempt to repeal the Act is being made at the instigation of the physiologists of this country; and I know that they accept the present law for the following reasons: first, because it insures the absence of any cruelty that theoretically might be perpetrated by ignorant or malicious persons, under the guise of physiological experiment; and secondly, because if reasonably administered, its use as a protection, both to animals and to physiologists, may in some degree compensate for the hindrances it places in the path of medical research and teaching. We are not content with the Act because it has failed to silence, as we hoped it might, the unfounded allegations of cruelty brought against us by a certain class of persons. But, of course, that was not the fault of the Act.

We are not content with its administration, for the delays in granting licenses and the general official procrastination, often amount to practical refusal and prohibition by loss of opportunities. Physiologists also complain of the action of the Home Office in interfering with the duties assigned by the Act to the scientific judges it appoints. By Clause 8 the Home Secretary is given full control over the granting and revoking of the licenses, as well as annexing to them any conditions he may think expedient. But Clause 11, which is noted in the margin thus, "Certificate of scientific bodies for exceptions to general regulations," gives a list of scientific men of the highest standing, any two of whom may give the certificates mentioned, and goes on to say:—

"A certificate under this section may be given for such time or for such series of experiments as the person or persons signing the certificate may think expedient.

"A copy of any certificate under this section shall be forwarded by the applicant to the Secretary of State, but shall not be available for one week after a copy has been so forwarded.

"The Secretary of State may at any time disallow or suspend any certificate given under this section."

From this it would appear that certain scientific bodies are specially appointed by the Act to judge of the position of the applicant for a certificate, and of the value of the proposed research; indeed this could be the only rational reason for the appointment of such a scientific syndicate at all. The Home Secretary is simply to be informed of the existence of all certificates. One would imagine that when the scientific bodies had given an exemption from any general regulation, the Home Office would only reverse this decision in the event of abuse being shown to exist. The practice of the Home Office has, however, been far otherwise. It is this. When the copy of the certificate is sent in, it is invariably disallowed, and the Home Secretary demands that the licensee send back his license, in order that certain conditions may be annexed to it. This habitual reconsideration of the decision of the scientific bodies appears to me to be an uncalled-for amount of zeal on the part of the Home Office. However, I anticipate that when the Home Office becomes more familiar with the objects of the statute it will be worked more in accordance with its true spirit.

In conclusion I would point out that, in attempting to grasp what an experimental inquiry has done for medical knowledge, the reader must bear in mind the condition of things medical a couple of hundred years ago, when old women were as successful in charming away disease as doctors were in curing it with their purely irrational code of therapeutics, and when the barbers were the only surgeons. I may fairly ask, should we now be grateful to a society or a legislature which had then successfully striven to prevent what the best authorities of that time considered to be the best way towards the advancement of medical knowledge? Should we be better off or happier now, if, in order to stop bleeding, surgeons still used hot knives and boiling oil, instead of the bright blade purified from the dangers of septic poison, and the innocuous carbolic ligature? Or even if we were still submitted to the copious bleedings and abundant blue pills of the earlier part of this century? Or if we had plagues and pestilences, instead of sanitary associations and hygienic societies? I think not.

These improvements may not all appear to be traceable directly to any given sets of experiment on living animals, which, as we have seen, form but a very small though indispensable part of our science; but they certainly have all grown out of physiological investigation. For the practical medicine of our times is as surely the outgrowth of scientific physiology as is the plant of its roots, and without physiological experiment the treatment of disease could never have attained the firm and rational basis upon which it now rests.

GERALD F. YEO.

## THE RESULTS OF PROTECTION IN YOUNG COMMUNITIES.

**JOHN STUART MILL** has told us that Protection, altogether demolished as a general principle, might be found *under certain conditions* economically defensible in a young community. This hypothetical concession on Mill's part has had a direct and practical effect on the commercial policies adopted in some States—notably in one or two of our own colonies and in the United States. But Mill in this argument expressly declares he is only dealing with what might be, and that the whole argument only applies, provided certain conditions come to be realised. Professor Sumner, of Yale, one of the ablest economists in the United States, well sums up the point in the words, "In these, as in other matters, we cannot argue with certainty from what might have been." Both he and Mill regret the absence of recorded facts on this point of Protection in Young Communities.

Recent experiences enable me in some measure to make good this deficiency, and to fill up this gap in the experiential foundations of Political Economy, with what, for all practical purposes, is a test case. For this purpose I simply summarise facts recorded in authoritative official records.

The history for the past ten years of our two great colonies of Victoria and New South Wales provides us with the necessary records. This is the first time in history that we meet with the story, told in the details of actual fact, of two young communities growing up side by side with practically similar economic environments and opportunities, but pursuing the one a Free Trade and the other a Protectionist Policy. In Victoria, in the year 1865, Sir J. MacCulloch introduced a modified form of Protection, and since 1871 there has prevailed that very intensified form of which the late Premier, Mr. Graham Berry, has been the persistent advocate. Over this same period, and more especially since 1874, New South Wales has followed an essentially Free Trade course.

It may be added that I had the good fortune to sojourn in these two colonies in the year 1870, and again in the year 1878. This applies the advantage of personal and local experience of the two colonies, and of the two colonies at two periods separated by an appropriate interval of eight years.

So far as the purpose in hand is concerned these two colonies were in the year 1870 sufficient counterpart of each other in regard to economic environments and opportunities. Either community may be described as a pioneer band of the great English nation, engaged in opening up virgin lands rich in all natural wealth. Our

### 370 THE RESULTS OF PROTECTION IN YOUNG COMMUNITIES.

fellow-countrymen in Victoria and in New South Wales had provided for themselves all the aids and advantages our present civilisation offers. Roads, railways, telegraphs, postal arrangements, sea communications, education, and so forth, were all in a high state of perfection. All the facilities of life under the care of energetic administrations had developed with marked rapidity. At the same time these two colonies yield to no country in the world in the richness of their natural endowments. Both above and below ground the soil is pregnant with wealth, and the climate is all Englishmen can desire for the due exertion of their productive energies. Thus in these two colonies the scientific industry of this nineteenth century had found its most favourable opportunities.

In the nature of things these two colonies are mainly producers of raw material which they exchange for the manufactured products of more populous centres. Thus we find the inhabitants of these colonies import twice as much value per head as the inhabitants of the British Islands. This is a fact of much value to our present purpose. The United States have been perpetually put forward in the Free Trade controversy. But the United States only import a value of £2 per head of population per annum. We in these British Islands import, say, £10 per head. But in these two colonies the imports are, in value, £20 per head of population per annum. Consequently, the direct effect of high or low tariffs is ten times as great in these instances as in that of the United States, and the value of these instances ten times as great to the economist.

The necessary starting-point of the comparison is the determination that at the beginning of the decade these two young communities were the sufficient counterparts of each other in regard to economic environments and opportunities. The Protectionists of Victoria offer justification or apology for their swerving from the straight course pursued by New South Wales on the three pleas of lesser extent of territory, larger population, and absence of coal.

In regard to this *lesser extent of territory* we find that Victoria has sold 11,000,000 acres, and has 45,000,000 still unsold; and that New South Wales has sold 33,000,000 acres, and has still 165,000,000 acres unsold. In each case the State has sold, or in other words has settled, from one-fourth to one-fifth of its area. In each case there remain over three-fourths of the area open for settlement. At present the population to the square mile in Victoria is ten persons, and in New South Wales three persons. In the United Kingdom the proportion is 270. Both colonies are thus only on the threshold of their career as populated and developed countries. There is the real difference that the *future* capabilities of New South Wales are greater. But the present case refers solely to the *past* ten years. And during that decade the extent of the unoccupied lands is not so much to the point as the fact that in either case there are three-fourths of the

land of the colony still open for settlement. In each colony men are busying on with their flocks and their herds to occupy new areas of virgin soil, and the plough follows in their track to pioneer agricultural settlement. In neither case has this operation as yet advanced far the whole. That is the condition at the present; and we are dealing with the past, and not with the future.

In regard to the *larger population of Victoria*, that also is a relative matter. Each colony is but sparsely populated. Victoria, the size

England, Wales, and Scotland combined, is at the present populated by a population equalling that of Kent only. New South Wales is about three times the size of Victoria, with a somewhat smaller population. In either case, after deducting the quarter of the population that congregates in the capital of each colony, we have but a very sparse and scattered population over the interior.

It must be conceded, however, that in so far as the population of Victoria is relatively denser to that of New South Wales, in so far as manufactures, or revenue, or prosperity, or growth should develop with greater natural speed in Victoria than in New South Wales; in so far as Victoria had a larger or a denser population than New South Wales, in so far as Victoria started with superior natural or inherent advantages in those very objects to foster which Victorians instituted their policy of Protection.

In regard to the great superiority of New South Wales in the production of *coal*, it is well to remember that this coal is produced in the Hunter River, and has to be carried thence by sea to Sydney, which is the centre of manufacturing enterprise. It is well known that when once coal has to be shipped the difference in length of voyage of one day to Sydney or three days to Melbourne makes but little difference in actual cost. So that in the question of fuel for manufacturers there is little practical difference in regard to coal supply in the two colonies. As a wealth-yielding force against the cost of New South Wales must be set off the great superiority of Victoria in the production of *gold*. It is true that the gold industry has declined rapidly in Victoria in output, and in number of men employed. But we must remember there is also a gold-mining industry in New South Wales which has also declined. This decline is due to the fact that gold was first discovered in alluvial soil, disintegrated from the quartz by the action of nature. Alluvial diggings provided a rich harvest; but they soon became exhausted, and miners had to turn to extracting the gold from its primeval envelope of quartz. This led to a complete revolution in the mining industry. The falling off of the output in gold consequent on this revolution was not the annihilation of capital, nor was it the forcing labour to leave the colony in search of employment. The city of Ballarat survived and continued to thrive as the great centre of the investment of capital in mining, which had superseded "digging." Quartz



reefs had to be attacked instead of alluvial plains, and this change involved investment of more capital: powerful engines, colossal stamping machinery, and miles of tunnelled galleries and shafts had become necessary, and gold mining needed and absorbed a far greater amount of capital than in the old days when picks and shovels and wooden cradles were all the plant and implements requisite. Much of the very capital that the rich gold "diggings" yielded was once invested in these new works. But there remained over much capital so accumulated, which was not thus utilised, and which was there ready to start or promote any new industries.

Labour, too, was set free. In 1871 there were over 57,000 gold miners in Victoria. By the year 1878 the number had dwindled to 37,000. This had set free in Victoria some 20,000 men of the artisan and mechanic class—of a class, too, which was originally recruited very largely from the manufacturing districts of the Old Country. There was thus provided, during this decade, labour of a very applicable type for those very manufactories which were now to be fostered by Protection. Thus in this respect, in this very failure of the gold industry, Victoria gained over New South Wales in this supply of capital and of appropriate labour for those purposes for which the high tariff was imposed.

Besides this, the greater amount of gold obtained in Victoria had attracted at once a far larger population, and yielded forthwith much capital. This led to the fact that in Victoria, at the beginning of the decade under review, the railway system, and indeed all the facilities of life, had reached a higher stage of development than those of New South Wales. In every respect, then, we see that if there was any difference between the two colonies ten years ago, it was a difference in favour of Victoria, so far as the starting manufactories, the affording revenue, or the promoting the general growth of prosperity were concerned. And these were the objects for which the high tariff was imposed.

In 1870, then, such were the relative economic positions of Victoria and New South Wales. What happened during the succeeding decade is set out in a variety of official documents and records, in greater part issued by the Victorian Government. These results range themselves conveniently under the heads—1. Manufactures, 2. Revenue, 3. General Prosperity and Growth.

1. *Manufactures*.—When Protection speaks of fostering manufactures it speaks of fostering those industries which result in the production of commodities other than food and raw materials. And the plea is that, except for such fostering, these industries will be slow to arise in the community. Do we find justification of this in fact? The evidences are to be seen in the employments of the people and of capital; in the output of manufactured articles; and in the number and kind of manufactures developed.

In regard to the employment of the people we find that at the end of the decade there were 25,000 persons making their living in manufactures in New South Wales, equivalent to 3·7 per cent. of the total population. In Victoria there were 28,000 persons so employed, equivalent to 3·2 per cent. of the larger population of that colony. This so far disposes of the argument so often advanced that Protection promotes civilisation by providing civilised employment for the people in a new community.

Again, in Victoria during the decade population had increased by one-eighth; but the number of hands employed in manufactures had increased one-third. Side by side with this we remember the very pertinent fact that the greater falling off in gold mining had set free a large body of appropriate labour. There was this transference from one congenial occupation to another, but no development of any new class of operatives. By this transference of forces Victorian manufactures received an impetus totally unconnected with any fiscal or commercial policy.

Unfortunately the official records are in number of manufactories, and they afford no evidence of the size of the units so recorded. The number of foundries, clothing manufactories, agricultural implement and other works has largely increased in both colonies. So far as kind goes we find that as great a variety of manufactures has come into being under the low as under the high tariff. In either case the development as compared with the great natural industries of the country is insignificant. In one or two instances such industries have assumed larger dimensions in Victoria than in New South Wales. There are now, for instance, 750 hands employed in woollen manufacture in Victoria as compared with the 300 in New South Wales. But, as it were to counterbalance this, we find one industry which has grown up in the Free Trade and dwindled in the Protectionist colony, and that is the important industry of ship-building. Ten years ago Victoria built 800 tons of shipping, and New South Wales built 1,800 tons. Now the annual output is only 400 tons for Victoria, while it has risen to 3,000 in New South Wales. Under the low tariff this important industry has doubled itself; under the high tariff it has diminished by one-half.

It is not easy, in the absence of definite records, to estimate the actual annual output from these manufactories, and in neither colony is there any appreciable export of commodities manufactured in the colonies. But if we compare the articles which are imported into Victoria under a heavy duty, and which enter New South Wales free, we shall find that, in spite of the increase in price, Victoria still is forced to supply herself with these "prohibited" or "weighted" foreign articles; and imports of these classes, on an annual average, about as much as the unprotected New South Wales.

Consequently, in regard to the development of manufactures in these new communities, we find there is not much difference in between the Free Trade and the Protectionist policy if we take into account the employment of people, output of manufactured articles, number and kind of manufactures actually developed.

2. *Revenue*.—Protection, especially for young communities, has been and over again defended on the plea that revenue must be derived from customs duties. This plea is common with statesmen not only in one or two of our own colonies, but in the United States. It is the great plea in Germany by the Bismarck Party. This plea proceeds on the assumption that the higher the tariff the greater must be the revenue derived from the customs duties. Theoretical economists point out that "to tax your trade is to destroy your trade;" that "where protection begins there Revenue ends;" that to hamper the entry of goods into your market by heavy duties is to starve even unto death the goose that is to lay your golden eggs of Revenue." More practical economists hold that it is a mere question of balance, and that it is conceivable so cunningly to adjust the duties that the higher tariff inevitably destroying some of the trade existing under a lower tariff yet sucks more revenue in the aggregate out of the lesser trade that remains. The question is really solved by an appeal to experience. In *Fraser's Magazine* for last July I have given some pertinent results in the case of the United States. If we look to the records, that the annual revenue derived from a high tariff in the States has fallen steadily during the last half-century from thirty-seven to twenty-seven millions sterling. During the same period the English low tariff steadily contributed and still contributes an annual contribution to the revenue of twenty millions sterling. During the decade the population of the United Kingdom has been increased by ten millions of people, that of the United States by only four millions. So the English people with their acknowledged advantages of a low tariff contribute, *pro rata*, more revenue by the means of customs duties than the citizens of the United States, who are hampered by all the acknowledged advantages of a high, a very high, tariff.

The recorded results over the same decade in Victoria and New South Wales corroborate in a striking manner this matter of fact conclusion. During the decade the amount derived from customs duties in New South Wales has gradually risen from £950,000 to £1,300,000. Over the same period the high tariff has produced the Victorian Revenue annual contributions, which, if they have fluctuated at all, have shown a downward tendency, and now amount annually £1,400,000. It will be observed that the smaller population of New South Wales contributes as much to the revenue by the means of its low tariff as the larger population of Victoria contributes by means of its high tariff. These are facts

not fancies, and it is only by ignoring them or being ignorant of them that any responsible authority can put forward this revenue argument.

3. *General Prosperity and Growth.*—I have said that Victoria and New South Wales each imports twice as much per head of population as we do in these islands. It is obvious that any policy which affects their imports must affect their general life and well-being to a degree unknown even in these commercial islands. And I pass to compare the two colonies in regard to general prosperity and growth. The signs of this are external and internal; the signs are to be seen in their dealings with the outside world and also in their domestic condition.

Firstly, then, as regards their dealings with the outside world. This is a most significant index of their actual welfare, seeing that their external trade is double in value per head of population to what it is even in England. This trade is a sure indicator of prosperity, inasmuch as it is a sure indicator of any increase or decrease in consumption and production, the two visible factors of prosperity. Ten years ago New South Wales was doing an external trade of the annual value of £19,000,000. A decade of steady increase brought this total up to £29,500,000 in 1880. Ten years ago Victoria was doing an annual external trade of £27,600,000. In the succeeding decade a wavering line of rise and fall brings us to an annual total of £30,500,000 for 1880. Under the high tariff external trade increased during the decade by one-ninth only. Under the low tariff external trade increased by more than one-half of its previous annual total. The full significance of this is seen when we find New South Wales, at the end of the decade, doing £10,000,000 more annual trade than at the beginning, while Victoria was only doing some £3,000,000 more. Ten per cent. profit on such trade would mean an addition to the annual national income of New South Wales of £1,000,000, and to that of Victoria only some £300,000.

Incidentally it is worthy of note that the German Government, perhaps the best informed Government at present in existence, has chosen for the headquarters of its Consul-General for Australasia the capital of the low tariff colony; although the high tariff colony is at the present moment ahead in number of population and in value of external trade. The Germans evidently judge of the certain future by means of the recorded past.

Further instruction follows on further analysis of this external trade. If we turn to the exports we find that ten years ago the value of articles, the produce or manufacture of the colony itself, was exactly 77 per cent. of the total value exported from each colony. At the end of the decade we find the amount of this native produce exported had risen to 83 per cent. in New South Wales, but had

*fallen* to 68 per cent. in Victoria. In other words, under the low tariff there had been increase, and under the high tariff decrease the exportable surplus of native products, a most important sign of prosperity and growth.

If we turn to the imports we find that ten years ago there entered New South Wales goods to the value of £9,000,000. At the end of the decade this annual value had mounted to £14,000,000, an increase of 60 per cent. Ten years ago the imports into Victoria were of the value of £12,500,000. At the end of the decade this annual value had mounted to £14,600,000, an increase of 20 per cent. only. In other words, not only the power but the using of power to purchase foreign produce (and there was profit accruing on each purchase made) increased by about three times the speed under the low tariff to what it did under the high tariff.

There is another point in this external trade of much significance. In New South Wales there has been an increase in the tonnage of the shipping visiting the colony during the decade, from 1,500,000 to 2,600,000 tons. In Victoria the increase has been from 1,300,000 to 2,200,000. It may be said that this difference in growth is inevitable under a low as opposed to a high tariff, but it none the less represents a fountain of popular well-being, drawn upon in one case to a much more profitable extent than in the other.

In connection with this shipping there are the very important records of ballast. There came to New South Wales during the decade 3,000,000 tons of shipping in ballast. There left New South Wales during the decade 117,000 tons of shipping in ballast. There came to Victoria during the decade 113,000 tons in ballast. There left Victoria 2,500,000 tons, the greater proportion of which proceeded to New South Wales. Empty ships arriving in New South Wales have increased from an annual tonnage of 220,000 in 1870 to a tonnage of 320,000 in 1880. Empty ships leaving Victoria have increased from an annual tonnage of 198,000 tons in 1870 to a tonnage of 250,000 in 1880. It will be observed that the conditions are exactly reversed in favour of the growth of the low tariff colonies.

The domestic or internal condition and growth of these two colonies will complete the illustrations we would give of the growth and prosperity.

In the first place, in regard to population, we find that the population of New South Wales has increased from 520,000 in 1870 to 740,000 in 1880, an increase of 48 per cent. The population of Victoria increased from 730,000 in 1870 to 860,000 in 1880, an increase only 17 per cent. In the second place, in regard to *wealth*, as we have seen in every point we have touched upon the far greater rapidity with which wealth-producing developments have been proceeding in New South Wales than in Victoria. From this we infer the fact that wealth is being produced in similar ratio.

when we read that the value of rateable property has doubled in New South Wales in the decade, and only increased by one-half in Victoria, we have our inference signally verified by recorded facts.

Singular evidence is afforded, also, by the statistics of the Savings Banks. In New South Wales the deposits have increased from £930,000 to £1,500,000; and the number of the depositors from 21,000 to 32,000. In Victoria the deposits have increased from £1,100,000 to £1,600,000; but the depositors have increased in number from 38,000 to 76,000. In other words, the average amount deposited has risen in New South Wales steadily from £44 per head to £47. In Victoria the average deposited per head has fallen from £29 to £15. This is evidence corroborating the fact so commonly asserted that in democratic Victoria wealth is accumulating in the hands of the few. This is a result generally associated with a high tariff by all writers on political economy. It is a result which in its direct antagonism to the wholesome principle of equable distribution of wealth stamps it as one of the most injurious results of a high tariff.

Illustrative of this tendency is the fact that the average wages of skilled labour grew in New South Wales, during the decade, from being lower to being higher than similar wages in Victoria. That wages should have risen under a low tariff faster than under a high tariff is a fact of great importance, especially to countries wherein manhood suffrage gives to the wage-earner so much political power and responsibility. But it is a fact of which most people are ignorant.

It is well also to notice that the prices of the necessities of life—of wheat, tea, and provisions and tools and implements—are generally lower in New South Wales than in Victoria. This, of course, adds much force to the before-recorded results in the nominal rates of wages, for it adds the essential element of greater relative purchasing power under the low tariff.

In order to form an exact estimate of social well-being we must build a general judgment on numerous details; and among these details marriages afford apposite information. In New South Wales during the decade the annual number of marriages has steadily increased from 3,800 to 5,100; an increase of one-third. In Victoria the increase in annual number has been from 4,700 to 5,100; an increase of one-eighth only. While in New South Wales marriages are in the proportion of 7 to every 1,000 of population, in Victoria they are but 6. And this is the more remarkable when we remember that in New South Wales there are 80 women to every 100 men, whereas in Victoria there are 90 women to every 100 men.

Ample details have thus accumulated during the past decade to show that in regard to all outward signs of prosperity and growth—social, industrial, commercial—the colony with the low tariff has pro-

gressed with far greater rapidity than the colony with the high tariff. This exhibits the great practical use of statistics. They are brought to substantiate, by the cold logic of recorded acts and facts, the reports and rumours that have been rife in these two colonies. The newspapers, it is true, had provided from day to day pictures of New South Wales altogether devoid of the sombre economical coloring that had become the salient feature in the accounts of Victoria. Nor has there been in New South Wales that general outspoken discontent among capitalists as well as among working men which has from time to time manifested itself in Victoria. Under the high tariff each industrial class in Victoria has in its turn bitterly complained of the duties that specially weigh upon it. The latest information carries on the tale to deputations of miners demanding of Government a lowering of duties on imported mining machinery and tools. The farmers have been for some time threatening to give up their farming because of the high prices they are forced to pay for their implements and materials—high prices unknown over the border in the low tariff colony of New South Wales. Multitudes of labourers, the very men who by their votes supported the policy of "Protection" to native labour, have had from time to time to stave off starvation at relief work wages. It has been for some time more than suspected that capital had set in a strong current towards the colonies; it was not, however, known that the current of labour, far more easily transferable, had set in the same direction. The skilful and conscientious estimates of population made from year to year by the Victorian Statistical Department, under the guidance of that valuable statistician Mr. Hayter, proved, when the actual records of the census of this year came to be taken, to be no less than 76,000 people over the mark in a population of 850,000. Mistaken popular opinion refused to recognise the enormous emigration of labour men and their families that had been proceeding all the while. Only by this official recording of facts this popular error has now been straightened.

It is well, in conclusion, to summarise the general lessons of the recorded results. In his address to the Economic Section at the jubilee meeting of the British Association Mr. Grant Duff put forward as a text the sentence, "Methods that answer follow thoughts that are true." This idea may be profitably amplified into the corollary, "Thoughts that are true follow knowledge of methods that answer." In this article the object has been to afford knowledge of methods that answer and of methods that do not answer; and the knowledge has been sought in the recorded results of rival methods. This knowledge, when acquired, must be followed by thoughts that are true. In Victoria itself it is hoped this record of what has already taken place will give fresh impulse to the reactionary movement in favour of a lower tariff. Signs of this movement are already

apparent. The new Premier, Sir Bryan O'Loghlan, has issued a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the tariff, and he apologetically promises the people of Victoria "a free breakfast table." These are thoughts that are true, and they seem to be following on the knowledge of methods that do not answer.

In the wider sphere of the British Empire these recorded results may stimulate local parliaments to maintain low tariffs. We must look to the spread of sound knowledge and to the honest subordination of class interests to the common national good rather than to fostering duties on foreign wheat, if we would successfully set the great and growing commerce of the empire on sound and profitable economic foundations. Until the Canadian Dominion, for political rather than economic purposes, not long ago swerved from the right path, there was not one colony, and that one the unfortunate colony of Victoria, among the eight great self-governing colonies enjoying independence of fiscal action, that had burdened itself with a high tariff. It would seem that Victoria has paid the penalty of its backsliding. That the others did not follow suit is plain evidence of the great practical common sense and public loyalty of the majority of British colonists. To this and to the spread of knowledge of recorded results we may look for a continuance of this tendency towards low tariffs throughout the British Empire. This tendency, if persevered in, will enable every Englishman, no matter where he may be domiciled over the wide empire, to thrive on the fact which has done England itself such unbounded material good, that whatever he uses or consumes is obtained by him at the lowest possible cost. Such action is urgently recommended by economic science, for it must contribute to the material prosperity of every industrial worker throughout the whole British Empire.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

POSTSCRIPT.—*Manufactures*.—By the last mail came a report of its committee to a meeting of the protected bootmakers of Melbourne, in which the following passage occurs:—"Our travellers report to us that they find very great difficulty in placing our goods on the neighbouring markets, principally through the competition of Sydney with their own manufacture, and European imported, sold sufficiently low to secure the custom. It must be remembered that Sydney has always had a steady export of her own manufactures, and that her manufacturers are giving inducements to our best workpeople to remove there. It also must be remembered that all leathers—the boot manufacturer's raw material—are admitted free into the port of Sydney, while an import duty of 7½, 10, and 20 per cent. is enforced in Victoria, thereby placing the Sydney manufacturer at an advantage."



## SOME IRISH REALITIES: AN HISTORICAL CHAPTER R.

ALL Irish agitations have but one common origin. They are each and every one of them ebullitions of the same temper, and expressions of the same sentiment. Whether the visible movement be a riot, a tithe war, a repeal demonstration, a Phœnix conspiracy, or a Fenian raid; whether the language used by promoters be similar in tone to that of Emmet, Smith O'Brien, O'Donovan (Rossa), or P. J. Smyth; whether it partake of the constitutionalism of a Butt, or the recklessness of some half-starved corner ruffian, the words and the acts are the sentiment of Irish Nationality protesting against what it considers to be foreign rule, dictation. The fact is that England's right to send a "Message of Peace" at all is resented as an additional injury, inasmuch as it implies superiority, and asserts again and again in the most galling way England's rule, her ascendancy, and perhaps her triumphs over the disunited Ireland of the past. This sentiment, underlying all Irish agitations, may not be *per se* commendable, but it is what renders the people an impracticable people, and it is at once their direst bane as a community, and their saddest glory as a nation. This it is that, being irrepressible, finds its way to the surface in every Irish society, whether it be a carpenters' association, a club of Foresters, or a Fenian circle. Hence it is, as has been said above, that zealous membership of almost any Irish body of politically inclined people must and will make the initiated thinker *au courant* with the great problem of Irish political life; but, on the other hand, a man may live in Ireland for fifty years and yet never get one glimpse behind the scenes, one look at the undressed actors, or one hint as to the "why" of what is presented to the audience. It may be farce or drama, a murder, or a mountebank procession of societies; managers, actors, and supernumeraries are all the time, according to their lights and in accordance with the traditions of the class they belong to, merely protesting, anyhow, or in any form, against what national sentiment tells them is an insult and an intrusion.

In 1856 Irishmen awoke to the conclusion that fate had been unkind to them: they had been quiescent, because wholly helpless, throughout the Crimean War; when, had they organizations and courageous leaders, they might have achieved independence or avenged a disgraceful and unfortunate past. 'Forty-eight had provoked ridicule in an era of revolutions. 'Fifty-two left Ireland, as Charles Gavan Duffy put it, "like a corpse on a dissecting-table." 'Fifty-six found her regretting lost opportunities, and found also

shmen in many parts of the globe, exiles of famine and 'forty-eight  
 (the two Imperial Providences), thinking how they could prepare the  
 tion, should such another opportunity as that afforded by the  
 mean War return. The best and most acceptable thought seems  
 have come to James Stephens. He was the Young Irelander who,  
 when every other leading man was taken or fled, had kept the field  
 the last. After the total collapse at Ballingarry, he had tried to  
 raise again the standard of Irish Independence in Waterford,  
 but had failed. The people's hearts were dead within them,  
 their lives had been starved out of them, hope had fled the  
 land. Stephens failed to revive 'forty-eight, but his zeal was  
 remembered in his favour, and in 1858 the Phœnix Society was  
 founded in Kerry. This was but a beginning. The original order  
 consisted of a few—for their rank in life—well-educated young men, of  
 whom some were schoolmasters. The men began by founding a  
 national reading club, that friends coming together, perusing history  
 and contemporary politics together, might begin to exchange ideas  
 and be led to form a nucleus of national feeling. The society pro-  
 ceeded too rapidly. It found theoretical Nationalism to be the all-  
 pervading bias of the minds brought together, and, with Irish impul-  
 siveness, its members rushed at once to organization, drill, and arms  
 as its expression. Betrayed by a local priest, denounced in the  
 local press, a majority of the Phœnix Society were arrested and  
 tried before a full bench, the late Chief Justice Whiteside defending  
 the prisoners. Had this society been let alone it would have dis-  
 sisted, debated, resolutionised, and on a few convenient nights—till  
 the men wearied of work without an outcome—drilled in out-of-the-way  
 places, and have then collapsed because the *vis inertia* of the Irish  
 political life of that day would have fought against and killed it.  
 ! A foolish prosecution was instituted, and O'Donovan (Rossa)  
 was created by the Castle the father of many Irish evils, not to say  
 "logies." The prisoners were convicted, and received various sentences.  
 With their small local society fell Phœnixism. Of this body one at  
 least died with distinguished honour at Baine's Hill (in front of  
 Fredericksburg, in the Federal and Confederate War), where he carried  
 the colours of an Irish regiment till the brigade was shot to atoms.  
 There also may legitimately come in this remark bearing out the  
 argument of these articles. The enlistment of the Irish in the Union  
 Army, their thronging to and exultant conduct in the field during  
 the American War, was not a resistance to Southern demands, nor, so  
 far as they thought at all, did it proceed from any desire to deny the  
 justice of the Southern claim: it was a protest and a preparation, it  
 had an anti-English significance, and the easiest way to get a  
 recruit for a Northern regiment was to say, "On these fields you will  
 learn how to serve Ireland when the time comes." It was the Irish

apprenticeship to war, taken up in the same meaning, spirit, and intent as was the French service by the "Wild Geese," and the Spanish and Austrian services by the various brigades of Irish that deserted their country to look for honour, and await opportunities after the fall of Shemus.

The prosecution of the Phoenix conspiracy at the end of 1858 advertised Irish disaffection, and once more brought to the mind of the people the Nationalist notion, then all but forgotten and partly ignored, in view of the inglorious failure of 1848. Next appears on the scene an open and constitutional body, the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick, with its mottoes "Ireland on our side," and "Altho' yourself and God will aid you." The head-quarters were in Marlborough Street, Dublin, and the only evidence of "intent" the book ever gave was, that at the foot of the rules there appeared a memorandum to the effect that there was nothing in the constitution of the society to prohibit any Irishman from "acquiring the use of arms." The chiefs were Denis Holland, *Irishman* newspaper editor, Thomas Neilson Underwood, and P. J. MacDonnell. The society was terribly poor, and yet it had a vigour about it that was delightful. Its proclaimed and actual objects were to bring Irishmen together, and to cultivate a national spirit by the establishment of reading-rooms, the delivery of lectures, circulation of tracts on Irish subjects; in fact, the education of the young men of the country in the traditions and histories that would most tend to re-awaken within them the spirit of 1782. The lecture-room at No. 2, Marlborough Street was very poorly furnished; a broken window below the stairs could not be repaired for want of funds; the decorations consisted of but four cheap prints, and two flags—one, that of the brotherhood, the other the simple green with its crownless harp, the proscribed flag of the struggling nationality. It appeared to visitors at the time that the main business of the brotherhood was to extend the circulation of the *Irishman* newspaper and to depreciate that of the *Nation*, and of all the essentially Catholic Irish newspapers, and it was in the doing of this work that there was for the first time manifested in Ireland the impatience of clerical control and the negation of "religion in politics" that marked the rise and fall of Fenianism. It had been a proverb that "no cause would succeed in Ireland that was not blessed by the Church"—even sedition to be successful must be baptized in the holy well. Amongst the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick were a few vigorous minds who accused the Catholic Church of selfishness, and of being actuated by a spirit of compromise that looked to secure the prosperity of the Church rather than the freedom of Ireland. A few such societies were founded, and a feeble correspondence commenced with some of the returned exiles of 1848. Some good lectures were delivered, in

of which St. Lawrence O'Toole was highly praised as a soldier rather than as a saint. Cardinal—then Archbishop—Cullen heard of this. He also heard that Mr. Underwood was a Unitarian, and that "politics without priests" were being preached by a new national party. He most unnecessarily and solemnly denounced the brotherhood and its Unitarian head, and in a week, banned from every altar in Leinster, the society was sought after by thousands who otherwise would never have heard of it. Then the special feature of all Irish societies became at once fully developed, and within the fold of St. Patrick's Brotherhood met, on common ground, Ribbonmen, Hearts of Oak Boys, Young Irelanders, Phoenixmen, and finally Fenians. The men at first avoided too great communicativeness, but as they discovered each other's sentiments through words spoken in and out of the lodge-room, restraint was got rid of, and the bond of a common sentiment brought about a true friendship amongst persons utterly dissimilar in manner, walk in life, education, and even religion. The celebrated Father Lavelle, then parish priest of Partry—in the west—added much to the power of the brotherhood, firstly, because he had disavowed episcopal control over his political action; and secondly, because he defied the power of the Roman Catholic Primate, who had foolishly interfered to discountenance the funeral procession of Terence Bellew McManus. Concerning this procession detail is necessary.

McManus was one of the '48 exiles. His character was of the purest. He was as a citizen and an Irish Nationalist irreproachable. When the Young Ireland movement came to a head he abandoned a fine connection and really magnificent prospects in Liverpool to seek the hillsides of his native country. His death in California gave, in 1861, to newly awakened Irish Nationalism an opportunity for a demonstration. This was locally organized by the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick. The funds were provided by American subscription. The clergy of Ireland, subservient to Dr. (since Cardinal) Cullen, looked with fear and aversion on the sudden awakening of the people, of which the extraordinary funeral of McManus was but a demonstration, and obstacles were put in the way of the celebration of the religious ceremonies deemed essential at the burial of Roman Catholic dead. This opposition widened the breach between the priests and the more advanced members of their flocks, who now set themselves to denounce ecclesiastical meddlers in secular and political affairs. Father Lavelle took the side of the Nationalists, and in Dublin, in defiance of bishops and archbishops, preached in the Rotunda to 4,000 people a magnificent oration on "The Justification of Rebellion." As this, as well as the McManus procession, was supported by, if not directly prepared under, the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick, the little poverty-stricken

organization of less than 5,000 persons in all Ireland became for that moment the nucleus and rallying-point of Irish disaffection, and this in defiance of its assertion, honestly enough made, that it was only a society for the public ventilation of Irish questions and the promotion of national spirit.

The funeral of Terence Bellew McManus occurred on a gloom-dull, rainy day in November. It was attended by 24,000 marshalled men, and witnessed by at least 60,000 citizens of Dublin. Who did the marshalled men come from? They were the trades and shopmen of Dublin, and yet, oddly enough, they looked like a military organization. The men of the Brotherhood of St. Patrick were there, but under its flag were but 1,760. In a moment the Irish national mind grasped the fact that material abounded, that Irish sentiment and feeling were as strong as ever. A war cry, leadership, and a provocation were alone wanting to arouse, if not the nation, at least more than a moiety of it. Amongst the principal marshals of the great funeral were men who, to gratify the longing of their race and class for adventure, and, if obtainable, distinction, had ventured into various foreign services, notably the Papal, American and Austrian. Besides this, there were Fenian officers present. Fenianism, the successor of Phœnixism, or rather its twin, had now showed itself in Ireland. Up to the hour of the great funeral Fenianism had looked upon the American Irish as the only capable and Ireland herself as incapable of spontaneous organization and action, but the extraordinary success, the order and steadiness of the McManus demonstration, opened the eyes of the visitors as well as the military men present to the fact that in Ireland herself was a revolutionary and national life only awaiting the organizer and the weapon to "take the place of the volunteers that won Irish independence in 1782."

Fenian agents at once appeared. The programme of the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick was, apparently, not far-reaching enough. Irish people are impetuous, and want results too quickly. In a short time the house No. 2, Marlborough Street was thinned of its best men, who either joined the Federal army in the field to learn how "to fight for their country," or who transferred themselves into the Fenian organization or Republican Brotherhood of Ireland. Among these, so far as the writer is aware, were not either Mr. Holland or Mr. Underwood; but Martin Hanley Carey, since dead, a good man who had distinguished himself in the service in the Crimea, was about thirty others of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood, became leading Fenians. What is a Fenian? Is he now what he was in 1866? These questions are important. Fenianism was in its day the most remarkable of the expressions of Irish discontent that occurred during any period in the unfortunate history of the "English connection."

**and** for this reason—it was “Greater Ireland,” taking for the first **time** an active part in the politics of Ireland, the mother. It never **formulated**, but it very nearly achieved, the federation of the Irish race—a federation or unification that is now actively progressing, and **being** pushed forward by organizations in every colony of the Empire, **and**, in fact, in every land where a few Irishmen can gather together. **Yet** it must not be thought that all of these organizations know what **they** are doing. The federalising work is often unconsciously done by **bodies** that would repudiate political action as any part of their programme. As, for example, some zealous Roman Catholic, let us say, in Hobart Town or Melbourne, Adelaide or Port Elizabeth deems it well **to** start a benefit society; it may be called St. Mary’s or St. Patrick’s. **To** it is given ecclesiastical support from the outset. It naturally **supports** the Church. If it be at first a religious association its flags **bear** only religious emblems; but religious, educational, or benefit, it **will** not have met long before Michael discovers that John is a brother Ribbonman; and John, an initiated Fenian, introduces Michael to James, a centre, who in his turn makes all hands known to his “particular friend” of some other, perhaps higher, order. All these men, unless ostracized for some crime, have relations with home, and it is a million of wheat-ears to a mouse’s mane that before six months the person selected for secretary will owe the votes that put him in office to his reputation as a Nationalist, rather than to his knowledge of the working of provident societies, his geniality, or his piety and devotion to either St. Patrick or the Church. And yet the society will not be a Fenian or a Ribbon society, but it becomes an organization from which, in time, any Irish movement of an attractive character can obtain funds, and in which men meet conversant with Irish affairs, in daily or weekly receipt of National papers, and many of whom are prepared abroad to punish the enemies of the orders they belong to at home. Irish sedition or patriotism, call it which you will, is ubiquitous, but all Irish disaffection is not Fenianism, nor even Nationalism. Fenianism is, or rather was, a thing apart from the general sentiment. It was an organization with a special purpose, and with peculiar ways and disadvantages, all of which are here laid open.

James Stephens was undoubtedly the father and author of Fenianism. The name was derived from Finnian, the Irish word for the Federal militia that supported in days long past the authority of the head king of the island, which was usually tormented by the existence of five petty kingdoms within its limits. Accounts are still extant, mostly in the Irish tongue, of this ancient militia, its method of enrolment, examination in speed, skill in arms, endurance, eyesight, morality, and other soldierly necessities, gifts, and accomplishments; but with these we have little to do. The name was adopted.

to designate a new body brought together to give Republican freedom to Ireland. The head-quarters were in America, and a vast number of Irishmen and Irish Americans, mostly members of Volunteer regiments, were brought into the new body. Some new companies were raised (in accordance with states law) which were absolutely and wholly Fenian, and but for the outbreak of the American Civil War Nationalist Ireland would, at all events on American soil, have had a genuine army. For Ireland herself a slightly different organization was devised—the "Irish Republican Brotherhood," or home militia of Fenianism; in fact, a sort of National Guard. The McManus funeral procession was followed by a very striking awakening of feeling throughout the country, and men began to frequent places where politics were discussed, merely that they might secure admission to the secret societies, with rumours of whose doing the air was filled. The brotherhood had for its recruits chiefly villagers and townsmen who had access to Nationalist papers, or who enjoyed greater opportunities of acquiring political ambitions and knowledge than did their agricultural brethren. The organization was worked by four organizers, one for each province, and it was intended to widen by ever-increasing circles of nine men, and no more, in each. Each new man swore, in presence of only the person initiating him, that he would "serve the Irish Republic now virtually established, and that he would at a moment's notice take up arms to defend its integrity, and that he took the oath with the full meaning, spirit, and intent of a soldier of the Irish Republic." He was then told that obedience, attention to what drills were possible, the procurement anyhow of some military education, and subscription for the purchase of arms were his primary duties. There was no oath of secrecy. His fate as regards informing or divulging secrets rested on ordinary military laws about spies or persons giving aid or information to enemy. Had Fenianism rested there with its republican and military aspirations, even had it gone to action, Ireland might, it would, have had reason to be proud of the sentiment that inspired these men; and had as much care been taken as to the fitness of persons to be enrolled as was insisted on by the earlier Finnian mannikin traitors, as unfit for the council as for the field, desperado and corner men would never have had admission to its ranks. But the standard was drawn very low indeed, and people were initiated in the national militia who from habit and lax physique, low moral tone, and other peculiarities were unfit for association.

D, the primary unit, was enlisted. He was told to obtain from amongst his friends nine recruits, when he would be raised to the rank of C, or sergeant. Now, rightly, all the new D's, as well as their "sergeant organizer," should have been armed, drilled, and tested as to fidelity before another departure was taken, but the im-

pulsiveness of the people, the desire for distinction, and the national emulation of members with the unhappy greed of the devisers of the scheme for results to show to the American Irish drove the organization beyond its pace, and far beyond its strength. Without waiting to drill or discipline the men, once the magic number nine was arrived at, they, the new D's, were told individually to organize again; so the original unit rose to be captain or B, from whence to the position of A, centre or colonel, was effected by but one further extension of the circle. The centre had now attained his highest rank. He might be called to the executive or employed on special duties, but as an organizer his work was done. He had but to complete his work by, if possible, drilling, arming, and preserving his circle. Not having been done step by step as each nine was organized, this soon began to be seen to be all but impossible. The centre could not know anything further of his own regiment than what was told him by the nine men he had at first sworn in, and who were now his B's, or captains. They ought not to know, and as a rule did not know, each other's sergeants, and frequently could not tell who were and who were not privates of their own companies. The isolation of members, meant to promote safety, was ruinous to the order, and men were accepted as B's who had no following, so that circles were existent only on paper, or in the parlour of some public-house. In organizing, men came in who belonged to the myriad local societies, factions, and "isms" that pervade the whole country—fragments of formerly powerful bodies whose chiefs had been imprisoned or had emigrated. These too often followed out in Fenianism only the traditional methods of working, and were inspired greatly, if not only, by the local hatreds and policies they had inherited, so that Fenianism was not everywhere consistent, one circle being tainted with anti-Landlordism, another with various dangerous and undisciplined notions and peculiarities of Molly Maguirism, Ribbonism, and even of Whiteboyism.

In time Fenianism made its demonstrations: one was provoked by the publication of the Foreign Enlistment Act, with direct reference to Irishmen seeking to serve the Union against the South; another was directed against moral force agitations and parliamentary agitations, and led to the severance of such men as the O'Donohue and Alexander Martin Sullivan from the party of action. A direct line of procedure was speedily inculcated, and a newspaper, the *Irish People*, worked solely by the propaganda of the I.R.B., taught us that no faith must be put in platform spouters, agitators, and parliamentary tacticians; that oratory had failed to free the country, whilst tenant-right representatives and Pope's brass-band office-hunters had betrayed it. A deliberate attempt was now made to crush out all non-Fenian expressions of public opinion, to stop



parliamentary tactics, to stifle all agitations professing to base themselves on other than physical force, and generally to thrust upon the whole of the people the leadership of James Stephens. They revolted against the I.R.B., the middle classes, most of the priests and all of the English in Ireland, who were stigmatised as "We Britons."

The brotherhood, however, neither professed communism nor dreamed of spoliation of property; they cared nothing about the battles of the Churches, and still in June, 1865, only sought the Republic through the gate of war. Up to this date no crime, outrage, or riot, or even threat had marked, or rather marred the organization. It was well off in regard to funds. Its expenses were slight, say £400 per week, and its leaders believed in its completeness and in its security from betrayal inasmuch as members were fairly isolated from and generally unknown to each other. Some soldiers and many militiamen had been sworn in, some arms had reached the circles, Irish-American officers were at hand, lead, and the prospects of the body looked very bright indeed. Relying on the reports that reached him, Stephens was justified in believing that he had in Ireland 50,000 men trained in some way in arms, and 50,000 waiting to be armed and trained. The fact was however, even then widely different. Disruptive forces had been at work of which the chiefs were ignorant, and it needed but a revolution and a touch of the spear of the Crown Prosecutor to crumble the apparently massive organization to pieces. Dry rot had already crept into the building. Two great uncalculated causes had been at work to weaken it.

During the whole of the period of organization the American War had been in full swing, offering its enormous prizes by way of pay, bounty, and promotion to recruits. The young men who joined the I.R.B. at home, at least those of the best class, first-rate scholars of the National schools, teachers, young artisans, and farmers' sons, flocked to the war. Many of them with the "bounty" brought after them their families or friends, and, besides this, hundreds of daring fellows, centres of disaffection in their various districts, had fled the country for diverse reasons. So that as a matter of fact some centres who had recruited their whole strength were not to be found any more. Many B's and C's, connecting links of the organization, were missing, and at least 40,000 of the most ardent, impatient Fenian or Fenian sympathisers, were wholly lost to Ireland, swallowed up in the great American struggle, or driven by various causes to enlistment, migration to England, or emigration to the Colonies. Irish Fenianism, that is, the "I.R.B.," was, therefore, in 1865 far weaker than it appeared to be. Irish poverty had created an unsettlement amongst the people that was in this case fatal to it.

organization that ought to have done much in a few months after its initiation, but had begun to dwindle away under the pressure of time and circumstance almost from the hour of its birth ; and they were the best men who went away to seek dangers or "pastures new" abroad.

The second great cause operating against the I.R.B. was that it had a staff capable of compromising it. These were, for all practical purposes, Stephens, Duffy, Hopper, and the editor of, and his employers in, the *Irish People*. Amongst the chiefs were many excellent men—Liberals, Protestants, educated gentlemen, members or scholars of sound schools and universities ; but the head-quarters in Dublin, especially the newspaper propaganda, early degenerated into a Mutual Admiration Society, to which the Bocca Corkageniensis was the best pass, or a purely Kerry connection the surest recommendation. Cliques had arisen within Fenianism, and patriotism was startled to find itself hounded from the doors of No. 12, Parliament Street, Dublin, as if it were West Britonism, or indifferentism to the national wrongs. The true motto of the best class of Irish politician, "Who is not against us, is with us," was repudiated, and any one not as advanced as Jeremiah Donovan Rossa, or who claimed liberty to differ in tone of thought from the Munster faction, or in opinion, or in detail of any sort from James Stephens, was looked upon as an enemy. Fenianism had outraged the Constitutional Nationalists, defied the Church, frightened the middle classes, and destroyed all previous organizations ; now it began to be dictatorial, so it evoked criticism from within itself. Irish impatience demanded results. What was the Staff doing? The Staff was engaged preserving every scrap of paper, every line of written information that could be kept together for the guidance of the police should a raid be made. The secret organization was laid bare in such a way by these documents that when Government did act, touching as many of the great connecting links between circle and circle as possible, the organization was ruined and incapable of reconstruction unless it began *de novo*, and reswore itself in, and reconstituted itself again from, the original sergeant organizers.

Government struck a blow in October, 1855, by arresting the whole of the staff of the *Irish People*, with one Mr. John O'Claghessy, who was in the offices as a visitor when the raid was made. Ere long others in the south of Ireland as well as in Dublin were arrested, and commissions issued for the trial of some 27 in the capital, and 40 throughout the whole of the provinces. Now came, for the I.R.B., a singular misfortune. The *Irish People* as a newspaper had employed a very violent writer, a man of good heart, patriotism, and talent, but who had been soured and rendered impracticably wild by misfortune. This man had threatened vengeance

against dukes and landlords. His writings were prosecuted, were held up *in terrorem* as Fenian writing, and he who never was even a member amongst the I.R.B. was sentenced as a Fenian conspirator in gaol despite of his protests that he "only wrote treason for hire. Fenianism was, on the other hand, saddled with his sins, accused of holding his theories, and of preparing to use the means he would advocate. So that a body of men up to that moment pure from any taint of socialism or communism, an honest-minded, tradition-imbued Nationalist Irish militia were set down and denounced by order of the Castle, and by the mouth especially of the then Q.C. Barry as criminals, disturbers, possibly murderers, and enemies to society. The clergy, led by Doctor Cullen, denounced secret societies right and left. They trembled for their livings should the Republic gain ground. Hundreds of deeply compromised men fled the country, and the rank and file of the I.R.B. said, "The blow has fallen; lead us now into action." They believed in the might and glory of the organization. If this circle had no guns, it believed others had abundance; and was there not the brotherhood in America with ships, officers, and an army?—so the people had been told—read to come over in their thousands to reconquer Ireland, and to reconstitute the nation that was extinguished in blood and bribery in the miserable period '98—1800.

The state of the I.R.B., as has been shown, was not at the date of the raid on the Staff in 1865 favourable to a rising. In fact, it may be at once declared that Fenianism had failed to take a very deep hold in Ireland. It is undoubtedly true that its schemes were wholly rejected in the county of Wexford, and this so unmistakably that its emissaries were as a matter of fact refused accommodation and refreshment in Ferns and Enniscorthy, where they went on the business of the Propaganda. There were few, very few members of the I.R.B. in Wicklow, and even in the more rural parts of Dublin County the business was almost unknown. The same state of things prevailed in at least nineteen counties out of thirty-two. And there was no motive, proximate and stern, for action of any sort. It is hard to get men to break up their homes and rush into the field unless they are suffering from some actual oppression or dragooning of a tangible sort. Even Irishmen will not hastily rise in favour of an abstraction, or in vindication of a sentiment. The "Irish Church"—Protestant—was not generally looked upon as a grievance, although it was the pet topic of a few priests, and of at most half a dozen public writers. There was nothing to fight for, and, more important still, the country was almost wholly unarmed, the people's poverty and their reliance on American aid having tended to prevent them from purchasing arms during the four years of organization. As a matter of fact, there were not five thousand stand of reliable arms, or ammunition

tion enough for ten minutes' close action in the hands of the brotherhood and its friends. The arrest, followed by the escape, of Stephens from Richmond Bridewell, again advertised the sedition which claimed for itself all the power and might that Crown prosecutors ascribed to it to secure full convictions. Nagle, the 12s. a week patriot, was the chief witness for the Crown, and the documents found in the *Irish People* office, with the romances of the detectives, the main evidence. A factitious importance was most unwisely given to the State trials, and this tended to increase Hiberno-American sympathy, and to help on the canvass for Fenian funds amongst the Irish exiles all over the world. Of the men then taken and brought to punishment this must be said: Not one of those who were members of the I.R.B. had ever contemplated outrage or assassination as possibilities to grow out of their purely military scheme for Irish liberation, and there was hardly one of them that would not give the perpetrator of a cowardly mutilation up to justice rather than allow what they believed to be their righteous national cause to be stained with crime. Even the question of the morality and expediency of killing open and avowed traitors had not been settled, and many of the more notable Fenians were totally opposed to the adoption of such a creed. All, however, looked to James Stephens to bring about a speedy and successful struggle upon Irish soil under the flag of the nation.

The State trials were successfully terminated by the conviction of a very great number of men of various, but still generally reputable, walks in life, and it was a fact, not without its significance, that few indeed who accepted the aid of the gentlemen paid by the Committee for the Defence escaped, whilst those who at once denied all "right to such aid" and refused it, escaped trial. The organized defence, similar in all cases, was a fatal brand upon the man who accepted it. The convicted men went to prison and penal servitude hopefully, and, indeed, in some cases, very defiantly. They believed in the cause, and in the organizer-in-chief. The effect upon Ireland began to be visible in June, 1866. Many hundreds of I.R.B. expatriated themselves, and denunciations and betrayals rapidly broke up once powerful circles. With the American order—the Fenian Society proper—we have little to do. It may be remembered that it consisted of an inner circle, men trained in arms and bound to fight in Ireland, or in fact anywhere; and an outer circle, subscribing, sympathizing, and organizing, the foundation and treasury of the whole. What the American-Irish fighting-line did is matter of history. It partially effected a raid on Canada, failed notably in another—that of General John O'Neill, arrested in the midst of his camp by a United States marshal—and it sent officers and money to Ireland. Division in the Council-room showed itself strongly in 1866, and both in Ireland and America there were ludicrous

struggles for power amongst gentlemen who might have better studied union amongst themselves; and the resources began to fail. There were in Ireland some men "on their keeping" to be provided for, deserters to be held in pay till "the time comes," and an Executive, with many soldiers of fortune, to be kept in funds. When Stephens and Hopper were arrested, in 1865, there fell into the hands of Government the whole of the military chest, some £6,000 in all, so that the divisions in America telling heavily on the funds, paid membership in Ireland became a synonym for almost actual starvation. The rate of relief for a centre or colonel dwindled down from £2 per week in May to 12s. in July, and then wholly ceased. There can be no doubt on the minds of the well-informed that Irish Fenianism, the military body of the I.R.B., then began to break up. New men and new creeds crept in amongst the despairing sections. Means of action that a year before would have been revolted against as foul and unsoldierly, were canvassed, advocated, and, to some extent, adopted by men who in some respects, in their mental though not physical misery, resembled the caterans, or broken soldiers and tribesmen, that at one time infested Scotland. Discipline and centralized authority had nearly vanished, and isolated bodies felt free to do something on their own account. Hence some of the local outrages, useless in a National point of view, that later on took place. Suspicion also was sowing its seeds amongst all classes, and to change an honestly-earned five-pound note or to drink at the same bar with a man looking like a detective, to take the short cut through the Castle yard—an open roadway—on business, or, in fine, to do anything that was not in fact distinctly intelligible to hundreds of low intelligence, was to insure denunciation as an informer. A carpenter was shot who, although he lived for eight hours in agony in the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, refused to inform against his slayers, although he knew them but too well. This man was an innocent victim to groundless suspicion. Castle agencies are not very nice in their methods of working, and several policemen and spies being now worked well into, and high up in, the organization, men were by them denounced as informers who were nothing of the sort,—this, for the double purpose of concealing, by diverting attention from, the movements of the real Government agents, and for the sake of breaking up the body through disunion. There was also behind this policy the thought that a man driven from Fenianism into the very arms of the Government by undeserved persecution might more easily be got to tell "all he knew." The notorious head-constable Talbot was an adept at this game, and it is to be believed that there were many others constantly practising it in both Ireland and America. It was determined to test this. An order was given from some authority or another that George

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Connolly, of No. 3, Little Britain Street, Dublin, was to be shot for "informing," the evidence against him being that his three predecessors in a centreship had been taken by the Government and immured in Mountjoy, and that none but he could have denounced them. The chief who received the order called a few friends together and consulted with them as to the necessity for obedience and the by him asserted innocence of George Connolly. A course was agreed upon. To prevent collusion the men remained together. It was decided, *to save Connolly's life*, to report him in an anonymous letter for carrying arms. A letter was written stating where Connolly would be found, a young lad of thirteen was obtained to take it secretly to the Castle, and in two hours after the I.R.B. was satisfied. The poor man was arrested by a strong force and sent to Mountjoy, being thus, and thus only, saved from being done away with for a crime he had never committed. All the parties to this transaction are alive, except the D.C.O.I.R. who gave the order for the man's execution. It was afterwards revealed that Connolly's denunciation to the D.C.O.I.R. was the work of a Government spy.

As the winter of 1866 drew on, the Fenians in America as well as the I.R.B. at home were loud and constant in their demands for action, and James Stephens at length announced that before the sun of 1867 dawned on Ireland the blow would be struck. Some pretended to fix Christmas as the exact period for the rising, and speeches made in New York by high Fenian officials were so *couleur de shamrock* that the hopes of parties on both sides of the Atlantic rose very high indeed. To the Americans were told monstrous untruths about the forward state of the home army and preparations; whilst to the brotherhood in Erin, as they delight to write it, thousands of stands of arms and experienced helpers were promised. Both were deceived, and that chiefly by the bombastic exaggerations of Thomas Laffan Kelly, who audaciously stated from the platform that he was sending shipload after shipload of arms to Ireland. Christmas came, and the New Year dawned and "niver a blow struck." This damped still more the ardour of the now comparatively few thousands who had kept the flag flying and hoped against hope to the bitter end. These, in expectation of an early revolt, had in many cases committed themselves by open speech and overt acts. They were scoffed at by the old stagers of '48 for their still-born rebellion, and jeered at by those to whom they had boasted of coming victories over the Saxon. Some execrated Stephens, others began to see if they could not act without him, and a few meetings of local centres were held, notably in London, Cork, and Dublin, to determine on measures to save the society. A secret executive was formed in Dublin, and matters were in train for at least a creditable show of force when the Chester affair and rising in Kerry—the work chiefly

of McCafferty and Flood,—February, 1867, awoke the now very much scattered remnants of the once numerous and compact brotherhood to the knowledge that there were many sectional directors working without any common plan or impulse, and apparently independently of Stephens as well as of the Roberts and O'Mahony wing in America. The Kerry rising collapsed almost as quickly it had burst out, and a few days later the Chester raiders were captured landing from a coal brig in Dublin. Then suddenly appeared on the scene the well-known General (?) Godfrey Massey, brought authority with him from the London Directory to prepare and lead an Irish revolt. After incredible trouble, so much was organization scattered, that only twenty-seven Fenian officers could be gathered to meet the "General," and these were not all of the what would be called in the services "war officers." A few were organizers or staff-duty men, one at least belonged to the country and not to the City of Dublin, whilst two B's were present as centre. The hollowness of the I.R.B. was, to the fully initiated, too palpably visible. Massey had a plan; he made a speech advocating a revolt—but telling nothing of his resources and action—or rather the merest prospect of it, which was eagerly hailed by his hearers, and desired, on fair and manly terms, to meet those whom they thought to be their foes. A return was called for of the men and weapons represented by the meeting, those present answering for any men who were absent. When the nominal state was made up, there appeared to be at the disposal of the revolution in Dublin and county 6,783 persons, of all ages and sizes capable to bear arms, and 1,000 odd mixed firelocks to arm them with, of which but three were breech-loaders;—this notwithstanding the fact that the Snider had been served out in the November previously to the forces and many of the constabulary in Ireland. But were there not pikes to be got? Yes, there were pikeheads galore, and the sticks could be cut and fitted before the day would come. Now it may be supposed that those who owned smoothbores and muzzle-loading rifles were the better-off Fenians—men who had, at all events, enough to eat and some knowledge of their weapons; but the pikes were for the under-fed, and, in too many cases, under-sized unmilitary citizen fellows like Paddy, then of the *Dublin Advertiser*, a considerable enough sort of Republican brother, five feet three in height, twenty-nine inches around the chest, and earning at most from six to seven shillings weekly. At once a man arose and demanded to know of what use such a mob could be in presence of General Lord Strathnairn's highly equipped brigades in the city, 6,000 men and 21 guns, with a formidable and easily moveable force 20 miles off at the Curragh. Massey explained that he was a soldier of thirty years' experience, used to handling large masses of men, :

that "pikes were really the most valuable of all weapons in the hands of undisciplined forces." His opponent, who had looked at his man's legs, replied that "General Massey must be an enemy to Ireland to tempt her unhappy people to death and ruin in the open field, on their own soil; that it was a fearful thing to involve the whole land in the horrors of hopeless revolt"; and in the very short address—not three minutes—that he was allowed to make, he explained that he could not reconcile Massey's age and ignorant utterances on military affairs with his claim to thirty years of military experience. The noncontent was put down, a challenge was given, and pretendedly accepted, and then the man who dared to speak truth was hurried away to be informed on the next day that a rising was agreed to, and that he was to turn out in an important capacity. In a few days the *mot d'ordre* was given, and to centres only, and Tallaght named for the rendezvous. It was an Irish spring of the coldest, something about thirty per cent. more sleety and miserable than an English mid-winter, and Tallaght, the place of meeting, was on the hill-sides up on the first ridge of the Dublin mountains, away south of the city, from whose warm bowels the victims of the Republic were to march out into the cold and darkness, unarmed, and often hungry and ill-clothed, to meet crushing defeat or the ignominy of a shameful and helpless captivity. When the day came—Shrove Tuesday, 4th March, 1867—the whole public were aware of the secret plans of the Secret Society.

The pikes were picked up at Rathfarnham and elsewhere; the handles were newly-cut saplings, green and unshaven; the spear-heads were, with few exceptions, ruder than the worst weapon of the "black" of Australia. The corps of artillery, on being paraded, mustered but one man who had a knowledge of the weapon, a Dublin City artilleryman, and twenty fellows who admitted that they could not ride; and one revolver, with one knife, was the armament of the battery. The officer, with his aide well armed and equipped, laughed in the face of such a force, and declined to lead them. They had to cut out, in the already alarmed county, four guns from Maretimo, Lord Gough's residence, on the Booterstown Road, and they had two guns, horsed, that had been smuggled in, near or at Bray. But men who admitted they could neither ride, drive, load, nor clean, were useless for any practical purpose, so there was an end of the matter; and, besides, be it remembered, the fellows were wholly unarmed. Kirwan, a splendid fireman, six feet four in height, the giving-over officer, on meeting with a refusal on the part of the selected leader to imperil men's lives on such hair-brained work, ordered the squad—they were little more than that—"Away to the hills," and went himself to his duty. He bitterly suffered for his mistake on that very night. A column leader ordered him to be shot, and he was shot down in the Milltown



Road—(bullet through scapula)—why? no man knows. The poor fellow had committed but one offence: he had gone to confession to Father Alfred Murphy, at Gardiner's Street Jesuit Church, the morning. Some presentiment was upon him. He afterwards recovered and got over to America. The man who ordered this crime to be committed was brave and honest enough, but, from his violence, suspiciousness, and terrible want of scrupulousness as to the means he took to obtain results, the evil genius of the unfortunate brotherhood. Of the revolt as a whole, little need be said. The main column, Dublin, was so badly led, that although, if selection had been made, it could have shown three hundred well-armed, useful men at its head, it fired but one feeble volley, and was checked at Rathfarnham Bridge by eleven constabulary. Column 2 had a better experience: led by Lennon, two police barracks, Stepside and Glencullen, were captured, prisoners made, and some arms obtained; but there was little order and no commissariat amongst the mob, and after consuming all the bread and beer they could requisition at the hamlet of Golden, its remnant dispersed to their homes. Daylight had shown them that the country had not risen and was not rising. 8 A.M. had brought with it a heavy fall of snow, and, besides, their numbers had been rapidly thinning during the night; the rear guard, instead of stopping stragglers, had itself twice deserted. As regards them the Irish Republic was a burst bubble. Of the disasters that befell the main column it is useless here to speak. The revolt was a frightful *fiasco*. It ended in the ruin of thousands. Massey was taken on a railway platform going south. Colonel Leonard failed to mobilise his forces in Drogheda, and in a week the fires of rebellion flamed up but feebly and at intervals on the snow-clad hills of Tipperary and Limerick. Not that the boys were out. Oh, no; but the country was kept in a state of torment with false signal-fires, lies, and rumours of lies. One scene that occurred before the final collapse is so instructive that it must be told. It can hardly be told now. There is not a "secret" in this paper that is not known to hundreds. A distinguished Fenian officer did get handed over to him some three hundred of the "finest pisantry," nearly all of whom had Enfield rifles, pattern 1857, similar to those sold to the Ashantees at eighteen shillings each when we wanted to make them fight. His men were drawn up in a formidable enough position, high on a steep hillside, opening to the rear only on extensive fallows and upland. Below, skirting the base of the range, ran the road. A pig was cooking, and all was festive and hopeful, when the morning light displayed car after car of peelers and red soldiers below. Swiftly the British line was formed—two companies of foot, a handful of constabulary, and a few country gentlemen on horseback. Up they went; but the Republicans were in position fully extended behind

their cover, the distances had been marked with flags, and the rifles were loaded and capped. "Faix," says Barney Martin to a friend from Brosna, "it's little like a rebellion I feel at all. There's the chapel bell ringin' below, and the people goin' to work like Christians, an' the devil a differ (difference) I see from yisterday. I'm in the same frieze coat an' the same old hat, and shure I see no signs of the Irish Republic at all, at all, only the little green flag and the little chap with the sword, and us here like a lot of wanderin' rabbits waiting for the poliss to shoot us; an' shure here's out of it!" The leader eyed the approaching host, and, without looking behind or to the right or to the left of him, began the morning's duties. "Steady—At three hundred yards—prepare to fire—Now—Three hundred yards—No man fires till I give the word. Aim low—Steady—" A minute passed; the soldiers reached the fatal spot. "Fire!" Not a bit of it. No sound broke the stillness of the morning air. "Fire!" reiterated the "little man with the sword," and he turned wildly to look along his line. Alas, the ditch was empty, and Jim Blake, the officer's orderly, "amongst the faithless faithful only found," responded. "If it's firing ye mane, bedad they're all firin'—over the hill behint, for the divil a wan of them's left." It was true, the battle was over. The peasantry had grasped at facts, recognised the logic of circumstances, and preserved themselves if not Ireland. As a schoolmaster said to me afterwards, "Ireland for the Irish" is very good talking, but we ought to try and keep just a few of the Irish for Ireland. That's just what we did on that day.

Amidst snowclouds, misery, and shame, but unstained by one crime, the revolt collapsed, and then came the afterclap, treachery and State trials. Now comes the last and most interesting of the Fenian revelations. The chief of the Fenian Secret Police, the same man that had opposed Massey in Council, now denounced him as a traitor; and why? On the second Friday in Lent General Halpin, alias Bird, commanding the (Fenian) Dublin district, sent for him and told him to assemble, on the Friday following, a sufficient party in Long Lane to rescue General Massey, who would at six P.M. be removed in a cab from Kilmainham and driven unescorted through the Royal Hospital *via* Long Lane to Dublin Castle, there to meet the Privy Council; but Bird also told him that Massey's release was to be the signal for renewed insurrection. Galway and Cork must rise, rails be torn up, and so much show made as would revive American-Irish feeling, sadly shocked by the flash in the pan of March 4th, "and bring us aid from abroad." The C.P. asked how Halpin knew of the intended journey. Oh! a letter, brought from the General by Mrs. Massey! It was produced, but the wily C.P. asked, how did Mrs. Massey get the letter. She saw her husband in his cell. Any one that knows Kilmainham and that knew

Mr. Price, the Governor, could come to but one conclusion, *i.e.* that Massey was not truly a prisoner. Into the vast hall of Kilmainham with its three tiers of cells, like the inverted ports of a warship, no woman enters, least of all to the cells of Fenian generals. How could the man have gained a knowledge, unless a guilty one, of the day and hour of his intended removal, the fact that he would be unescorted, and the circumstances of his route, *mirable dictu*, in a cab? The Chief Police of the Fenian Brotherhood denounced the treachery. Steps were taken that Government should be warned that the route and removal were known, so that if Massey really were a true man the presence of a formidable escort would show that Government valued and would fight rather than release their prisoner. The information was given at the Privy Council by the late John Edward Walshe, Master of the Rolls; whence he obtained it deponent knoweth well, from another still-living barrister. The evening came. Had there been an escort Massey would have been rescued. Long Lane was full of men for the work, Company E Emmet Guard I.R.B., regiment or circle. But no!—the traitor was driven down—accompanied only by two plain-clothes men, whose pistols in their breast pockets were enclosed and tied fast in chamoi leather bags, so that *no accident might occur*. The I.R.B. let it pass and the C.P. denounced Massey as a confirmed traitor, and announced his intention by every means at his command to put stop to the proposed risings, rail removals, and petty insurrection. He was told that if events did not prove his allegation he would suffer death. The 23rd of the following month saw Massey shrinking in the witness-box at Green Street when probed with awkward questions by Councillor Butt. The rest of the affair is history. Massey was proved to have been a nameless wretch, an ex-transport corporal of the British Crimean Army. Curious to relate, no inducement would make the counsel for the traversers bring in evidence the facts above related, although the C.P.I.R. himself went to Court to offer his testimony on the trial of Burke and Doran. The man himself was actually expelled from Court by order of the Judges at the instigation of Governor Price, who recognised him giving a sign to Doran.

The I.R.B. now fell into confusion. Sects arose, and the work of its members were by the most patriotic of their officers disbanded. From that hour Fenianism changed its views and means. It was no longer the purely military minded body of 1861—66. It became what is not pleasant for the writer to relate. One body sprang up calling itself Fenian Avengers. Its first work was to attempt assassination of the acute chief of the Fenian Police, who, after baffling five abortive attempts on his life, was in May attacked by 37 armed men on the canal banks, Dublin, subsequently to which

was arrested, imprisoned for four months for refusing to expose the names of his assailants, and finally liberated on conditions similar to those accepted by many of the best and bravest of the United Irishmen of 1798. He certainly could owe no further faith to a body by which he was so shamelessly treated, so foully betrayed; yet he never gave up a man or prosecuted even his enemies, although he was followed with fire and abuse from his former comrades for ten years.

The I.R.B. is practically extinct, but here and there its traditions live. In 1868 it assumed signs and passwords, and degenerated into being a common secret society. The members of the old order, with six exceptions, deserved a better name and happier fates than befell them. Enough of them. Their successors as individuals are the backbone and sinew of the Land League, although it must be understood the Land League chiefs are not Fenians, and the Fenian chiefs hate the Land League agitation, which, like "Nationalism," does not put fight for the country before it as its main object. One thing must here be mentioned. Fenianism is not responsible as an organised body for the Clerkenwell outrage, or mad folly. This was the work of unmilitary fanatics urged on by Perry, who used and prosecuted them. What soldier, what Irish-American officer can be even suspected of so great a blunder, so ignorant an attempt at engineering? If it had been suspected by, or known to, the Directory, the mad act would have been prevented at any risk.

In dealing with the subject of Irish discontent as it manifested itself from 1858 to 1868, it may be as well to answer a question often asked—What burning grievance, what direct oppression did you complain of? The land grievance had not then caught possession of the popular mind. Repeal was not your party cry. The Irish Church you cared little about. What then? Well, the fact is, that the famine years, and the ill-concealed satisfaction of an ignoble portion of the British press at the diminution of the population that followed, had made us indignant; and the late Lord Carlisle's bland assurance that "Ireland was fit only to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds," our being treated as the great draw-farm of England, the cold-blooded taunt of the late Prince Consort—that "the Irish were no more worthy of liberty than the Poles," these, with the denial to us of our national flag, of the right to bear arms and distinguish ourselves under its folds—it was pure sentiment, in fact, urged us on.

## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE third Session of the Parliament of 1880 was opened on Tuesday, the 7th of February. As usual the ceremony was performed by commission. Reasons of health were the ostensible grounds for the absence of her Majesty from one of the few remaining functions which identify her in the eyes of her subjects with the government of the realm. It is unfortunate — although, as the world has been elaborately assured, the result is natural, if not inevitable — that the presence of Liberal administrators in Downing Street should seem to have a prejudicial effect upon the health of the Sovereign. A trip to Mentone, such as the meanest of her subjects might take without being subjected to the impertinences of their fellows, has been utilised for the manufacture of party capital by those whose ultra-loyalty leads them to drag even the crown into the mire of faction. The royal visit to the shores of the Mediterranean has been attributed to the dissatisfaction of the Queen with the policy of her advisers, and the desire for a change of air is ascribed to craving for a change of administration. The incident, however contemptible, is noteworthy. It illustrates anew the familiar truth that no one is so ready to strike at the foundations of the monarchy as those who wear its plush.

The Speech from the Throne foreshadowed a Session full of strenuous work. After the usual complacent review of affairs at home and abroad — for a Queen's Speech would prophesy smooth things on the eve of the crack of doom — the legislature was invited to deal with various searching and radical reforms. The first place is occupied by a Bill establishing in English and Welsh counties a system of local representative self-government which is to be the counterpart and corollary of the municipal system established in the towns in 1835. The new County Board will, it is believed, be much more than an elected Quarter Sessions. It will absorb the functions at present scattered among half-a-dozen rival and co-existing authorities, and in addition will enjoy powers of administration enlarged to such an extent as to reduce to so appreciable extent the legislative block at St. Stephen's. To start a new system of government with a well-filled purse, it is believed the Treasury is prepared to surrender to the new County Boards proceeds of the license duties, amounting to a million and a half annuum, the whole of which will be available for the relief of local charges. A similar measure of reform, raising questions of even greater difficulty, is the promised Bill for "the reform of the ancient and

tinguished Corporation of London, and the extension of municipal government to the metropolis at large." The Corporation of the City of London, the oldest and most influential of unreformed corporations, now furnishes a simulacrum of representative government to one-fifteenth of the residents in the metropolis. Beyond the City area, inhabited by 260,000 persons, lies an administrative chaos with a population of nearly 3,740,000. This vast inorganic whole is to be converted into an organized municipal unit, with a Common Council of some two hundred and forty members, wielding in all probability the attributes at present vested in the School Board, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the City Corporation, the Vestries, and the Licensing Magistrates. The work is one of those labours of Hercules which have daunted successive Prime Ministers, but which Mr. Gladstone undertakes as one among many measures of a busy Session.

In addition to these two new measures of administrative reform, the Government promise to re-introduce the Bankruptcy Bill, which has so long and so eagerly been demanded by the commercial community; the drastic Corrupt Practices Bill of last Session; and the much-needed Bill dealing with the difficult and intricate subject of the conservancy of rivers and the prevention of floods. As if these would not suffice to exhaust the energies and occupy the time of Parliament, attempts will be made to pass the Criminal Code Bill, and to consolidate and amend the law affecting Patents. Education Bills are to be forthcoming for Wales and Scotland, and the thorny and far-reaching subject of entail is to be dealt with in a Scotch Bill. No measure affecting Ireland was promised in the Queen's Speech, but Irish legislation is inevitable. The Speech, which concludes with an earnest prayer that the wisdom and energy of Parliament might, under the blessing of God, prove equal to the varied and increasing needs of this extended Empire, had no sooner been read, than private members so largely supplemented the Ministerial programme, that before the Session was a week old, no fewer than fifty-five of their Bills were down for second reading. Of these three were designed to remove the grievances of the tenant farmers in England and Scotland, three to amend the Irish Land Act, eight dealt with questions springing directly or indirectly from the existence of a State Church, while the others range from the abolition of capital punishment to the extension of the hours of matrimony.

Faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, may be able to work miracles, but in that case even that small modicum of faith must have been absent from the earnest prayer that Parliament might be able to get through the work cut out for it this Session. The miracle will not be worked, nor will Parliament be able to deal with one-half of the measures before it. It is not that those measures are unnecessary. On the contrary. Both political parties agree in proclaiming

their necessity. Many of them have been declared urgent by late Government; almost all of them are designed to meet pressing wants of the nation. The cause must be sought in other directions. Mr. Bright's familiar illustration concerning the possibility of getting three omnibuses abreast through Temple does not adequately describe the hopeless block in the House of Commons. It would be as easy to carry the pyramids of Egypt through the Khyber Pass as to carry all the measures of the Ministerial programme through the House of Commons in the course of the Session under the existing rules of procedure. Ministers have therefore arrived at the eminently sensible determination to begin this Session by reforming procedure. The decision was inevitable but it will none the less be fatal to the full execution of their legislative programme. The debate about procedure may be prolonged till Easter, and the remnant of the Session even under the New Rules will not suffice to carry the Bills named in the Queen's Speech.

The New Rules by which Ministers endeavour to restore legislation to the region of the possible are twelve in number. The first, which has attracted most attention, will probably be the least used. It provides in a modified form for the introduction of the closure. Its application is restricted to those occasions when the Speaker or Chairman of Committee takes the initiative in declaring that in the evident sense of the House that a debate shall close, and this initiative must be supported by a majority of at least 100 when a minority is 40 or under, but when more than 40 vote in a minority, at least 200 must vote in the majority. A nominal safeguard against the chimerical danger of the abuse of the closure is dearly purchased by the degradation of the judicial office of the Speaker, nor is the invitation to the House to express its evident sense likely to conduce to the order and seemliness of debate. These excrescences, however, can be removed hereafter. The important thing is to recognise the principle that unlimited discussion is limited, legislation is impossible. A fierce contest has waged around the recognition of this principle, the Conservatives in performance of the functions of an Opposition posing in an attitude of champions of freedom of debate. An absurd fiction was put about to the effect that the Prime Minister was forcing closure upon a reluctant Cabinet, and the *Times* distinguished itself by a momentary burst of vehemence in an appeal to the Marquis of Hartington to assert his independence and defy the imperiousness of his chief. The *Times* was wrong. The Marquis of Hartington was one of the first to recognise its necessity. The Prime Minister was among the last who reluctantly acquiesced in its adoption. The Cabinet decided upon standing by the New Rule. They were supported by the independent utterances of the whole Liberal party.

The leading Liberals in the great urban constituencies promptly intimated to their representatives that they would "stand no nonsense" which threatened to defeat the Government and render legislation impracticable, and although the hands of the enemy were strengthened by an apparently unnecessary prompting from the ever-vigilant officials of the Birmingham Federation, the action of the local political leaders told with decisive effect upon the wavering line of the Liberal majority. The recalcitrant members obeyed the mandate of their electors, and the hopes of a new Adullam dissolved in thin air. The action of the constituencies was denounced as a species of dictatorial Jacobinism destined to destroy Parliamentary Government. But as usual the instinct of the people was sounder than the reasoning of the philosophers. The danger which menaces Parliamentary Government is not in the consolidation but in the disintegration of parties. A "caucus-ridden Macedonian phalanx" may act unwisely, but a Parliament split up into groups and fractions cannot act at all. Constitutional government becomes impossible where no minister can rely upon a compact majority, and the "caucus," instead of being the destroyer, may prove the deliverer of the Parliamentary system from a peril which is bringing it into contempt in every country in Europe.

The chief interest in the protracted—the needlessly protracted—debate on the Address naturally related to Ireland. Ministerial optimism was rudely confronted by the confident predictions of the Land Leaguers and the lugubrious forebodings of the Conservative speakers. One of the recent inmates of Kilmainham, Mr. Sexton, surprised the House by a speech assailing the Ministerial policy, which commanded admiration even where it did not carry conviction for its cogency of argument, clearness of statement, and vigour of delivery. But far surpassing in interest any of the controversial polemics indulged in by speakers across the floor of the House of Commons was Mr. Gladstone's significant renewal of his oft-repeated declaration in favour of any scheme of Home Rule which left unimpaired the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament. In the course of a debate on the amendment to the Address moved by the Home Rulers, the Prime Minister declared that while no exception could be taken to the general declarations of the Home Rulers who proposed that purely Irish matters should be dealt with by an Irish legislative body, they could not take "the first step or establish one foot of ground on which to address their arguments to the House of Commons until they have produced a plan under which it shall be clearly set forth by what authority and machinery they mean to define between Imperial and local questions, and so to give satisfaction to the members of this House in its most paramount duty, namely, the maintaining the supremacy of the Imperial authority for every prac-



tical purpose relating to the interests of this great Empire." This declaration was eagerly seized upon both by Home Rulers and Conservatives as a declaration in favour of Home Rule. After much angry disputation the Prime Minister, in response to many urgent appeals, re-defined his position in a passage which it may be worth while to reproduce in full, as it promises to serve as a point of departure for a movement which sooner or later may have practical results. Mr. Gladstone said—

"This is a subject on which I have very distinctly adhered to my opinions which I have never scrupled to declare. They are not shared by many gentlemen probably in this house. They may be considered of a speculative character. It is hardly likely that I should ever be called upon to take a practical part in a matter relating to them, but I have the very strongest opinions upon the advantages of local government, and I have the strongest objections to the tendency which I see constantly prevailing to centralisation of government—not for Ireland simply, but for England. Acts of Parliament are open to the gravest objections on account of their tendency to centralisation. I will take it and profess it upon all points as a cardinal rule of policy, so far as I can with regard to the general safety of the empire, to decentralise Parliament. I believe that local institutions and local authorities in a country are a great source of strength, and that in principle the only necessary limit to these powers is adequate and certain provision for the supremacy of the central authority. I believe that when a demand is made from Ireland for bringing purely Irish affairs under Irish control outside the walls of Parliament, the wise way to meet that demand, in my opinion, is not the method adopted by the right hon. gentleman the senior member for the University of Dublin, who, if I understand aright, said that anything recognising purely Irish control over purely Irish affairs must be necessarily a step towards separation, and must therefore be fraught with danger. That I do not believe to be either the wise or the just method of dealing with such a demand. In my opinion the wise and just method of dealing with it is this—to require that, before any such plan can be dealt with or can be examined, with the view to being dealt with on its merits, we must ask those who propose it—and this is the question I have invariably put—what are the provisions which you propose to make for the supremacy of Parliament? That has been my course, and that is the course in which I intend to persevere."

The significance of this declaration was increased rather than diminished by the response made at the close of the debate by the Marquis of Hartington to an appeal from the leader of the Opposition to declare that the Cabinet was resolved to maintain the integrity of the Empire. The Marquis of Hartington said—

"I read Mr. Gladstone's speech very carefully, and I confess that I have been utterly unable to ascertain what it was in that speech that caused alarm. . . . The very ground which has been always taken by my colleagues and myself is the utter want of any provision in the Home Rule scheme for the maintenance of political unity and of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. In considering this question everything depends upon the side on which the subject is approached, and the spirit in which these proposals are entertained. If we approach it as a question of procedure in Parliament, if we approach it as a question of local government, then it is a subject that may be safely and usefully approached. If, on the other hand, we approach it with a desire for the destruction of political unity and the supremacy of Parliament, the restora-

tion of that independence which Ireland lost at the beginning of this century, for the re-establishment of a Parliament sitting at Dublin independent of the Imperial Parliament, in fact, for the establishment of a system of government with the link only of the Crown between the two countries, then irreconcilable differences would arise which it would be impossible to bridge over, and I am afraid it is impossible to entertain it."

Lord Hartington spoke, as usual, sensibly and to the point, but **his** words are in no way opposed to the establishment of a subordinate legislature at Dublin, as free to legislate for Ireland as the new Municipal Council will be to legislate for London, but in all things equally subject to the paramount authority of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster.

The administration of the Land Act was fiercely assailed by the Irish landlords in the Upper Chamber, and the Conservative peers took the unusual step of demanding a Select Committee of inquiry into its operation. The Land League being suppressed, it would seem that the league of landlords in the House of Peers is resolved to carry on its work. In their somewhat spiteful desire to strike a blow at the Land Act, the Peers have begun an inquiry which is certain to prove two things. First, that the machinery of the Act is inadequate to dispose of the seventy thousand cases entered for hearing; and secondly, that until the clause relating to arrears is radically amended there can be no peace in Ireland. The landlords have come for wool; they will go away shorn. The debate was remarkable for nothing so much as the fresh revelation it afforded of the utter incapacity of Irish landlords to see that in striking blindly at the Government and the Land Act they are playing directly into the hands of the Land League. Lord Carlingford seldom spoke words of greater wisdom than when he warned the Conservative peers that their property could only be saved by violent and radical measures, and that rose-water was as impotent to remedy as to make revolutions. They turned a deaf ear to his warnings, and afforded another proof, if one were wanted, that the intervention of the English Government between landlords and tenants in Ireland is too furiously resented by both to give the experiment a chance of success. Parliament refuses to take the responsibility of deciding the terms upon which London ratepayers are to acquire their own water supply, but leaves it to a municipality elected by the former. In time, if the landlords on the one hand and the Land League on the other persist in irreconcilable opposition to the Land Act, Englishmen will be more and more inclined to throw the burden of settling the question of Irish land upon an Irish Parliament. The Government, however, being naturally anxious to "carry on" under the existing arrangements, have refused to take part in the appointment of a Committee which would jeopardise the Land Act, and notice has been given of a resolution in the House of Commons hostile to the

proposed inquiry. A grave constitutional crisis has thus been precipitated by the Peers, and the progress of business indefinitely postponed.

The unexpected, as usual, has occurred in France, and the Cabinet for which the Republicans have been impatiently waiting for three years perished before it had lasted three months. M. Gambetta demanded for a revision, limited to certain slight changes in the constitution of the Senate, and the adoption of *scrutin de liste*, which was rejected on the 26th of January by a vote of 268 against 218. The Chamber distrusted the Ministry, and "a coalition formed of all the antipathies and of all the fears" carried what was in effect a vote of want of confidence, and M. Gambetta resigned. M. Grévy, who had gradually but surely been making way in public opinion, until he was now universally regarded not only as the first official, but as the wisest politician of the Republic, intrusted M. de Freycinet with the formation of a new Ministry. M. Léon Say accepted the Ministry of the Finances on condition that M. de Freycinet abandoned his grandiose schemes for the purchase of the railways and the conversion of the debt. M. Jules Ferry went back to the Education Department, and the Grand Ministry was constituted without a Grand Minister. It was the eighteenth Cabinet formed in France since the 4th of September, 1870. The new Ministry, which was formed on the 31st of January, lost no time in formulating a programme, the key-note of which was the declaration that nations do not live by politics alone, and that the object of the new Ministry would be to give France peace within and without. The project of the revision was postponed to the Greek Kalends, and in its place the Ministers promised to reform the judiciary, to reorganize the army, to extend popular education, and to amend the law of commercial associations. The Chamber rallied to the programme of the Freycinet Ministry, and emphasised its antagonism to M. Gambetta by electing as its Vice-President M. Boysset, the most prominent opponent of *scrutin de liste*. M. Gambetta, who had foreseen if he had not prepared his fall, must have been confirmed in his conviction as to the wisdom of his tactics by the heartiness of the reception accorded to his successors. The Chamber which so cordially endorsed "the programme of eunuchs," as it was bitterly styled by the *République Française*, put forward on behalf of a "standstill Ministry," could not possibly have been relied upon to support the Gambetta Cabinet in the legislation which it contemplated. M. Gambetta, rightly or wrongly, was bent upon a domestic policy of "profound and radical reform," and a foreign policy of energy and display. The majority of the Chamber cared for none of these things. Excepting the energetic reformers who follow M. Clemenceau, its ideal appeared to be that embodied in Lord Russell's formula of "Rest and

thankful." Such a majority was as badly suited by M. Gambetta as a Parliament of old Whigs would be by Mr. Chamberlain. Yet, to judge from the promises made to their constituents by the newly elected deputies—promises which, with cruel exactitude, have been made the subject of a parliamentary return—there never was a Chamber composed of more ardent reformers. According to their electoral pledges, 342 deputies are advocates of a revision of the Constitution, while only 82 are opposed to it, and 43 are undecided. Yet the revision is adjourned *sine die*, and the majority is enthusiastic in applauding a Ministry whose *raison d'être* is the postponement of the reform which deputies were elected to secure. 210 were for scrutin de liste, 92 were against it, and 105 were undecided. The latter seem to have rallied to a man in support of the rival system. These statistics of electoral pledges are useful, but more as indicating the relative popularity of the respective reforms among the electors than as affording any guide to the policy of the elected. Whatever may be the temporary phase of party politics in the Chamber, an electorate which exacted such pledges from its representatives is not likely to tolerate for any length of time a policy of apathetic quiescence or of tinkering reform. Such at least appears to be the opinion of M. Gambetta. He has resumed the editorship of the *République Française*, and vigorously advocates a policy of energetic progress. His old party, the Republican Union, which of old was the party of opportunism, has now been reconstituted as the progressist party of the Republic, and his colleagues have made good their claim to be regarded as members of a Reform Ministry by tabling in rapid succession a host of elaborate measures dealing in a more or less drastic fashion with all the burning questions of the day. From the constitution of the Senate to the liability of employers for accidents to their workmen, no department of the State escaped their attention. The Church, the magistracy, the schools, the army, the religious orders, the trades unions, the joint-stock companies, the fiscal system, were all to be put into the crucible and remodelled in a spirit "frankly republican." The Bills were ready before his fall, they have been produced since M. de Freycinet took office, and France is confronted by the curious spectacle of a fallen Ministry producing its projects of reform in undisguised rivalry to those of its successor. M. Gambetta has disclaimed any intention of entering upon a dissolutionist campaign, but it is abundantly evident that until there has been a dissolution, the issue between a standstill Ministry with its "eunuch policy" and a progressist Ministry with its programme of radical reform will not be decided. For the moment, personal jealousy of M. Gambetta combines the Whigs and Reds of the Chamber against the late Minister, but the majority is not homogeneous, and it is not likely to be permanent.

M. Gambetta remained in office long enough to satisfy his friends

on this side the Channel that however much his fall may disturb the internal politics of France, his continuance in power was not likely to conduce to the peace of Europe. His policy in Tunis was illustrated by his re-establishment of M. Roustan in the French Residency and his determination to organize the dominions of the Bey after the Algerian model. The hope that he would negotiate a tolerable Commercial Treaty was speedily destroyed, and the utmost that could have been obtained from him would have been a treaty of a single clause according to English goods the treatment of the most favoured nation. In Egypt he insisted upon the joint note, and projected a military expedition which would have exposed Europe in general and England in particular to imminent risk of a war Germany regarded his movements with ill-concealed anxiety, and when he fell her rejoicing was unrestrained. His successors made haste to draw back from his forward policy in Cairo, and the net result of his Egyptian policy is that Arabi Bey is in office as Minister of War, and England and France are invoking the collective action of the European powers to maintain the *status quo* in Egypt, if necessary by aid of the Ottoman soldiery. The situation at Cairo is critical and even dangerous. The national party seek to limit the range of the powers of the Control, and in the pursuit of their ideal of Egypt for the Egyptians, they can hardly fail to come into collision both with the official and with the far more deeply rooted commercial European element in the Nile Valley. Should they do so, and should armed intervention be unavoidable, there is hardly any method of action which would not expose English interests in Egypt to grave dangers which, however, are much less formidable than those which M. Gambetta was apparently prepared to brave with a light heart.

The experience of Austria in the armed occupation of the two provinces she was directed to administer by the treaty of Berlin has not exactly been of a nature calculated to encourage similar experiments in other provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Bosnia and the Herzegovina lay next to her frontier. One-half of their inhabitants had been imploring Europe for years to rid them of their Moslem masters, against whom they had kept up a ceaseless feud. The occupying troops were largely composed of men of the same race and religion as the people whom they came to rule. Austria had an indisputable mandate from Europe. She was hampered by no limitations, nor impeded by any necessity for keeping step with a jealous ally. She had besides an unemployed army of 800,000 men to enforce her will. Yet four years after the occupation was sanctioned, she is face to face with an insurrection which is baffling the efforts of one-eighth of her military forces, and there is every probability that as soon as the revolt is quelled it will break out anew.

The trouble in the Herzegovina tends to make acute all the other maladies which lie dormant in the state system of Austria-Hungary. The spectacle of Magyars and Germans carrying fire and sword through homesteads inhabited by Slavs of the Orthodox faith has fired the indignation of the excitable Russians. M. Aksakoff fulminates in the press and General Scobelev on the platform against the oppressors of their "Slavonic kinsmen;" and as the former made the war which the latter carried to a victorious conclusion beneath the walls of Constantinople, their threatenings of instant war should the Austrians touch either Servia or Montenegro, or advance beyond Novi Bazar, cannot be regarded with indifference. That the Emperor is sincerely desirous of peace it is impossible to doubt. General Ignatieff is said to be profoundly convinced that at least eight or ten years must elapse before Russia again takes the field. Russian diplomats, from M. de Giers downwards, are earnestly asseverating that Russia is on the friendliest terms with her imperial neighbours. But Moscow has replaced Paris as the disturbing centre of the Continent; the feverish excitement which so often precedes an outbreak of irresistible popular passion is perceptible once more beneath the shadow of the Kremlin, and if Austria were to invade the principalities or to advance to the Ægean, even the autocratic power of the Czar might be unable to restrain the suicidal rush of his people to restrain the advance of the Austrian aggressor.

Austria, fortunately for herself, and still more fortunately for Russia, has no intention of bringing upon herself the flood of Slavonic vengeance. The troubles she is experiencing in Herzegovina have postponed *sine die* the march on Salonica. Her domestic difficulties have increased at every point of the compass. In the north the Germans of Bohemia, bitterly exasperated by the concession of equal rights to the Czechs in the University of Prague, are hinting that they would be more at home in united Germany than in an Austria dominated by Slavs. In Galicia, in former days when the Poles were bitter enemies of the Hapsburg, the Ruthenians, who number 2,379,000 as against 2,292,800 Poles, were the devoted henchmen of the Emperor of Austria. True to their maxim, *Divide et impera*, the Hapsburgs encouraged the nationalist aspirations of the Ruthenians as a balance to the disaffected nationalism of the Poles. The Ruthenian language, the Ruthenian nationality, and the Ruthenian religion were assiduously cultivated by the Government with no small success. The time came, however, when the Hapsburgs made their peace with their Polish subjects, and then they discovered they had raised a Frankenstein in the Ruthenian nationality which they could not lay. The Poles set about the extirpation of the Ruthenian language, religion, and nationality. The Ruthenians, deserted by their old protector, looked longingly

for help across the border. The Russians, nothing loth, encouraged them in their resistance to the Polish Catholic propaganda, and the Austrians retaliated by what resembles a vigorous persecution directed against the missionaries of the Orthodox Church. A plot was said to have been discovered to throw off the yoke of the Hapsburg, numerous arrests were made, and despite Ruthenian protestations of loyalty, the Vienna press declares that one-half the population of Galicia is in heart better affected to the Czar than to the Emperor-King. In the extreme south-east the integrity of Austria-Hungary is threatened in two ways by the spirit of nationality. The Wallachs of Transylvania and the borderlands naturally aspire to be united with their kinsmen in Roumania, but it is somewhat surprising to find their aspirations shared by the Saxons of the same province. They form a compact mass of Germans 180,000 strong, and they are loudly protesting against the Magyarization to which they are subjected by the dominant race. Their complaints are echoed by the German press, and a pretty broad hint is dropped that they would have no objection to transfer their allegiance from the Hapsburg to the Hohenzollern who holds the keys of the Danube. If the storm subsides in the Herzegovina all these mutterings of discontent will die away; but the greater the tension in any quarter, the more prominent will become the national aspirations which threaten to dissolve the Empire-Kingdom.

Prince Bismarck has Austria in his grasp. The only French statesman whose designs gave him any anxiety has been driven from power. The Sultan is—for the moment—his fast friend. Italy is suing for his alliance. The Czar of Russia anxiously clings to the friendship of Germany, and the reckless enthusiasm of Moscow renders it possible for Prince Bismarck to plunge his imperial neighbours into a suicidal war which would relieve the Germans from fear of attack from the east or south for the rest of this century. The temptation to use such an opportunity is no doubt great, but the risks of ulterior complications would probably efficaciously second the objections which morality and humanity would take to a policy so detestable. Nor is it possible, even if Russia were dismembered and Austria were broken up, that Germany could be in a more commanding position than she occupies to-day. At home she has trouble enough, but beyond her frontiers the horizon appears to be almost without a cloud.

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.<sup>1</sup>

IN one of those delightful tales of Voltaire which nobody reads now (we are occupied in reading books about Voltaire's books, or rather articles on the books about Voltaire's books), I remember how the King of Babylon cured of excessive self-esteem a great satrap called Irax. The moment he awoke in the morning the master of the royal music entered the favourite's chamber with a full chorus and orchestra, and performed in his honour a cantata which lasted two hours; and every third minute there came a refrain to this effect:—

“What virtue, what grace, what power hath He;  
How pleased with himself my Lord must be!”

“Ah! combien Monseigneur  
Doit être content de lui-même!”

The cantata over, a royal chamberlain advanced and pronounced a harangue that lasted three-quarters of an hour, in which he extolled him for possessing all the good qualities which he had not got. At dinner, which lasted three hours, the same ceremonial was continued. If he opened his mouth to speak, the first chamberlain said, “Hark! we shall hear wisdom!” And before he had uttered four words, the second chamberlain said, “What wisdom do we hear!” Then the third and the fourth chamberlains broke into shouts of laughter over the good things which Irax had said, or rather ought to have said. After dinner the same cantata was again sung in his honour. On the first day Irax was delighted; the second he found less pleasant; on the third he was bored; on the fourth he said he could bear it no longer; and on the fifth he was cured.

I sometimes think this nineteenth century with its material progress and its mechanical inventions, its steam and electricity, gas, and patents, is being treated by the press, and its other public admirers, much as the chamberlains in *Zadig* treated the satrap. The century is hardly awake of a morning before thousands of news-

(1) A Lecture given at the London Institution.



papers, speeches, lectures, and essays appear at its bedside, or its breakfast table, repeating as in chorus :—

“What virtue, what grace, what power hath He;  
How pleased with himself my Lord must be !”

Surely no century in all human history was ever so much praised to its face for its wonderful achievements, its wealth and its power, its unparalleled ingenuity and its miraculous capacity for making itself comfortable and generally enjoying life. British Associations, and all sorts of associations, economic, scientific, and mechanical, are perpetually executing cantatas in honour of the age of progress, cantatas which (alas!) last much longer than three hours. The gentlemen who perform wonderful and unsavoury feats in crowded lecture halls, always remind us that “Never was such a time as this nineteenth century !” Public men laying the first stones of institutes, museums, or amusing the Royal Academy after dinner, great inventors, who have reaped fortunes and titles, raise up their hands and bless us in the benignity of affluent old age. I often think of Lord Sherbrooke, in his new robes and coronet, as the first chamberlain, bowing and crying out, “What a noble age is this !” The journals perform the part of orchestra, banging big drums and blowing trumpets—penny trumpets, twopenny, threepenny, or sixpenny trumpets—and the speakers before or after dinner, and the gentlemen who read papers in the sections perform the part of chorus, singing in unison—

“How pleased with itself this age must be !”

As a mere mite in this magnificent epoch, I ask myself, What have I done, and many plain people around me, who have no mechanical genius at all—what have we done to deserve this perpetual cataract of congratulation? All that I can think of is the assurance that Figaro gives to the count, “our lordships gave ourselves the trouble to be born in it !”

It is worth a few minutes' thought to ask what is the exact effect upon *civilisation*, in the widest and highest sense of that term, of this marvellous multiplication of mechanical appliance to life? This is a very wide question, and takes us to the roots of many matters, social, economic, political, moral, and even religious. Is the universal use of a mechanical process *per se* a great gain to civilisation, an unmixed gain, a gain without dangers or drawback? Is an age which abounds in countless inventions thereby alone placed head and shoulders above all the ages since historical times began? And this brings us to the point that the answer to the question largely depends on what we mean by civilisation. We need not attempt to define *civilisation*. Before any one can fully show the meaning of *civilisation*, he must see in a very clear way what is his own ideal of a high

social, moral, and religious life, and this is not the place to enter on any such solemn, not to say tremendous topic.

We had better not hope for any very slashing answer to the question, either in one extreme view or the other. We seldom get much from extreme views, but from complex and balanced views; and this is a very compound and balanced subject, this of civilisation and progress and material improvement. I should not ask the question if I thought that mechanical progress was an incalculable and unqualified gain to humanity. And we do not advance matters if, on the other hand, we decry material inventions or progress of any kind. We all know how at least one of the few living men of genius we still have amongst us, one of whom I can never speak without profound gratitude, honour, and affection, is wont to pour out his stirring, fascinating tirades against this age of steam and all its mechanical works—odes as lyrical, and as little to be reduced to logic as that of Gray's bard defying the Plantagenet King. I am no member myself of the society of St. George, and as a humble son of the nineteenth century I heartily welcome every form of mechanical improvement. The cause of progress is bound up with every principle worth having; and material progress is an indispensable step in general progress. Let us hail the triumphs of steam, and electricity, and gas, and iron; the railways and the commerce; the industry, the appliances, and conveniences of our age. They are all destined to do good service to humanity. But still it is worth asking if the good they do is *quite* so vast, *quite* so unmixed, *quite* so immediate, as the chamberlains and the chorus make out in their perpetual cantata to the nineteenth century.

Let us note some of the mechanical glories of the last hundred years, as they are so often rehearsed. For four thousand years we know, and probably forty thousand years, man has travelled over land as fast as his own legs, or men's legs, or horses' legs could carry him, but no faster: over sea as fast as sails and oars could carry him. Now he goes by steam over both at least at three times the pace. In previous ages, possibly for twenty centuries, about a hundred miles a day was the outside limit of any long continuous journey. Now we can go four thousand miles by sea in fourteen days, and by land in five days. It used to occupy as many weeks, or sometimes months. We have now instantaneous communication with all parts of the globe. The whole surface of our planet has only been known about a hundred years; and till our own day to get news from all parts of it to one given spot would certainly have required a year. The President of the United States delivers his message, and within three hours newspapers in all parts of the world have printed it word for word. For twenty thousand years every fabric in use has been twisted into thread by human fingers, and woven into stuff by the

human hand. Machines and steam-engines now make 10,000 shirts in the time that was formerly occupied by making one. For twenty thousand years man has got no better light than what was given by pitch, tallow, or oil. He now has gas and electricity, each light of which is equal to hundreds and thousands of candles. Where there used to be a few hundred books there are now 100,000; and the London newspapers of a single year consume, I dare say, more type and paper than the printing presses of the whole world produced from the days of Gutemberg to the French Revolution. You may buy a good watch now for as many shillings as it used to cost pounds, and a knife worth a week's labour is now worth the labour of one or two hours. The fish eaten in Paris is caught in Torbay; our loaf of bread is grown in California; and a child's penny toy is made in Japan; a servant girl can get a better likeness of herself for 6d. than her mother or her grandmother could have got for £60; the miners of the north, they say, drink champagne and buy pianos, and travel 100 miles for a day's holiday. The brigade of the Guards with breech-loaders would now decide the battle of Waterloo, or the battle of Blenheim, in an hour, and the *Devastation* would sink all the navies which fought at the Trafalgar and the Nile. In old days if a regiment were needed (say in Delhi or in New Zealand) it could hardly have been summoned and placed there within six months or a year. It could now be done in five or six weeks. Queen Elizabeth, they say, ruled over less than 5,000,000 subjects, and Queen Anne perhaps over less than 10,000,000. Queen Victoria enjoys the loyal devotion of at least 250,000,000. Bess counted the total revenues of government on one hand (I mean in millions); Anne could do it on two hands. Queen Victoria as Empress, I suppose, disposes of 150 millions. In the last century the capitals of Europe had a population hardly equal to that of Finsbury or Marylebone in our day. London has grown about eight or ten times in a hundred years. Whole districts as large as the entire kingdom of Alfred or St. Louis, which a hundred years ago was moorland and meadow, are now one continuous factory, where the wealth, the population, the product of one acre is equal to that of a whole country in the days of Queen Anne. I will not continue the tremendous recital any further. Every one can work it out for himself. Take the facts and figures of the days of Queen Anne, which, we are told, was a sort of Golden Age of the Beautiful, and multiply them by 50, 100, or 1,000, and we get to our point of modern sublimity. And what Marlborough and Walpole, Swift and Addison, called the impossible is now the commonplace. Every one can state for himself the hyperbolic contrast between the material condition we see to-day, and the material condition in which society managed to live one, two, three centuries ago, nay, ten, or twenty, or a hundred centuries ago. Take it all in

all, the merely material, physical, mechanical change in human life in the hundred years, from the days of Watt and Arkwright to our own, is greater than occurred in the thousand years that preceded, perhaps even in two thousand years or twenty thousand years. The external visible life of Horace Walpole and Pope did not essentially differ from that of Chaucer, Boccaccio, or Froissart; nor did it differ very much from that of Horace and Virgil; nor indeed did it utterly contrast with that of Aristophanes and Plato. Are we so *castly*, so *enormously*, the wiser, the nobler, the happier?

Is the advance in real civilisation at all to be compared with the incredible "leaps and bounds" of material improvement?

To ask such a question is to answer it. Robert Lowe, the Society of British Engineers, and the British Association itself, hardly ever pretended that this Victorian age is so incalculably wiser, better, more beautiful, than any other in recorded history. What they say is that it has incalculably more good things, incredibly greater opportunities than any other. Quite so! it has a thousand times the resources of any other age. Permit us to ask—Does it use them to a thousand times better purpose? I am no detractor of our own age. I do not know if there is any in which I would rather have lived, take it all round. We all feel, in spite of a want of beauty, of rest, of completeness, which sits heavy on our souls and frets the thoughtful spirit—we all feel a-tiptoe with hope and confidence. We are on the threshold of a great time, even if our time is not great itself. In science, in religion, in social organization, we all know what great things are in the air. "We shall see it, but not now"—or our children and our children's children will see it. The Vatican with its syllabus, the Mediaevalists-at-all-costs, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Ruskin, the Æsthetes, are all wrong about the nineteenth century. It is *not* the age of money-bags and cant, soot, hubbub, and ugliness. It is the age of great expectation and unwearied striving after better things. Still, is it the Millennium foretold by the prophets, by civil engineers and railway kings?

The last hundred years have seen in England the most sudden change in our material and external life that is perhaps recorded in history. It is curious how many things date from that 1770 or 1780. The use of steam in manufactures and locomotion by sea and land, the textile revolution, the factory system, the enormous growth of population, the change from a rural to a town life, the portentous growth of the Empire, the vast expansion of sea power, of commerce, of manufactures, of wealth, of intercommunication, of the Post; then the use of gas, electricity, telegraphs, telephones, steam presses, sewing machines, air engines, gas engines, electric engines, photographs, tunnels, ship canals, and all the rest. Early in the last century England was one of the lesser kingdoms in Europe, but one-third

in size and numbers of France or Germany. Now it is in size twenty times—twenty times—as big as either, and six or seven times as populous as either. London then was only one of a dozen cities in Europe; hardly of the area of Manchester or Leeds. It is now the biggest and most populous city in recorded history, nearly equal, I suppose, in size and population to all the capitals of Europe put together. One hundred years ago to have lit this theatre, as it is now lighted, would have cost, I suppose, £50, and the labour of two or three men for an hour to light and snuff and extinguish the candles. It is now done for a shilling by one man in three minutes. A hundred years ago to have taken us all to our homes to-night would have cost, I suppose, on an average, 5s. a head and two hours of weary jolting. I trust we may all get home to-night for 4d. or 6d. a head at the most in half an hour. If you wanted an answer from a friend in Dublin or Edinburgh it would have cost you by post (one hundred years ago) about 2s. in money and a fortnight in time. You now get an answer in 30 hours for twopence, or a penny if you are as brief as the Prime Minister. A hundred years ago, if you wanted to go there, it would have taken you a week, and you would have to make your will. You can now go in a day, and come back the next day. And so on; and so on. The chamberlain refrain still runs in my head. The important point is that this monumental change in material life only began about a hundred years ago.

Is the civilisation of the nineteenth century so incredibly superior to the civilisation of the eighteenth or the seventeenth century? England in 1882 is in many things wiser and stronger, perhaps better, than in 1782. But England in 1782 was wiser, stronger, and certainly better than in 1682. I should not like to compare 1682 with 1582, though many things decidedly open questions the days of Queen Bess had been well settled in those of the monarch; and 1682 was perhaps a time when we should have had life easier and safer than in 1582. But compare 1582 with 1482, 1382. It is the difference between modern and mediæval life. Slowly and in the long run the ages do advance in civilisation. But taking England alone, and looking back for five centuries, we find such an enormous impetus to civilisation in its high sense of the nineteenth century, as we find in its low sense, in its material, physical, material sense?

Compare England with other countries in Europe. Whilst England in a hundred years has utterly transformed the face of its material life, France has done so in a much smaller degree, Italy and Germany even less, and Spain not at all. None of these countries has changed very much in population, in area, in relation of town and country, in density, in habits of locomotion, in material appliances.

Thirty years ago, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Florence, and Madrid were to the eye not much unlike what they were in the days of Louis XV. and Frederick the Great. To this day, country life in Brittany, in Auvergne, in Pomerania, Silesia, or Bohemia, in the Romagna, and Grenada, is substantially what it was in the days of the seven years' war. In the meantime, life in Surrey and Middlesex, in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, has outwardly changed more than it did between the Conquest and the Revolution. That is to say, England has in a hundred years undergone enormous material change; relatively France and Germany, Italy and Spain (except in one or two places), have undergone small material change. Has the *relative* position of these nations in the scale of true civilisation altered so very much? Not at all! Most persons would say that in the hundred years France had advanced in true civilisation about as fast as England; so too of Germany. Many persons might think both, or one at least, had advanced relatively faster than England. And yet their material progress has been incredibly less than that of England.

Take science. Science now enjoys a multitude of appliances which it never had before. Early in this century the planet was not even explored. Tens of thousands of important phenomena were unknown, because they lay out of the reach of human observation. Trade, material progress, wealth, and the discoveries have multiplied a thousand times the instruments and materials and opportunities of science. Steam, gas, electricity, telegraphy, photography, telescopes, microscopes, batteries, electric lights, electric casts, electric measures, and conductors in forms infinite, have given the modern man of science an armoury of incredible variety and power. To place beside the marvellous tools of modern science those with which Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, and Lavoisier worked is like putting the armoury of a modern ironclad beside that of a Chinese junk. And yet, is our science relatively to its opportunities so enormously superior to the science of any other age? Let us speak of our science with profound respect and honour. We are proud to think it inferior to none in history. Three names at least of the Victorian epoch, Faraday, Darwin, and Thomson, will live in the history of science and mechanics. But great as our time is in science, no competent man will pretend that it is distinctly higher than the age which saw Newton, Herschel, Black, and Priestley; or the age of Bacon, Harvey, Galileo, Descartes, and Leibnitz; or the age of Buffon, D'Alembert, Lagrange, Lavoisier, and Bichat. You may raise your mechanical apparatus of science a thousandfold, you do not double your scientific genius once.

Or philosophy? We are all philosophers nowadays in one sense, but is the philosophy of 1882 so vastly taller than the philosophy of 1782, fresh from Hume, and Adam Smith, Montesquieu, Kant, and

Diderot? Or literature? We read 1,000 pages now where our forefathers read one. Every day the press turns out in legible type more matter than in Dr. Johnson's day it turned out in a year; more than in Shakespeare's day it turned out in a century. And yet, is the age so far ahead in letters of the age of Voltaire, Rousseau, Burke, Goethe, Goldsmith, Schiller, Alfieri, Lesage, Johnson, Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne? Or to go back another hundred years, we may take the age of Corneille, Molière, Racine, Milton, Locke, and Dryden. There is good music in 1882; but is it so stupendously better than Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, and Beethoven? There are good pictures; but do we do better than Reynolds and Gainsborough, not to talk of Rubens, Vandyke, and Holbein?

Civilisation is a very elastic, impalpable, undefinable thing. But where are we to turn to find the tremendous relative superiority of 1882 over 1782, or 1682, or 1582? We may hunt up and down, and we shall only find this:—Population doubling itself almost with every fresh generation—cities swelling year by year by millions of inhabitants and square miles of area—wealth counted by billions, power to go anywhere, or learn anything, or order anything, counted in seconds of time—miraculous means of locomotion, of transport, of copying anything, of detecting the millionth part of a grain or a hair's breadth, of seeing millions of billions of miles into space and finding more stars, billions of letters carried every year by the Post, billions of men and women whirled everywhere in hardly any time at all; a sort of patent fairy-Peribanon's fan which we can open and flutter, and straightway find everything and anything the planet contains for about half-a-crown; night turned into day; roads cut through the bowels of the earth, and canals across continents; every wish for any material thing gratified in mere conjurer's fashion, by turning a handle or adjusting a pipe—an enchanted world, where everything does what we tell it in perfectly inexplicable ways, as if some good Prospero were waving his wand, and electricity were the willing Ariel—that is what we have—and yet, is this civilisation? Do our philosophy, our science, our art, our manners, our happiness, our morality, overtop the philosophy, the science, the art, the manners, the happiness, the morality of our grandfathers as greatly as those of cultivated Europeans differ from those of savages? We are as much superior in material appliances to the men of Milton's day and Newton's day, as they were to Afghans or Zulus. Are we equally superior in cultivation of brain, heart, and character, to the contemporaries of Milton and Newton?

Not to dwell on the higher sides of life, we may turn to the lighter side of civilisation—it is an indefinitely complex fact—take the bloom, or dress, of social life—was life one hundred or two hundred years ago,

before steam, electricity, and photography existed, so cramped and helpless a thing, so *borné*, and ill-provided? Somehow it was not. Take Horace Walpole's delightful letters and memoirs, or Saint Simon's in France, the still more delightful memoirs of Miss Burney; take the history of Johnson's Club, and his life, and his friends, the story of Goldsmith with his life travelling over Europe, or take Gibbon's memoirs, or Hume's, or Fielding's letters. Take the old *Spectator* and *Tatler*, *Rambler*, and the rest; read the letters of Pope, or Swift, or Dryden. Again, go close into the inner home of Milton, or Sir P. Sidney, or Raleigh, Sir Thomas Browne, Montaigne, Rabelais, Shakespeare; even Chaucer, Froissart, Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaello, Buonarrotti, or Benvenuto. We know how these men lived, what they thought about, and talked about, and how they passed their time. I institute no barren comparison between the value of their age and ours. They had in all conscience their folly, ignorance, lust, crime. I simply say, did their want of all the material contrivances we have to-day blunt and cramp their lives so much as we, spoiled sons of the nineteenth century, would expect? We know this. If Fielding went down to his home in Somersetshire, it took him several days to ride through muddy lanes, and we go in four hours; if Swift went to Dublin it might occupy him a fortnight; if Raleigh sailed to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, he would not be heard of at home for a year; and when Shakespeare played *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, he had neither limelight, footlights, scenery, costumes, nor stage machinery, and he did not spend £5,000 before he drew up the curtain. When Milton went to Italy he did not manage to do the "regular North Italy round" in a fortnight, and he was not personally conducted to Galileo's villa at Arcetri—as we are—though I dare say he saw as much there as most of us do—even though a schoolboy would think Galileo's telescope a clumsy old thing. I believe Gibbon and Montaigne, Montesquieu and Voltaire, had read nearly as much, and knew nearly as much, as Mr. Mark Pattison; although, we are told, almost every subject of learning and science has been reconstructed many times over since their day. I dare say Buffon and Linnæus knew almost as much about animals and plants as Mr. Darwin himself, though they lived, if not in the pre-historic, certainly in the pre-evolution era. Addison and Voltaire wrote essays as good even as Matthew Arnold's, though neither Sweetness nor Light had been patented in those days; and, though the Dublin and the Edinburgh mails now carry more sacks full of letters in a day than they used to carry in a year, I doubt if in a billion letters that Mr. Fawcett now dispatches there is one that is worth a line of Swift's to Vanessa, or one of Hume's to Adam Smith, or one of Gray's to Mason, or Cowper's to Hill, or one of Voltaire's to D'Alembert, or one of Goethe's to Schiller.



A scholar of the old days could hardly get sight of more than a few thousand books. Now he can get to London or Paris in a few hours, and see millions for the mere asking. We can now do, or see, or hear, in twelve hours, what it took our ancestors twelve months to do, or to see, or to hear. A man in Milton's day or Addison's day spent £3,000 in three years in travelling over Europe. He may now see as much for £200 in three months. And a year will show him more than Marco Polo, Captain Cook, and Christopher Columbus saw in their lives of voyaging. In Shakespeare's day a dozen men in a barn played *Lear* and *Othello* to three or four dozen men of a leisure. There are now splendid theatres in every town in Europe, with electric lights and real thunder. It would have taken Horace Walpole or Pope three months of letter-writing and of travelling, and talking to learn what a man can now learn of the world around him in an hour over his *Times* after breakfast.

Why is it that we don't get any farther? Because we know that Shakespeare got to the root of the matter in tragedy quite as deep as Mr. Irving. No one can call Pope or Addison, Voltaire or Montesquieu, wanting in culture (Mr. Matthew Arnold even sees the *note of culture* there). No one can deny that Milton had a fine style and a fine taste; no one can say that Johnson, Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Fielding, Reynolds, and Charles James Fox passed narrow, stunted, dull lives. And yet the tools, the appliances, the conveniences of these men's lives were, in comparison with ours, as the tools, appliances, and conveniences of the ancient Britons or the South Sea Islanders were to theirs. Why, then, with all this arsenal of appliances, do we not do more? Can it be that we are overwhelmed with our appliances, bewildered by our resources, puzzled with our mass of materials, by the mere opportunities we have of going everywhere, seeing everything, and doing anything?

We have been so much delighted with our new material acquisitions, that we forget what risks and drawbacks and burdens they involve; we are often blind to the evils they in turn introduce, and we imagine that these discoveries enlarge the human powers, when they only multiply the human instruments. When the books of a year and of a library were counted by hundreds or thousands, learned men could really know what was best to be known, and mastered that best. But when books are counted by hundreds of thousands, and millions, it is almost a matter of chance what a man reads, and still more what he remembers. Enormous multiplication of material necessarily involves great subdivision of work. This system of subdividing every study into special lines grows with strange rapidity. The incalculable accumulation of new material, and the intense competition to gather still more material, drive students to limit their research to smaller and smaller corners, until it ends

often in ludicrous trivialities, and mere mechanical registering of the most obvious facts, instead of thought and mental grip. A hundred years ago, a naturalist was a man who, having mastered, say, some millions of observations, had, if he possessed a mind of vigour, some idea of what Nature is. Now, there are millions of billions of possible observations, all in many different sciences, and as no human brain can deal with them, men mark off a small plot, stick up a notice to warn off intruders, and grub for observations there. And so a naturalist now often knows nothing about Nature, but devotes himself say to one hundredth or thousandth part of Nature—say the section of *Annelida*—and of these, often to one particular worm, or he takes the *Gasteropods*, and then he confines himself to a particular kind of snail; and then after twenty years he publishes a gigantic book about the co-ordination of the maculæ on the wings of the extinct *lepidoptera*, or it may be on the genesis of the tails of the various parasites that inhabited the palæozoic flea. I don't say but what this microscopic, infinitely vast, infinitesimally small, work has got to be done. But it has its dangers, and saps all grip and elasticity of mind, when it is done in a crude, mechanical way, by the medal-hunting tribe.

When we multiply the appliances of human life, we do not multiply the years of life, nor the days in the year, nor the hours in the day. Nor do we multiply the powers of thought, or of endurance; much less do we multiply self-restraint, unselfishness, and a good heart. What we really multiply are our difficulties and doubts. Millions of new books hardly help us when we can neither read nor remember a tithe of what we have. Billions of new facts rather confuse men who do not know what to do with the old facts. Culture, thought, art, ease and grace of manner, a healthy society, and a high standard of life, have often been found without any of our modern resources in a state of very simple material equipment. Read the delightful picture of Athenian life in the Dialogues of Plato, or the comedies of Aristophanes, or of Roman life in the epistles of Horace, or of Mediæval life in the tales of Boccacio, or Chaucer, or of Oriental life in the Arabian Nights, or in the books of Confucius and Mencius, or the tales of old Japan, or go back to the old Greek world in the Odyssey of Homer, and the odes of Pindar, Theocritus, and Hesiod. In all of these we get glimpses of societies which are to us ideal in their charm; humane, happy, wise, and bright. No one wishes to return to them. We are better off as we are. These idyllic ages of poetry and story had their own vice, folly, ignorance, narrowness, crime. They wanted things indispensable to civilisation in its highest form. But they had this. They had wisdom, beauty, happiness, though they had none of our material appliances—neither steam, nor railways, nor factories, nor machinery, nor coal, nor gas, nor electricity, nor printing presses, nor news-

papers, nor underground railways, nor penny post, nor even post-cards. And what they fell short of they would not have got by: the steam-engines and telegraphs and post-offices on earth.

Steam and factories, telegraphs, posts, railways, gas, coal, and iron suddenly discharged upon a country as if by a deluge, have their own evils that they bring in their train. To cover whole counties with squalid buildings, to pile up 100,000 factory chimneys, vomit soot, to fill the air with poisonous vapours till every leaf within ten miles is withered, to choke up rivers with putrid refuse, to transform tracts as big and once as lovely as the New Forest into arid, noisy wastes; cinder-heaps, cesspools, coal-dust, and rubbish—rubbish, coal-dust, cesspools, and cinder-heaps, and overhead by day and night a murky pall of smoke—all this is not an heroic achievement if this Black Country is only to serve as a prison yard or workhouse yard for the men, women, and children who dwell in it. To bury Middlesex and Surrey under miles of flimsy houses, crowd into them millions and millions of overworked, underfed, half-taught, and of squalid men and women; to turn the silver Thames into the big sewer recorded in history; to leave us all to drink the sewer water, to breathe the carbonised air; to be closed up in a labyrinth of dull, sooty, unwholesome streets; to leave hundreds and thousands confined there, with gin, and bad air, and hard work, and low wages breeding contagious diseases, and sinking into despair of soul and a feebler condition of body; and then to sing pæans and shout, because the ground shakes and the air is shrill with the roar of infinite engines and machines, because the blank streets are lit up with garish gas-lamps, and more garish electric lamps, and the Post Office carries billions of letters, and the railways every day carry 100,000 persons in and out of the huge factory we call the greatest metropolis of the civilised world—this is surely not the last word in civilisation. Something like a million of paupers kept year by year from absolute starvation by doles; at least another million of poor people on border-line, fluttering between starvation and health, between pauperism and independence; not one, but two, or three, or four millions of people in these islands struggling on the minimum pittance of human comfort and the maximum of human labour; something like twenty millions raised each year by taxation to intoxicating liquors; something like 100,000 deaths each year from disease distinctly preventable by care and sufficient food, and sanitation, precaution and due self-restraint; infants dying off from want of good nursing, like flies; families herded together like swine, eating, drinking, sleeping, fighting, dying, in the same close and foul dwellings; the kicking to death of wives, the strangling of babies, the drunkenness, the starvation, the mendicancy, the prostitution, the thieving, the cheating, the pollution of our vast cities in masses, waves

misery and vice, chaos and neglect—all this counted, not here and there in spots and sores (as such things in human society always will be), but in areas larger than the entire London of Elizabeth, masses of population equal to the entire English people of her age. I will sum it up in words not my own, but written the other day by one of our best and most acute living teachers, who says—"Our present type of society is in many respects one of the most horrible that has ever existed in the world's history—boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale, and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South Sea islander." Such is another refrain to the cantata of the nineteenth century, and its magnificent achievements in industry, science, and art.

What is the good of carrying millions of people through the bowels of the earth, and at fifty miles an hour, if millions of working people are forced to live in dreary, bleak suburbs, miles and miles away from all the freshness of the country, and away miles and miles even from the life and intelligence of cities? What is the good of ships like moving towns, that cross the Atlantic in a week, and are as gorgeous within as palaces, if they sweep millions of our poor who find nothing but starvation at home? What is the use of electric lamps, and telephones and telegraphs, newspapers by millions, letters by billions, if sempstresses stitching their fingers to the bone can hardly earn fourpence by making a shirt, and many a man and woman is glad of a shilling for twelve hours' work? What do we all gain if in covering our land with factories and steam-engines we are covering it also with want and wretchedness? And if we can make a shirt for a penny and a coat for sixpence, and bring bread from every market on the planet, what do we gain if they who make the coat and the shirt lead the lives of galley slaves, and eat their bread in tears and despair, disease and filth?

We are all in the habit of measuring success by *products*, whilst the point is, how are the products consumed, and by whom, and what sort of lives are passed by the producers? So far as mechanical improvements pour more wealth into the lap of the wealthy, more luxury into the lives of the luxurious, and give a fresh turn to the screw which presses on the lives of the poor; so far as our inventions double and treble the power of the rich, and double and treble the helplessness of the poor, giving to him that hath, and taking away from him that hath not even that which he has,—so far these great material appliances of life directly tend to lower civilisation, retard it, distort and deprave it. And they *do* this, so far as we spend the most of our time in extending and enjoying these appliances, and very little time in preparing for the new conditions of life they impose on us, and in remedying the horrors that they bring in their train.

It may be said that there is no necessary connection between great mechanical improvements and these social diseases and horrors. No *necessary* connection, perhaps, but there is a plain historical connection. Fling upon a people at random a mass of mechanical appliances which invite them and force them to transform their entire external existence—to turn home work into factory work, hand work into machine work, man's work into child work, country life into town life, to have movement, mass, concentration, competition, where quiet individual industry had been the habit for twenty generations, and these things follow. Wherever the great steam system, factory system, unlimited coal, iron, gas, and railway system has claimed a district for its own, there these things are. The Black Country and the Coal Country, the Cotton Country, the central cities, the great ports, seem to grow these things as certainly as they turn their streams into sewers, and their atmosphere into smoke and fog. Read Fielding, or Swift, or Chaucer; and, though we find in the England of the eighteenth century and the fourteenth century plenty of brutality, and ignorance, and cruelty, we do not find these huge mountains of social disease, which seem inevitable the moment we have sudden material changes in life produced by vast mechanical discoveries.

There are thus two ways in which a sudden flood of mechanical inventions embarrasses and endangers civilisation in the very act of advancing it. Science, philosophy, education, become smothered with the volume of materials before they have learned to use them; bewildered by the very multitude of their opportunities. Art, manners, culture, taste, suffer by the harassing rapidity into which life is whirled on from old to new fashion, from old to new interests, until the nervous system of the race itself is agitated and weakened by the never-ending rattle. Suppose that a few more discoveries enabled us, like Jules Verne's heroes, to pass at will like gnats through the centre of the earth, or the depths of the sea, and the regions of space, to make a holiday tour to the volcanoes of the moon and the fiery whirlpools of the sun, to take soundings in a comet's tail, and to hold scientific meetings in the nebulae of Orion—should seem to one another madmen; for we should have no common point of interest or action, of rest or affection. Rest and fixity are essential to thought, to social life, to beauty; and a growing series of mechanical inventions making life a string of dissolving views is a bar to rest and fixity of any sort.

And if this restless change weakens the thought, the culture, and the habits of those who have leisure or wealth, it degrades and oppresses the life of those who labour and suffer, for their old habits of life are swept away before their new habits of life are duly prepared; and the increased resources of society are found in practice

to be increased opportunities for the skilful to make themselves masters of the weak.

But amidst all the dangers of these material appliances flung random upon a society unprepared for them, let us beware how we join in the impatience which protests that we are better without them. Let Mr. Carlyle pronounce anathemas on steam-engines, and Mr. Ruskin seek by the aid of St. George to abolish factories from England; all this is permitted to a man of genius, for all is permitted to genius, and it is perhaps a grim way of giving us ample warning. But men of practical purpose have a different aim. The railways, the factories, the telegraphs, the gas, the electric wonders of all kinds, are here. No latter-day sermons or societies of St. George can get rid of them, or persuade men to give up what they find so enormously convenient. Nay, the case is far stronger than this. These things are amongst the most precious achievements of the human race, or rather, they will be, when we have learned how to use them without all the evils they bring with them. Man, in his desperate struggle with the forces of nature, is far too slightly armed to dispense with any one of the appliances that the genius of man can discover. He needs them all to get nearer to the mystery of the world, to furnish his material wants, to raise and beautify his personal and social life. There is one way in which they may be made a curse, not a blessing, and that is to exaggerate their value, to think that new material appliances to life form a truly higher life; that a man is *ipso facto* a nobler being because he can travel a thousand miles in twenty-four hours, and hear the words that a man is speaking in New York. What has happened to the nineteenth century is what happens to a country when a gold-field is suddenly discovered. Civilised life for the time seems dancing mad; and though men will give a hundred dollars for a glass of champagne, degradation and want are commoner even than nuggets. It is significant that the most powerful pictures of degradation which the American continent has produced were drawn in the Western gold-fields, and the most serious scheme of modern communism has been thought out in the same ground. But the nugget (the sudden acquisition of vast material resources) makes havoc in London and Manchester as much as in San Francisco or Melbourne. It does not follow, as some prophets tell us, that gold is not a useful metal; only we may buy gold too dear.

Society, to use Mr. Herbert Spencer's profound suggestion, is a continual action and reaction between the forces that divide it into new forms of life, and those which reunite these new forms in harmony. Or, to use Comte's still more abstract theory, society is the result of the equilibrium between progress and order, or new phases and old types. But in an age of sudden material expansion,

the forces that drive on the new phases in special lines are abnormally raised to fever heat, whilst those which in ordinary times active to preserve the type are routed, abashed, and bewildered. In the long run the course of Order will rally again; but for moment it is asked to do its work in what is something like invasion or an earthquake. We have hardly yet got so far as recognise that the sudden acquisition of vast material resource not only a great boon to humanity, but also a tremendous moral, social and even physical and intellectual experiment. Society is a most subtle organization; and we are apt to lose sight of the fact that unlimited supply of steam power, or electric power, is not necessarily pure gain. The progress achieved in the external conditions of within the last hundred years is no doubt greater than any record in human history. It is obvious that other kinds of progress have advanced at no such express speed. But, until all kinds of human energy get into more harmonious proportion, cantatas to the nineteenth century will continue to pall upon the impartial mind.

Socially, morally, and intellectually speaking, an era of extraordinary changes is an age that has cast on it quite exceptional duties. A child might as well play with a steam-engine or electric machine, as we could prudently accept our material triumph with a mere "rest and be thankful." To decry steam and electric inventions and products, is hardly more foolish than to deny the price which civilisation itself has to pay for the use of them. There are forces at work now, forces more unwearied than steam, and brighter than the electric arc, to rehumanise the dehumanised members of society; to assert the old immutable truths; to appeal to the old indestructible instinct; to recall beauty; forces yearning for rest, grace, and harmony; rallying all that is organic in man's social nature, and proclaiming the value of spiritual life over material life. But there never was a century in human history when these forces had a field so vast before them, or issues so momentous on their failure or their success. There never was an age when the need was so urgent for synthetic habits of thought, systematic education, and a common moral and religious faith. There is much to show that our better genius is awakened to its task. Stupefied with smoke, and stunned with steam-whistles, there was a moment when the century listened with equanimity to the vulgarest of its flatterers. But if Machinery were really its lord and word, we should all be rushing violently down a steep place, like the herd of swine.

FREDERIC HARRISON

## FRENCH DIPLOMACY IN SYRIA.

**H**ISTORY scarcely furnishes another instance of a political propaganda so steadfast and persevering as that which France has prosecuted in Syria for upwards of ten centuries. Dynasties have passed away, violent revolutions have shattered and reconstituted her social fabric, but, under the most diverse forms of Government, French policy in Syria has always remained true to its traditions. From the shadowy time when Charlemagne dispatched a special mission to the court of Khalif Haroun-el-Rashid at Bagdad and commended to his paternal solicitude, the Christians of Mount Lebanon and of the Holy Places, down to the present day, the rulers of France have never ceased to claim a preponderating influence over the destinies of Syria. The existence in the Lebanon of a small but compact community in union with the See of Rome first gave the French Kings, as eldest sons of the Church, an opportunity of extending to a section of the Syrian populations a protection, sometimes material, more often sentimental, but always powerful for the promotion of French interests. Even in the Middle Ages, when Syria was the common battle-field of Christendom against the Infidels, and Christian princes were supposed to have merged their differences and separate interests in the sacred cause of the Cross, religious enthusiasm never allowed the French to forget the more selfish requirements of a distinctly national policy. Thus, St. Louis, after enrolling under his standards some forty thousand Christian Mountaineers, was pleased to reward them for their devotion by granting to the Maronites of Mount Lebanon a solemn charter in which they were declared to form part of the French nation. Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIV., Louis XV. availed themselves of various opportunities to draw closer the bonds which were regarded as uniting the Maronite nation to the "mother country." The Convention, at the very moment when at home it was hurrying the priests and the noblesse to the scaffold, enjoined upon its agents to continue to the princes and clergy of the Maronite nation the same protection which they had hitherto enjoyed, and Bonaparte, whilst laying siege to Acre, sent his secretary to greet the Maronites "as French citizens from time immemorial." The policy of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. scarcely needs to be recalled, for it belongs to contemporary history. Through all its various phases, it was but the logical and consistent development of the policy bequeathed to them by their predecessors, and its central object was, as theirs had also been, to secure a strong footing of French influence in Syria by strengthening the position of their



Maronite *protégés*, and by helping them, if possible, to establish their absolute supremacy in the Mountain. At one moment it indeed seemed as if this object were on the eve of being attained. Taking advantage of the outburst of universal indignation which the first news of the terrible events of 1860 provoked throughout Europe, the French landed an army of occupation in Syria; an International Commission assembled at Beyrout to frame a special constitution for the Lebanon which should preserve it from a recurrence of the disorders fostered or tolerated by Turkish apathy and misrule; and the majority of the Powers appeared inclined to recognise in the atrocities committed upon the Maronites a sufficient plea for granting to them the political supremacy, their claim to which was in reality the original cause of strife and of all the sanguinary excesses that had ensued. In what spirit and to what ends that supremacy, if granted, would then have been used, was but too clearly indicated by the lengthy proscription lists drawn up by the Maronite bishops, who did not hesitate to demand in cold blood the extermination of well-nigh every adult male of the Druse race in the Lebanon. The ability and energy of Lord Dufferin, to whom the delicate task had been committed of representing England on the International Commission, were mainly instrumental in restoring the share of responsibility for past events, which was shown by a closer examination of the facts to lie with the Maronites themselves, and in defeating a policy of mere retaliation which would only have substituted one form of oppression for another.

Though, thanks in a great measure to Lord Dufferin's exertions and to the determined attitude of her Majesty's Government, the new order of things which the Great Powers finally established secured a wholesome equilibrium between the different communities of the Lebanon, the Maronites never accepted as final the defeat inflicted upon their more ambitious designs. Nowhere does such prestige attach to brute force as in the East, and the memory of the French occupation continued to impress the Oriental imagination of the Syrians with the power of France, long after the last of her soldiers had quitted Syrian soil. So long as French influence was paramount, the Maronites were bound not to abandon the realisation of their hopes, nor did French diplomacy show itself concerned to discourage them. The war of 1870, and consequent effacement of France, materially altered the aspect of affairs, and French influence in Syria steadily declined until, in the summer of 1878, an incident occurred which seemed destined to mark its final extinction. A turbulent Maronite prelate, who openly incited his flock to rebellion and civil war, was ignominiously arrested by order of the Governor-General of the Lebanon in his residence at Deir el Kamr, and conveyed in exile to Jerusalem. Such an event was

unparalleled in the history of the Mountain, and yet the French Consulate was dumb ! That the French Government was temporarily crippled by internal difficulties ; that its councils were swayed by ultramontane advisers, who viewed with secret satisfaction the humiliation of a community, which, though in union with the Roman see, persisted in retaining its own rites and institutions, were considerations upon which the Maronites never stayed to ponder. It was sufficient for them to know that it had given its consent to so scandalous an outrage upon one of their anointed leaders. The inference was clear : France had abandoned the traditions of her former policy, and for the Maronites there was no further use in attempting to lean upon a broken reed. With more haste than decorum they proceeded to carry their allegiance to the door of every Consulate in Beyrout, even to that of Germany. Their overtures, however, fell upon deaf ears ; instead of thanks, they reaped only a harvest of seasonable, but exceedingly unpalatable advice, and they were fain to vent their vexation in idle lamentations over the decadence of the great nation. Their lamentations might well indeed have been spared, for France had no intention of abandoning the traditions of her "historical mission" in Syria. A few months had scarcely elapsed, and already the French Government, feeling more secure at home, was ready to resume a more active policy abroad. Its first step was to obtain permission for Bishop Bustany to return to his diocese, and, some balm having thus been poured on their wounded *amour-propre*, the Maronites humbly craved forgiveness for their past vagaries and were welcomed back with much rejoicing into the bosom of "the mother country."

We must now cast a glance at the transformation which the general policy of France had in the meanwhile undergone, and which could not but modify also her action in Syria. Hitherto, the Republic had never been able to shake off permanently the ultramontane influences which had been paramount under former régimes. But, upon the fall of Marshal Macmahon, a radical change ensued. A party came into power which had adopted as its motto : *L'ennemi, c'est le cléricalisme*, and the war which it had undertaken to wage against clericalism became the central feature of its home policy. If the Government which issued the decrees of July continued to subsidize French clerical establishments in Syria, it could no longer be because they were clerical, but because, in spite of their being clerical, they were valuable vehicles of French culture and of French influence. If it still encouraged the aspirations and intrigues of the Maronites, it was no longer because they were the chief Syrian community in union with Holy Church, but because, though allied to the Church, their religious allegiance was tempered by their political dependence upon France. Moreover, if the French Govern-

ment was unwilling to consider the clerical colour of its *protégés* as a disqualification for further support, it was resolved in future not to support them to the exclusion of all other elements. For the new political game upon which France was about to venture, she required to have other counters in her hands. Her financial and military resources had gradually recovered from the disastrous consequences of the German War, and with the consciousness of returning strength, there had returned also something of the old restlessness and spirit of aggrandisement. At the Congress of Berlin Prince Bismarck, with the keen foresight which characterizes his political combinations, anticipated the revival of this restlessness, and accordingly prepared for it an outlet which should not endanger the relations of the two countries. The German Chancellor pointed significantly to the southern shores of the Mediterranean as affording an open field for French activity; his insidious overtures fell upon willing ears, and as soon as France found herself relieved from the pressure of international difficulties, the Tunisian expedition became only a question of time and opportunity. Among the contingencies which had to be guarded against in view of this contemplated action, was that of active resistance on the part of the Sultan, who might not be disposed to relinquish his sovereign rights over the Regency in deference to the subtle arguments of the Quai d'Orsay. The emergency, though improbable, was one which it was necessary to be prepared to meet, and it is not unnatural that this consideration should have led the French to give renewed attention to Syria as furnishing materials wherewith to spring a dangerous countermine upon the Porte, should the latter have been inclined, or encouraged, to resent their intervention in Tunis by other than diplomatic protests. The Turkish Minister who pleaded with Mr. Goschen in extenuation of Turkish misgovernment that there were nineteen Irelands in the Ottoman Empire, might have added that half-a-dozen of them were to be found in Syria alone. Besides the Christian populations of various sects, Latin and Orthodox, between whom and the Porte it is needless to say that no love is lost, there are three warlike communities, the Druses, the Ansariyehs, and the Metawilehs, whose dissidence from Musulman orthodoxy only enhances their bitter hostility against Turkish rule, while even amongst the most fervent Sunnites of Damascus, the fourth holiest city of *el Islam*, there may be traced a growing repugnance to the domination of an alien race and to the supremacy of an alien kaliph. A skilful manipulation of these different elements of rebellion might enable a hostile Power to kindle at a given moment in Syria a conflagration with which the whole resources of the Ottoman Empire would scarcely be able to cope.

It was under these circumstances that M. de Torcy, the Military Attaché to the French Embassy in Constantinople, was instructed

the spring of 1880 to proceed on a special and secret mission to Syria. The French Government persistently denied that any political character could be attributed to M. de Torcy's journey; but the accuracy of the information which the Porte at the time possessed regarding its real objects has since been amply confirmed by the indiscretion of M. Pélagaud, a French *savant* who happened to be then travelling in the same region on a scientific mission. In the account of his expedition published by the *Nouvelle Revue*<sup>1</sup> M. Pélagaud formally expresses his thanks for having been allowed to join company with M. Torcy, "whom the French Government had entrusted with an important political mission," and his narrative is full of curious episodes illustrating the official character of "the French envoy's" progress through the Northern Lebanon. But, if M. Pélagaud was welcome to take his share of the demonstrations of the Maronites in honour of the French representative, it is doubtful whether he would have been admitted to witness M. de Torcy's more mysterious proceedings in other parts of the country. That gentleman had another mission to fulfil than to provoke noisy protestations of devotion from the traditional *protégés* of France. The Maronite Mountain was henceforward only to serve as a basis from which to extend operations among Metawilehs, Druses, Ansariyehs, Arabs—in fact among every section of the population whose disaffection might be turned to profitable account, when the proper moment arrived. The work which M. de Torcy initiated has been continued with unremitting energy by the French consular agents, and several incidents have already occurred within the last year to show that these efforts have not been unattended with success, and may at a given moment lead to very grave results. The only quarter, indeed, where French diplomacy met with a rebuff was, as might have been expected, from the Druses. The memory of the events of 1860 is still too fresh in their recollection; the implacable hostility of the French Commissioner and military authorities who inspired or supported the demands of Maronite vindictiveness, have not yet been forgotten, and neither in the Lebanon nor in the Hauran did M. de Torcy's overtures meet with any response but the cold courtesy with which the Druse seldom fails to treat even his most inveterate foe. In other directions, however, French activity has been better rewarded.

North and south of the Lebanon proper there extend in either direction ranges of hills and mountains forming a combination of the *massif* and of the barrier which it raises between the sea and the interior of Syria. Less lofty than the Lebanon, they present nearly the same natural features: small plateaux perched upon the mountain-side, deep and narrow valleys sunk between

<sup>1</sup> *Nouvelle Revue*, Oct. 15, and Nov. 1, 1881. Une mission scientifique en Syrie.

precipitous cliffs, huge spurs thrown out like buttresses main ridge, which runs parallel with the coast. Amid the fastnesses dwell the wild and warlike tribes of the Ansari Metawileh. The former, numbering from 250,000 to 300,000 occupy the Gebel Ansariyeh and the Ghiaour Dagh from northwards to beyond Alexandretta. The latter, though the met with in scattered groups as far north as Baalbec and I chiefly congregated in the hills above Sidon, Tyre, and Acr Merdj Ayoun and B'lad Bsharrah, where they form a compilation nearly 100,000 strong. These two nations are from each other by Mount Lebanon, where the Maronites, ing some 250,000, enjoy a considerable numerical prepo Metawilehs, Maronites, Ansariyehs, together, command an important pass between the Mediterranean and the interior foreign power which, in case of military operations, could their moral and material support, would find itself in a p transcendent advantage. Among the Maronites French has long been paramount, and there is every indication th also succeeded in securing now a firm footing among the A and Metawilehs. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the ov French diplomacy could not have been better timed.

Thanks to the natural strength of the mountainous regi they inhabit, and to the inherent weakness of the central Go these tribes have hitherto successfully defied all efforts them into more than nominal subjection. Both with : taxation and military service they have from time in enjoyed immunities which the representatives of the Su been powerless to destroy, and, in order to preserve even a authority, the Porte has often been compelled to recognis supremacy of the tribal chiefs, by investing them with offi Now and then some energetic Vali has sent a military force them to the common yoke ; but after a few desultory skirm a little idle pillaging, the troops almost invariably returne if not defeated, by a foe who appeared to be ubiquitous, y eluded their grasp amid the labyrinths of his native rocks. however, the arms of precision and long range introduce Turkish army, and the adoption of different tactics, have regular troops an advantage which the mountaineers ar aware of not to look forward with apprehension to the day Porte may have leisure as well as means to enforce its them. The military subjection of the Hauran, where t had hitherto preserved a similar autonomy, has been a w the other semi-independent nations of Syria, and each c least its own turn should come next. With this sword of suspended over their necks, it was only natural that th

throw themselves into the arms of the first power that offered to support them against Turkish aggression, and upon that basis the French agents had little difficulty in establishing intimate relations with the chiefs, both of the Ansariyehs and Metawilehs.

Some authorities claim to have recognised in the Ansariyehs the direct descendants of the ancient population of Syria, and there are many features in their religious tenets which seem to justify this opinion. Underlying a confused mass of doctrines borrowed from Christian and Mahommedan sources, the survival of Phœnician traditions may still be traced in the belief of a dual principle, in the worship of the powers of generation, and in other practices which vividly recall the cult of Baal and of Ashtera. But, as among their forefathers, so also among the Ansariyehs of the present day, the knowledge of the *arcana*, which form, as it were, the kernel of their religion, is only vouchsafed to a chosen few. The vulgar masses are kept in darkness, partly because of their own incompetency to appreciate the light, and partly in order to insure the secrecy which for many centuries was absolutely indispensable to the safety and very existence of the nation. The knowledge which is thus vested in the priestly caste lends a peculiar authority to its voice, and, as the Ansariyehs themselves say, their tribal chiefs are the arm of the nation, but their spiritual sheiks are the head which inspires and directs its destinies. Among the latter there is none more revered, none more powerful, than the Sheik Ibrahim Djeleileh, who resides near Swedieh, at the mouth of the Orontes. In July last this holy personage dispatched confidential emissaries throughout the Ansariyeh country to collect the signatures of his co-religionists for a petition, of which the details were of too important a nature to be prematurely divulged, but which he asserted was destined to promote the highest interests of the nation, and to secure it permanently against Turkish aggression. Such an invitation from such a quarter was equivalent to an order. The form was brought back covered with the seals of all the most influential Ansariyeh chieftains, and it was forthwith filled up with a dutiful petition to the President of the French Republic, laying the lives and property of the Ansariyeh nation at his feet, and praying him to take them under the protection of France, whose beneficent influence had so often made itself felt for the welfare of the populations of Syria. The negotiations, however, notwithstanding the secrecy with which they were carried on, came to the ears of the Vali of Aleppo, and one night in the middle of September a troop of Zaptiehs suddenly surrounded the sheik's house at Swedieh, and carried him off a prisoner to Aleppo. After a short detention in honourable confinement at the seat of the Vilayet, he was sent down under a strong escort to Alexandretta, and conveyed by sea to Acre, where he was

cast into the dungeons of the old fortress. But, instead of spreading dismay amongst his followers, the sheik's arrest was looked upon as the most signal justification of the momentous step which he had taken on behalf of the nation, and a French traveller, who shortly afterwards happened to pass through the Ansariyeh country, found himself the object of unexpected ovations, which, not being behind the scenes of French diplomacy, he was quite at a loss to account for.

In the southern portion of the Ansariyeh Mountains the French appear to have secured a no less influential ally. Five-and-twenty years ago, Ismail Khair Bey was the chief of the Motaora, one of the most powerful of Ansariyeh tribes. His ability and wealth had enabled him to acquire almost supreme authority over the whole nation, and his threatening attitude during the Crimean War compelled the Government to purchase his temporary allegiance by appointing him Caimacam of Safita. As soon, however, as the war was over, an expedition was dispatched against him, but it met with serious reverses, and was only saved from total discomfiture by the treachery of a relative of Ismail Bey, Sheik Aly Shelleh, of the Roshaouni tribe, who murdered the dreaded chieftain in his own house, and sent his head into the Turkish camp. Ismail Bey left a son, Sheik Hawash, an intelligent and enterprising youth, who swore to avenge his father's blood. Although much of his father's wealth was confiscated and plundered at his death, Hawash succeeded little by little in regaining a great part of it, while his daring spirit and noble presence, no less than his early misfortune, have made him a hero in the eyes of his own people. Cunning, in the East, is the proper complement of valour, and, dissembling his resentment, Hawash has not disdained to court the favour of the Turkish authorities. He has spent a great deal of his time in Damascus, where he has gained or bought numerous friends amongst the official circles of the Vilayet. One of the objects of his ambitious designs was to re-enter in triumph his father's former residence at Safita, and for this purpose he endeavoured for many years to secure his appointment to that Caimacamlik. He seemed on the point of grasping the coveted post, when, towards the same time that Sheik Ibrahim Djeileh was arrested at Swedieh, the Government at Damascus obtained conclusive evidence that Hawash had entered into relations with French agents, which threw considerable doubt upon his loyalty to the Porte. Warned of impending danger, he fled from Damascus to his mountain home in time to escape sharing Sheik Ibrahim's fate. The Turks, unable to frighten or to co-erce him out of his native strongholds, resorted to their favourite system in such cases of fighting by proxy. Every effort was made to undermine his influence by stimulating the hostility of rival chiefs, and these endeavours were attended in November with sanguinary consequences.

sequences. Sheik Ali Shelleh, between whom and Hawash there of course exists the deadliest blood feud, succeeded in raising against the Motaoras the neighbouring tribes of the Khayatin, the Rossan and the Roshouni. But Hawash was beforehand with him. Making a sudden raid into the Safita territory with a large body of his Motaoras, he burnt three villages, Tuffaheh, Djneineh, and Khrabs, and surprised his foes, killing some two hundred of them. Ali Shelleh himself had a narrow escape, and he fled to Tripoli to implore the assistance of the authorities. The three Mutessarifs of Hamah, Lattakieh, and Tripoli, received orders from Damascus to proceed forthwith to Safita with a detachment of regular troops, and at their approach Hawash retired into his mountain retreat. He was then summoned by the three Governors to appear before them at Safita, but this invitation he declined point-blank, declaring that he would rather die than set foot in the town where his father had been foully murdered except as an avenger. He at the same time stated his readiness to meet them at Za'ara, in the Kala'at-el-Hussein district. The tryst was accordingly changed to the latter place, and every preparation made to arrest the turbulent chieftain. But when he appeared attended by a small army of retainers, and his tribesmen were observed hovering about the hills around, the hearts of the three Mutessarifs quailed within them, and Hawash was allowed once more to retire unmolested, after going through the empty form of signing the *Seneda*, or promise to keep the peace. This incident has naturally only increased his prestige. The weakness of the authorities is ascribed to the fear of French interference, and, with the exception of Ali Shelleh's own tribe, all the others have rallied round the triumphant chieftain, whom the protection of a great Power, no less than his own exploits, has marked out to be the leader of the nation.

Nor has the activity of the French agents been less successful in the South among the Metawilehs. Shiites of the strictest order, the Metawilehs enjoy considerable prestige throughout the Shiite world, as numbering in their midst the reputedly authentic descendants of Hassan and Hussein, the sons of Ali and grandsons of the Prophet. It is almost superfluous to add that they hate the Sunnite Turks with a holy and bitter hatred. Ever since M. de Torcy's visit to Syria, active negotiations had been carried on between the French Consular Agents and the most powerful of the Metawileh chieftains; but it was only in November last that their purpose was embodied in a definite shape. Early in that month, M. Patrimonio, the French Consul-General in Syria, proceeded on board a gunboat to Sidon and landed there during the festival of Baïram. Accompanied by the captain of the man-of-war and the French Vice-Consul, he proceeded to the residence of Hadji Hussein Ossairan, the most influential



among the Metawileh chieftains, at whose house the business of the nation is generally transacted. Some thirty other chiefs had been summoned from the adjoining districts to meet the French representative, who remained for several hours in close conference with them. The chiefs were questioned at length upon their relations with the Turkish authorities and invited to set forth their grievances, and, on leaving, M. Patrimonio expressed a hope that the day was not far distant when the sons of France would land once more on the coast of Syria and help them to throw off the foreign yoke and obtain an autonomy similar to that for which the Lebanon was already indebted to French generosity and valour. On the following day Hadji Hussein Ossairan and Shebib Bey, the chief of the Hassanides, proceeded together with M. Patrimonio on board the gunboat to Tyre, where another patriotic conclave was held, at which the Consul-General again held out the same hopes of French intervention. On the 24th of November M. Patrimonio again passed through Sidon on his return journey to Beyrout, and was presented with a petition signed by all the Metawileh chiefs formally requesting the protection of the French Republic. Taken in connection with these facts, the establishment by the French Foreign Office of highly-paid political Vice-Consulates at Hama and at Caïffa, on the borders respectively of the Ansariyeh and Metawileh regions, acquires peculiar significance, for, apart from the necessities of a political propaganda, there is no apparent reason for the supersession of the unpaid commercial Vice-Consulates which had hitherto been found sufficient.

But, if France has lately for the first time been seeking to extend her influence beyond the immediate confines of the Lebanon, she has not been induced thereby to neglect her old allies in the Mountain. Further grants, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of £2,000 per annum, have been made by the Government in support of French and native Catholic educational establishments. If French activity assumed no more objectionable shape than the promotion of public instruction, there would be no cause to deprecate its extension. Unfortunately, that is not the case. One of the most beneficial effects of Bishop Bustany's exile in 1878 was to break up the Maronites into two distinct parties; the one inclined to accept, at least for the present, the existing order of things in the Mountain, and to abstain from prosecuting a sterile agitation; the other advocating persistent resistance, passive, if needs must, active, if possible. The Patriarch, a man of enlightened views, was disposed to support a conciliatory policy, and for a time the moderate party appeared likely to prevail. But the French Consulate viewed this movement with disfavour. At its instigation, the Patriarch was induced last spring to convene together a general meeting of the bishops and leaders of the nation for the purpose of healing the breach between the two parties and

drawing up a common programme. Thanks to the French influence which backed it, the party of action scored an easy victory, and imposed its policy upon the better sense of a considerable section of the community. Since then, a violent crusade has been organized against Rustem Pasha, whose second term of government expires this year, and whose reappointment they are determined to oppose. The even-handed justice which His Excellency has dealt out to all sections and parties during his ten years' government in the Mountain has earned him no thanks at the hands of the Maronites. For a strict observance of the *réglement* instituted by the Powers has proved the one insurmountable obstacle to the realisation of their dreams of preponderance. Rustem Pasha's reappointment would mean a fresh postponement for another five years of the designs which they have never ceased to harbour; and though their repeated and persistent attempts to obtain his dismissal have met only with as many rebuffs, they are sanguine that with the help of France they may now secure his supersession by some more pliable instrument. Their chosen candidate is Nasri Bey, the son of the late Franco Pasha, who, as second Governor-General of the Lebanon, was a mere puppet in the hands of the Maronite clergy. But it may be hoped that the good sense of the other Powers will frustrate an intrigue, the success of which would endanger the peace and prosperity of the one bright spot in the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire. From 1860 to the present day, the policy of the British Government has been to protect the Druse and orthodox communities of the Lebanon against the encroachments of Maronite ambition, and thus to secure the equal rights of the various sections of the population. Twenty years' experience has shown the wisdom of that policy, and all those interested in the welfare of the Mountain must hope that no sentimental deference to the wishes of a friendly neighbour will induce England to abandon it.

How far the French have succeeded in establishing relations with the secret societies with which Syria appears to be honeycombed for the promotion of a Panarabic movement, it is difficult to ascertain; but there is no doubt that French activity throughout the country has attained proportions which may well cause anxiety at Constantinople. What its ultimate consequences may be, it is yet too early to predict; but what the objects are towards which it is directed is clearly indicated by M. de Torcy's travelling companion. "The West of the Mediterranean already belongs to us; through Syria we possess rights over the East which date back for centuries; all we require is to preserve and to strengthen them. This is all the more important that the force of circumstances already seriously threatens our former commercial preponderance. The opening of the St. Gothard tunnel will deal a fatal blow to Marseilles. On the

other hand, as soon as the railway system of central Europe is completed, the Piræus and Volo will become the great ports of the Mediterranean. Marseilles will wake up one day to find herself ruined beyond all hope of recovery. By establishing ourselves firmly in Syria, we shall on the contrary keep the Eastern basin of the Mediterranean for ourselves. . . . What have we therefore got to do? We must know how to turn to account a position which our forefathers have bequeathed to us; we must busy ourselves with Syria from Mount Carmel to the Taurus, so as to leave no place in it for others. Politically, we must draw up and impose upon the Porte a scheme of reforms as other Powers have done for other provinces less deserving of interest; we must found schools in the smallest villages . . . ; we must respect the beliefs and forms of worship in every section of the population, Maronite, Metawileh, Druse, Orthodox, &c. . . . Commercially, we must encourage public enterprises, works of public utility, roads, harbours, railways, irrigation, &c.; more especially we must ourselves go to Syria carrying with us our wealth, our intelligence, our activity. Then we shall take root in the country and render ourselves indispensable. Then when the day, already near at hand, for the partition of the Ottoman Empire has arrived, we shall be able to speak with authority, to erect Palestine into a religious principality under the protectorate of the European Powers, and to annex for ourselves under one form or another, Syria proper from Carmel to the Taurus, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, where millions of real French hearts already beat for the great mother country in the West."

M. VALENTINE CHIROL.

BEYROUT, *January*, 1882.

## ÉMILE ZOLA.

**I**n the autumn of 1879 Paris was covered with yellow posters, bearing, in huge black letters, the word NANA. Everywhere *Nana* met one—on the walls, in the newspapers, on the boards which cover the backs and breasts of the unfortunate race of “sandwich men.” Even in the shops of dealers in cigars the ends of the flexible pipes of india-rubber which supply smokers with the sacred gift of fire were covered with inscriptions to this effect—*Lisez Nana ! Nana !! Nana !!!* M. Zola has said about the friends of M. Victor Hugo, that they are well skilled in the art of the puff preliminary. It was evident that the publishers of M. Zola himself were not unlearned in this art. Stimulated by the orgies of advertisements which heralded *Nana*, I cherished the ambition to write a critical essay on the author of *L'Assommoir* and his works. No such study, I believe, existed then in English. Our country is left behind in what M. Zola calls the march of the great literary movement. The Russians have composed volumes on M. Zola. The Italians have produced, so M. Paul Alexis informs us in his recent biography of M. Zola, no less than fifteen works consecrated to his genius. He is relished in Denmark and Norway. M. de Sanctis has lectured on his novels at Naples. In Holland, Dutch professors have written volumes on M. Zola; and learned Germany has contributed freely to the new science of Zolaology. Spain is not altogether inert; America has purchased 100,000 volumes of a crude translation of *Nana*. England alone holds aloof from this vast movement. The cause of our isolation is only too obvious. Our unfortunate Puritanism, alas! prevents us from understanding M. Zola and the joys of *naturalisme*. I feared that it would be so as soon as I began the serious study of M. Zola's productions.

One had not read many of M. Zola's novels before it became quite manifest that the English public would never take with pleasure to their author. “Moi, je suis malade ! Ce Zola me rend positivement malade !”—M. Sarcey is reported to have exclaimed at the first night of M. Zola's play, *Thérèse Raquin*. The English reader was certain to share the sensations of M. Sarcey, whose “sturdy good sense” has been praised by M. Zola himself. A minute critical study of *Nana* and *La Curée* is impossible in English. But it is not impossible to indicate and criticize M. Zola's literary ideas, which now make so much stir; to describe his method; to trace the history of his success; and even to point out certain qualities of real value, certain passages of distinction and of beauty in his romances. M. Paul Alexis has made this task comparatively easy by publishing his *Émile Zola* :

*Notes d'un Ami.* M. Alexis is one of several comparatively young writers who surround and worship M. Zola in his country house at Médan. M. Zola himself once said very hard things about *les illustres inconnus* who, according to him, surround M. Victor Hugo. The poet lives, it seems, in "a little court" of adorers. M. Zola has now his own "little court" of men who imitate and admire him, and M. Paul Alexis is the spokesman of these worshippers. His biography of M. Zola is not, perhaps, a diverting book, but it has an interest of its own. Most people who write (that is, almost every one now-a-days) have a certain curiosity about the method of authors of distinction. This curiosity M. Alexis satisfies. He does more, he enables us to estimate the precise value of what M. Zola calls his *naturalisme*, and to appreciate the real worth of all his boasted documents.

Émile Zola was born on April 2, 1840, at Paris, in the Rue Saint-Joseph, which is close to the Halles, the great central market of the town. His father, François Zola, was the son of a Venetian father by a Greek mother. After a wandering life François Zola settled in Southern France as an engineer. His later years were entirely devoted to the task of supplying Aix with water. He just lived to see the beginning of the practical fulfilment of his great design and then died, leaving his widow and his son Émile—now a child of seven—without adequate provision. During the next ten years young Zola remained in Aix, and was educated at the college in that town. He was a clever, but not a very industrious boy, with a special horror of Latin and Greek. His chief pleasure was to wander in the country round Aix; to bathe in the Arc; to go shooting, after the manner of Tartarin de Tarascon, in a country where there is no game; and to read Alfred de Musset's poetry in the shade of trees or of caves, or in the parlours of rustic inns. The traces of this careless and happy life remain in the most agreeable passages of M. Zola's novels. His fancy wanders on the hills again, and bathes in the clear pools, in that singular idyll which makes part of *La Fortune des Rougon*. The manners and customs of the good people of Aix reappear in the studies of Plassans, the cradle of the horrible family of Rougon-Macquart. The arid lands described in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* are the lands of Provence, and the *Paradou*, or Paradise, in which the Abbé reverts to the innocence of our first parents, is copied from a neglected park between Aix and Roquefavour.

In 1858 poverty drove the family of Zola out of Aix; they went to Paris, and Émile obtained a *bourse*, or "bursary" as the Scotch say, at the Lycée Saint-Louis. Here he lived unhappy and unfriended. Like Pendennis of Boniface, M. Zola was "plucked" in his final examination—plucked in literature—nor was he more successful in a second attempt to pass. The truth seems to be that M. Zola has never had any very wide acquaintance with literature. In one of

his critical essays he expresses astonishment at finding Dante included among poets of love, and it really seems as if he had never heard of the *Vita Nuova*. His remarks about the style and versification of Homer and Virgil, too, will not permit us to forget his early and special horror of Latin and Greek.

A young man cast adrift in Paris, without money and without a degree, is in a pitiable case. It was M. Zola's case from the end of 1860 to the beginning of 1862. M. Alexis describes "a young man hivering in bed—all his wardrobe piled up over his legs, his nose and his fingers red with cold—writing something in pencil." Probably the "something" was his vast epic and cosmogonic poem, *La Venèse*. An end of the worst of those days of poverty drew near, and E. Zola obtained the place of a clerk in the establishment of M. Hachette, the publisher. Here he came in contact with books and with men of letters; and here, between 1862 and 1864, he wrote his first volume of short fanciful stories, *Contes à Ninon*. In these there is scarcely a sign of the Zola that was to be, though in *Celle qui s'aime* one may detect his enforced knowledge of strange things in the life of the poor; and in the preface there are memories of Provence, of the rocks of a dry and thirsty land, the aromatic fragrance of myrtle and thyme, the deep green watercourses that seam the arid soil. Even in *Contes à Ninon* the author seems, however, to foresee his future, by no means that of an idyllic poet.

I felt a bitter need of what is real: I was weary of dreams, and weary of the spring." But *Contes à Ninon* had no success, and the next twelve years were years of difficulty, and even of that wholesome pain, debt, lauded by George Warrington. In 1865 M. Zola began to contribute to the press, and wrote in a Lyons paper the somewhat violent and ungracious criticisms which he afterwards published as *Les Haines*. M. Zola is a warrior from his youth up, and in all his criticisms he attacks the theory that Art has a right to select pleasant subjects, to reject what is antipathetic, and to produce what is agreeable. As early as 1865 he was crying out for documents, for facts, for analysis, for minute observation in literature. We do not presently see, and the spectacle will be amusing enough, what M. Zola understands by analysis and by scientific observation. In the meantime it must suffice to note that, even in 1865, M. Zola was lifting up his testimony, and was dealing faithfully with all right-hand backsliders and left-hand fallers-off from the truth as it appears in experimental, analytic, naturalistic, and scientific literature. In 1865, too, M. Zola showed that he had the courage of his convictions.

He published a work which we have not succeeded in obtaining—a *Confession de Claude*. So scientific, experimental, and realistic was this volume, that M. Zola was "wanted" by the police.

He therefore left M. Hachette's establishment, and, as he had already made a little reputation for himself, he chose literature as a

profession. He wrote for M. Villemessant in *L'Événement*, and made a great noise by some criticisms of the Salon. This may be described as scandal No. 2, the first of M. Zola's profitable scandals having been caused by *La Confession de Claude*. His enemies accuse him of aiming deliberately at this sort of notoriety, but M. Zola himself regards the hostile tumult which his books excite merely as part of the martyrdom of genius. Balzac, he says, was "stoned and crucified *comme le messie de la grande école du naturalisme*." M. Zola does not shrink from sharing the martyrdom of Balzac, saint and confessor.

We need not linger over M. Zola's fortunes as a journalist, nor attempt to exhume novels like *Les Mystères de Marseille*. We now arrive at the date of M. Zola's first serious and laborious work, *Thérèse Raquin*, finished in 1867. The story was suggested by a review which M. Zola wrote of *La Vénus de Gordes*. In that edifying work a wife and her lover kill the husband, and are tried for their crime. In his review M. Zola suggested that it would have been a happier thought to make the crime escape the justice of men, and find its punishment in the remorse of the guilty pair, for ever united, and never to be "delivered from the body of this death." The idea has been cleverly used by Gaboriau in *Le Crime d'Orcival*, but M. Zola naturally treats it in his own very different manner. He has deliberately chosen the meanest characters, the most repulsive environment which his memory or his imagination could suggest. The early pages of *Thérèse Raquin* describe a dark and dirty house in the dingy Passage du Pont Neuf. M. Zola has almost exhausted the dictionary in the effort to find words unpleasant enough for the unpleasant place he has to describe. The worn, yellow, loose flags of the pavement sweat; the plastered walls are black, and scarred, and leprous. The shop of Thérèse Raquin is humid, and dark, and noisome. Thérèse, the daughter of a French soldier and a woman of Algiers, is ugly, with a long thin nose, and a pale face, and a fuzz of dirty, unkempt black hair. Her husband is a wretched hypochondriac who lives on physic; her aunt is a stuffy and snuffy old French *bourgeoise*. Her lover does not love her, and is merely a brutal and sordid blackguard. There is in this amiable family a cat conscious of human crimes, and apparently borrowed from the much more effective *Black Cat* of Edgar Poe. The loves of the blackguard and the harlot are described with minute and precious studiousness; the husband, as he is being murdered, bites his assassin in the neck; the old woman becomes paralytic, but attempts once to write, "Thérèse and Laurent have killed Camille." But she gets no further than "Thérèse and Laurent have——" A neighbour fills up this fragmentary inscription with the conjectural reading, "taken very good care of me." Finally, their remorse, or rather, as M. Zola says, their nervous excitement, becomes intolerable to the criminals. Laurent steals some poison to destroy Thérèse; Thérèse buys a knife to stab

Laurent. They each detect the other's purpose, and die in each other's arms, much to the relief of the reader and of old paralytic Madame Raquin. There was a good deal of scandal (scandal No. 3) about *Thérèse Raquin*. "Advertised by this controversy, the book sold pretty well," says M. Alexis, with his usual eye to business. M. Zola wrote twice or thrice to M. Sainte Beuve to ask what he thought of *Thérèse Raquin*. M. Sainte Beuve's answer will be found in his *Correspondance* (vol ii. p. 314). He said that the novel was remarkable and conscientious, but that the description of the horrors of the Passage du Pont Neuf was overdone and fantastic. He objected to the remorse of Thérèse and Laurent as improbable. And he asked whether it was necessary always to describe what is hideous and vulgar. This is a question to which the naturalists have really found no answer. In his new volume, *Une Campagne*, M. Zola replies to M. Renan, that he and his school are like surgeons, and prefer unhealthy subjects. They have no interest in what is normal and natural. This admission shows the true value of *naturalisme*. In some of his later works, however, M. Zola has introduced passages in which there is a certain relief; he has revived his old love of the country, and has almost outdone *Paul and Virginia* in one episode. But, as a rule, he and "those about Zola" prefer to describe passions so base, characters so detestable, scenes so unnatural in their wickedness that they make *Thérèse Raquin* seem almost *dylic*. And, indeed, it has never vied in popularity with M. Zola's more mature stories of the same edifying sort.

Before approaching the long series of *Les Rougon-Macquart*, in which M. Zola is working out in practice his æsthetic theories, it may be well to gain a clear notion of what these theories really are. They are explained in four or five volumes of collected criticisms, and in the preface to *Thérèse Raquin*.

M. Zola, defending himself against the charge of being an immoral writer, says that, in *Thérèse Raquin*, his object was entirely scientific. This word "science" is always in his mouth, and it does not seem to occur to him that art and literature are one thing, and science quite another. Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer had a purely scientific aim in the medical conversation which alarmed Mr. Pickwick. But, as that gentleman reminded them, the details of the dissecting-room, innocent in themselves, need not be discussed in the drawing-room. M. Zola is the impenitent Bob Sawyer of fiction, with none of Mr. Sawyer's amusing qualities. His aim, he says, was scientific. He goes on to observe that it would be fair to describe him as "a writer who has forgotten himself in human corruptions, as a surgeon might do in a dissecting-room." That is just what we complain of: M. Zola is always losing himself in the scientific contemplation of human corruption, and he publishes the result of his meditations in novels. His theory of what the modern scientific novel should be is



set forth at great and tedious length in an essay called *Le Roman Expérimental*. Literature, at least the literature of our age, should be science, M. Zola thinks, and he illustrates what science should be by quoting long passages from Claude Bernard. First, the man of science (and therefore the novelist) must be an observer. There is nothing new in that; all novelists, in their degree, have observed the world which they describe. But M. Zola's ideal novelist must make "personal discoveries," and must keep huge note-books full of the record of his investigations. This was Flaubert's method. M. Zola himself gradually fits great bundles of notes into his novels according to M. Alexis. M. Zola points with pity to George Sand's practice of writing her novels without any notes at all. As a matter of fact, we imagine that most writers of fiction keep some record of their reading and their observations. In a novel by no means naturalistic, Mr. Payn's *By Proxy*, it is plain that the very minute and humorous description of Chinese life must have been distilled from the author from wide reading. Mr. Pinero, too, has recently informed the world that dramatists keep collections of notes; and M. Daudet, a *naturaliste* by the way, is a great note-taker. Yet one may doubt whether Miss Austen, an innocent *naturaliste* if ever there was one, was a close and minute observer, kept any written "documents." But the virtue of a French *naturaliste* is to amass notes as copious as those which Mr. Casaubon collected for *The Key of all Mythologies*. It may be admitted that M. Zola is not always true to his own doctrine of "personal discoveries." He has written one novel, *La Curée*, on the rich financiers of the empire; one, *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, on the politicians of the empire; and one, *Nana*, on the loose society of the empire. Into none of these three worlds—finance, politics and the world of *Nana*—had M. Zola ever entered. For his political book, M. Alexis says he crammed "un livre très documenté, *Souvenir d'un valet de chambre*." What a characteristic trait of the *naturaliste* this is! He cannot listen at certain key-holes himself, but he relies on the babbling of a lacquey out of place. Before he wrote *Nana* he "appealed to the *souvenirs*," the chaste recollections of his friends. He was "coached" by "a very experienced man of the world," who told him the dirty stories now gravely recorded in *Nana* for the edification of a hundred thousand citizens of the United States, as if reading *Nana* in a crib. One is informed that the theatrical details in *Nana* are absurd. M. Zola's perfect novelist must not only make "observations" like these, but experiments. When this statement is examined, it appears that the novelist, having determined on a character and an environment, must introduce, in his fancy, some new circumstances, and ask, "In these circumstances how would this character act?" Surely every novelist who ever stained paper has necessarily made "experiments" of this sort. So far, we see nothing novel in M. Zola's *aesthetic*, except his demand for copious notes.

books. He goes on to define art as the reproduction of nature, and of life as conditioned by the temperament of the artist. Again, there is nothing new in this definition; only we must deplore the temperament of a writer who is almost always compelled to choose his subjects in "human corruption." The world is rich in beautiful lives, noble characters,

"Fair passions and bountiful pities,  
And loves without stain."

We must presume that M. Zola and most other French *naturalistes* are unable, through an unhappy temperament, to see much of things and people "lovely and of good report," and are compelled "to lose themselves in human corruption." Or, we must take it that M. Zola and his peers like to write on scandalous topics, because scandal brings notoriety and money. It is a disagreeable dilemma. But, even if we grant to M. Zola that the object of the art of fiction is "the scientific knowledge of man," we fail to see why that knowledge should dwell so much on man's corruption, and so little on the nobler aspects of humanity. M. Zola confesses, in so many words, that the novel, as conceived of by him, is a work of "practical sociology." It is a pity that, like some other sociologists who do not write novels, M. Zola takes so much of his knowledge of society at second hand, and puts himself in danger of being "crammed" by humorous persons whom he interrogates. But humour is a quality of which M. Zola does not even suspect the existence. To be brief, the "experimental" or "naturalistic" romance "continues and completes physiology, and substitutes for the study of man in the abstract, the study of natural man as conditioned by his environment, and by physico-chemical laws."

Strong in this æsthetic theory, such as it is, this theory that art is science, and that anecdotes are "documents," M. Zola began to construct the series of novels called, in general, *Les Rougon-Macquart*. The scientific *datum* was the transmission of hereditary characteristics, and their modification. There are few subjects more obscure. M. Zola, in 1868—69, "crammed" the topic of "heredity," reading especially Lucas's *Traité de l'Hérédité Naturelle*. Different motives, according to M. Alexis, impelled M. Zola to begin his great series of novels, "The History of a Family under the Second Empire." He wished, very naturally, to have a secure source of income. This was to be provided by an arrangement with a publisher. The bookseller was to pay the author £240 a year for two yearly novels. The arrangement was complex in its details, and proved impossible in practice. When three or four of the stories had appeared, M. Charpentier became the publisher of the series. His dealings with M. Zola are a bright chapter in the sombre records of publishing. But M. Zola's ambition, even more than his interest, urged him to attempt the history of the Rougon-Macquart. He wished to leave a great

work behind him, and to this task he bent himself with rare energy and singleness of purpose. The least sympathetic critic must admit that, granting the *genre*, the History of the Rougon-Macquart is a great, though gloomy, work. M. Zola has laboured, as a rule with a ruthless conscientiousness. After making himself master, as he believed, of the lore of hereditary transmission of character, he thought out his vast scheme, and drew up that family tree of the Rougon-Macquart, which was published eight years later in *Un Page d'Amour*. The family of Rougon-Macquart is like a seedy modern House of Atreus. In place of the awful Atê, the Fate which dwelt in Tiryns and Mycenæ, it is the curse of inherited character that broods over and dominates the line of Rougon-Macquart. The tree springs from a rotten root, and bears apples of Sodom and fruits of corruption.

Certain Arab tribes, as Professor Robertson Smith assures us, trace their pedigree from a female Dog. So does the house of Rougon-Macquart. M. Zola starts with Adélaïde Fouque, born at Plassan (Aix in Provence) in 1768. Adélaïde's father died mad. She inherited some property, and married one Rougon, a brutal peasant, to whom she bore a child, Pierre Rougon. The father died, and Adélaïde took to herself a lover, a poaching, smuggling, drunken scoundrel, named Macquart. By him she had two children, Antoine and Ursule. The series of novels follow the fortunes of these people and their descendants, born to an inheritance of ignorance, madness, and debauch. Here one is naturally tempted to ask why a family of this sort should have been selected by a *naturaliste*? Surely there are houses in which honour, truth, temperance, courtesy, and love and knowledge are inherited qualities? But there would have been no market, perhaps, for the annals of such families. M. Zola, if he had devoted himself to the study of an honourable house, would have become a French follower of Miss Yonge, who has anticipated his scheme of drawing up the family tree of her characters. Again one cannot but suppose (granting the theory of heredity), that the characteristics of long-forgotten and perhaps reputable ancestors might have reappeared in the Rougon-Macquart. Evolutionists will admit that their pedigree went back for hundreds of thousands of years, through thousands of ancestors, and any Rougon-Macquart might "throw back" to decent progenitors lost in the mists of antiquity. To this M. Zola may reply that Pascal Rougon is quite unlike his near ancestors, and that several of his other characters have very good instincts, but that the predominating influence of the original female Dog, Adélaïde Fouque, thwarts those nobler elements of character. Besides, he has still, perhaps, a dozen novels to write and has plenty of room for the development of "beautiful souls." To this we can only answer within ourselves, that the more abominable the characters, the better the novel sells. *Nana* counts her hundred

of readers for fifteen who study *La Fortune des Rougon*, or *La Conquête de Plassans*.

We have to analyze briefly the history of M. Zola's chosen household. The first volume of the series, *La Fortune des Rougon-Macquart*, was begun in May, 1869, and the earliest chapters appeared in *Le Siècle* of June, 1870. Here, M. Zola had a piece of bad luck. If the Empire had lasted for two or three years longer, *La Fortune des Rougon* must have made a notable political scandal. It is the history of the *coup d'état*, as far as the *coup d'état* affected Provence. The ignoble family of Rougon—poor, indebted, despised, greedy, and lustful—are the Bonapartes of Plassans; that is, of Aix. The elder son of the house, Eugène, is one of the agents of the Prince President's conspiracy in Paris. The agony of the men of his family, as a sham insurrection is got up by their *agents provocateurs*, and is then stamped out in blood, is a copy in miniature of the hopes and fears of Louis Bonaparte in the Élysée. To my mind, *La Fortune des Rougon* is M. Zola's masterpiece. The story is a story, and not a study merely. Events move, and, in some passages, their movement is described with amazing force. The implied satire is cruelly keen. The description of the competitive basenesses of a provincial town is not unworthy of Balzac. Through the story there runs an idyll which is spoiled, indeed, by being too idyllic, but which has a certain charm in its earlier chapters. The French are very fond of the knowing innocence of the old Greek novel, *Daphnis and Chloe*. M. Zola's young lovers, in *La Fortune des Rougon*—Miette and Silvère—are the Daphnis and Chloe of Provence. The account of their first meeting is worthy of George Sand, or of an ancient *märchen*. There was a wall between the gardens of the houses where the boy and girl lived, and this wall stretched across the well which was used by both families.

"The still waters reflected the two openings of the well, two half moons which the shadow of the wall above divided with a dark line. If you leaned over you seemed to see, in the vague light, two wonderfully clear and brilliant mirrors. On sunny mornings, when the ropes did not drip and trouble the surface, these two mirrors shone distinct in the green water, and reflected with wonderful minuteness the ivy leaves that hung above the well. Very early one morning, when Silvère was drawing water for the house, he chanced to stoop over at the moment when he was pulling the rope. A thrill ran through him: he remained motionless, bending over the water. At the bottom of the well he had thought he saw a girl's smiling face looking up at him; but he had shaken the rope, and the troubled water was now a dim mirror that reflected nothing clearly. He waited till the well grew still again; he did not dare to move, his heart was beating hard. As the wrinkles on the water widened and died away, he saw the figure begin to grow again. Long it wavered in the dancing pool which gave a vague, shadowy beauty to the apparition. At last it grew steady and clear. There was Miette's smiling face, her bright kerchief, her white bodice, with its blue bands. Then Silvère saw his own shadow in the other mirror. The two shadows nodded at each other; at first they never thought of speaking."

This is the beginning of M. Zola's idyll. It is a pretty scene like that passage in the fairy tale which tells how the enchanted princess hid herself in the tree above the well, and the country girl coming to draw water, beheld her beautiful face, and each believed it to be her own, and went away proudly, refusing to be drawn for water any more. There are other idyllic scenes, but M. Zola spoils them, unluckily, by his extraordinary lack of taste and humour. The thing becomes absurd, and M. Zola escapes from his idyll having poor Miette shot as she carries the flag of the Republic, Silvère has joined the insurrection in the South. Like Quixote and Guinevere in the romance, Miette "was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end." Meanwhile the infamous Pierre Rougon, grandson of Adélaïde, and his son Eugène, became the heads of the Imperialist conspiracy in Provence, and crept enriched and respectable out of the massacre of Plassans. Though passages of extreme bad taste deface even the story of the death of Miel, *La Fortune des Rougon* may be recommended to readers who wish to see M. Zola at his best. The story, too, introduces most of the characters that recur later in the series. The Franco-German war, the fall of the Empire, and the siege of Paris, interrupted the publication of *La Fortune des Rougon*. During the siege M. Zola went to Marseilles, and thence to Bordeaux, where he, with all the rest of the staff of a certain newspaper, received appointments. M. Zola was made sous-préfet of Castel-Sarrazin, but he never really occupied this post of honour and emolument. Then came the armistice, and Zola threw up his office, and returned to Paris. His next novel, *La Curée*, tells the history of Aristide Rougon, brother of Eugène the politician. Aristide, an inconceivably shabby rascal, became one of the great shoddy financiers of the Empire. M. Zola knew nothing about financiers, but he took the outside of a wealthy house from the exterior aspect of a rich man's dwelling. The conservatory, described at such length, was copied from the *serre chaude* in the *Jardin des Plantes*. It is as if one were anxious to introduce a rabbit warren in a novel, and copied it from a tiger house in the Zoological Gardens. Such is *naturalisme*. We may hope that the abominable amours and incredible morals described in *La Curée* are as remote from truth as the whole picture of society must necessarily be. M. Zola regards the heroine of this tale as a modern Phædra. Any one who has the curiosity to compare the *Phædra* of Euripides with M. Zola's story will feel but limited belief in human progress. This story at first appeared in *La Cloche*. The *abonnés* uttered indignant cries, the Procureur of the Republic interfered, and yet, in spite of the scandal, *La Curée* was not a success. People were occupied with politics. Under the Empire this book would have been prosecuted, and, as M. Alexis regretfully says, would have sold splendidly. After *La Curée* came *Le Ventre de Paris*, a dull and rather unreadable bundle of descriptive paper.

M. Zola has piled up details about the Halles: about cabbages, and pork, and sausages, and market carts. One famous and odorous passage is spoken of as "a symphony in cheeses." A kind of conspiracy against the Empire, and the rivalries of a fish-fag and a sausage-seller, are the lofty themes of *Le Ventre de Paris*. The blood of the Macquart runs in the veins of Lisa, the sausage-seller, whom the story leaves largely prosperous, but not without a blot on her escutcheon. Gross feeding slowly bloats out of shape her moral nature! The book smells of pork and onions. M. Zola is extremely fond of describing smells, generally disagreeable smells, which make, as it were, the atmosphere of his books. A patient and statistical reader might count as many separate odours in his novels as Coleridge did in *Cologne*. In the *Ventre de Paris*, as in the hot-house scene in *La Curée*, and in various other passages of M. Zola's works, one detects a curious fantastic element. A sort of life and character are given to inanimate things, as is common enough in the writings of Dickens. This fantasy seems rather out of place in the work of a *naturaliste*.

The next novel in the series is *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, written in 1874. This is perhaps the most powerful and poetic of all M. Zola's tales; it is that in which fantasy bears the greatest part, and in which *naturalisme* for awhile disappears. The opening chapters describe a profligate and almost pagan village in Provence, and here *naturalisme* is at home, and in its proper place. In a "land of ruin and sand," or on arid, bare, and burning soil, there is planted a little community of people relapsing into something worse than savagery. The peasants are all close kin, so close that, among real savages, love and intermarriages would have been forbidden under pain of death. But the peasants see things differently—

"Year by year  
They serve their senses with less shame."

England has many such villages. The priest among these miserable hinds is Serge Mouret, great-grandson of the original Adélaïde Fouque. He and his sister Désirée are the children of a marriage of cousins: François Mouret married Marthe Rougon, who inherited somewhat of the shaken intellect of Adélaïde Fouque. In Serge Mouret the half-insane temperament of the family has turned to intense asceticism and devotion. His sister Désirée is an "innocent," as people say in the north, a grown-up woman with the character of a child of eight, and with a half-mad love of all sorts of animals. There are few things in literature more excellently wrought than the description of this strange pair, of the gentle devotee, at once pure and tolerant among his bestial people; of his foil, the coarse and brutal ascetic priest, Archangias; of the old *gouvernante* who waits on Serge and Désirée. To my mind the most impressive

passage in M. Zola's novels is the Mass celebrated by the Abbé Mouret in the empty ruinous church, which to him is the very House of God. The old housekeeper brings the sacred vessels—with no more respect than if they were her household pots and pans—and hobbles about the church, snuffing the candles. A mischievous chorister boy repeats the responses, and is lost in the unintelligible Latin which he tries to spell. *Orate, Fratres*, cries the priest aloud, turning with uplifted hands to the empty benches. Then he prays at the altar while the yellow morning sun floods the church, leaving the great daub of the Christ crucified alone in shadow. The rickety old furniture of the confessional cracks, the sounds of the wakening world come in; a great tree has thrust its boughs through a broken window; the long weedy grass of the untrodden court peeps through the chinks of the door, and threatens to encroach on the nave. From the boughs of the curious tree and through the open window the sparrows begin to peer; they flit in and fly away again, and at last grow bold, and march up the floor to the altar, as when St. Francis preached to the birds. It was Désirée, the idiot girl, who strewed crumbs about the church, that the birds might fly in and have their part, as it were, in the sacrifice rejected by the people. Last, Désirée herself enters, breaking in upon the celebration with her apron full of chickens. The brown hen has just hatched her brood.

Under the sun of the south, where all life is going on reproducing herself, and men and women have no more shame than the beasts, the purity of the Abbé Mouret is overcome by a strange artifice of his enemy, Nature. A beautiful girl lives in the *Paradou*, the deserted and overgrown park of a Legitimist family. Here the Abbé suffers an injury which deprives him, for a time, of all but the natural man in him, and in the Paradise he lives with the beautiful girl, as our first parents lived in the Garden between the four rivers. “*Ils cédèrent aux exigences du jardin;*” and M. Zola, too, soon yields to the temptation to spoil his fantastic idyll. We need not follow the story back into full *naturalisme*, nor watch the scene of the punishment of the bad priest, Archangias. For this book M. Zola compiled “a mountain of notes,” and during many months his table was covered with books of devotion. He also attended flower-shows, and “got up” his description of Paradise at these harmless entertainments.

The next novel of the series is *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, and deals with the fortunes of that Rougon who became a statesman of the Empire. As M. Zola went, for his facts and documents, to the *Souvenirs d'un Valet de Chambre* and the recollections of Flaubert, and as he knew less than nothing of the world he was describing, we need not waste time over Eugène Rougon, a caricature, in part, of M. Rouher. The history of the Empire can be read in more trustworthy books. Eugène Rougon himself appears to have little of the characteristic inherited quality

of the Rougon-Macquart. The book had no success; none of the series had really been successful on a grand scale. Another man might have been discouraged: M. Zola took counsel with himself, and produced *L'Assommoir*. The story made his fortune. It was talked of everywhere. Even before it appeared as a complete volume, it provoked a protest, in the name of art and of decency, from Mr. Swinburne. To me, I confess, the *L'Assommoir* appears a dreadful, but not an immoral book. It is the most powerful Temperance tract that ever was written. As M. Zola saw much of the life of the poor in his early years, as he once lived, when a boy, in one of the huge lodging-houses he describes, one may fear that *L'Assommoir* is a not untruthful picture of the lives of many men and women in Paris. The chief character is Gervaise Macquart, a girl lame from her birth, the daughter of Adélaïde Fouque's drunken and abandoned son, Antoine. In her home at Plassans this poor girl saw nothing but brutal debauchery, and her education was neglect tempered by cruelty. When a mere child she was seduced by one Lantier, and in the course of eight years bore him two children. They came to Paris, and Lantier deserted Gervaise. She was industrious, good-humoured, temperate, only anxious to live quietly "and not to be beaten." She married Coupeau, a good-natured rascal of a plumber. M. Zola traces all their life of struggle, till Lantier and Gervaise "fell to their old love again," till Coupeau became the slave of absinthe, and Gervaise followed his example, and Nana, their child, grew up in vice, and the parents ended by horrible and shameful deaths. In this narrative M. Zola spares us nothing. He writes in the slang of the people. He gloats over the amours of hatters, and the jests of undertakers. He tosses out the contents of the washerwoman's bucket; he makes his laundresses fight a hideous and indecent battle, till one is beaten, as Villon anticipates him by saying:

"As linen is that lies  
In washer's tubs for buts to smite."<sup>1</sup>

He takes you into the festering garrets of unclean workpeople, and describes the details of trades which he has obviously "read up" for the purpose. Even when his wedding party of workpeople in their strange holiday best lose themselves in the Louvre, there is not a redeeming stroke of humour in M. Zola's story. In place of a character or two, such as Dickens would have drawn or invented, in place of Mr. Swiveller or Sam Weller, M. Zola copies and repeats the blasphemies of the slums. He steadily and gradually degrades his characters to unspeakable and undreamed-of depths of corruption. This is history, perhaps, or science; M. Zola thinks, not only that it is literature, but that all modern literature should be more or less like this. It is difficult to see why people read *L'Assommoir* if they can avoid it: if they have not some professional reason for

(1) Mr. Payne's translation.



studying it, as they might study criminal statistics, or books of medical jurisprudence. But the book has had an enormous success, a success only excelled by *Nana*, a story of which little need be said. M. Zola has maintained that books like his exercise a moral function. "Être maître du bien et du mal, régler la vie . . . n'est-ce pas là être les ouvriers les plus utiles et les plus moraux du travail humain?" In *Nana* this moralist simply repeats at second hand, and strings together in a narrative incredibly dull, a number of abominable anecdotes. The book appeals to the basest curiosities. It cannot be called an alluring description of vice, but it does gloat on, and sows broadcast, the knowledge of secret and nameless iniquities. Literature and science alike refuse to acknowledge this last unclean fruit of the tree of Rougon-Macquart.

I have omitted two works of M. Zola's which are well worth notice, though they seem at present to have little relation to the general series. *La Conquête de Plassans* is a study of priestly cunning, of the ruin of a quiet family, and of the madness of its chief. The latter feature is worked out with painful minuteness. The book—conscientious, powerful, and not scandalous—has never been a favourite. *Un Page d'Amour* is the life of a good and pure woman, Hélène Mouret. But the fate of her family comes upon her, and she loves a kind of Dr. Brand Firmin, like the father of Philip in Thackeray's story. Her degradation is carried further, but is hardly more unhappy to read about than that of Maggie in *The Mill on the Floss*, when she loves Stephen Guest. This tale has five remarkable descriptions of a distant view of Paris, somewhat in the manner of Dickens. A short story by M. Zola, in *Les Soirées de Médan*, should be read (those of his young friends should not); and *Les Quatre Journées de Jean Goujon*, in *Nouveaux Contes de Ninon*, is also worth notice as a late example of his idyllic manner.

In M. Zola we find, to conclude, a writer with a method and a aim, a workman conscientious according to his lights; not without poetry, not without a sense of beauty, but more and more disinclined to make use of these qualities. In all his work you see the "join" and know where the "notes" come in. It is part of his method to abstain from comment; never to show the author's personality; never to turn to the reader for sympathy. He is as cold as a vivisectionist at a lecture. His conception of modern literature, science in disguise, did much to spoil the later work of George Eliot. His own knowledge of the literature of the world appears to be scanty; his judgments—as when he calls Scott "a clever arrangement whose work is dead"—do not deserve to be discussed. His lack of humour is absolute, a darkness that can be felt. Finally, temperament, or system, or desire of success, or all combined, make several of his stories little better than a Special Reporter's description of things and people that should not be described. A. LANG-

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF RUSSIA.

It is evident to all who interest themselves in Russian affairs, that the Empire of the Tsar is at the present time passing through a most serious social crisis. As a resident in the country, and one who has travelled in nearly every part of the empire west of the Oural Mountains, my attention has been continually drawn to the very interesting phenomena which have been recently developed, as the results of the abolition of serfdom and the improvement of communications. The outer symptoms of the convulsion that has been taking place have been sufficiently marked by the historical events of the attempts of the Nihilists, and the recent Anti-Jewish disturbances. Dissimilar as these events may have appeared to ordinary observers, they are in reality closely connected, and are undoubtedly due to the same original causes.

Less than twenty years ago the vast majority of the Russian population were serfs, and their condition was, in many important respects, scarcely removed from one of complete slavery. The serfs were of two kinds—the domestic or house serfs, and the serfs attached to the land. The position of the first class could in no way be distinguished from that of ordinary slaves, with the exception that when it happened to become known that a proprietor systematically ill-treated or tortured his serfs, the superior authorities interfered on their behalf. Under ordinary circumstances the master administered what corporal punishment he thought fit, and publicly sold his serfs, when he had too many, or when he no longer required their services. Some proprietors educated those whom they found intelligent, and brought them up to various trades and professions; but the serf as a rule realised but small gain for himself from his talents or acquirements; for when his labour became profitable he was either hired out by his master, or if he was allowed to work independently, he was forced to hand over the bulk of his earnings. The position of the serfs attached to the land was somewhat different. They seem to have been considered part and parcel of the estate with which they were bought and sold, but they do not appear to have been sold singly, or to have been employed in domestic service. Their owners had, however, the most arbitrary right over them, and interfered when they chose in all their private affairs, regulating even their choice in marriage. Corporal punishment was also often administered, but the most dreaded infliction was the giving of young men as recruits, the proprietor sometimes ordering a father to send his only son for lifelong service in the army, thus separating him for ever from his friends and relations.

The priesthood was, if possible, more ignorant and incapable twenty years ago than to-day. Books were few, and newspapers were unknown outside the capitals. As a result of all these circumstances, the peasant serf was ignorant, improvident, and servile; he had no self-reliance, and was accustomed to a state of dependence on others, who ordered the minutest details of his life, and in return for his services saw that he was clothed and fed. He felt as a child, and he was treated as a child; he bore no ill-will to his superiors, for on the whole they were not unkind to him. Their income depended on the value of his labour, and self-interest obliged them to consider to a certain extent his health and welfare. Besides, the Slav is naturally of a kindly and peaceable disposition, and though there were some terrible exceptions to the rule, masters and serfs generally understood and suited each other.

In considering the condition of the peasantry, the distinction must be noticed which exists between those of the north and of the south, or of Great and Little Russia. The peasants of Great Russia are, as a rule, the descendants of more hardy ancestors, who, from one cause or another, migrated north and north-east from the fertile country between the Dnieper and the Don, where the Russian Slavs founded their first noteworthy principalities. Leaving the more hospitable climate of the south at various dates—in former ages chiefly from a love of adventure, and in later times generally to avoid the religious persecutions which were waged against all forms of dissent—the more independent spirits were continually pushing north and east. Thus the Russians of Great Russia may be looked upon as colonists in the country which they now occupy, and, in comparison with their brethren of Little Russia, they possess those advantages which colonists so often enjoy over the parent race. There is a hardiness of physique and an independence of spirit observable in the Great Russian which is wanting among the inhabitants of the Black-soil Country in the centre and south. The northern race, too, has been improved by a large admixture of foreign blood, through intermarriage with Turanians, Tartars, and other tribes, among whom the original colonists settled, and who, as the power of the government subsequently extended, were often converted by force to the orthodox faith. In Russia a member of the Greek Church is emphatically a Russian, whatever may have been the nationality of his parents, and however much his habits, ideas, and even language may differ from those of the pure stock. I have often when travelling in Lithuania inquired of my drivers what was their nationality, and have been answered in a distinctly foreign accent, “Ja Russke” (“I am a Russian”), the fact being that the individuals in question, or their parents, were Poles or Lithuanians, who had been forcibly converted from the Uniate Church to the

**Greek Faith.** In most cases this obligatory conformity to the outward ceremonies of the Orthodox Church had resulted in the loss of all real religious faith. One tangible object had, however, undoubtedly been attained, for the proselyte had become for all practical purposes of the State a Russian, and intermarriage would in the course of a few generations probably produce among his descendants the general characteristics of the dominant race. This process of Russification is still going on, though not so actively as formerly, and it has necessarily had an immense influence on the character of the Great Russians. In addition to these circumstances of hardy ancestry and admixture of foreign blood, there are others which have also contributed to the special development of the northern people.

These are, first, the poverty of soil and severity of climate, which have demanded continual physical exertion and endurance of privation; secondly, contact with the more civilised Swedes and Germans who were the ruling races in the countries bordering on the Baltic, and the great influx in later years, in the north and north-west, of educated foreign settlers; and lastly, the fact that the serfs of Great Russia were generally serfs of the crown, and not of private proprietors. This latter circumstance requires some explanation to account for its effect on the character of the people.

In the northern provinces the State is the proprietor of about one-half of the whole area, and the peasants living on State lands were serfs of the crown. It was naturally impossible for the Tsar to exercise any direct personal control over such immense districts and so considerable a population, and the crown lands and serfs were therefore placed under the authority of a special branch of the administration. The income and welfare of the members of this department depending but very indirectly on the condition of the serfs under their control, there was not the same incentive to continual interference in their affairs as existed in the case of the peasants belonging to private individuals. The result of this comparative indifference on the part of the Imperial administrators was, that the crown serfs enjoyed considerable independence. They were not allowed officially to sever their connection with their villages, but by small payments they were able to obtain permission for prolonged absences; and many of them engaged in industrial pursuits for their own profit, residing almost permanently in towns, and amassing considerable fortunes.

From the various causes above mentioned the peasantry of the north were decidedly better prepared to receive the abolition of serfdom than those of the south; but, none the less, a change of so radical a nature could not take place without producing an extraordinary effect on all whom it concerned. Whatever had been the

degree of their bondage as serfs—whether they were the property of the crown or of private individuals, domestic servants or field labourers, working for kind or for cruel masters, and inhabiting Great or Little Russia—the millions of human beings who obtained complete personal freedom, and had their rights of property defined by the Ukase of 1864, felt that they had entered on a completely new era. Europe was astonished at the apparent tranquillity with which Russia passed through the crisis of this great social revolution but let any one who knew the country in the days of serfdom revisit it to-day, and he cannot fail to recognise that the change, though quietly accepted at the time, was deeply felt, and is daily giving stronger signs of its influence. The moral effects produced by the emancipation have been assisted by the rapid material development of the empire which commenced about the same period. At the time of the Crimean War there was but a single railway in Russia, and that was only some fifteen miles long. Now the empire is traversed by numerous great and important railroads; and provided he pays his share of the local taxes in the district in which he was born, the peasant is pretty nearly free to come and go as he likes, and can travel cheaply to any part of the country where he thinks his labour will be rewarded. Again, where twenty years ago a mill driven by mechanical power did not exist, there are now very flourishing manufacturing districts. This development is especially observable in Great Russia, and particularly in the governments around Moscow; for since the abolition of serfdom fresh causes have contributed to maintain and increase the superiority of the north.

The cheapness of labour—due to the unremunerativeness of agriculture, the abundance of fuel provided by the great forests, and the presence of a large population of foreign origin—has led in recent years to a development of manufacturing industries in Great Russia which has not extended to the south. In this way a considerable urban population has been formed, and large numbers of the peasantry have been brought together and subjected to the enlightening influences of association, of constant contact with persons of superior education, and of life amid the movements of a comparatively civilised society. One special advantage of the development of manufactures is the regularity of employment which is provided for those engaged in them, and the enforcement of an intelligent submission to a certain kind of discipline which is necessarily demanded by the organization of large manufactories. This massing of the peasants in manufacturing districts has, however, not been without some disadvantages.

Of these, the most prominent are due to the fact that, though freed from serfdom, the peasant still remains legally bound to the land, or rather to his commune, which has practically the same result.

in preventing him from forming a home in the town where he is working. His wife and children remain in the village, and cultivate, with indifferent results, the land which he may not sell. The softening influences of home life, and the pressure of public opinion which makes itself so strongly felt in the place where a man has been born and brought up, are withdrawn, and the morals of the peasant artisan too frequently suffer accordingly.

These injurious results of the separation of a large number of individuals from their families are not, however, confined to the north. Under somewhat differing circumstances they have their parallel in the south, where the peasants equally find that in ordinary years the produce of their land is by itself insufficient for their requirements; and vast numbers, both of men and unmarried girls, are engaged during certain periods of the year in the special industries that have sprung up. Among these may be mentioned the fisheries on the Volga and Don, and at their mouths in the Caspian Sea and Sea of Azov; the wool-washing at Rostoff and other places; and the carriage, storage, and shipping of grain at the various centres and ports of that important trade. These occupations annually draw from their homes, for short periods, large numbers of peasants, in some cases men and in others women, who are massed together under circumstances which are most injurious to their moral welfare. I have myself seen some six hundred women, of ages varying between eighteen and twenty-five, assembled in the late autumn at a wool-washing establishment at Rostoff on Don. These young women had most of them come from great distances, very few of them had any relation or connection in the place in which they were working, and ninety per cent. were totally without education and could not enjoy the smallest intellectual pleasure. The nature of their work was monotonous in the extreme, and they were herded together like animals without even proper shelter at night, but owing to the special demand for their labour at a particular time and in a particular place, their wages were good. Sundays and the numerous Russian Saints' days, ancient custom obliged them to spend in idleness, and the "braktirs" were their natural and only resorts for amusement. It is easy to imagine the degrading consequences of such a life, and it must be remembered that the harm done is not confined to the locality in which it originates, for when the work is over the women return to their homes and communicate to their families the corrupt influences which they have imbibed.

In most countries the peasants engaged in agriculture are simple-minded, and have a fairly high moral standard; but in Russia many circumstances have combined to deteriorate their character. Low-class farming, with its absolute dependence on the influence of the seasons, always partakes somewhat of the nature of gambling; but in

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF RUSSIA.

Russia this is particularly the case. The soil is good where it has not been exhausted, but the harvest may entirely fail through mischances as a want of rain at seasonable periods, or the attacks of locusts and other insects which destroy the young rising crops, or consume the grain in the formed ear. The price, again, which the peasant is able to obtain for his produce depends on circumstances over which he has no control, and which are to him a mere chance. If the exchange is low and the crop in America bad, the prices in Russia are high, the grain easily sold, and roubles flow into the pocket of the peasant. On the other hand, if the Russian harvest is deficient owing to the constantly recurring droughts, whilst the yield of grain in America is plentiful, and the exchange perhaps unfavourable to the exporter, the peasant finds himself through no fault of his own, with little to sell, and obliged to sell that little at unremunerative prices. One year he is rolling in money which he does not know how to spend to advantage, and the greater part of which he consumes in drink, while the next finds him in the most dire distress, and quite unable to meet the demands of the tax-collector. He has no capital wherewith to tide over hard times, and he never attempts to lay by for a bad season. He is improvident and that his fields will be fruitful. Anything approaching a high-class system of farming is quite beyond his ken, and he has no notion of a judicious arrangement of his crops, so that a dry or wet season that may be unfavourable to one kind shall be beneficial to another, thus minimising his loss from extremes of heat or moisture. His method of tilling the land is most primitive, and he continues to scratch the surface with a plough of the same construction as was used by his ancestors when they first settled in the country. Except when a particularly heavy crop has to be harvested and carried, he has generally an excess of labour at his disposal, and when in a bad season the yield of his farm is insufficient to meet his wants, he immediately cries out that he has not land enough. He calculates over the fields of a neighbouring proprietor, he would with the same bad yield per acre have harvested, on the increased area, sufficient for his requirements. The Russian peasants when in the condition of serfs had none of these troubles and anxieties, and the land-owners of serfs had none of these troubles and anxieties, and the land-owners of his estate to store, in good seasons, a supply of grain to meet the deficiencies of a poor harvest, and he himself supplied the further capital which was necessary to tide over bad years. His notions of farming were not scientific, and he was content to see his peasants still using the agricultural implements of their remote ancestors, but he insisted on a certain amount of order and organization which is

wanting to-day. He thrashed his serfs if they were drunk too often, and he kept their pockets so empty, and the price of the vodka of which he was the monopolist so high, that they had comparatively little opportunity of gratifying their passion for liquor. This was very well while it lasted, but now that the control is withdrawn the reaction is all the greater. The peasant has now to think and act for himself, and as regards action, his great happiness is to find that he can postpone it at his own pleasure, and he never does to-day what there is any chance of his being able to do to-morrow.

The results of his laziness and improvidence have naturally been most disastrous, but he has no inclination to seek a remedy in increased personal exertion or self-restraint. He cannot help, however, realising his deplorable condition, and his mind is ever active while he seeks for the causes of his troubles in every direction but the right one. As a serf he never thought at all, but now he is full of ideas; he or some of his family have visited and worked in a town, and some of them have been soldiers and perhaps joined in the late campaigns in the Balkan Peninsula, where many old ideas were discarded and many new ones imbibed. It is impossible that masses of men should remain in the closest contact for months together, and be subjected to the variety of influences which are developed by a first acquaintance with the manners and customs of foreign nationalities, without an immense effect on their minds and a general awakening and enlightenment. When some hundreds of thousands of men are brought and kept together, the influence of the few, however small may be their number, who have received any education and can form any ideas on what they see and hear, will soon make itself felt throughout the whole mass. The Russian soldiers who fought in 1876 learned that among the nations who were their immediate neighbours there was a degree of national prosperity which did not exist in their own country. They learned also that there were forms of government other than autocracy, under which peasantry can live and thrive, and they heard of a constitution existing in Roumania and of one being given to Bulgaria. Their impressions on these subjects were generally confused, but they all pointed in one direction, namely, to a shaking of their belief in the absolute necessity or utility of the institutions with which they were acquainted at home; and when the army was disbanded and the soldier returned to his native village, he communicated his new ideas to those who surrounded him.

The circumstances of the war produced rapidly, and on a large scale, those of the same class as those which were being caused more slowly, but constantly, by the concentration and development of manufacturing and other industries, and by the accompanying migration of large numbers of peasants in certain districts and



towns. The spread of railway and other communications has in many ways promoted this concentration of industries in certain localities, and has rendered it possible for the peasant to travel hundreds of miles in search of employment, and to return frequently home to repeat to his village associates the strange things which he has heard in a mixed society, where new ideas originate, where newspapers circulate, and where every topic is discussed with animation. The consideration of all these circumstances sufficiently establishes the fact that the present condition of the Russian peasantry is both materially and morally most unsatisfactory.

The bad harvests in the succession of years immediately preceding 1881, and the accompanying ravages of a virulent and widespread cattle plague, have completed the misery which idleness and improvidence were steadily producing; and the removal of restraint, the separation of families, and the assemblage of large numbers of the most ignorant classes amid the strange scenes of town and camp life have unsettled their minds and degraded their morals. The counteracting conservative influences of religion and loyalty have been terribly weakened; that of property, which it was sought to introduce by binding the peasant to the land of which he became the owner under the provisions of the Great Act of Emancipation, has never taken root; and education is still in its complete infancy, and has not so far had any tangible effect. The peasant never respects the Church as represented by her ministers, for they were drawn from the same class as himself, could boast of no special superiority of education, and, from the force of circumstances, were more generally distinguished by their immorality than by their virtues. As a symbol of nationality, an integral part of the system of the State, and an embodiment of his superstitions, the ceremonies of his religion were formerly unreasoningly accepted, but lately his faith has been considerably shaken.

When the peasant passes his threshold in the morning and meets a priest, he spits and crosses himself, as a charm wherewith to ward off the misfortunes presaged by an evil omen. This symbolic spitting is a token of contempt and hatred among Eastern nations, and the particular custom above referred to is believed to have originated in the old times, when the heathen Russians most frequently saw a priest accompanied by the agents of the princes who had accepted Christianity, and who were forcing the new religion upon the subjects at the point of the sword. The priest, when he thus appeared, was an object of hatred and alarm, and he has never since possessed the character or attainments to win the respect and esteem of the people. The teachings of the Greek Church were formerly received with the same superstitious awe as the old heathen rites, but now that a glimmering of enlightenment has cast suspicion on the truth and efficacy of its miracles and ceremonies, the whole fabric of

religion, as hitherto accepted by the peasant, falls to the ground, and the position of the great Tsar himself, the mystical and sacred head of the national church, is compromised by the rejection of the old superstitions.

The tendencies of the Russians in matters of property have, from time immemorial, been socialistic, as is most strongly evidenced by the existence of the ancient institution of the village commune. The Act of Emancipation confirmed the communal system; and, further, it took land from the nobles and gave it inalienably to the peasants. The former were, it is true, compensated by the State, which, in its turn, was to be recouped for the outlay by a Land Redemption Tax to be levied on the peasantry. But this arrangement for compensation was a detail not understood by the newly liberated serf. He knew that the nobles formerly claimed and maintained a right of ownership over lands which had now been definitely handed over to him by the express desire of the Tsar, and he knew that personally he had given nothing in return for what he had received. The proprietor had paid his taxes for him, and, on the other hand, had profited by his labour while he was still a serf; now that he was a free man it was natural that he should have to pay his taxes himself, and he did not realise that a large portion of the annual payments which the State demanded from him were, in fact, the purchase-money of his newly acquired property. His general impression was that his lands had for ages been unjustly withheld from him, and he was often seized with the idea, particularly where the great landowners were absentees, that the Tsar had intended the whole of the land to be distributed among the peasantry, and that it was only by the wicked machinations of the nobility that a large portion was still kept back. These ideas as to inherent rights in the soil have in many districts never died out, and have lately been made use of by political agitators as a means of exciting the peasantry against their superiors. The great proprietors are now, however, almost universally absentees, and cannot personally be reached; and attempts at the forcible seizure of their property have been met by the determined action of the authorities, and by the dispatch of troops, when necessary, to quell a disturbance. But unfortunately the promptitude displayed by the Government in such instances has not convinced the peasant that he was wrong in his pretensions, and he is merely embittered against those whose superior prosperity he still considers an injustice.

Besides the landlords, there is another class in the south and west by whom the peasant thinks that he has been defrauded. The Jews, whom Government restrictions prevent from becoming agriculturists, and who are debarred from accepting employment in any ordinary industrial establishment, by the fact of their Sabbath limit-

ing them to four and a half days of labour during the Christian week, have from necessity turned their attention almost exclusively to trade. The improvidence of the agriculturist and his want of capital have rendered the assistance of a money-lender and middleman an absolute necessity to him, and this requirement has been naturally supplied by the presence of the Jew, whose sobriety, thrift, energy, and commercial instincts render him especially fit for the vocation. The more improvident the peasantry, the greater are the immediate profits of the Jews, and whilst the former have become steadily impoverished, many of the latter have acquired comparative wealth. There is nothing astonishing, therefore, in the ill-feeling which has arisen towards the Jews, and that ill-feeling has been accompanied by the persuasion that there must be a special injustice in the superior material prosperity of a race whom the Government, by penal legislation, had emphatically marked out as inferior to the Christians. Religious fanaticism is almost unknown in Russia, and indifferentism is rather the rule among a peasantry which lives in amity with Mahomedans, Roman Catholics, and Lutherans alike; but it requires a strong hand to restrain a semi-civilised and poverty-stricken people from attacking and plundering their richer and defenceless neighbours. The Government did not show this strong hand in defence of the Jews, and political agitators eagerly fanned the flame of animosity against the alien race, and saw with pleasure the spread of disturbances which would either lead to a collision between the people and the authorities, or open the eyes of the masses to the weakness of the latter, and to their own strength.

Up to this point I have dwelt at great length on the condition of the peasantry. They form the immense majority of the population in Russia; and while they remained as serfs in a state of complete ignorance and servile dependence, and without opportunities for communication and interchange of ideas, the efforts of professional agitators would have been wasted upon them, and there could be no danger of a real social convulsion in the Empire. Now, as I have pointed out, circumstances have changed, and both the disturbances connected with the land question, which have been frequent and widespread, and the more general and remarkable movement against the Jews, show that, particularly among the peasantry of the south, the ground is to a certain extent prepared to receive the seed of revolutionary ideas.

The next chief points of importance to consider are the condition of the classes which furnish the most active recruits to the revolutionist societies, and the probabilities of the spread or subsidence of the movement which has drawn so many young men and women into the ranks of an irreconcilable opposition to the present system of government. There is, as I have shown, some foundation

for the general statement which has been made that the peasantry are becoming disaffected, but there have so far been hardly any instances of an ordinary uneducated moujik joining in the plots of the revolutionists. Nevertheless, many of the political criminals have been officially described as peasants, and consequently a false idea has been spread abroad as to their social status. It requires to be more generally understood that in Russia every man and woman has an official designation, the women being described according to the rank of their husbands or fathers. A son necessarily inherits the rank of his father, and is only in very rare instances promoted by special favour, and thus the peasant who may have acquired fortune and education continues to be classed officially with the commonest agricultural labourer.

It is in the classes next above the peasantry that we must seek the chief leaders and agents of the Nihilist party. The bulk of the conspirators are the sons and daughters of priests, of small traders and minor officials in the county towns, or of struggling professional men. They are always young in years, and the average age of those who have been executed is probably not above twenty-five. There have been no family men among the convicted Nihilists, and there have been hardly any who possessed even a moderate private fortune. They are almost invariably persons who have sought by education to improve their social position, and whose aspirations have been disappointed, either because want of means has prevented them from completing the university course, or because, having completed it, they have failed to procure such employment as they considered suitable. Their superficial education has unfitted them for the occupations natural to their sphere in life, and has not opened to them any higher career.

It often happens that the son of a small trader, or of a petty *tchinovnik* in an out-of-the-way country town or village, which his parents have perhaps never left, is sent to the Government school in the chief town of the district. There he meets with far more to disturb his mind than ordinarily awaits every boy in the new life upon which he enters on first going to school. He has grown up in a society but little removed from barbarism; and though his parents may have been shining lights in their own circle, it requires but a slight acquaintance with the more civilised ways of a larger town to convince the unfortunate lad that his immediate relations are brutal in their manners and ignorant in the extreme. The feeling of superiority created by the new ideas he receives does not, however, do him much harm, until, the course of the Lycée having been completed, he returns to the parental roof, and is expected to become again one of the family, and probably to follow his father's occupation or trade. After a few weeks the mind of the youth revolts from the idea of passing the remainder of his days among such

barbarous surroundings, and in the society of those whom he has learnt to despise. He cannot fall into the old ways, he cannot adapt himself to the position, and a quarrel with his relations generally ensues. His conceit is encouraged by the sense of his superiority over those around him. This superiority, he reasons, is due to education, and he thinks that if he were still farther to pursue his studies he might attain to great things. There are several large universities in Russia, and the possession of a certificate or degree from one of these establishments is indispensable to candidates for government posts of any importance, and for entrance into many of the professions. The natural ambition of the youth is therefore to enter a university, and though his parents may oppose his wish, he generally carries his point in the end, and proceeds to swell the throng of students in one of the university towns. There his first difficulties are pecuniary. His allowance from home, if he has any, is seldom sufficient to pay even the expenses of board and lodging, which he finds much higher than he had anticipated. He next probably discovers that the course which he desires to complete is much longer than he had expected, and that some new regulation has put special difficulties in his way. He perseveres, however, and perhaps after some three or four years spent in poverty and discontent, and surrounded by a society in which every member has some grievance, he at last obtains his certificate. If he gets as far as this he is lucky, for he is as likely as not, even without any active participation in a disturbance, to have been disgraced and dismissed from the university in consequence of some academical row. The story of Kibaltchick, the amateur chemist, who was hung for his share in the murder of the late Emperor, is most instructive on this point. According to the uncontroverted statements of his counsel, Kibaltchick was dismissed from the university without any real crime having been proved against him. His indignant protests drew down on him the special wrath of the authorities, and finally led to his imprisonment. He remained in confinement for two years, and when at length he was brought to trial the court acquitted him. But this did not free him from the results of the apparently unjust suspicions of the university authorities, for although liberated from prison, he was placed under police surveillance. In this position no career or profession was open to him, and though a man of considerable talent and education, he might have been reduced to starvation. Driven to extremity, Kibaltchick procured a false passport and changed his name, and this according to the laws of Russia was a most grave offence. But it was his first proved illegal act, and his counsel forcibly pleaded that the authorities who drove him to it were responsible for his subsequent career of crime.

Such cases as that of Kibaltchick, where failure, disappointment and ruin are caused by the ill-considered or unjust action of

authorities, are unfortunately not exceptional; but, besides these, there are innumerable instances where the superficial education which the student contrives to pick up at the university, proves insufficient to fit for a serious profession an individual whose instincts never really rise above the level of the uncivilised surroundings among which he was born. A spirit of intense restlessness is produced, and there is a vague and uncertain energy; but that steady perseverance and serious application to the immediate affair in hand, which is essential to success in the ordinary walks of life, is as wanting in the student as it was in his parents. He is, however, quite insensible of these defects, and he considers that he is ill-used by society when he finds that the practical difficulties of life in the new sphere which he had sought are too great for him. Such individuals, failing to make a career for themselves, too often devote their energies to the preaching of a war against society, and to the promotion of discontent among their fellows. They find numerous disciples, and that not only among young men, but among young women also. In Russia, where in the middle classes the seclusion of women was even a few years ago nearly as great as in a harem, the advocate of women's rights would to-day find little to demand for any class of females above the level of the peasantry. The moujik still administers corporal chastisement to his wife as he would to his child, and his right to do so, though denied by the written law, is tacitly acknowledged in practice. The girl, however, whose brother has been described as going to the Lycée and subsequently to the university, is nearly as independent as her male relations. Like her brother, and from similar causes, she too often becomes disgusted with her home, and determines to seek what she imagines to be the delights of the independent life led by the numerous female students who follow various university courses, and particularly that of medicine. Sometimes, when her parents refuse her permission to leave home, she simply runs away, and, having no passport, her position at once becomes illegal, and she naturally finds her companions among those who, like herself, have got into some trouble with the authorities. In some cases enthusiasts like Solovieff, who fired at the late Tsar in April, 1879, marry girls with whom they have scarcely any acquaintance, and for whom they have no feeling of affection, merely to free them from the obligation of obtaining a passport from their parents, and their consent to leave home. The young husband and wife proceed together to the university town, and there, having no particular taste for each other's society, they often separate immediately, and even where they would desire to maintain their mutual connection, the pressure of poverty and the difficulties of their position frequently oblige them to part company. Even without the specially demoralising effect of such circumstances as I have just mentioned, the general influences of life at the universities are most

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injurious to the majority of the young women who frequent the universities. The ideas of family ties and of the obligations of married life which prevail in the homes of the students are probably lax enough, but even these are cast to the winds by the young men and women who adopt a code of morals of their own in the Bohemian society of which they have become members. Parental authority, which a few years ago was such a marked feature in domestic life in Russia, has become a thing of the past as far as regards the majority of the students, and university and government officials are equally condemned. The mystic reverence for the Tsar appears absurd to the young philosophers, and the Church itself is despised by those who have learnt to recognise the ignorance of its ministers, and the superstition with which its rites are practised by the ignorant masses.

Thus it appears that all those conservative influences produced either by loyalty to a sovereign, by faith in an established church, or by the ties of a cherished and contented home life, are wanting that important factor among the Russian people which chiefly represents an awakenment from the traditions of serfdom and a desire for enlightenment and progress. Is it to be wondered at that recruits to the revolutionary movement are so rapidly forthcoming, and that all purely repressive measures fail to check the disturbing current? The activity of particular groups is undoubtedly temporarily arrested by the seizure of their leaders, but executions fail to strike terror into the hearts of the numerous individuals who cherish the memory of Jeliaboff, Perovskaya, and their companions on the scaffold as martyrs to a true cause. Their only firm belief is in the wrongs and degradations of their countrymen, and they are confirmed in their determination to terrorise the government as the only effective and possible means of forcing its attention and liberal action. These causes and sentiments will prolong the disturbance in Russian society until the aspirations of the reasonable party of liberty are gratified by the introduction of such reforms as will be a guarantee to the cause of freedom and progress. There are of course among the present revolutionists in Russia many individuals whose reason is naturally so completely disordered that they would remain continually at war even with the best-constituted society. But the number of those who are thus cursed by nature is, as elsewhere, comparatively small. They are incapable of forming by themselves a party sufficient to cause serious disquietude to a strong government such as must be maintained in Russia if the nation is to be brought safely through the crisis of transition from barbarism to civilisation. The unreasonably discontented outcasts of society only become a great danger when joined to determined groups of intelligent men, whose grievances and aspirations are in many respects understood, and even sympathised with, by the very judges who nevertheless feel obliged to condemn them to the fate of the gallows.

The great difficulty confronting the Russian Government lies in the fact that the low state of civilisation and the ignorance of the lower classes must compel a very gradual introduction of what may be recognised as the most urgently required reforms, and a careful avoidance of all sweeping measures. Sudden changes would disturb and confuse the masses; slow progress will, it is to be feared, fail to satisfy the Irreconcilables, who will either disbelieve the sincerity of the Government, or will consider its cautious advances as inadequate and unsatisfactory.

At present the classes in Russia that produce the disturbances are very limited in numbers, but it is evident that they must rapidly increase with the development of the nation. It is not, however, either from such a revolutionary party as exists to-day that the disruption of the empire is to be apprehended. So far, the theories and action of the revolutionists are quite beyond the comprehension of the immense majority of the Russian people; but the crisis will come when increasing discontent has made the peasantry anxious for change, when in the general turmoil of a social revolution each of the various races inhabiting the empire endeavours to shift for itself, and when even among those who are to-day assumed to be of one stock, the difference of character and sentiment which I have pointed out as so strong between north and south will infallibly declare itself and will add its force to the other elements of confusion.

As long as the mass of the peasantry remains passive, a revolution is an impossibility. The immediate danger is that the unfortunate economical condition of the agricultural classes, which threatens to grow worse, will render them the ready tools of agitators, who, knowing the futility of addressing them on purely political grievances, will appeal with force to their passions as miserable creatures, unjustly condemned to endure poverty and distress for the benefit of others; and the anti-Jewish disturbances are a significant sign of what may be done in that direction. The continual agitation of the revolutionists, and their success against the person of the late Tsar, have already given some unpleasant shocks to the autocratic authority. By wise measures for the improvement of the condition of the peasantry, and by encouraging the development of suitable industries, the crisis may be postponed; but the time gained must be eagerly devoted to securing the contentment and the loyalty of all those sections of society which stand between the ignorant agriculturist and the Government and aristocracy. It is on the goodwill and co-operation of the middle and lower middle classes that the Government must be entirely dependent to meet and check the violence of the lower orders. To-day the natural allies of authority are either apathetic or hostile.

E. F. G. LAW.



## SIR CHARLES BELL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTATION.

It has been repeatedly urged by the opponents of Physiological Experimentation, that Sir Charles Bell in his later life declared his physiological discoveries had been really made by Anatomy and that he had only made Experiments for the satisfaction of curiosity, and a quotation to this effect has been lately brought prominently forward by Mrs. Dr. A. Kingsford, in order to set in the unfavourable light what she characterises as the needless, fruitless and barbarous experiments of Magendie on the same subject.

As it is probable that the Vivisection question will be again brought before Parliament, I think it important that the public should be informed of the *real* history of the discoveries with which Sir Charles Bell is commonly credited; that history having been most erroneously narrated by his brother-in-law, Mr. A. Shaw<sup>1</sup> (who is presumed to have written with Bell's sanction and authority its errors, though fully exposed at the time<sup>2</sup> (during Bell's lifetime) having been repeated and even exaggerated by the most recent biographers.<sup>3</sup>

The great discovery ordinarily attributed to Sir Charles Bell is that of the distinctness of the *motor* and *sensory* nerve-fibres, shown by the separate existence of motor and sensory endowments: (1) in the anterior and posterior *roots* of the Spinal nerves, in the *trunks* these two orders of fibres are bound up together; and in certain nerves of the Head, some of which are motor only, others are sensory only. These doctrines, according to Mr. A. Shaw, had been conceived as far back as 1809; and were then embodied in a tract which Bell printed for private distribution among his friends under the title *Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain*. In support of this statement Mr. Shaw cited certain passages from Bell's scarce tract, which, read in the light of subsequent events, seemed an adequate justification of it. But, unluckily for the credit of the copy of the tract that had found its way into the possession of a certain Mr. Alexander Walker, who had claims of his own to advance, he reprinted it in full in a thin volume (now before me) published anonymously in 1839, under the title of *Documents and Modern Discoveries in the Nervous System*.

(1) *Narrative of the Discoveries of Sir Charles Bell in the Nervous System* (1840).

(2) *British and Foreign Medical Review*, January, 1840.

(3) *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. iii. (1875).

(4) Sir Charles Bell himself fixed the date as 1811.

I well remember the sensation which was produced at the time, among those who took an interest in the subject, by this publication; from which it plainly appeared that the fundamental conception enunciated in this "Idea" had gone no further than this,—“that the nerves of sense, the nerves of motion, and the vital nerves, are distinct throughout their whole course, though they seem sometimes united in one bundle; and that they depend for their attributes on the organs of the brain to which they are severally attached;” whilst, in carrying out this conception, Bell, misled by his Anatomy, had *gone altogether wrong*.

This doctrine was by no means new. It had been known from a very early period that our limbs can only feel or move (I use these words in their *ordinary* sense) by virtue of the nerve-trunks which connect their skin and muscles with the Spinal Cord, and through it with the Brain. And although, when a limb is paralysed, it is usually deprived at the same time of feeling and of motion, yet as cases were occasionally observed in which motion was lost without feeling, or (more rarely) feeling was lost without motion, the idea arose that two distinct sets of fibres may be bound up in the same trunks; one for feeling and the other for motion,—or, as we should now express it more scientifically, one set conducting impressions made on the sensory surfaces towards the central *sensorium*, whilst the other transmits nerve-force from the *motor* centres of the nervous system to the muscles which it stimulates to contraction. This idea found distinct expression in the writings of certain ancient medical authors; and cropped up from time to time in modern medical literature, some writers approving it, while others dissented from it. And it was formally advanced in 1809 by Mr. Alexander Walker; who, in a paper entitled “New Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain in Particular, and of the Nervous System in General,” published in the *Archives of Universal Science* for July in that year, argued “that medullary action” (or, as we should now say, a nerve-current), “commences in the organs of sense; passes, in a general manner, to the spinal marrow, by the *anterior* fasciculi of the spinal nerves, which are, therefore, *nerves of sensation*, and ascends through the anterior columns of the spinal marrow, to the hemispheres of the Cerebrum,” in which he located the *sensorium commune*. Thence he traced his “medullary action” downwards and backwards into the Cerebellum, which he supposed to be the centre of *volition*; from this “it descends through the posterior columns of the spinal marrow, and expands through the *posterior* fasciculi of all the nerves, which are, therefore, the nerves of *volition*, toward the muscular system.”

Thus, then, it is clearly Mr. Alex. Walker who must be credited with the first promulgation of the *idea* of the functional distinctness

of the anterior and posterior roots of the Spinal nerves, in virtue of what he supposed to be their connections with the Cerebrum and the Cerebellum respectively: but, working out this idea under a wrong conception of the relative functions of the two brain-centres, he was led to regard the *anterior* roots as *sensory*, and the *posterior* as *motor* and, as he neither submitted nor proposed to submit this erroneous doctrine to the test of experiment, it fell unheeded to the ground.

Now those who only know the history of Bell's work either directly or indirectly through Mr. A. Shaw's first account of it, will be considerably surprised to learn that (whether or not he was acquainted with Walker's speculations) he pursued, in the first instance, precisely the same Anatomical track; and that, through his having followed this under the guidance of another wrong preconception as to the functions of the Cerebellum (which had not at that date been elucidated by experiment), the physiological conclusion at which he arrived was even farther from the truth than that of his predecessor.

A distinguished Edinburgh Professor of the last century, Dr. Robert Whytt, who had studied with great care what he termed the "vital and involuntary motions" of the body, had argued with considerable ingenuity, that whilst the *cerebrum* is the centre of sensation and the originator of voluntary motion, the *cerebellum* is the organ of such "vital and involuntary motions" as the action of the heart and the muscular walls of the alimentary canal, together with the movements of respiration. Now Bell, brought up in the Edinburgh school, and commencing his investigations under the influence of this preconception, was led by it in an entirely wrong direction; for the whole argument of his "Idea" is to the effect that the *anterior* roots of the spinal nerves minister *both to sensation and voluntary motion*, in virtue of their connection with the Cerebrum, while the *posterior* roots "govern the operation of the viscera necessary to the continuance of life," in virtue of their connection with the Cerebellum. He did institute experiments, indeed, both on the columns of the Spinal Cord and on the roots of the spinal nerves; but, under the influence of his Anatomical preconception, he entirely missed the true meaning of their results, and deemed them to be confirmatory of his erroneous views:—

"*Experiment I.*—I opened the spine, and pricked and injured the posterior filaments of the nerves; no motion of the muscles followed. I then touched the anterior division; immediately the parts were convulsed."

"*Experiment II.*—I now destroyed the posterior part of the spinal marrow by the point of a needle; no convulsive movement followed. I injured the anterior part, and the animal was convulsed."

The experiments thus narrated by Bell in a letter to his brother dated March 2, 1810, have been cited as proving that he had the

early attributed motor functions to the anterior roots, and sensory to the posterior. But the inference which he himself drew from them at the time was altogether different:—

“It is almost superfluous to say that the part of the spinal marrow having sensibility [*i.e.*, the anterior column] comes from the Cerebrum; the *posterior and insensible part* belongs to the Cerebellum.”

Thus, although on the track of a great Physiological discovery, Bell allowed himself to be completely diverted from it by his Anatomical preconception. Of the *true functional relations* of the two sets of nerve-roots, there is *not the remotest hint* in this “Idea.”

None the less, however, do I recognise in it what (to my mind) constitutes the *real basis* of Bell's claim to the elucidation of the meaning of the double origin of the Spinal nerves. “Considering,” he said, “that the spinal nerves have a double root, and being of opinion that the properties of the nerves are derived from their connections with the parts of the brain, I thought that I had an opportunity of putting my opinion to the test of experiment, and of proving at the same time that nerves of different endowments were in the same cord and held together by the same sheath.” This was, unquestionably, one of the most fertile suggestions that the insight of a man of genius has ever put forth for the guidance of Physiological inquiry; and even if Bell had never himself pursued it farther, he would clearly be entitled to a very large share of any discoveries that others might make by working upon it. It seems, however, as if the unsatisfactory character of the results he obtained, and his dislike to experimentation upon living animals, turned his thoughts in a different direction; and he applied himself for some years to the study of the Nerves of the Face, on the peculiarities of whose anatomical distribution he seems to have long pondered, with the idea that these might furnish him with the key of which he was in search.

Bell, as is well known, had considerable artistic ability; and one of the earliest of his publications was his very valuable *Anatomy of Expression*, in which he pointed out how close is the relation between many of the muscular movements by which the Emotions are expressed, and those concerned in Respiration. Still, as it would seem, under the “dominant idea” of a special set of nerves for the “vital and involuntary motions,” he assigned this special motor function to the *seventh* pair, which arises by a single root, and supplies the muscles of the face generally; whilst he supposed the *fifth* pair, which arises (like the spinal nerves) by a double root, to be the nerve of ordinary (or voluntary) motion for the muscles of the face generally, as well as of sensation for its sensory surfaces. The analogy of the *fifth* pair to the spinal nerves (which was no new idea) seemed to him to be further indicated by the existence of a “ganglion” upon its larger root, corresponding with that which is seen on the posterior

roots of the spinal nerves. Following up this train of reasoning *instituted experiments* with the view of determining what function the fifth pair *had* in virtue of its double root, which the seventh pair *not*. And as he found that division of the seventh pair, whilst partially paralysing the muscles of the face, did not in any perceptible degree impair its sensibility, whilst section of either of the divisions of the fifth pair destroys the sensibility of the part of the face it supplies, he came to the conclusion that the sensory endowments of the fifth pair are due to its possession of a double root—a conclusion which he strengthened by the consideration that the fourth, and sixth nerves—which, being distributed exclusively to the muscles of the eye-ball, cannot be supposed to have any motor endowments—all arise by single roots.

In this way, Bell was led to assign to the two roots of the  $\delta$  nerves the same double function which he attributed to the two roots of the fifth pair of nerves of the Head; and thence to assign the same function to the posterior roots, because, like the second root of the fifth, they bore ganglia before uniting with the motor roots.<sup>1</sup> To say that Bell, by this train of reasoning, *discovered* the motor and sensory functions of the anterior and posterior roots of the Spinal nerves, is utterly preposterous. He had not even truly determined (as the event proved) the true functions of the fifth and seventh nerves of the Head. And the extension of his conclusions regarding the double roots of the Fifth pair, to the Spinal nerves generally, has rather the character of a happy guess, than of a logical sequence. No scientific Physiologist at the present time would think himself justified in putting forward such an extension as more than a *suggestion*, to be confirmed or negatived by experimental evidence. And let it not be forgotten, moreover, that it was *experiment* which afforded Bell any reason whatever for attributing a sensory function to the gangliated root of the Fifth pair; and that without this basis, the question of the Spinal nerves remained exactly in the condition in which he had taken it up.

It is, indeed, not a little curious that in the two memoirs (1821 and 1822) in which Bell presented to the Royal Society the results of his investigations into the Fifth and Seventh nerves of the Head, the present doctrine of the Spinal nerves is *nowhere explicitly stated*. These memoirs can scarcely, indeed, be read in any other sense; and a manual of Anatomy published by Mr. John Shaw (another brother

(1) It is a significant indication of the chaotic ignorance which prevailed on this subject "sixty years since," that, as Bell himself informs us, he found himself met, first groping at the notion of the sensory endowments of the posterior roots of the Spinal nerves, by the current doctrine that the function of the ganglia is "to cut off sensation i.e. to allow these nerves to minister to the "vital and involuntary motions," and that our being made conscious either of those movements, or of the impressions which excite them.

in-law) in 1821 contains a tolerably clear intimation of it. Moreover, Mr. J. Shaw, having visited Paris in 1821, and having repeated to Magendie the experiments on the fifth and seventh nerves which he had made with Sir C. Bell, further pointed out to him (as appears from Magendie's own narration)<sup>1</sup> the analogy of the Fifth to the Spinal nerves, and attributed to the double roots of these "regular" nerves this double function of motion and sensation.

It was at this point that Magendie took up the experimental inquiry, both as to the roots of the Spinal nerves, and the functions of the fifth and seventh nerves of the Head; and it will be convenient to dispose of the latter in the first instance. He showed that the second of the three divisions of the *fifth* pair, is a nerve of sensation only; so that the part of the face which it supplies (between the eyes and the upper lip) depends for its motor action on the *seventh* pair, which he regarded as the *ordinary motor nerve* of the face, ministering to its *voluntary* movements, as well as to those of expression and respiration. These corrections (which were confirmed by other experimenters) were not only accepted by Sir C. Bell, but were *appropriated by him as his own*; the reprints of the two memoirs just referred to being altered in successive editions of his "Nervous System of the Human Body," by omission, addition, and variation, not only without any acknowledgment of the source of the correction, but without the least intimation of a change. It is clear, therefore, that although he shrank from making experiments himself, he was ready enough to profit by those of others.

On testing experimentally Bell's idea of the functions of the anterior and posterior roots of the Spinal nerves, and varying his experiments in every way he could think of, Magendie was only able to arrive at this general conclusion—that the anterior roots are *more especially motor*, and the posterior *more especially sensory*. For he could not get over the fact that irritation of the anterior roots in the living animal called forth signs of pain, and that irritation of the posterior roots called forth movements. The repetition of the same experiments by others gave no more conclusive results; until, in 1831, Johann Müller (afterwards the celebrated Berlin professor) was able, by a very carefully devised method of experimentation upon frogs, to show that, for these animals at least, Bell's doctrine was correct. And it was by the extension of the same method to warm-blooded animals, and by the light of the new ideas then dawning<sup>2</sup> as to the "reflex function" of the Spinal Cord (which up to this time had been generally looked on as a bundle of nerves), that the truth of Bell's doctrine came at last to be fully established. For the *movements* called forth by irrita-

(1) *Journal de Physiologie*, Octobre, 1821.

(2) The very clear ideas long before promulgated by Prochaska on this point had been entirely forgotten.

tion of the *posterior* roots were found to be due, not to the direct transmission of motor impulses from them to the muscles, but to the transmission of a motor nerve-current through the anterior roots, in response to the stimulation given to the Spinal Cord itself by the irritation of the posterior; whilst, on the other hand, it was made clear that the indications of *pain* given when the *anterior* roots are irritated, are due to the presence, in those roots, of sensory filaments derived from the posterior, which pass inwards at the point of junction between the two. But for the well-devised and carefully executed experiments by which these difficulties were cleared up, the whole matter would have remained in the state of uncertainty in which I well remember it to have been, when I first entered on the study of the subject, previously to Müller's experiments.

Having myself been afterwards Sir Charles Bell's pupil (in surgery) both in London and Edinburgh, I can testify from personal knowledge that he himself never admitted that his discoveries needed any confirmation whatever; but was always strong in the conviction not only that he had himself given all needful evidence of them but that nothing more remained to be done in the Physiology of the Nervous System. It is not a little significant of his attitude of mind on this subject, that he used to declare his complete inability to understand "what Marshall Hall was driving at;" the doctrine of reflex action independently of sensation being altogether "beyond his comprehension." As this last doctrine, which forms the basis of modern Neurology, is one which Anatomy could scarcely even suggest and which nothing but Experiment can demonstrate, I hope that Sir C. Bell's opinion of the all-sufficiency of the study of Anatomy for the advancement of physiological science may henceforth be appreciated at its true worthlessness. For I have shown, *first*, that Sir Charles Bell, trusting to Anatomy for his guidance, *went altogether wrong* in the first instance; *secondly*, that it was by *experiment* on the Nerves of the Face that he was led into the *right* track; *thirdly*, that in regard to these, through placing too much trust in his Anatomical preconceptions, and insufficiently testing them by further Experiments, he was led into mistakes which were only corrected by the experiments of Magendie; and, *fourthly*, that the most important discovery with which he is usually credited—that of the motor and sensory functions of the anterior and posterior roots of the Spinal Nerves respectively—was only *established* in the true scientific sense by the Experiments of others working on his lines. Those experiments might have issued, for any real proof ever given by Bell to the contrary, in establishing some other doctrine of the Spinal nerve roots than that to which he had been led by his study of the nerve of the Face,—such, for example, as that of Alex. Walker, or that of his own first "Idea."

These assertions are not now made for the first time, with the view (as might be urged) of lowering Sir Charles Bell's credit, and thereby weakening the force of the testimony borne by him in regard to the uselessness of Experimentation as a means of Physiological discovery. Forty-two years ago, the history I have now sketched (which was then a matter of contemporary knowledge) was told in detail in the leading *Medical Quarterly*; the misrepresentations of Mr. A. Shaw as to Sir C. Bell's "Idea" of 1811 were fully exposed; and Bell himself was distinctly charged with having altered what professed to be exact reprints of his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in order to make them square with the corrections supplied by the experiments of Magendie. To those charges, so far as I am aware, *no reply was ever made*, either by Mr. A. Shaw or Sir C. Bell; but a new and more correct history, including a reprint of Bell's "Idea," was given by Mr. A. Shaw nearly thirty years later in the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology* (vol. iii. 1869). Further, in Professor Vulpian's *Leçons sur la Physiologie du Système Nerveux* (Paris, 1866), the history is narrated in terms almost identical with my own, omitting only the reference I have supplied to Magendie's first knowledge of Bell's views, but inserting several of the altered passages in Bell's Papers. And, finally, the venerable Professor Milne-Edwards, in his admirable *Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée* (tome xi. pp. 361, 362), has given a most true and just appreciation of the respective shares which Bell and Magendie had in this great discovery.

I have never admitted the truth of the well-worn adage, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" because every one who studies any subject whatever *must* begin with "a little knowledge," and only by its possession can know where and how to obtain more.

But "a little knowledge" is dangerous when it leads its possessor to imagine that he (or she) knows *all* about the subject; and is doubly dangerous when it is taught as the whole truth to others. And this is exactly what Mrs. Dr. A. Kingsford has done, in her desire to excite a prejudice against Physiological Experimentation; fastening eagerly upon Sir Charles Bell's depreciation of it, without taking any trouble to ascertain historically what that depreciation is worth.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.



## THE LIFE OF JAMES MILL.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Mr. Mill's *Autobiography* was given to the public nine years ago, it created a common impression that the father was even a more remarkable and singular figure than the son; and there was a general desire to know more about a personage of so many striking and original traits. Grote had already said enough in one of his minor pieces to stir a lively curiosity about the elder Mill. Apart from his publicly authenticated merits, which have for that matter fallen somewhat out of date both in history and philosophy, he has other merits, says Grote, which were not any less real:—

“His unpremeditated oral exposition was hardly less effective than his prepared work with the pen; his colloquial fertility on philosophical subjects, his power of discussing himself, and of stimulating others to discuss, his ready responsive inspirations through all the shifts and windings of a sort of Platonic dialogue—all these accomplishments were, to those who knew him, even more impressive than what he composed for the press. Conversation with him was not merely instructive, but provocative to the dormant intelligence. Of all persons whom we have known Mr. James Mill was the one who stood least remote from the lofty Platonic ideal of Dialectic—*τοῦ διδόναι καὶ δέχεσθαι λόγον* (the giving and receiving of reasons)—competent alike to examine others, or to be examined by them on philosophy. When to this we add a strenuous character, earnest convictions, and single-minded devotion to truth, with an utter disdain of mere paradox, it may be conceived that such a man exercised powerful intellectual ascendancy over younger minds.”

Lord Brougham, in a passage quoted in the volume before us, says something to the same effect. He admits that James Mill was not free from the dogmatism of his school (as if Brougham were quite free from the dogmatism of *his* school), but he praises his great candour in controversy, and then he goes on to remark what must have multiplied his intellectual force a thousandfold, namely, his moral earnestness, the profound sincerity of his criticism, and the consistency of his life. “He was always,” says Brougham, “of such self-denial that he sunk every selfish consideration in his anxiety for the success of any cause which he espoused, and ever ready to the utmost extent of his faculties, and often beyond the force of his constitution, to lend his help for its furtherance.”

The real impressiveness, however, of James Mill's character was not suspected by our generation until his son described it to the world

(1) *James Mill. A Biography.* By Alexander Bain, LL.D. London: Longman, 1882.

*John Stuart Mill. A Criticism with Personal Recollections.* By the same.

in pages that must become classic, if mankind continue to cherish the memory of their benefactors. Mr. Mill pronounced it to be "far from honourable to the generation which has benefited by his work, that he is so seldom mentioned, and, compared with men far his inferiors, so little remembered." There are two causes for this. One of them is that the thought of him merged in the deservedly superior fame of Bentham, though he was anything but Bentham's mere follower and disciple. The other reason is that notwithstanding the great number of his opinions which have come to be generally adopted, "there was on the whole a marked opposition between his spirit and that of the present time." In other words, he belonged to the eighteenth century: he was the last of its strong and brave men, "and he was a fit companion for its strongest and bravest." (*Mill's Autobiography*, p. 205.) But surely the best reason why James Mill's fame is less than it deserved to be is that his influence was far less literary than personal. His most striking gift was "the power of influencing the convictions and purposes of others by mere force of mind and character."

"He was sought for the vigour and instructiveness of his conversation, and used it largely as an instrument for the diffusion of his opinions. I have never known any man who could do such ample justice to his best thoughts in colloquial discussion. His perfect command over his great mental resources, the terseness and expressiveness of his language and the moral earnestness as well as intellectual force of his delivery, made him one of the most striking of all argumentative conversers: and he was full of anecdote, a hearty laughter, and when with people whom he liked, a most lively and amusing companion. It was not solely, or even chiefly, in diffusing his merely intellectual convictions that his power showed itself: it was still more through the influence of a quality, of which I have only since learnt to appreciate the extreme rarity: that exalted public spirit, and regard above all things to the good of the whole, which warmed into life and activity every germ of similar virtue that existed in the minds he came in contact with: the desire he made them feel for his approbation, the shame at his disapproval; the moral support which his conversation and his very existence gave to those who were aiming at the same objects, and the encouragement he afforded to the faint-hearted or desponding among them, by the firm confidence which (though the reverse of sanguine as to the results to be expected in any one particular case) he always felt in the power of reason, the general progress of improvement, and the good which individuals could do by judicious effort."—(*Autobiography*, pp. 101—2.)

Nor was this the exaggeration of filial piety. Editors of newspapers are not usually an enthusiastic class, but Black of the *Morning Chronicle* and Fonblanque of the *Examiner* were as sensible as his son himself of James Mill's rare qualities.<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Mill," says Black, "was eloquent and impressive in conversation. He had a great command of language, which bore the stamp of his earnest and

(1) See Mr. Bain's Appendix, 467-8.

energetic character. Young men were particularly fond of his society, and it was always to him a source of great delight to have an opportunity of contributing to form their minds and exalt their characters. No man could enjoy his society without catching a portion of his elevated enthusiasm." Fonblanque's eulogy runs in similar terms. "Wherever talent and good purpose were found conjoined—the power and the will to serve the cause of truth—the ability and the disposition to be useful to society, to weed out error and advance improvement—wherever these qualities were united the possessor found a friend, a supporter to fortify, cheer, and encourage him in his course, in James Mill. He fanned every flame of public virtue, he strengthened every good purpose that came within the range of his influence. His conversation was full of instruction." And the panegyric closes with words taken from the immortal passage—surely the most beautiful in the literature of antiquity—which was inspired by the grave and noble sorrow of Tacitus:—*Quidquid ex Agricola amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mensurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, fama rerum*.

It is to the pages of the son's *Autobiography* that we must go to find the inner structure of ideas and beliefs which lay under so imposing a character. It will hardly be time lost to re-read and to transcribe some parts of Mr. Mill's account:—

"My father's moral convictions, wholly dis severed from religion, were very much of the character of those of the Greek philosophers; and were delivered with the force and decision which characterised all that came from him . . . His moral inculcations were at all times mainly those of the 'Socratici viri': justice, temperance (to which he gave a very extended application), veracity, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain and especially labour; regard for the public good; estimation of persons according to their merits, and of things according to their intrinsic usefulness; a life of exertion in contradiction to one of self-indulgent ease and sloth. These and other moralities he conveyed in brief sentences, uttered as occasion arose, of grave exhortation, or stern reprobation and contempt . . . In his views of life he partook of the character of the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Cynic, not in the modern but the ancient sense of the word. In his personal qualities the Stoic predominated. His standard of morals was Epicurean, inasmuch as it was utilitarian, taking as the exclusive test of right and wrong, the tendency of action to produce pleasure or pain. But he had (and this was the Cynic element) scarcely any belief in pleasure; at least in his later years, of which alone, on this point, I can speak confidently. He was not insensible to pleasures; but he deemed very few of them worth the price which, at least in the present state of society, must be paid for them. The greater number of miscarriages in life, he considered to be attributable to the overvaluing of pleasures . . . He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by. This was a topic on which he did not often speak especially, it may be supposed, in the presence of young persons; but when he did, it was with an air of settled and profound conviction.

would sometimes say, that if life were made what it might be, by good government and good education, it would be worth having; but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. He never varied in rating intellectual enjoyments above all others, even in value as pleasures, independently of their ulterior benefits. The pleasures of the benevolent affections he placed high in the scale; and used to say, that he had never known a happy old man, except those who were able to live over again in the pleasures of the young. For passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt. He regarded them as a form of madness. 'The intense' was with him a by-word of scornful disapprobation. He regarded as an aberration of the moral standard of modern times, compared with that of the ancients, the great stress laid upon feeling. Feelings, as such, he considered to be no proper subjects of praise or blame. Right and wrong, good and bad, he regarded as qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions; there being no feeling which may not lead, and does not frequently lead, either to good or to bad actions; conscience itself, the very desire to act right, often leading people to act wrong. . . . He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, when the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil doers. . . . He disliked, for instance, a fanatic in any bad cause, as much or more than one who adopted the same cause from self-interest, because he thought him even more likely to be practically mischievous. And thus his aversion to many intellectual errors, or what he regarded as such, partook, in a certain sense, of the character of a moral feeling. All this is merely saying that he, in a degree once common, but now very unusual, threw his feelings into his opinions; which truly it is difficult to understand how any one who possesses much of both, can fail to do."—(Pp. 46—50.)

This, then, is the interesting man of whom Professor Bain has now given us the biography, on which, and incidentally on the little companion volume on the younger Mill, we now propose to make a few remarks. That the book is as interesting as the subject cannot, we fear, be honestly affirmed. It has all the merits that industry can secure, nor can anybody say with the typical critic that it would have been better if the author had taken more pains. All that diligent search for the facts of James Mill's life could do has been done, and the results are duly entered and posted up with the laudable accuracy of daybook and ledger. But Professor Bain has certainly not been able to do for this eminent member of the great *domus Socratica* what Plato did for Socrates himself. It is no slight on an author to say that he does not write as well as Plato, but Mr. Bain carries the licence which every author has of writing worse than Plato, almost to excess. There is no light in his picture, no composition, no colour. It would be too much to ask for the polish and elegance, the urbanity and finesse, of a discourse at the French Academy, but the author is really more severe than is permitted in his disdain for graces of style and the art of presentation. A writer does well to be concise, yet the Greeks have shown us that a writer or

an orator may attain the art of conciseness without being either dry or ungenial. It is not enough to give us a catalogue, however industriously compiled, of the external incidents of a man's life in the order of time, of his books and articles, and even of his ideas. Such things are mere memoranda, and not biography. Of these laborious memoranda there are enough and too many. Mr. Bain gives us, for instance, a minute description of Ford Abbey, where James Mill and his family spent many months with Jeremy Bentham who then lived there. "The original plan of the front," it seems, "compels us to divide the whole range into seven portions," and to each of these seven portions the reader is virtuously trotted for learning, if he be so minded, how many divisions there are in the archways, how many windows in each floor, at what distances the windows are from one another, what the upper story used to be and is, what the lower story. With weary foot we follow our guide in the inside, we open a door to the left and are in the great hall, 55 feet in length,  $27\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and 28 feet high; then into the dining-room; then back to the main entrance to a cloister, which is 82 feet long, and 17 feet high; then up-stairs to a great saloon, 50 feet long, 26 wide, and 20 high; there are not less than 30 bedrooms in the house; there is a gravel walk a quarter of a mile long, and 30 feet wide; and so on, and so on, through five closely printed pages. Who cares to know all this, unless Ford Abbey happens to be to be sold or sell? Nobody can remember, or ought to remember, a word of it, but everybody recalls the few lines in the *Autobiography*, which stamp the place and its impression on Mill in the inmost mind of the reader.

"From 1814 to 1817 Mr. Bentham lived during half of each year at Ford Abbey in Somersetshire (or rather in a part of Devonshire surrounded by Somersetshire), which intervals I had the advantage of passing at that place. This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to universal elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations. The middle-age architecture of the baronial hall, and the spacious and lofty rooms, of this fine old place, unlike the mean and cramped externals of English middle-class life, gave me a sentiment of a larger and freer existence, and were to me a sort of poetic cultivation, aided also by the grounds in which the abbey stood; which were extensive and secluded, umbrageous, and full of the sound of falling waters." (*Autobiography*, p. 56.)

With the highest respect for Mr. Bain's conscientious and painstaking method, we submit that he has not seriously reflected on the things that are worth telling, on the relation of details to the whole, what it is that the reader seeks to know, what it is good for the reader to know—on the difference, in short, between a jejune list of *dramatis personæ* and the drama itself. There is Ricardo, for

stance. Ricardo was, excepting his son, James Mill's most eminent disciple, and indeed he was more peculiarly and exclusively his disciple than John Mill himself. It was Mill's Socratic stimulation that inspired the founder of abstract political economy to work out his observations into a connected system; and whatever value we may set on the system when it was so worked out, at least it made a very profound mark on the current thought in its own sphere. All that Mr. Bain has to tell us of Ricardo is that his intimacy with Mill began in 1811, that he was shy and timid, that Mill encouraged him to publish his book on Rent and to enter Parliament, that he amassed an enormous fortune on the Stock Exchange, and that, if we may trust Bentham, he was stingy in small matters (pp. 74, 75, 153). When Ricardo dies in 1823, Mr. Bain properly enough gives us Mill's letter to the *Morning Chronicle* commemorating his friend's loss, and there the matter ends. Yet it was far better worth while to tell us a little more about Ricardo than to tell us so much about a country house in Somersetshire. He was a far more interesting subject, and much more to James Mill's life, than Ford Abbey. If Mr. Bain answers that there is nothing to say about Ricardo's life, that is quite true in the sense of there being nothing particular in the way of dates and little external incidents; but the question how it was that Ricardo was prepared to receive Mill's impressions and to react to his stimulation is full of interest. Witness, for example, the remarks of Mr. Bagehot on Ricardo; on the connection between his dealings on the Stock Exchange and his power of abstract thinking; on the subtle preparation of race for these high regions of thought, (for Ricardo belonged to the same race as Spinoza); on the peculiar economic circumstances of the time, which fitted Ricardo to apply Mill's method of reasoning to deal with them.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bain may perhaps disdain all this as mere fanciful speculation, but it is such things, nevertheless, that make all the difference between a book that is readable, fertile, and suggestive, and one that is none of these things.

It is not merely in the conception of the art of biography that Mr. Bain seems to us to fall somewhat short of what might have been hoped. In the mere quality of literary correctness he does not come up to the standard which he exacts with much rigour from other people. He has done good service before now, for example, by working out the distinction between the relative pronouns, *who* or *which* and *that*. His rule on the matter is a good guide, but all such rules are subject to old and accepted usage (more than half of grammar having its root in usage), and all are liable to nice variations from the influence of taste and ear. Mr. Bain, if we remember rightly, gives Shakespeare a scolding for using *which* when, if he had

(1) *Economic Studies*. By Walter Bagehot, pp. 151—60.

been lucky enough to be bred at Aberdeen, instead of among the drowsy meadows of Stratford-on-Avon, he would have used *that*.<sup>1</sup> The same damning blemish is now exposed in the writing of J. S. Mill, and in truth I do not know one single author of eminence in whose pages Mr. Bain's rule is not most freely neglected. Mr. Bain may say that these famous men, Shakespeare, Burke, and the rest, would have written better if they had never used *who* or *which*, except to connect two co-ordinate sentences, and always used *that* when they wanted the proper restrictive, explicative, limiting, or defining relative. It may be so; and it may be that Felix Holt was much more sensible than his neighbours in wearing a cap instead of a hat, but nevertheless the cap gave him a vulgar and ill-bred air which he might as well have avoided. And to us, Mr. Bain's over-scrupulous rejection of the common use of *who* and *which* gives to his style something disagreeable and uncouth. His precision in this and other points make it the more singular that Mr. Bain should not always satisfy his own requirements. "On referring to the volumes of these various reviews," he says for instance, "about the years when Mill may have been a contributor, I was deterred by the multitude of short articles that *would need to have been studied*" (p. 62). It is superfluous to remind the author of a *Companion to the Higher Grammar*, that there ought to have been, "the multitude of short articles that *would have needed* (or *would need*) *to be studied*." Whatever, also, we may think about the use of *which* and *that*, it is slipshod work to use such an expression as "the way that he allowed himself to speak and behave." Again, it may or may not be pardonable for us poor journalists whose writing, like the grass of the field, to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, to talk of the "Bradlaugh business," and the like; but a leisured professor of rhetoric surely ought not to keep us in countenance in these malpractices by such phrases as "the women question," "the language element," "the Bentham philosophy." Nor can we profess to admire the elegance of the proposition that "Mrs. Grote came in for the cold shoulder," that "Baldwin came to grief," or that parliamentary reform went on "by flukes and leaps in the dark." That these refined atticisms should appear in a book by a serious writer is not a good sign for the future of our language, especially at a moment when it is in such imminent danger from the defiling flood of trans-Atlantic vulgarisms.

(1) Mr. Bain's rule is that the heavy relatives *who* and *which* are to be used when they introduce a second co-ordinate sentence; *that* is to be used when the sentence added by it is a qualifying, limiting, descriptive, or adjectival proposition. Thus "Canning delivers an elaborate oration, *which* is the subject of a scathing letter from Mrs. Grote in the *Morning Chronicle*." Here there are two distinct propositions: Canning delivers the oration, and on it Mrs. Grote writes the letter. But if the facts had been differently the words would have run thus: "The scathing letter *that* Mrs. Grote wrote in the *Chronicle* was prompted by the oration *that* Canning had delivered."

ingenious, so humorous, so wonderful, so truly hideous and detestable.

We should certainly not care to notice these *nugas difficiles*, nor to pursue this *labor ineptiarum*, if Mr. Bain had not himself drawn especial attention to such matters. A writer who is so censorious on the style of another, is bound to watch his own. One can hardly think it a happy turn of expression, for instance, to say that a man has no energy "available for establishing the co-ordinations of manual dexterity" (p. 333), when you only mean that he is too tired by reading and thinking to have spirits for boxing and fencing. J. S. Mill's style may perhaps have been, as Mr. Bain says, "wanting in delicate attention to the placing of qualifying words generally," but surely either delicate attention or something else is wanting in the following sentence of the critic's own: "According to our present notions of physical and mental training he [Mill] ought to have had a decided break in the afternoon. Considering that he was at work from about six in the morning, with only half an hour for breakfast, he should clearly have had between one and two a cessation of several hours." Of course we know what Mr. Bain means, but the language is less precise than we have a right to expect in one who is an *arbiter elegantiarum* by profession.

Some of Mr. Bain's criticisms of the younger Mill's grammar are undoubtedly just. What he says of the slovenly use of *only* is clearly quite correct. Oddly enough this is one of the very words about which Mill himself many years ago gave us a useful hint in a passage which unfortunately remains as much in season to-day as when it was written. *Only*, said Mill, is not fine enough for our modern rhetoric of ambitious ignorance, and so writers are turning *alone* into an adverb. "The time is coming when Tennyson's Enone could not say, 'I will not die alone,' lest she should be supposed to mean that she would not only die but do something else." In the same place he notices such ignorant vulgarisms as *transpire* or *happen*, *sanatory* for *sanitary*, and *predicate* for *predict*. Mill's protest is now forty years old, yet these freaks are more common than they ever were.<sup>1</sup>

Having disposed of these lighter matters, we may turn to the substance of the story that Mr. Bain has to tell. In truth the private life of James Mill does not make much of a story. There can be no doubt as to what is the most remarkable episode in it. "It was said of the famous Swedish chemist, Bergman," says Mr. Bain, with excellent point, "that he had made many discoveries, but his greatest

1) *Logic*, Bk. IV., Ch. v., § 3 n—one of the very rare passages in Mill's writing where we detect something like irascibility. He had the same feeling for those who use the noble instrument of language as for those who efface natural beauties, and had surely good cause for his anger in both cases.



was the discovery of Scheele. In like manner it will be said of James Mill that his greatest contribution to human progress was his son." It is the record of the education of J. S. Mill which stands out in heroic proportions in the history of his father's life. In other respects James Mill's career was marked by hardly any external events of striking interest. The struggle of authorship is an old tale, and except that the battle was waged by him with more than ordinary stubbornness and resolution, there is nothing remarkable about it. He was the son of a shoemaker in Forfarshire (b. 1773) and acquired the elements of education first at the public school, and next at the burgh school of Montrose. His reputation for good parts and promise is supposed to have commended the youth to the notice of the family of Sir John Stuart, a person of consideration in the neighbourhood, and Mill's friend through life. At their instigation, and presumably through their means, he was sent (1791) to prepare himself for the sacred office of the ministry at the University of Edinburgh. At Edinburgh, he pursued his own studies while at the same time acting as tutor to Stuart's only daughter. Mill himself mentions the most important of the influences of which he was conscious at the University. "All the years I remained about Edinburgh," he said, "I used, as often as I possibly could, to steal into Mr. Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches; but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so till the end of my life, I owe to him."

The divinity course he did not finish until 1797, and in the following year he was licensed by the Presbytery of Brechin to preach the gospel. "Very few records of his preaching exist," Mr. Bain tells us; "but there is good evidence of his officiating in the church of Logie Pert. My informant, the last survivor of the Barclay family, distinctly remembers hearing him on one occasion; and knows of his preaching twice. She remembers his loud clear voice, which filled the church; that his text was from Peter; and that the general opinion of the hearers complained of not being able to understand him. Sir David Brewster said to myself, 'I've heard him preach; and no great han' he made o't.' His discourses would no doubt be severely reasoned, but wanting in the unction of the popular evangelist preacher." In after years a parcel of his sermons was known by his family to exist in a saddle-bag in an attic, but they disappeared, and he was supposed to have destroyed them. The ministrations of the pulpit seem to have been at no time congenial to him, and four years after he had been licensed to preach he is believed to have played miscellaneous parts of a lay kind, as family tutor, rector of the press, and possibly hack-writer.

This interval, we may suppose, marks the time when he finally repudiated theology. Mr. Bain maintains a certain discreet reserve on Mill's rejection of all religion. But the son's *Autobiography* tells us enough (p. 38). By his own reading and reflection James Mill had been early led to throw over Natural Religion as well as Revealed. Butler's *Analogy* for a long time kept him a believer in the divine authority of Christianity. If a wise and benevolent Being can have made the universe, why should he not have acted as the New Testament records? "Those who admit an omnipotent as well as perfectly just and benevolent Maker and Ruler of such a world as this can say little against Christianity, but what can, with at least equal force, be retorted against themselves." It was the moral difficulty which overthrew, in Mill's mind, the faith in which he had been educated. He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of cruelty and wrong could be the work of a Creator uniting infinite power and wisdom to perfect goodness. And so at last he came to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing whatever can be known. Questions how the world came into existence and who made us, he henceforth definitely regarded as impenetrable problems, because we had no experience and no authentic knowledge from which to solve them.

Now and at all times he was a hard reader, without any of the luxurious apparatus of easier students. The west room of his father's humble cottage

"Contained two beds along the right hand wall; in that room the mother hung up a canvas curtain . . . thus cutting off from the draught and from the gaze the farther end of the room, including James's bed, the fire, and the gable window. This was his study . . . Here he had his book shelves, his little round table and chair, and the gable window sill for a temporary shelf. He spent great part of his day in study. He had his regular pedestrian stretches; one secluded narrow glen is called 'James Mill's walk.' He avoided people on the road; and was called haughty, shy, or reserved, according to the point of view of the critic. His meals he took alone in his screened study; they were provided by his mother expressly for his supposed needs."

In this steady discipline he was maturing his powers, reading books on history and the theory of government, and acquiring or fostering a strong liberal bias. Mr. Bain, who shows from time to time a rather superfluous jealousy of Latin and Greek, anxiously assures us that though his Greek studies imbued Mill with the democratic ideal of government, "very few have ever been made liberal politicians by classical authors alone." As if anybody had ever maintained the contrary. Yet if this remark is offered in any important or serious sense, it is untrue. Of course, a man might learn to hate the Test Act, rotten boroughs, and the House of Lords by honest mother-wit, and without reading Thucydides or Aristotle. It

is equally true that a man may be thoroughly versed in his classical authors, and yet be a Tory and an absolutist to the core. Hobbes, the great philosopher of the absolutist school, translated Thucydides, the Iliad and the Odyssey, and Aristotle's Rhetoric. But it is undeniable that some of those who have been greatest, not among "liberal politicians," but among liberating thinkers, have drawn sustenance and inspiration from classical authors. From Montaigne down to Rousseau, there is an unbroken succession of French emancipators who were nourished on Plutarch and Tacitus and Seneca. Illustrations of this same circumstance from our own history will occur to every reader, and the reason is the same. Liberalism in its best sense, and in so far as it is the fruit of education and thought, not the spontaneous and half accidental suggestion of contemporary requirements and events, is developed by the free play of social, moral, and political ideas; and in what literature is that play more free, more copious, more actual, more exhilarating and stimulating than in Mr. Bain's classical authors? It is only too true, we admit, that many thousands of young men who are bred on "classical authors alone" fall into political and social obscurantism of the first water, but the reason of this is simple enough. The circumstances of their social position are many degrees stronger than the influences of any academic education whatever. As Locke puts it:—"A country gentleman who leaving Latin and Learning in the university, removes thence to his mansion house, and associates with neighbours of the same strain, who relish nothing but hunting and a bottle; with these alone he spends his time, with these alone he converses, and can away with no company where discourse goes beyond what claret and dissoluteness inspire."<sup>1</sup>

It is unnecessary, however, further to prolong this digression into which Mr. Bain's remark has unlawfully tempted us. The influence of the Greek ideals of democratic government on James Mill's mind is not disputed, but if he had read no books at all, his opinions would almost as certainly have taken the same political cast. The truth is that the only thing needed in those days to make a Scotchman with any power of trained reflection into a Liberal politician, was that he should look out of his window and survey the degraded political condition of his country. Take the account of what Scotland was during these years, given by Lord Cockburn in his *Life of Jeffrey* (and there are many other accounts of the same kind):—

"There was then in this country no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases (except high

(1) *Conduct of the Understanding*, § 3. This little book (which the reader will not confound with the famous *Essay*) has recently been edited by the President of Corpus Christi, and is well worth studying even in these enlightened days.

treason), than what was consistent with the circumstances that the jurors were not sent into court under any impartial rule, and that, when in court, those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge . . . There were probably not above 1,500 or 2,000 electors in all Scotland; a body not too large to be held, hope included, in Government's hand. The return, therefore, of a single opposition member was never to be expected . . . Of the fifteen town members, Edinburgh returned one. The other fourteen were furnished by clusters of four or five unconnected burghs, electing each one delegate, and these four or five delegates electing the representative . . . The people had nothing to do with it. It was all managed by town councils, and every town council was self-elected. The election of either the town or the county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell, or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper . . . [With a few momentary exceptions] Scotland did not maintain a single opposition newspaper, magazine, or periodical publication . . . The nomination of the jury by the presiding judge was controlled by no check whatever . . . Peremptory challenge was unknown . . . With ample material for opposition meetings, they were in total disuse. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between 1795 and 1820 . . . Politically Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man's gate."<sup>1</sup>

It is not wonderful that a man of James Mill's moral and intellectual vigour should have been fired with a profound hatred of such a system as this. It was exactly calculated to prepare him to embrace the political principles of the warm and fervid reformers of the school of the eighteenth century. When their work was done, then, and not before then, was there room and a demand for the conservative or historic sense. By the time when J. S. Mill came to think for himself, the fabric of abusive and tyrannical misgovernment had been brought to the ground, and it had become necessary to restore conservative and historic sentiment to its place in social life. It was not so when his father began his speculative career, any more than it was so in France in the days of Voltaire and the Philosophers. Then what was needed was exactly that purely rationalistic temper, those sharp-cutting deductive principles which Mill had gathered from his studies in the writings of the eighteenth century. It was these, mixed with a great body of positive thought drawn from Hobbes, which were expressly designed to reform the evils in law, tribunals, legislature, and executive administration which Mill saw at their height in his native land.

In 1802 James Mill came to England.

"The extent of his acquired knowledge and original thinking, when he left Scotland at the age of twenty-nine, will be judged by what he was able to do in the next few years. He kept back from the aspiring Scotchman's venture upon London, until he had attained an unusual maturity of intellectual power; while possessed of good ballast in the moral part. Moreover, we are to conceive

(1) Cockburn's *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, i. 74—7.

of him as a youth of great bodily charms. One of my lady informants spoke of him with a quite rapturous admiration of his beauty. His figure and proportions were fine; the short breeches of the time showed a leg of perfect form. His features beamed with expression. Nothing was wanting that could prepossess people's favourable regards." (*Bain*, p. 35.)

For seventeen years after his arrival in London Mill followed the indefinite calling of a man of letters or author by profession—a name that covers so many widely different employments, from the great poet, historian, or novelist down to the writer of articles in newspapers and essays in periodicals. The excitement of the great city was delightful to him. The bustle of the streets, the throng of carriages and fine people in the park, the animation of the noblest of rivers, acted like martial music on his intrepidity and his ambition. He heard Fox make a great speech, and he stared at Pitt and Addington riding together in Hyde Park. To his friend Thomson, the chemist, he wrote:—

"I am extremely ambitious to remain here, which I feel to be so much the best scene for a man of letters, that you can have no notion of it till you be upon the spot. You get an ardour and a spirit of adventurousness, which you never can get an idea of among our over-cautious countrymen at home. Here everybody applauds the most romantic scheme you can form. In Scotland everybody represses you, if you but propose to step out of the beaten track. On the idea of remaining here, I have even formed schemes for you and me already. You must of necessity come here, where you may do anything you like. You may make £500 a year by your pen, and as much by a class of Jurisprudence."

Inferior men were making decent incomes by authorship, and Mill did not see why he should not do the same. That money and fame are easily within reach is one of the stock illusions of happy youth. Mill, however, faced the conditions. "I am willing to labour hard and live penuriously," he said, "and it will be devilish hard if a man, good for anything, cannot keep himself alive here on these terms." He reviewed books, planned articles, formed literary schemes, executed a translation from the French, and became the editor and principal writer of the *Literary Journal*, a shilling weekly. For a time he also edited the *St. James's Chronicle*, of which Mr. Bain tells us that nothing worse can be said than that it was milk-and-water. His income rose to the highly respectable sum of five hundred pounds a year, but when he gave up the *Literary Journal*, towards the end of 1806, his earnings fell to something under four hundred.

These avocations were perfectly praiseworthy and honourable, but Mill's aims went beyond them, to the composition of books of permanent value and repute. He projected and began the *History of India*, expecting that in four years at the outside it would be

complete. Every author knows the sanguine miscalculations with which men launch out on the sea of literary enterprise. The *History of India*, instead of being finished in four years, took twelve. They were years of extraordinary stress. Besides incessant and difficult labour upon his great work, Mill wrote review articles, though according to Mr. Bain not more than three or four a year, and not realising more than forty or fifty pounds apiece.<sup>1</sup>

It is worth noticing that scarcely any of Mill's articles were of that facile kind which Southey, for instance, used to turn out every quarter, indifferent to the subject, and not too fastidious as to the process of their manufacture. On the contrary, into these casual productions Mill put the best of his mind, making them the means of spreading real thoughts and wide principles in matters of the very first importance. Education, freedom of the press, religious toleration, political economy, the penal laws—on all these subjects he seized every occasion of impressing the new ideas, mainly derived from Bentham, which were destined to work so complete a transformation in many sides of our national life. Besides working strenuously at his history, and earning as much money as he could by his articles, he revised Bentham's *Rationale of Evidence*, he diligently co-operated with Allen in schemes of philanthropy, and, most important of all he devised and persistently executed his memorable plan for making his son's mind of such a degree of excellence as would leave him a worthy successor to his father and to Bentham. (Bain, p. 120.)

It is painful and disheartening to think that a man possessed of so rich a stock of valuable ideas as Mill was, and habitually moved by such high and benevolent aims, should have missed the nameless elusive arts of domestic happiness. In 1805 he married Miss Harriet Burrow, then in her twenty-third year, Mill himself being thirty-two.

"She was an exceedingly pretty woman; had a small fine figure, an aquiline type of face (seen in her eldest son), and a pink and dun complexion. One letter of Mill's to her she preserved, as perhaps the fullest and strongest of all his affectionate outpourings. The depth and tenderness of the feeling could not well be exceeded; but, in the light of after years, we can see that he too readily took for granted that she would be an intellectual companion to himself. . . . Mrs. Mill was not wanting in any of the domestic virtues of an English mother. She toiled hard for her house and her children, and became thoroughly obedient to her lord. As an admired beauty, she seems to have been chagrined at the discovery of her position after marriage. There was disappointment on both sides: the union was never happy." (Bain, p. 60.)

(1) Macaulay, writing in 1833, says that hitherto he had never made more than two hundred a year by his pen (Trevelyan's *Life*, I. ch. v.), and yet he had by this time written more than one of his most famous articles in the *Edinburgh Review*.

There were nine children born to them. The *Autobiography*, as Mr. Bain says, expresses frankly enough what was defective in Mill's character as a head of a family.

"Such a phrase as 'the most impatient of men' speaks a volume, and we have only to turn the leaves to realize the particulars. He could exercise perfect self-control in his intercourse with the world, and his social and commanding qualities gained and kept friends, but at home he did not care to restrain the irritability of his temperament. In his advancing years, as often happens, he courted the affection of the younger children, but their love to him was never wholly unmingled with fear; for, even in his most amiable moods, he was not to be trifled with. His entering the room where the family was assembled was observed by strangers to operate as an immediate damper. This was not the worst. The one really disagreeable trait in Mill's character, and a thing that has left the most painful memories, was the way that he allowed himself to speak and behave to his wife and children before visitors. When we read his letters to friends, we see him acting the family man with the utmost propriety, putting forward his wife and children into their due place; but he seemed unable to observe the part in daily intercourse."

John Mill's touching plea for his father is in the reader's memory: how he expresses the true pity that it is impossible not to feel for one who strove to do so much for his children, and yet who must have felt that fear of him was drying up their affection at its source. Mill goes on, while protesting against the old tyrannical method in education, to insist that our new methods are training up a race of men who will be incapable of doing anything disagreeable to them. It certainly seems sometimes to happen that in private life, as Arthur Young noticed in the case of communities, absolute governments prove favourable to good-humour; and a more modern traveller has observed that it is the habit of submitting to the despotic authority of a father that has given to the population of Russia their characteristic spirit of obedience, abnegation, and gentleness. It may be true, and indeed we think that it is true, that a certain austerity of parental discipline is no bad preparation for encountering the assured and inevitable austerities that nature and circumstances have in store, as we emerge from youth to fight the battle of life in harsh earnest. But this is a very different thing from that violent tyranny which cows and crushes young hearts. In an ordinary case it is of little concern to posterity what were the domestic qualities of great men and our fathers that begat us. Better Racine,—said Voltaire or some one else,—bad father, bad husband, bad friend, so that he wrote great plays, than Racine, good father, good husband, good friend, and a blockhead. But a writer on education and on happiness disappoints us when he so far misses his own mark. James Mill is not the only man, unluckily, whose actual fortunes in the way of character have fallen below his own ideals.

The younger Mill has stated that his father maintained his family by means of contributions to the Reviews, while he was also their sole teacher, during the whole time when he was writing the history. Mr. Bain gives good reasons for thinking that, wonderful as Mill's exertions really were, this is an over-statement. There can be little doubt, he thinks, that the production of the History of India would have been impossible, if Bentham had not given shelter to Mill and his family for many months during each of four successive years (1814—17). The arrangement had hardly begun before a rupture was threatened. Mr. Bain produces the whole of a letter on the matter from Mill to Bentham, of which only a portion has been published before. One passage in it confirms Mr. Bain's view of the extent to which Mill was indebted to Bentham, and another expresses with singular manliness and self-respect the considerations that induced Mill to lay himself under the obligation.

“My experience has led me to observe that there are two things which are peculiarly fatal to friendship, and these are great intimacy and pecuniary obligations. It has been one of the great purposes of my life to avoid pecuniary obligations, even in the solicitation and acceptance of ordinary advantages—hence the penury in which I live. To receive obligations of any sort from you was not a matter of humiliation to me, but of pride. And I only dreaded it from the danger to which I saw that it exposed our friendship. The only instances of this sort which have occurred are—first, that a part of my family, while with you in the country, have been for a small part of the year at your expense, this year the whole of them were destined to live a considerable part of it,—and secondly, that at your solicitation, that I might be near to you, I came to live in a house of which, as the expense of it was decidedly too great for my very small income, part of the expense was to be borne by you. The number of these obligations of course will now cease, and I reckon it still more necessary that the other should. And as it would be ruinous for me to bear the whole expense of the house, of course I must leave it.”

The second passage sets forth a very just and sensible view of the relations between them. It begins by deprecating the scandal to cause which would arise if there were a public quarrel.

The infirmities in the temper of philosophers have always been a handle to their principles; and the infirmities we have will be represented as by no means small, if in the relation in which we stand, we do not mind showing the world we cannot agree . . . . In reflecting upon the restraint which the which we owe to our principles—to that system of important truths of which you have the immortal honour to be the author, but of which I am a faithful and fervent disciple—and hitherto, I have fancied, my master's true disciple; in reflecting, I say, upon the restraint which regard for the good of our system should lay upon the conduct of both of us, I have concluded that there was nobody at all so likely to be your real successor as myself. Of talents it would be easy to find many superior. But, in the first hardly know of anybody who has so completely taken up the principles,



and is so thoroughly of the same way of thinking with yourself. In the next place, there are very few who have so much of the necessary previous discipline, my antecedent years having been wholly occupied in acquiring it. And in the last place, I am pretty sure you cannot think of any other person whose whole life will be devoted to the propagation of the system. It so rarely happens, or can happen, in the present state of society, that a man qualified for the propagation should not have some occupation, some call or another, to prevent his employing for that purpose much of his time, that, without any overweening conceit of himself, I have often reflected upon it as a very fortunate coincidence, that any man with views and propensities of such rare occurrence as mine, should happen to come in toward the close of your career to carry on the work without any intermission. No one is more aware than yourself of the obstacles which retard the propagation of your principles. And the occurrence of an interval, without any successor whose labours might press them on the public attention after you are gone, and permit no period of oblivion, might add, no one can foresee how much, to the causes of retardation. It is this relation, then, in which we stand to the grand cause—to your own cause—which makes it one of the strongest wishes of my heart that nothing should occur which may make other people believe there is any interruption to our friendship."

Mr. Bain here very justly remarks, in reply to some censorious observations by Bowring, that the weakness of temper was on Bentham's side, and "the moderation, the self-restraint, the gentlemanly feeling all on Mill's." This is quite true. Mill's letter seems to us to be a perfect pattern for philosophers about to quarrel. He proposed that during the limited time in which they were to be together, they should "talk together, and walk together, looking forward solely, never back; and as if this arrangement had been the effect of the most amicable consultation, we can talk about our studies and about anything else as if no umbrage had ever existed." As might have been anticipated, no harm came from an incident into which there entered so much self-control and right feeling.

Among other glimpses of Ford Abbey, while Mill and his family were installed there, Mr. Bain might as well have reproduced one which is given to us in a letter of Francis Horner's in the summer of 1814:—

"There are some handsome rooms, furnished in the taste of King William's time; one of these, very spacious and hung with tapestry, Mr. Bentham has converted into what he calls his 'scribbling shop;' two or three tables are set out, covered with white napkins, on which are placed two or three music desks with manuscripts; his technical memory, I believe, and all the other apparatus of the exhaustive method. I was present at the mysteries, for he went on as if I had not been with him. A long walk, after our breakfast and before his, began the day. He came into the house about one o'clock, the tea things being by that time set by his writing table, and he proceeded very deliberately to sip his tea, while a young man, a sort of pupil and amanuensis, read the newspapers to him paragraph by paragraph. This and his tea together seemed

gradually to prepare his mind for working, in which he engaged by degrees, and became at last quite absorbed in what was before him, till about five o'clock, when he met us at dinner. Besides the young man I have mentioned, he has living with him Mr. Mill (a gentleman who writes a good deal in the *Edinburgh Review*) and his whole family."<sup>1</sup>

Exactly three years later Romilly was invited by Bentham to Ford Abbey, and was not a little surprised to find in what a palace his old friend was lodged. The grandeur and stateliness of the buildings, he said, form as strange a contrast to his philosophy, as the number and spaciousness of the apartments, the hall, the chapel, the corridors and the cloister do to the modesty and scantiness of his domestic establishment.

"The society we found and left with him were, Mill and his family, and a Mr. Place. . . . Place is a very extraordinary person; by trade he is a master tailor and keeps a shop at Charing Cross. This situation, a humble one enough, has, however, been to him a great rise in life, for he began his career in the lowest condition. He is self-educated, has learned a great deal, has a very strong understanding, and possesses great influence in Westminster."<sup>2</sup>

Place, by the way, was one of Mill's constant allies, and Mr. Bain suspects that he sent Mill money during the stress of the years when the *History* was being written. The correspondence shows, says Mr. Bain, that Mill and his family lived as much as ten months at Ford Abbey in the third and fourth years, and he is right in adding that the book could not have been finished in the same time under any less favourable circumstances. Indeed the conditions were as good as they could be. Mill was free from anxiety for daily bread; he had none of the silly and wasteful interruptions to thought and industry which are unavoidable in London; and yet he had the frequent stimulation and variety of talk with Bentham and his occasional visitors. His labour in the final stage of the task was intense. Mrs. Mill told the children that, while at Ford Abbey, he used to get up at four in the morning and work until twelve at night. Few men have ever lived with so energetic a faith in the virtues of Work. "He who works more than all others," he wrote to one of his sons, the year before his own death, "will in the end excel all others. Difficulties are made to be overcome. Life consists of a succession of them. And he gets best through them who has best made up his mind to contend with them."

As might have been expected, application of such severity and so prolonged did not leave even his vigorous constitution unimpaired. Within a year or two after he had achieved his task, he was attacked by gout, and that fell enemy tormented him to the end. Mr. Bain remarks that the amount of work which Mill went through was "too

(1) *Life and Correspondence of Francis Horner*, ii. 179—80.

(2) *Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly*, iii. 315—7.

much for the human constitution at its best," and he blames J. Mill because "he never would allow that work could be pushed to the point of being injurious to either body or mind." A proposition of that kind is certainly open to the judicious censure which Mr. Bain visits upon it. But on the other hand there are some who believe that there is a strong tendency in the doctors of our own generation to look at hard work far too much with the eye of a val-tudinarian. Men are not meant to live for ever. They cannot choose the nicest hygienic conditions under which the allotted task is to be finished. It is no bad rule to press along sturdily and firmly like soldiers in the field, even if you find yourself in the evening with uniform stained and tattered, and a hole or two in your skin. The great object after all is to win the battle, not to keep clear of dyspepsia. "To do great things," said Vauvenargues, "a man must live as though he was never to die." Or as Napoleon put a corresponding thought, "*Il faut rouloir vivre et savoir mourir.*"<sup>1</sup> I do not know how James Mill could have done better with himself at that time than work from four in the morning until twelve at night, even if gold were the price to be paid for it, and even if his years were somewhat shortened in consequence. There is a worse way of shortening life than this, and that is, as J. S. Mill used to say, by wasting time on "things that are neither business, nor meditation, nor pleasure."

The History was a great and speedy success. It was published in 1818 in three quarto volumes, at the high price of six guineas; a second edition in six octavos appeared two years later, and a third not very long after that. Mill was entitled to a large sum as share in the profits. This, however, and the income of the subsequent editions, he left in his publisher's hands, as an investment bearing interest. Unfortunately, Baldwin failed, and the money, which amounted to a substantial sum, was all lost. "The crash did not come until after Mill's death, so that he was spared the mortification of witnessing the downfall of a house that he had implicitly trusted as well as the loss of his twelve years' earnings." John Mill, by the way, experienced a similar disaster in consequence of the American Repudiation of 1842. "He had invested"—so Mr. Bain was to say—"a thousand pounds of his own money, and several thousands of his father's money which he had in trust for the family, and which he would have to make good."<sup>2</sup>

(1) In the preface to the third volume of his Dictionary, that noble monument of industry, learning, and character, Littré says:—"He who wishes to put his life to serious employment, ought always to act as if he had long to live, and to order himself as if he had soon to die. The first of these reflections induced me to undertake a work which demanded, when I began it, more health and longer years than are usually granted."

(2) People, says Miss Martineau justly enough, but with some tartness, on this even "should not invest their money in foreign funds without understanding the circum-

Notwithstanding the severe criticisms with which his work abounded on the principles of administration practised by the East India Company, Mill received the year after its publication an appointment in Leadenhall Street. This was the more remarkable as the tone of the book was not only unqualifiedly hostile to the commercial privileges of the Company, but it was, as J. S. Mill says, "saturated with the opinions and modes of judgment of a democratic radicalism then regarded as extreme; and treated with a severity at that time most unusual, the English constitution, the English law, and all parties and classes who possessed any considerable influence in the country." At this date, too, the Government was in the very depth of the black reaction which followed the close of the war with France, and 1819 was the year of Peterloo and the Six Acts. His appointment gave Mill the requisite position of material stability and comparative ease, from which he was able to work with good effect in ripening men's minds for an era of improvement. It was seventeen years since he had come from Scotland; he had exactly seventeen years of life before him. His official career was vigorous and important. Mr. Bain gives an account of the active part he took in the discussion of the renewal of the Charter between 1830 and 1833, and J. S. Mill says that his despatches, following his History, "did more than had ever been done before to promote the improvement of India and teach Indian officials to understand their business." "If a selection of them were published," he adds, "they would, I am convinced, place his character as a practical statesman fully on a level with his eminence as a speculative writer." (*Autobiography*, 27.)

Apart from his official labours, Mill was now even more industrious in the propagation of his opinions on domestic subjects than he had been while he was a man of letters and nothing more. He wrote his great articles on Education, Government, and Jurisprudence for the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; he played an important part in the establishment and management of a quarterly review for the propagation of Radical principles; and he composed his *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*. If we add to these occupations the education of his children (he heard their lessons in his dressing-room almost to the last), and eager commerce with some of the most important men of his time, we have a striking picture of a thoroughly well-filled life.

stances of the case; nor accept extraordinary interest for their investment without being prepared for a corresponding risk. The New England States which head the Union have ever preserved an unblemished honour; and so have most of the rest. The few which have not were unfit to be trusted, and might have been known to be so by any one who understood what the border states are, with the institution of slavery on the one hand, and the wilds of the Mississippi on the other."—*Hist. of the Peace*, Bk. VI., Ch. xii.

"The year 1830," says Mr. Bain, "is the culmination of Mill's career. Before the end of the year, he is at the head of his office. Soon after, he quits Queen's Square for a large villa in Vicarage Place, Church Street, Kensington. He is in opulence and fame, he spends his last years, varied by the summer residence at Mickleham. The one serious drawback was his health. His attacks of gout are of course not diminishing in frequency or severity; while indigestion gives him uneasiness on its own account. His stomach and liver are much impaired. He was all his life very temperate; for many years he scarcely ever indulged in alcoholic drinks. Latterly, he took a fancy to the Scotch, called Alloa ale; this was what he used at his own table. During these last six years of his life, he wrote comparatively little for the public; not for want of will and purpose, but from diminishing strength and the increased pressure of his office work. His private social influence was subject to no abatement. As the adviser of the small band of philosophical radicals, in and out of Parliament, he was still of the greatest value to the cause of political progress."

The circle of his intimates included men who have had a wider fame than his own. Brougham was the most eminent among the politicians, and Grote the most learned and important of the writers who consulted him and sat at his feet. Lesser stars were Molesworth, Black, Fonblanque, M'Culloch. At Mickleham Mill found himself a near neighbour of his friend Richard Sharp, commonly known as Conversation Sharp. As Mr. Bain reminds us, John Mill counted it a part of his good fortune that he was able to listen to the conversation between his father and Sharp during their walks among the dells and slopes of that delightful vale. It is not a mere fancy that John Mill must have derived some of his striking regard for the amenities of study and even of thought from his intercourse with this accomplished and urbane character. It is an inevitable law of things that the secondary figures in social and literary history should disappear, and on the whole there is little time to spare for them. Yet they often have a significant share in the mental destinies of more important persons than themselves, and it is a pity that criticism should altogether neglect them in the little interval before the dust has finally settled on their name and memory. We wish that Mr. Bain had been able to collect some of the traits of a man who must have been endowed with qualities of more than common interest. Besides Mill's reference, Hallam quotes Richard Sharp as an authority on points of good taste in literature. He used to protest against the too fastidious disuse of the Anglicism of ending a sentence with a preposition, quoting an interrogatory of Hooker, "Shall there be God to swear by, and none to pray to?" as an instance of the force and spirit of this arrangement.<sup>1</sup>

Macaulay, who knew him well, describes on one occasion how

(1) Hallam's *Literary History*, IV. vii. 37, n.

spent three or four hours very agreeably in Sharp's company at the Athenæum, and had a long talk with him about "everything and everybody—metaphysics, poetry, politics, scenery, and painting." He had the merit of never talking scandal. This did not mean that "in confidential communication about politics he does not speak freely of public men; but about the foibles of private individuals, I do not believe that, much as I have talked with him, I ever heard him utter one word." This, says Macaulay, is quite peculiar to him among town-wits and diners-out.<sup>1</sup> The fact is that Sharp was much more than the diner-out and the town-wit, or else he would never have been the friend of the two Mills. "I owe much to your society," Mackintosh said to him; "your conversation has not only pleased and instructed me, but it has most materially contributed to refine my taste, to multiply my innocent and independent pleasures, and to make my mind tranquil and reasonable. I think you have produced more effect on my character than any man with whom I have lived."<sup>2</sup> It is odd that Mackintosh should have thought this, for his failure in life was due to the absence of some of those strenuous qualities whose value Sharp was never wearied of impressing. The only literary memorial of him is a little volume of short essays, letters, and verse, of no monumental pretensions, but still worth turning over by anybody who forgives commonplace when it is of the permanently useful kind, and is set out with neatness and flavour. The value that he set on activity and exertion may well have made him sympathetic with a character so busy and alert as the elder Mill. He delights in Nicole's great saying to Pascal, "There will be time enough to repose in the grave." Here are some of his wise saws to the same purpose—truisms to us who find ourselves before knowing it *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, with the journey of our life half over, but of endless importance to the young traveller just setting out, and unaware how all depends on learning early "to scorn delights and live laborious days."

"... The want of harmony between the talents and the temperament is often found in private life; and wherever found, it is the fruitful source of faults and sufferings. Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race; who thirst for drink, but are too slothful to draw it up from the well.

"A passionate desire and an unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills.

"As a young man you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea.

(1) Trevelyan's *Life*, i. 329.

(2) *Life of Mackintosh*, i. 196.

"Courage and industry must have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effects of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled."<sup>1</sup>

Even these instructive commonplaces we ought not to despise inasmuch as there is at every moment a new generation who need have the old moralities repeated to them, while even those who have often heard them before are none the worse for hearing them once again. Sharp is not always content to decorate this timeworn apparatus of worldly wisdom with tags of fresh illustration. When he remarks for instance, that "in all the professions high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them," he gives evidence that he did not get his sentences from the text-books, but observed and reflected on life for himself. We can believe how the younger Mill enjoyed conversation in such a vein as this. The thoroughly superior man of the world, and that is what Sharp was, is a type to which the speculative thinker and the man of letters are wont to do little justice. Mill, however, shows in many places that he knew how to relish these empirical masters of the wisdom of life. The admiration which he expresses in more than one place for Horace, the most pleasant if not the greatest in this genial school, illustrates the store that he set on these shrewd and penetrating questioners of human experience and conduct. "This unsystematic wisdom," he says in one place, "drawn by acute minds in periods of history from their personal experience, is properly termed the wisdom of ages, and every lettered age has left a portion of it upon record. It is nowhere more genuine than in the old fables of Æsop and others. The speeches in Thucydides are among the most remarkable specimens of it. Aristotle and Quintilian have worked up rich stores of it into their systematic writings; nor ought Horace's *Satires*, and especially his *Epistles*, to be forgotten."<sup>2</sup>

(1) *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse*. London: 1834. Published anonymously. Perhaps there is room for one more specimen of the writer's vein:—"Luckily we have not to overcome the disadvantage of expecting to inherit from your father an income equal to your reasonable desires; for though it may have the air of a paradox yet it is truly a serious disadvantage when a young man going to the bar is supplied with a fortune provided for."

Vitam facit beatiorem  
Res non parva, sed relictæ,

says Martial, but not wisely; and no young man should believe him. The Lord Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, 'Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry and spend his wife's and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.'" The most sensible advice, by the way, is quite different, to marry the daughter of a solicitor, and live on the interest of your income.

(2) *Dissertations and Discussions*, i. 206. The same thought is more copiously expressed in the *Inaugural Address*, p. 16.

Mill died in the summer of 1836. His ruling passion, anxiety that the best possible should be done to make the new generation what he hoped that it might become, was strong in him to the last. "While getting weaker and weaker every day," wrote one of his younger sons, "he sometimes, when he thought he should not recover, used to say to me or George that he would very willingly die, if it were not that he left us too young to be sure how we should turn out." Curious as it sounds, there can be no doubt that he felt some disappointment in the result, for which our generation has had so much reason to be grateful to him, of the pains that he had taken with his eldest son. John Mill by this time had taken the fortunate turn towards the imaginative and historic side of progress, which to the older school seemed no better than wretched sentimentalism, but which both enriched his own character and gave some of its most valuable as well as its most attractive and powerful elements to his influence in the world.

As James Mill's hopes of life being made what it might be were never at any time enthusiastic, we may easily believe that his last days were free from those unmanly repinings or any of that garrulous self-pity which not seldom, even in the case of men who have done good work in their noontide, rob the close of life of its becoming dignity and fortitude. Francis Place was with him a few days before he died. "Poor Mill," he told Mr. Grote (*Bain*, 409), "showed much more sympathy and affection than ever before in all our long friendship. But he was all the time as much of a bright reasoning man as he ever was—reconciled to his fate, brave, and calm to an extent which I never before witnessed, except in another old friend, Thomas Holcroft, the day before, and the day of his death." "Until the last few days of his life," the *Autobiography* (p. 203) tells us, "there was no apparent abatement of intellectual vigour; his interest in all things and persons that had interested him through life was undiminished, nor did the approach of death cause the smallest wavering (as in so strong and firm a mind it was impossible that it should) in his convictions on the subject of religion. His principal satisfaction, after he knew that his end was near, seemed to be his thought of what he had done to make the world better than he found it, and his chief regret in not living longer that he had not had time to do more." This was well and fitting, and it is right that a man should wrap himself in his cloak and turn his face to the wall and die in peace. Yet in reading this there comes back the fact that Mill "thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." Calvinism, like the theology which haunted and inspired the sombre imagination of Pascal, leaves in every superior mind that has once imbibed it, the seeds of a terrific yet fortifying irony. Perhaps, even, at the last, he had glimpses of the



mood imputed in the saying of divers strong men on their death-beds from the Emperor Augustus to Rabelais,—“*Draw the curtain, the play is over.*” We shall never know how much brave and honest work has been done for the world by men in whose minds lurked all the while this thought of the puppet-show, the tragi-comedy of phantoms.

The criticisms which Mr. Bain offers on Mill's philosophical work, mark its chief qualities, as might have been expected, with precision. They would have been more instructive, as well as more interesting, if they had shown us, as might have been done in a few sentences, the relation of the Association Psychology in Mill's hands to its earlier form in Hartley and others, and the extent to which it has been superseded by the psychological speculations of the evolutionists who have come after him. The curious fact, again, that it was Mill who brought Hobbes into his proper place as a great political thinker, deserved some recognition and remark, considering that Hobbes was also one of the chief inspirers of Rousseau, the least positive, as Mill was one of the most positive, of speculative innovators. Mr. Bain, however, is one of the thinkers who have always preferred absolute and independent exposition to historical or relative classification. James Mill himself was of the same school. The development and interconnection of philosophical opinions, which our generation finds more exciting than the opinions themselves, seem to have had no attraction for him. For this there was a sufficiently good reason in his case. What he sought was a practical instrument for doing certain work required by the circumstances of the time, and finding this in Hobbes and Bentham, he took what they supplied him with, and asked no further questions.

In one cardinal instance he paid a tremendous penalty for his indifference to historic methods. This is in the Second Book of his *History of India*. Of this Mr. Bain speaks in a manner that is rather surprising at this time of day.

“The Second Book,” he says, “is what arrests our attention as the most characteristic, bold, and original portion of the work. It undertakes to exhibit the character, the history, the manners, religion, arts, literature, and laws of the people of India; together with the physical influences arising out of the climate, the soil, and the productions of the country. The first-named part is the best product of the author's genius. Here he exerted all his powers to make a grand sociological display. The analysis of the Hindoo institutions is methodical and exhaustive, and is accompanied with a severe criticism of their merits and their rank in the scale of development. The best ideas of the sociological writers of the eighteenth century were combined with the Bentham philosophy of law, and the author's own independent reflections, to make a dissertation of startling novelty to the generation that first perused it. Subsequent research and criticism found various mistakes and shortcomings.”

Surely it is not merely that various mistakes and shortcomings have been discovered, but that the whole point of view is wrong. Mill was violently knocking his head against a stone wall, instead of patiently seeking for a door and a key. Along with the "best ideas of the sociological writers of the eighteenth century," he had their worst. He views Hindoo religion, manners, and institutions from an absolute instead of a relative and historic standpoint. This is exactly the same fatal error as was made by the school of the eighteenth century about Christianity itself, and in the light of modern philosophy Mill's Second Book is as profoundly unsatisfactory as Gibbon's Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters. He speaks of the Hindoos, their superstition and their degradation, with the bitterness of the most ferocious evangelical missionary. There was some provocation, no doubt, in the exaggerated pictures which had been painted of the sublimity of the Hindoo religion; for this again was a mark of the eighteenth century, to extol the virtues and the philosophy of Chinamen, Persians, and all other sorts and conditions of unknown peoples. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Diderot, and a host of minor writers, furnish abundant illustrations of this bias, which had its origin in the search for polemical instruments against the Catholic Church and the old régime. But a thinker of Mill's calibre and philosophical training might have been expected to dispose of the extravagant overestimate of Hindoo civilisation, without falling into equally unphilosophic extravagances in the other direction. It is odd that he should not have felt the necessity, as a positive thinker, of seeking some explanation of these superstitious beliefs, grovelling customs, and backward institutions, in the facts of human nature, history, and surrounding circumstances. The time was not then ripe for adequate theories on these matters, but Mill rushed further away from the track than he ought in reason and consistency to have done.

While we think that Mr. Bain's selection of the Second Book as the best product of the author's genius is not fortunate, it would be mere presumption to disparage the signal merits of a history which has received the deliberate and unstinted applause of two such judges as Grote and Macaulay. No work, says Grote, surpasses the History of British India in the excellences attainable by a historical writer. Mill has not indeed the gift of striking narrative, but vigour, strenuousness, and sincerity of interest, almost make up for that deficiency. In his history, as everywhere else, we feel that though Mill did not in any sense belong to the great minds of the first rank, yet he had a first-rate mind in his own order—a wide grasp, keen penetration, strong mental coherency and soundness, and great force of understanding.

This long *causerie* may be closed by one or two remarks on Mill's political ideas. It is sometimes said by writers who are imperfectly informed, that the modern Radical has departed from the ways of

those who fought under the same flag in the last generation. It is worth while to note three or four points showing how little true this is. The modern Liberal is abused for want of national spirit — in showing indifference to our colonial dependencies. Mr. Bain recalls Mr. Mill's blunt answer to the question what is the good of colonies, that it is chiefly to give places to the members of the ruling class (p. 242). The doctrine of non-intervention, again, he states as strongly as Cobden himself could have done:—

"The desire, so often expressed, that we should interfere to establish good government all over the world, is most alarming, and if assented to in any degree would lead to the worst of consequences. The business of a nation is with its own affairs. That is not only the general rule, but one to which it is not easy to conceive a case of exception. At all events, in the present state of Europe we have nothing to do with any other affairs but our own. We have suffered enough by mischievous interference. Let us not again embark easily in that folly. Besides, I am fully satisfied that the good of mankind in the largest sense, is more interested at the present moment, in the peace of England, and that of France, the two countries from which improvement emanates, and which will rapidly improve if they keep free of war, than in re-establishing what they call the independence of Poland, or giving a particular Sovereignty to Portugal, ten times told."

The desperate controversy upon the Irish Land Act has provoked a thousand taunts about the desertion of political economy by the new Liberals; yet James Mill was a staunch political economist, and what he said on a similar subject was this:—

"Do not allow yourself to be taken in, as many people are, by an ambiguity in the word *property*. Englishmen in general incline to think that where property is not entire, especially in the land, there is no property. But where property may be as perfectly property, when it includes only part, as when it includes the whole. There is no doubt that the ryot has a property in the soil, though it is a limited property."

And so forth. The famous doctrine of the Unearned Increment, which is supposed to have been invented by the socialistic sentimentality of John Mill, is found in terms in the writings of his father. (See the passage quoted from James Mill's *Political Economy*, *Bacon*, 411—12). With the House of Lords Mill had a short and simple way:—

"Let it be enacted, that if a Bill, which has been passed by the House of Commons, and thrown out by the House of Lords, is renewed in the House of Commons in the next session of Parliament, and passed, but again thrown out by the House of Lords, it shall, if passed a third time in the House of Commons, be law, without being sent again to the Lords."

We have not space for a longer list of questions still open, in which the answers defended by the strongest Liberals to-day were also upheld by Mill. There is one remarkable passage, however, which comes nearer to the doctrine of Lord Beaconsfield than to the modern democratic view, and shows that this statesman may have

one of his strongest opinions from the Radical company that in his youth. There must be a chief magistrate, says Mill. The question is whether he should be elective or hereditary.

There are very solid advantages on the side of the hereditary principle. If the magistrate is to be elective, the choice must reside either in the parliament or in the people. If by parliament, the consequence would be a great element of faction, to the detriment of attention to business. The choice by the people is perhaps less pregnant with evil; but the agitation and ferment in every way unfavourable. If ever the King of England becomes wise enough to see that he has been very ill-advised, in leaning upon aristocracy, and a corrupt church, as the two crutches without which he cannot stand; and that he may rest with assurance on the solid advantage of the people, inherent in his office; he will occupy a far more exalted position in the social union than he has hitherto done."

His school had two characteristics which have not always been characteristic of the meretricious types of Liberalism, and perhaps do not mark them even in our own day. The advanced Liberals of his time were systematic, and were constructive. They surveyed society and institutions as a whole; they connected their advocacy of political and legal reforms with theories of human nature; they considered the great question of government in connection with the character of man, his education, his potential capacities. They could explain in the plain dialect of a definite scheme what were their aims, and where they were going. In an excellent passage which Mr. Bain has collected, Mr. Roebuck has described how the anomalies that were to be found in every part of the constitution were continually assailed by these acute and systematic reasoners. "They did not," he says, "have a much more serious effect on public opinion than superficial inquirers perceived, or interested ones would have reached. The important practical effect was not made evident by stirring and bringing over large numbers of political partisans from one banner or class to another, or by making them renounce one position and adopt another: but it was shown by affecting the prejudices of all classes, and inducing them, while they retained their distinctive names, to reason after a new fashion, and according to principles wholly different from those to which they had been formerly accustomed."

There were any such approach to a body of systematic political principles in our own day? We cannot say that there is. We cannot find in active operation any system of political or social principles, connected with one another, bearing with united pressure in a definite direction, and shedding light now on one, now on another, of the problems which circumstances bring up in turn for practical solution. The followers of Comte, no doubt, diligently offer a doctrine with the pretensions of this kind, and it contains many luminous and valuable truths. But these are mixed up with what is arbitrary,

accidental, almost even merely personal. Besides this, Comte was always a Frenchman, and nearly always a Catholic; and we constantly feel, as a consequence, that he left out of account considerations of essential importance to a country like our own with its dependencies, with a parliamentary system, and with the peculiar tendencies and prepossessions bequeathed by centuries of energetic Protestantism. All that Comtism can do is to supply certain wholesome correctives; it is not competent to control and to direct. Mr. Herbert Spencer, again, has approached politics with the method of general reasoning, and from him too we have all learned many valuable things, in a detached way. How little his system as a whole has, as yet at any rate, affected the course of either legislation or administration is shown by the circumstance that one of the most conspicuous peculiarities of the present day is the incessant extension in all directions of that very supervision and interference by the State to which Mr. Spencer has been more vehemently antagonistic than any other thinker. Then, again, it is not so many years ago since it seemed to some as if the Manchester School had found the key that would unlock all the secrets of a wise policy. It is only simpletons who disparage the real utility of the Manchester principles—a utility, moreover, that is far from being exhausted—it is not well to claim for them a higher place than belongs to a number of empirical maxims, subject to the limitations common to all such maxims. There are whole departments of social institutions covered by thinkers like Bentham or Mill, about which the Manchester School, quite naturally and rightly, never professed to have anything to say.

Yet it cannot be said that we are less in need of systematic politics than our fathers were sixty years since, or that general principles are more commonly accepted and settled now than they were then. The perplexities of to-day are as embarrassing as any in our history, and they may prove even more dangerous. The resettlement of Ireland; the renovation of Parliamentary government; the transformation of the conditions of the ownership and occupation of land; the relations between the Government at home and our national adventurers abroad in contact with inferior races; these are only some of the questions with which time and circumstance are rapidly bringing us face to face. On each of them there are more violent and revolutionary ideas in the air (on the Conservative as much as on the Liberal side) than were current in Mill's time from 1819 to 1836. The practical statesman must deal with emergencies under all these heads as they arise, but we can hardly be satisfied that there is among us any school, whether Liberal or Conservative, as well provided with clear and definite principles for the solution of our problems as were James Mill and his allies for the solution of theirs.

**EDITOR.**

## AFRICA AND THE EMPIRE.

Has Great Britain any real interests or legitimate ambitions in Africa south of the line? Ambitions, yes, many, but few legitimate; interests, a few, unreal or remote, and strictly limited. With the whole subject of our position in Africa, of what is best for the tax-paying multitudes of England and what best for the unsettlements we have formed south of the Zambezi, this paper will seek to deal, not from a Colonial but from an Imperial point of view; for now that it is fashionable to extend the theory of majorities to the widest possible scope and area, it will be well to inquire how the majority composing Imperial Britain is and may be affected by the maintenance or abandonment of African policies of the past. To begin, let us consider of what our South African possessions and protectorates consist, how far they are English, and, more important still, how far remunerative to the country that assumed or planted them. The African difficulty is complex, because, through the existence of widely different forms of government in the territories with which we are connected, union amongst them, in any salutary or useful sense, is almost prohibited, and our Colonial Office—thank heaven, not England or its people—but our dead, inert, tradition-ridden Office, is responsible. There is the Cape Colony with, (within certain limits,) Parliamentary government, but exercising control beyond colonial boundaries—in fact, over people *in partibus*. A free State, the Orange River Republic, recognised in the most formal manner by us by cession, by a grant of compensation for our own encroachments on its territory, and by our acceptance of it as a neutral mediator in South African strifes—as an independent assessor at a virtual South African Congress. We have the colony of Natal, endowed with a limited or mock representative system, but really ruled by the Colonial Office at home and its official representatives in the local executive, and hampered by an especial anachronism and impolicy, the existence of an *imperium in imperio*, a distinct and separate sort of rule within its borders for savage African-born refugees. Then there is the Transvaal, to which we have granted self-government: a republic, with an elective chief, over which we exercise some sort of shadowy influence by calling ourselves a suzerain, where no vassalage is recognised or military service or tribute promised as the *quid pro quo* for our abstention from further attack. Basutoland exists, within colonial limits, as a semi-independent, fiercely warlike, and, so far as the Cape colonists know, utterly impracticable reserve. Zululand, itself a problem of no mean difficulty, offers

to us embarrassments at every turn, because, having within recent years destroyed the only stable government it had known, we keep its king in captivity, while exercising no ameliorating influence whatever over the people. We break them up into countships, but each count is more barbarous and less the monarch and gentleman than the dethroned master, Cetywayo. We forbid Zulus to war, but we compel not their new lords to introduce amongst them the arts of peace; we deprive them of their ambitions, savage though they might have been, and we give them in exchange no new wants, hopes, or helps "towards the light," nor do we encourage them to progress in the direction towards which we, with other civilised peoples, tend.

Now what do we gain by way of tribute, of relief to the British purse, or recompense for previous outlay, from all these? Not one shilling. Financially all Africa is independent of us, save that the Transvaal has to repay us some hundreds of thousands of pounds spent in the country during our four years of occupation, and Natal has to reimburse—unwillingly enough—a quarter of a million advanced it, or said to have been expended on its account, in freeing it from the menace, the "war cloud," of which our theorists were so much in dread, and the removal of which cost us millions of treasure, thousands of lives, some ten reputations, no little prestige and a little—no, not a little, but a very great share of—national remorse for proconsular wrong-doing. No common form of government can be framed for these almost wholly dissimilarly privileged territories, unless we first reduce the most privileged to the condition of the least free, or raise the latter to the condition of the republic. Hence the failure of the Patterson-Carnarvon folly, the suggested conference, and intended Dominion scheme, of 1874—75, and of the Frere policy of coercion, with a view to the destruction of conflicting interests and the removal of unequal dangers, so that union might, at least for a moment, seem to be possible. Then, again, there is another difficulty in the way of unification, one that must be honestly explained before the situation can be grasped.

In Africa there is an association free of all rule, beside all the local governments, "the Africander Bond," an organized union of men of talent and property, who conceive that the circumstances of the continent they inhabit are so peculiar that "Home Rule" is a necessity, independence of Colonial Office misunderstandings and proconsular intermeddlings the one thing needful; and the organization—mark the words, not conspiracy, but publicly avowed, openly bonded, respectable and non-criminal power—is republican and it now embraces or can influence in the Free State, Transvaal and colony of the Cape of Good Hope,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the Boers and about 90 per cent. of the descendants of English, German, and other

settlers, with a vast majority of the civilised or tamed natives—those similar to the *peon* of Mexico, the *maagt-volk*, or “tamed aboriginals” of the country; and this, whether the latter be originally descendants of Bushmen, Hottentots, slaves, or Kafirs. The Bond, now a formidable party, has been widely accepted by, and certainly represents the idea of—with limited exceptions—rural, producing, laborious, and non-trading South Africa. It is the bond of the labourer, the peasant, the farmer, grazier, and stock producer, as contrasted with the clerk, the peddler, and the speculator—call him what you will, or what he will himself, merchant, loafer, card-sharper, or projector; man of progress or candidate for a commissionership;—non-producer, at all events. Now this Afrikaner Bond contains within its circles not only born Boers, Africans of the sternest type, and Hollanders, gentlemen descended from recently introduced Dutch families, but also Englishmen, Germans, Americans, Irishmen, Swedes, Russians, denationalized Jews, and, in fact, persons of all sorts who see in Africa a home, but who will not recognise that, because they land in Africa over the gangway of a ship registered British, or are born within proclaimed British territory, they owe any allegiance save towards the land of their adoption, which might, when the Boer is included, be almost fairly called the land they have reclaimed, or are emancipating. The Free State Chief Justice, Reitz, a young man of daring, intelligence, and principle, a friend to the needy, helper of the destitute, consoler of the afflicted, solace of mourners, and yet most plucky of patriots, is the real head of this party. His lieutenant, its *deus ex machina*, is the African-born son of a German, himself fully a Boer in sympathy, Mr. Borckenhagen, of the *Express*, a Dutch and English newspaper published in Bloemfontein, Orange Free State. Shall I give a sample of the Americans? There is Mr. Cameron of Potchefstroom, formerly Commissioner over Transvaal gold-fields, a man whose deadly rifle, though he is fifty years of age, was never silent for one day during the siege of Potchefstroom. And then there is George Woodford, a railway engineer of no mean celebrity, a man who made his mark in South America. The Bond contains Danes, Spaniards, and Frenchmen, the mob of emigrants to South Africa, with perhaps a Fenian or two, but all certainly beings who want to free themselves from dictation from the men who sit at home at ease, and who dictate to colonies they never visit policies they dare not put to the test by becoming themselves the atoms on whom their failures would fall. These “outsiders,” as the phrase goes, are many, but they bear no proportion to the Dutch, the stern, impracticable herdsmen, cultivators, and ostrich farmers of Africa. The latter, with their peons or dependants, constitute even now, and that notwithstanding Sir Donald Currie and his wonderful shipments



of English-speaking Europeans to Africa, a distinct majority every where throughout the African colonies, and a fighting majority—it went to the last arbitrament—even in Natal, our most English (or Scotch) settlement south of the equator.

The newspapers of the whole country are, however, nearly all written in English, and favourable to the English connection; and the inhabitants of the towns and of some of the more settled districts are unmistakably, and even enthusiastically loyal, and wholly desirous to maintain the connection with the mother country that has hitherto proved so beneficial to the trade and progress of the sea ports. This must be conceded. Mercantile selfishness rejoices at the presence on African soil of a Government that wastes millions in wars for no apparent purpose but to fatten roguish contractors and make fortunes for landing agents, and speculators of all sorts and in towns there are, even in Africa, snobs, civil servants, adulterers of the military, starving expectants and would-be fashionable who give a sort of tone to "society" (imagine "Grahamstown society," or the aristocracy of "the Hill" in Port Elizabeth) that is favourable to our rule, in whose absence "society" would be forced to abdicate its pretensions to recognition. Even amongst born Africans there are snobs who ape the manners of the would-be gentilities of the towns, and who begin to play billiards, smoke cigars, wear trinkets on their watch-chains, and run up scores at hotel bars; but these add little, save their clamour, to our strength: their brainlessness can never extend English influence. And again: is our strength really formidable; are imperial interests truly worth protecting in the towns where what might be called, were it not purely mercenary, imperial sentiment prevails? No; in Africa we have neither strength nor interest save in Capetown and Simon's Bay, although Port Elizabeth and Durban have a deep interest in the connection with us; by us they live, and through our follies they hope to push forward their trade, improve their ports, and enrich themselves. In the Orange Free State we have established a branch of the English Church, with a bishop and staff; but if the last census is to be believed (1881), the worshippers are becoming fewer in number than could have been anticipated, for at one time there were great hopes entertained that Bloemfontein was destined to be a British colony planted in the heart of the republic. In the Transvaal, Bishop Bousfield, aided by the State and by a few local pastors, failed to establish anything like a public opinion in favour of English Episcopacy. His miserable following disappeared before the storm that accompanied the reassertion of the republic. In the colony of the Cape of Good Hope the Calvinistic Dutch outnumber us on every side. Capetown is Jewish and Malay, Dutch Reformed Church or pagan—anything rather than English—and in Po

**Elizabeth** there are swarming colonies of those who, if not actively against us, are certainly not with us. The fact is this, there is a fault beginning to show itself in our colonization in South Africa. We do not, and apparently cannot, thrive as the Boer does, in solitude, nor can we live in small agricultural settlements like the German immigrants. We are over-civilised, slightly ahead, perhaps, of the country. The result is unpleasant. In Africa the English swarm as do the Irish in the coast cities of America. They cannot get into the heart of the land. Their route is by the main roads of traffic or commerce to Kimberley, or to some local capital; failing which they congregate in and about the seaports, seeking only "profits" with which at some, and they hope not far distant time, to leave a continent whose many enjoyments they cannot appreciate, to whose wealth they add nothing, and which they affect to despise, because they cannot understand its people or enjoy its freedom from the silly conventionalities of a spurious civilisation.

If, however, what cannot be conceded, all the inhabitants of the coast towns were favourable to our rule, they are together but a fraction of the population of the whole country. At most, men, women, and children, they are but sixty thousand English-speaking people from Capetown to Port Durban, and including both. Of the country-people proper, except in a few villages and old military stations like King Williamstown, there are not many who would cry out too eagerly for our rule. Of course in the towns referred to, Maritzburg, Grahamstown, Kimberley, and the like, there is a hankering for our gold. Our presence is a distinct benefit to certain classes of our own people, but of what benefit are they or their presence in Africa to the empire, of what value to the tax-paying industrial population of England? We know of none whatever. They are a mere trading class, or they are the actual creatures of our bounty and of our patronage—parasites on the empire as well as on the colonies they inhabit, but do not intend to settle in or to adopt as the permanent abiding-place of their families, the future homes of their children. True, there is a trade interest in South Africa, but Africa does not favour English trade in any exceptional way. Our products are loaded with heavy duties by the very same precious class of adventurers who would cry out wildly if we said to them to-morrow, "You went to Africa as a speculation. British government is not bound to remain there to make that speculation successful, merely for your gain, to the exhaustion of our stores and forces, and the expenditure of Imperial moneys on private interests."

If Africa contributed fairly towards the support of the dignity of the empire, if even our colonization bade fair to be pre-eminently successful there, or if we could remain there and assure ourselves of

an immunity from profitless wars and costly disasters, there might be an excuse for taxing England to feed Africa, but none of the things may be hoped for. The inhabitants of the uplands are Afrikaner in the main and republican in spirit, whilst our people instead of settling in the up country, are crowding together in towns and seaports, ever watching, waiting, and hoping, and sometimes pinching, cheating, and stealing, to obtain the means to fly from the colonies they so much wish us to hold for their benefit.

Humanitarians here cry out that "We have vast interests in South Africa. England has a great mission, to civilise and protect from each other and from all possible oppressors some millions of poor savages, to whom the national honour is pledged." The welfare of the native, be he Christian or pagan, is the last argument that should be adduced in favour of our presence anywhere, least of all in Africa. Those whom we have civilised we have ruined by the contamination of our vices, so that Capetown, on each succeeding Saturday evening, presents the aspect of a hell, seething with drunken loathsome, murderous savagery, and Port Elizabeth is disgraced by faction fights and scenes of inconceivable bestiality and wickedness. And it is so everywhere throughout urban South Africa. The half-civilised native, the "trained servant," is looked upon, as justly, with abhorrence, and raw labour is invariably preferred to that which we have corrupted. How different amongst the farmers the Boers, and up-countrymen! Even in the Paarl and at Wellington, places removed by a couple of hours by rail—forty miles—from Capetown, there becomes visible a striking difference between the native "clothed, and in his right mind," speaking Dutch and attending the Dutch Reformed services, and the monsters of criminality that infest our reeking towns. In these two villages there are at least 8,000 coloured persons, the mass of whom are better clothed and better fed than are thousands of Englishmen here at home. They work at boot-making, waggon construction, in the vineyard and distilleries, as fruit driers, and in many other ways. They are in receipt of good wages, and are circumspect to such a degree that after nightfall one rarely hears a loud voice in the streets. And yet that is not a result of our civilisation; in these towns one rarely hears a word of English spoken. And everywhere throughout South Africa, in villages of the better sort, on the farms of the landed proprietors, and with the waggons on the highways, tending sheep in the uplands, or herding cattle and horses at pasture, are to be met Dutch-speaking natives who are civil and polite if not highly cultured, but wherever one meets the immediate results of our system of educating the native, he finds only vice, idleness, and impudence.

To savage South Africa we have brought few blessings, although in sixty years we have spent forty millions of money

**African wars**, we cannot point to many kindly converts to our rule, nor indeed do we possess in the whole country many very willing or grateful subjects. Of course the story is told us, and it flatters national vanity to believe it, that our absence would be succeeded by an immediate uprising of blacks against whites; indeed, daily since the retrocession of the Transvaal we are being alarmed by horrid tales of intended native risings against the Boers and consequences of all sorts to follow on our "shameful abandonment of the national honour and of our plighted word;" but what are the facts? No severe fighting is going on or is feared in the Transvaal. The Orange Free State has no native question, and our recent wars have been invariably with people we have protected. We were forced in 1878 to destroy Sekukuni. We have destroyed Waterboer and the Griquas and Korannas of Griqualand West, because we protected them against the Free State in 1871. The Cape Colony has but recently ceased to wage ill-conducted and ineffectual war against the Basuto nation, whom we rescued from actual destruction at the hands of republican commanders but fourteen years ago, and we have slain the Griquas of Griqualand East, fought with and ruined the Zulu nation, and for what? In their own interests, and because our presence in South Africa is absolutely needed for the protection of these selfsame natives from oppressions that are raved about, but never proved. The fact is this: we have no interest inland in Africa save a trading one, and so long as our goods are cheap and our system of credit-giving satisfactory, Africa will trade with us whether our flag flies over it or not. But flag or no flag, if she could buy in a cheaper market we should not like to guarantee the maintenance of her trade with us to her own disadvantage. This is plainly notable in Natal, where the roadways are thronged with American carriages; and English manufactures, especially in ploughs and implements, are despised.

The only argument that can be fairly urged against our leaving the mainland of South Africa to look after its own interests, and the colonists, be they English or Dutch, to govern themselves and maintain their possessions, as against internal disturbers, at their own cost and risk, is the unreasonable outcry of the "Empire at any price" faction, the selfish sentimentalists and vainglorious do-nothings who profess to hold it as truth that "we cannot recede," that we cannot give up territory having once taken possession of it, and who would compel the nation to retain for ever, irrespective of national honour or interest, every spot of ground upon which at any time our flag had been displayed. When we required the Cape for the especial purpose of its being a coaling and refitting station for our Indian fleets, it may have been proper and worthy of our dignity that we should get it anyhow, and we got it. As population spread inland it

became needful, for a time at least, to proclaim coasts, annex Natal, and do other things to prevent maritime rivals from getting a footing in a land where our supremacy was necessary to our trade and to our empire; but now all things are different. No trading or marine or military necessities force upon us an African empire, to our own certain loss and the profit only of those who go to fatten on our Imperial expenditure there. The route to the Australasian colonies and some of the necessities of our Indian sailing merchantmen may give us need for one or two African ports, but on the mainland we have no vital interest, and as for ambitions they can only be prosecuted at a loss, to our own discredit, and the possible disturbance of people who after all do not seem to want us to interfere in their affairs. If to-morrow we were able to leave Africa, the movable forces of England would be increased by some thousands of trained soldiers, and we would become what we must soon begin to strive to be, a more concentrated power. What would we leave behind? A people, if they will unite, strong enough to resist conquest from without and treason from within; a race partly of our own stock almost wholly of our kindred; and allies, proud, stubborn, puritan exactly the people to prevent any rivalry to our legitimate influence arising on a continent where, after all, we have spent millions of money and thousands of lives to procure rest for our settlers. We have nothing to earn, neither ambition nor interest to serve, by remaining in Africa south of the line. Its possession of late years has been a mistake. By it we have gained but a questionable glory. We should have quitted our hold on the interior in 1854. Necessity, however, urges us to retain seaports for the use of our southern-going traders, and for the preservation to England of the mail-carrying services by which the tokens of our empire at sea, and the credit of our marine, our prestige, and our true usefulness are so largely increased and displayed. For such purposes Capetown and Simon's Bay are sufficient—the one to afford shelter to our war ships, the other as a mail station and depôt for stores for the mercantile marine. These ports are close together, situated on a sort of Jutland, easily defensible by sea and land, and connected with the up country by fair road and rail. For Port Elizabeth we need care but little. It enjoys an ephemeral prosperity, is an inconvenient bay whose strands are literally strewn with wrecks, a place which like the settlement of the Portuguese at Lorenzo Marquez, higher up the coast, will one day become the grave of its European inhabitants, an east coast pest-house. By such a retirement from the country as is here suggested, England would rid herself at once and for ever of the incessant drain on her resources made by African wars, and, better still, she would relieve her statesmen and people, the brain of an overworked nation, from the pressure of hideous problems.

**that** always manage to work themselves out disastrously. Of course in bidding adieu to responsibilities we should not leave chaos behind us. Guaranteed government must be established, and so far as is possible order left as a result of our rule ; but sentiment should not wed us to possessions that are but sources of weakness to the nation, and cost to our own community, and which cannot possibly add anything to our exchequer, our national honour, or our security.

How the abandonment is to be prepared for may now be entered upon. It is first necessary to deal with some of the more local and territorial existing difficulties before proceeding to the great question of the rule of South Africa by and for South Africans only, and as a protected state, or better still, as a federalized republic.

#### NATAL AND ZULULAND.

Within Natal, previous to our war with Cetywayo, whose release and restoration to power are now so warmly advocated by many reputable and well-informed persons, there dwelt in all about 22,000 white colonists, of whom at least one-third were Dutch and the remainder English and Scotch emigrants, with the descendants and families of discharged soldiers, left there chiefly from the 27th and 45th regiments. The coloured population, of whom 99 per cent. were, and are, pagans, were as a rule refugees from Zululand and other neighbouring independent and quasi-independent territories. These people when they first came into our colony, a territory seized by us from the Trek-boers, but to the coasts of which we had some sort of a colourable right, brought with them little save their barbarous customs, amongst which slavery in its very worst form was—as it still is—the most noteworthy. The Kafir could purchase wives to the extent of his means. These wives with their daughters were slaves, and treated as things to be inherited, with power of sale and disposal. They tilled the fields, supported the family, and might by the death of husband and father become the property of brother, or brother-in-law, or in fact of whomsoever it might concern ; but being women could never become free. To the Kafirs introducing this dreadful barbarism under our flag were given exceptional land privileges, to this day a grievance to European colonists, who as Afrikaners from beyond Drakensberg, and as Englishmen from the sea, had found Natal, so far as regards population, a veritable desert, a wilderness of grass and graves, bush and burnt kraals, a “land where no man was master.” The immigrant or refugee Kafirs who later crowded in on the new settlement had no right to the possession of an acre of land or a blade of grass in the country. Many of them were broken chiefs, reputed witches, runaway murderers, and transgressors of all sorts. One feeling only they had in common, they hated and feared the Zulu king. Hence, though occasionally rest-

less, their almost uniform and, during the war of 1879, more remarkable fidelity to our salt. Fear of the Zulu king, not gratitude to or kind feeling for us, made them true to our flag in the crisis that followed Isandhlwana. The King was, as a result of the operations of war, made prisoner and deported to Capetown, so from thence all motive for loyalty to us of the Natal refugee Kafir ceased, and the question arises, are we in Natal are our colonists, safer for his detention? And, secondly, can his liberation be made useful for the better protection of our little Natal settlement, or for the actual improvement in morals of the savage masses now festering south of the Tugela? To these questions the most favourable answer can be returned. By dividing Zululand in two, an opportunity can be made to forbid for ever any polygamy or paganism inside of our own territory, thus: Let the land from Tugela to Umvolosi be declared to be a native reserve under the Natal Government, to be ruled by native law as at present prevailing for the benefit of the pagans living in the colony, and into this reserve let every man, woman, and child who voluntarily profess slave institutions and heathen practices to ours march out of the colony. Of course, magistrates, clerks, missionaries, &c., would accompany them, and traders would gladly enough move into this new territory, where, if they were suitably encouraged, they might acquire lands and build fortified houses for the better security of themselves concerned. Then native law should be revoked, and English law or Roman-Dutch law proclaimed, and its observance made compulsory on every human soul within Natal; whereby that colony would be once enriched, its labour would be more than doubled, the curse of slavery would be removed from its soil, and it would be relieved from a danger that is proximate, and since the fall of Cetshwayo or present, that of a pagan revolt. The natives taking advantage of the "law" and remaining south of Tugela would then be all but natural enemies of those who recrossed the river; and besides this, the power of many Natal tribal chiefs would be broken wholly or in part. There should be no longer any chief but the law, any appeal to barbarous courts of Indunas, nor should there exist a Supreme Chief in the name of a Christian queen and nation, giving daily decrees confirmatory of practices the most revolting. Beyond Umvolosi, to the north, should be proclaimed Zululand, and given to Cetshwayo as a vassal of Natal, a tribute payer, but with few, if any, restraints on his "custom." Into this let all willing subjects of Cetshwayo pass. Fear of the King and of his regiments would keep the reserve, the cis-Volosiens savages quiet. Fear of both would guarantee the fidelity to colonists, of the refugees who may elect to remain amongst them and abide by law. Amongst Natal Kafirs there are many who are amassing wealth. The proposed measure would benefit them, pur

**our** colony of paganism, satisfy the just claims of the King, and **give** peace to Eastern South Africa for at least a generation.

And Natal as a colony? Well, give it a form of government similar **to** that enjoyed by the Transvaal, make it virtually a republic; then, **and** then only, can it carry out its natural destiny and become the **port**, not, as it is to-day, the toll-gate and vexation of the Free State **and** Transvaal. This done, Natal need no longer fear foreign rivalry **at** Delagoa Bay. She will have a monopoly of trade with the Zulus, **Amaswas**, Boers, and Bechuanas. This is a fair ambition, easy enough of attainment. If any object, there are ships enough to remove them. Surely, if we wasted millions to secure Natalians from the Zulus, we may sacrifice a few greedy merchants to our own **safety** and the general prosperity of Africa, the contentment of the **Boers**, the total neutralisation of the Zulu and pagan refugee powers, **and** the happy deliverance of England from crimes and blunders, bloodshed, and expense beyond count. A conference between the **Free State**, the Transvaal, and Natal might take place with a view **to** a federal union, but this cannot be done until Natal is as free as the Transvaal. If the outcome of the conference were to be a proposition for complete union, we would do well to withdraw even our **suzerainty** from the Transvaal, and let the three States form one republic. It would be Afrikander it is true, but it would be none the less friendly to us for all that; the diamond-fields at one end **and** Durban at the other make a powerful tie to our skirts. This republic would be able to deal adequately with all native questions, **and** after all the English would remain the traders and professional **classes**, and have a monopoly of the spirit trade, whilst the hardy **Boer** would still pursue the avocations chosen by his father before **him**. Such a State could arm and mount 20,000 men in twenty **days**, and that without straining its resources; and besides that, free republics attract mixed emigration.

Should Natal decline our gift of freedom, then let it pay for its defence, for the presence of Imperial troops within its borders, and let it be a subject colony in every sense of the word, liable to forfeit its up-country trade through its refusal to coalesce with the republics.

#### BASUTOLAND

also will need attention. This territory, the Switzerland of South Africa, has had a strange history, and we have by our meddling with it turned its arms against our colonists. A few words, a very few, will be necessary to show the position, in regard to us, of its people. Early in the present century one Moshesh, a Bechuana chief, living on the north-west of what is now the Transvaal, finding that no security from savage conquerors was to be had in the plains, gathered



together many broken tribes and sought out a new kingdom for himself. He found towards, and around, the sources of the Orange River a land of rock, stream, mountain, cave, gully, and generally admirably suited for his purpose, and into it he moved with some 6,000 men and 30,000 women and children. Being attacked there by Umselekatze, a general of division in the army of Chaka, the great Zulu conqueror, Moshesh successfully defended his mountains; but wise and far-seeing, after defeating he propitiated his enemy with gifts of cattle. He had a petty war with some Griqua neighbours, and a few conflicts with the Boers and English, which in the days of the Orange River sovereignty brought General Cathcart with an army against his nation. A disaster befell our cavalry and Cathcart had to retreat from "Thaba Bosigo," the King's stronghold. Still wise, Moshesh apologised, paid a fine, and was admitted to peace, because we could not conveniently fight against him. In 1854 we abandoned the Orange Free State, which under its presidents, forced thereto by the thievish customs of the Basutos, who are fond of horses and cattle, and like much to improve their stocks even at the expense of a neighbour, warred sometimes against Moshesh, finally in 1858 humbling his power to very dust. At this period Free State commandoes, on whom served about 400 British-born subjects, occupied nearly Basutoland. The savages were driven into caves, where they were left but the choice between death by hunger or submission. Then usual impolicy urged us to receive the Basutos as subjects. Philip Wodehouse, H.M. Commissioner at the Cape, proclaimed at the request of Moshesh, Basutoland to be British territory. In fact, he flung the mantle of our protection around a people whose conquest by the Boers was a matter of fact, and to whom subjection meant only conversion and civilisation. The Free State, robbed of the fruits of victory, submitted calmly enough, but what did Philip do? Acting up to the Southey policy, that of arming blacks against the Boers, he permitted the prostrate and grateful savages to retain their weapons and to buy more and better when and where they could. The opening of the diamond-fields enabled Basutos, who unlike Zulus are willing workmen, to purchase at least 20,000 fire-arms in the years up to 1873, when the Free State forbade savages to carry arms through its territory, which lay between Basutoland and Griqualand West. The Basutos, now Majesty's subjects, ignored the law that forbade them to trade armed on Free State soil, and even the Government of the Colony at the Cape of Good Hope, under that deadly enemy of African republics, Sir Henry Barkly, forced through the Free State waggon-load of munitions of war intended to be sold to savages working for hire—the hire was generally a gun—at Kimberley. The Free State, ind-

nant, arrested a few of the waggons on their own soil, and stopped at Mooimeisjes Fontein, or "Pretty Girl's Spring," an armed band marching from Griqualand West towards Basutoland. Some lives were lost, and her Majesty's Commissioner all but proclaimed war against the Republic, which was forced to restore the waggon-loads of contraband property lawfully seized, and to pay an indemnity. The Basutos consequently continued to obtain munitions. When, however, the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope had responsible government granted to it, England placed Basutoland under the Cape Parliament, but without first receiving Basuto assent to that measure. England had no more right to do this than the writer would have to hand over a property held in trust to any unauthorised person, not in trust, but in fee. From the hour in which this error was made, some of the tribal chiefs, relatives of Moshesh, who died shortly after the annexation in 1858, saw their way to resume their independence. Struggling for this, they have actually defeated a Cape Colonial army with men and cannon outnumbering the Basutos two to one. There is nothing left but to create an independent Basutoland under the Protectorate of Natal and the republics, who would reduce it to obedience in three months should necessity arise.

The troubles of which we hear, now taking place on the western border of the Transvaal and to the north of the most easterly points of Griqualand West, are also of our own making. Montsioa was actually armed—by us—against the Transvaal Boers, and it was only an order, obtained at the last moment from the late General Colley, that prevented a force of three thousand savages being used by a British officer to harry the homes of the Boer women in the absence of their husbands. White refugees, hoping to gain in the turmoil of a civil war, went consequently to our black ally. These now trouble the frontier and have provoked the recent fighting. All lands to the north of Vaal River, even the northern portion of Griqualand, should go to the Transvaal Republic, when gun-running and blood-shedding would soon cease.

England's course is plain, open, and unmistakable. She may hold South Africa by the sword, but it is to her a useless territory involving too great responsibilities; or by liberality to the Afrikaner people, and to the Zulus and Basutos, she may purchase peace, allies, and honour, whilst relieving her empire of too hastily acquired, costly, and unremunerative possessions.

ALFRED AYLWARD.

## ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLOUR-SENSE.

THE subject of the development of the colour-sense or colour-perception is one that has only been discussed within the last five-and-twenty years. Mr. Gladstone was the first to open this question. His studies of Homer had led him to remark how few colours were mentioned by that author, and in his *Studies on Homer and Homeric Age*, published in 1858, he dwells upon the paucity of colours mentioned by Homer, and also upon the inexactness of the application. This he believed due to the fact that Homer's conceptions of colour were vague and indeterminate, owing to the order of colour and its impressions being but partially developed among the Greeks of his age.

It would be as well before proceeding further to obtain a clear idea as to the point at issue. Authors have generally considered the question to be this: "Is there sufficient evidence to show that the power of perceiving colour has been acquired by man within historical times?" The question to be discussed in the present paper will be, "Is there evidence to show that the power of perceiving colour has been gradually acquired at any time, not only by man in historic or pre-historic times, but by the animal kingdom at large?"

This question naturally falls within the larger one of evolution or special creation, the doctrine of evolution supposing that all living things have reached their present condition by becoming adapted, both in function and structure, to the circumstances in which they may be placed, while the creation hypothesis supposes them to have been created more or less in the same condition as they are now. Thus the question in the present case would be this: "Is there evidence to show that the power of perceiving the different colours has been gradually attained by man or animals owing to the circumstances in which they have been placed?"

The simplest and clearest way of treating this question will be to divide it into four parts:—

Firstly.—To consider in what the "colour-sense" or "perception of colour" consists.

Secondly.—To recall what has been written on this subject, and the arguments brought forward to prove that the power of apprehending colours has been gradually developed.

Thirdly.—To consider the value of those arguments as to the point at issue.

Fourthly.—To state the conclusion which must be arrived at the whole question.

I. Firstly, then, "What is the 'colour-sense' or 'perception of colour?'"

And in the first place what is colour? It is unnecessary to say more than a very few words about this. It need only be remembered that Newton discovered the white light of the sun not to be homogeneous, but formed of seven colours, and that the tints of objects are due to their power of decomposing white light and reflecting various portions of it to the observer's eye. That the separate rays which form what is called the solar spectrum are unequally refrangible, so that when white light is decomposed by means of a prism, the different colours which compose it may be observed separately on a screen placed to receive them. That red, the least refrangible, will be seen at one end of the coloured band or spectrum, while violet, the most refrangible, will be seen at the other, the arrangement of the colours, which should be borne in mind, being red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Also that beyond the red-coloured and the violet rays at the two extremes, other rays, the ultra-red and the ultra-violet, exist, known respectively by their heat-giving or chemical effects. Colour, then, results from the power which objects have to reflect certain parts of the white light. How are these rays of light supposed to meet our eyes? A certain light, elastic element is supposed to pervade everything in space; this element, which is called "ether," is made to vibrate or undulate by such agencies as heat and light. Not only can light produce these vibrations in its compound condition of white light, but each of its components, the coloured lights, has the same effect. Thus when we see a coloured object it would seem that certain waves only of those which constitute white light are transmitted to our eye, and these waves give to the object its characteristic colour.

This, then, is the accepted explanation of colour, and the colour-sense, or perception of colour, will now be considered. These waves, these undulations forming a certain portion of white light, reach the eye, and exert a certain influence on the expansion of the optic nerve at the back of the eye, termed the retina; corresponding vibrations are set up, it is thought, in the optic nerve, and an impression is thus produced on the brain, which enables the colour to be recognised. Thus Young and Helmholtz supposed that, since all colours can be produced by different combinations of the three primary colours, red, green, and blue (or rather violet), three sets of nerve fibres must exist in the retina, each of which is sensitive to one of these sets of rays. This, however, it should be said, is by no means proved to be the case.

It will be observed that corresponding vibrations are supposed to be set up in the retina and optic nerve resembling certain phenomena

which occur in the case of sound. I mean in the propagation of sound by reciprocation. If two strings of the same length and tension be placed side by side, and one of them be sounded with violin bow, or if the same tone be produced by any other musical instrument, as a flute or tuning-fork, the other string will sound the same note. Thus the vibrations of the air producing sound, meeting with a string capable of vibrating at a certain rapidity, would excite such vibrations in it, and produce a similar note. The analogy between the power of distinguishing sounds and colours has long been recognised, and just as different fibres of the auditory nerve would seem to correspond to the air vibrations of a certain rapidity, so would those of the retina and optic nerve with the vibrations of ether producing different colours. Occasionally, as Dr. Pliny Earle has shown (*American Journal of Med. Science*, vol. xxxv.), the want of power to perceive certain colours, or colour-blindness, co-exists with a similar want of power to discriminate musical tones.

This want of power to recognise certain colours, or colour-blindness, which affects from 3 to 5 per cent. of the population, takes different forms. The most common form is red colour-blindness; that is, the inability to distinguish red and green from each other. In the solar spectrum a person affected with this form of colour-blindness sees only the two colours, blue and green, with their various tints. Thus red, orange, yellow, and green all appear of the same tint, the other colours of the spectrum appearing blue; the other forms of colour-blindness, namely, the inability to see green or blue, are much more rarely seen. It is necessary to say these few words about colour-blindness, since it has been supposed to be a return to the primitive condition of vision in mankind. It will be seen, however, as we proceed, that there are no reasons for this supposition.

It is in this, then, that the appreciation or perception of colour consists. A coloured object is placed before the eyes, vibrations of ether having a certain magnitude are reflected from it, and reach the eye of the observer. Corresponding vibrations are set up in the retina and optic nerve along which they would pass to the brain and effect consciousness. It has been shown that when light falls upon the retina, some alteration must occur in the optic nerve, since the electric current along it undergoes change, becoming sometimes positive, and sometimes negative, in the same way as when motor nerves are stimulated. (Dewar and M'Kendrick).<sup>1</sup> This covibration or change, whatever it may be, would influence the brain, and lead to a mental image of the coloured objects being formed, the power of

(1) The idea of Clerk Maxwell will be remembered, that light itself is an electromagnetic disturbance, ether being the vehicle by which this disturbance is propagated.

receiving and discriminating colour in this way being termed the "colour-sense" or "colour-perception."

II. We come now to the second part of our subject, namely, to call what has been already written on this subject, and to mention the arguments brought forward to prove that the power of appreciating colours has been gradually developed. It has already been mentioned that Mr. Gladstone was struck with the fewness of the colours mentioned by Homer, and the inexact manner in which the colour terms were used, and that in 1858 he suggested that colours were probably not appreciated at that day as they are now, the organ of colour and its perceptions being probably in a comparatively undeveloped condition.

The next to take up this question was Lazarus Geiger. In a paper read at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in 1867, he represented that the power of perceiving colour, as it now exists, must have been attained gradually and progressively, and *that* even within historic times. Suggesting that probably the organs of man's senses some thousand years ago were by no means in the same condition as now, and that they were then incapable of their present functions, he applied this idea to the power of distinguishing colours, and examined the indications of colour-perception presented by the works of different ages. Neither in the Vedas, the ancient religious works of the Hindus, which are supposed to have been written from fourteen to sixteen hundred years B.C., nor in the Zendavesta or books of the Parsees, or Persians, which must have been written before the eighth century B.C., did he find indications of developed colour-perception. From both any mention of blue colour was entirely absent, a fact the more striking since the Vedas are full of descriptions of the sky, while the latter, the Zendavesta, specially treats of light and fire, which are represented as originating in the sun. Similarly green colour is not mentioned either in the Rigveda hymns or in the Zendavesta, though both often speak of the earth. The size and height of trees are considered, but not the green colour of their leaves. Again, he finds, as Mr. Gladstone did, how inaccurate are Homer's descriptions of colour, and adopts the same suggestion, namely, that colours were probably not perceived at that time as they are now.

In 1867 M. Hugo Magnus in a work entitled *Die Entwicklung des Farbensinnes*, published at Iena, gave reasons for believing in the same progressive appreciation of colours as Geiger; in the same gradually increasing sensibility to colour impressions. Believing that at first mankind merely perceived white and black, the presence or absence of light, he believed red to have been the first true colour to be recognised, and that the power of perceiving the other colours was gradually acquired in the order of the colours in the solar

spectrum. Thus he believed the perception of red to be followed that of yellow, these two colours seemingly having the longest and most powerful waves of ether. The perception of green followed then of blue, and lastly of violet. Dr. Magnus believed that it was whilst red and black were alone distinguished that the hymns of the Vedas were written, that yellow was also recognised in the time of Homer, and that it was only at a later date that the perception of green followed, and lastly that of blue and violet. He believed it to be only in quite recent times that the numerous shades of the solar spectrum have been defined with exactness, that the evolution of the colour-sense is still incomplete, and that the time will come when the ultra-violet rays will be perceptible to the eye, though their existence is only at present recognised on account of their chemical effects.

It has already been pointed out that colour-blindness has been supposed to be a return to the primitive condition of vision in mankind. A further examination, however, shows that, even supposing primitive vision to have been such as Dr. Magnus suggested, this could not be the case. In colour-blindness the perception of red is almost invariably lost, while that of blue and violet is present. The reverse is supposed to have happened when colours were first appreciated by mankind. Red colours are thought to have been perceived, when blue and violet were not yet distinguished. Thus there is no resemblance between colour-blindness and the condition which is supposed by Dr. Magnus to have prevailed when the colour-sense was in a primitive condition, nor can it be looked upon as an indication that such an undeveloped state of the colour-sense ever existed.

In 1877 Mr. Gladstone wrote an article upon the colour-sense in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which much the same conclusions were arrived at as had been already stated in his *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, namely, that Homer's perceptions of the prismatic colours and of their compounds were as a rule vague and indeterminate, owing to the organ of colour being at his time, at least among the Greeks, only in its infancy, whilst it is now full grown in us. He reviews what Magnus had already written on this subject, pointing out that discussions had taken place in Germany upon it, the tendency of which seemed to be in favour of the doctrine that colour was little known to the ancients, the perception of it having been gradually developed until it had become a familiar and unquestioned part of our inheritance.

Hence the inexactness with which colour terms seem to be used by all ancient writers. Hence the fewness of colour expressions. Hence the apparently different appreciation at different ages of the same colours. Thus he points out that while Homer considers the rainbow as one-coloured (*πορφύρεν*, Il. xvii. 547), red or purple, Xenophanes

who lived in the sixth century B.C., sees in it the several hues of red (φαινικέον), purple (πορφύρεον), and yellow green (χλωρόν). Aristotle, who lived at the same date, looks upon it as of three colours—red, green, and blue; while Ovid, who wrote at the beginning of the first century A.D., treats it as of a thousand colours, with shades of which each is scarcely distinguishable from that adjoining but with extremes very remote from each other. Finally, Newton established the scientific doctrine of the colours which compose it.

It was also in 1877 that Mr. Wallace wrote an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* upon the colours of animals and plants. The object of this article was to explain the cause of these colours, rather than the way in which they were perceived; but as the two were supposed to be dependent on each other, colour-perception on the part of animals was considered at some length. Though the ultimate cause of colour in the animal world would depend on something molecular and chemical in their integuments, or on the action on them of heat, light, or moisture, still the colours would be so modified by natural or sexual selection for various purposes, that such selection, Mr. Wallace points out, must be looked upon as the main explanation of their colour. Thus it is that he divides the colours of animals into four groups:—

Firstly.—Protective colours, by which the animals are protected from other animals which would prey upon them. Thus green colours would be unperceived, as he points out, in tropical forests, white among arctic snows, and so on.

Secondly.—Warning colours, by which the animals are rendered more visible, so that, from the juices of their body being unpleasant to the odour or taste, the very conspicuousness of their appearance warns them from being molested.

Thirdly.—Sexual colours, due to voluntary sexual selection.

Fourthly.—Typical colours, with regard to which none of the above causes seem to exist, but which seem to depend upon peculiar elements—chemical compounds in the soil, water, or atmosphere, or upon peculiar organic substances in the vegetation of the locality which they inhabit.

Thus in the first three of these groups the perception of colour by animals is looked upon by Mr. Wallace as an undeniable fact, the apparent use of the colour in the animals which belong to them being to protect them from others, to warn others, or to attract others.

Plants also are shown by Mr. Wallace to have acquired some of their colours by the power of attracting insects which such colours give them, the visits of such insects being necessary for their fertilisation—a point which has been brought out more fully by Sprengel, Linnaeus, Müller, Hildebrand, Delpino, and other observers.

The subject of the perception of colours or of the colour-sense



was very ably discussed by Mr. Grant Allen in a work on "*Colour-Sense*" published in 1879. After pointing out in what colour perception consists, and how it would seem to be the special function of the cones of the retina, since these are wholly wanting in nocturnal animals, and are most thickly massed near the central part of the retina where colour-perception is most acute, he discusses the history of the appearance of colour, and of its first perception. Mentioning that, as Brongniart stated, three periods of geological vegetation may be supposed to have existed, he points out that these, which he called "The age of acrogens or ferns, the age of gymnospermous conifers, and the age of angiosperms or true-seeding plants," may be termed the age of flowerless plants, the age of anemophilous wind-fertilised flowering plants, and the age of entomophilous insect-fertilised flowering plants, the former flowers being those in which the pollen of the male flower is wafted to the stigma of the female flower by means of the wind, whereas in the latter it would be carried there by insects.

Thus it was that during long geological ages no signs of orange, blue, or yellow, in the form of either flower or fruit, had been found, while since even in the carboniferous period trace of insect life exist, these insects must have sought their food in flowerless plants then living. Such insects would have carried the fertilising pollen from plant to plant, forming a more sure method of impregnation than the wind, and the plants which were the most attractive to insects would gain an advantage in the general competition for place on the earth's surface; thus insect-fertilised plants would gradually gain ground on the anemophilous division, not only on this account, but also because the seedlings due to such cross-fertilisation are the more vigorous. The brilliantly coloured flowers being most easily perceived would be more likely to be fertilised by the insects, and the growth of large coloured petals might be explained, while their colour also renders the existence of a colour-sense most probable in the insects by which they were fertilised. This colour-perception would again become more and more perfected in the insects, owing to the advantage which their improved colour-sense would give them in their search for food. Mr. Grant Allen points out that the colour-perception, which has been shown to exist now in many insects, such as bees,<sup>1</sup> wasps, ants, and others, was

(1) My brother, Sir John Lubbock, has not only shown experimentally what until then been a matter of inference, that ants, bees, and wasps can distinguish colours, but in the case of bees has proved that they have a decided preference for blue.

It is perhaps even more interesting that ants, and some other articulate animals (daphnias), appear not only to perceive all the colours that we can see, but also ultra-violet rays, which are invisible to us. Sir John Lubbock observes (*Trans. Zool. Soc.*, 1881, p. 1377) that "as every ray of homogeneous light which we can perceive at all appears to us as a distinct colour, it seems probable that these ultra-violet rays must make themselves apparent to the ants as a distinct and separate colour (of a

have been inherited from such ancestors, and the fact that insect-fertilised flowers are, as a rule, large, brilliant, and coloured, while those which are wind-fertilised are small, green, and inconspicuous, affords another proof of the existence of such colour-perception.

Supposing, again, the power of perceiving colour to be similarly inherited by every vertebrate animal, he expresses his belief that man is the descendant of an arboreal quadrumanous animal of frugivorous habits, who shared, like other vertebrates, the power of perceiving colour. He points out that man now possesses a very perfect colour-sense, equally pronounced in all varieties of the species, from the highest to the lowest. That the latter point is true is proved not only by the works of travellers and others respecting modern savages, but by information received from missionaries, Government officials, and others living among uncivilised races. That the colour-sense existed, seemingly in an equally developed condition, in ancient times is rendered probable by the character of the ancient monuments in Egypt, Assyria, and other parts. He also points out the traces of colour-perception which exist in the Old Testament. In the very first chapter of Genesis we hear of the green herb (v. 30). Isaac partook of red pottage (Gen. xxv. 30). Joseph had a coat of many colours; the Israelites in the desert were enjoined to wear "ribands of blue" (Numb. xv. 38). Rahab agrees with the spies to hang out scarlet thread as a signal. The curtains of the tabernacle were to be made of "fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fringed with loops of blue" (Exod. xxvi. 1). The veil was to be of the same three colours (Exod. xxvi. 31) as were the hangings for the door (Exod. xxvi. 36) and the gate of the court (Exod. xxvii. 16). The breastplate of the priest (Exod. xxviii. 15) was to be "of gold, of blue, of purple, and of scarlet." In Solomon's temple also the veil was to be "of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen" (2 Chron. iii. 14). In these passages, though the exact meaning of the Hebrew words used may not be given in the English translation, the difference seems to be but slight, the words translated "blue, and purple, and scarlet" being perhaps more correctly rendered "blue purple, red purple, and crimson."

There are also indications that perception of colour existed in the Bronze and even in the Stone Age. Thus while coloured ornaments and beads have been found in the Swiss Lake dwellings which are

we can form no idea), but as unlike the rest as red is from yellow, or green from violet. The question also arises whether white light to these insects would differ from our white light in containing this additional colour. At any rate, as few of the colours in nature are pure colours, but almost all arise from the combination of rays of different wavelengths, and as in such cases a visible resultant would be composed not only of the rays which we see, but of these and the ultra-violet, it would appear that the colours of objects, and the general aspect of nature, must present to them a very different appearance from what they do to us."

supposed to have belonged to the Bronze Age, stones remarkable for their colour seem to have been chosen in the Stone Age, not only for use, but also for ornament. Grant Allen, therefore, believes colour-perception to have been developed at an earlier period of animal existence, and accepting *in toto* the theory of evolution, he believes the earliest animal eyes to have been cognisant of light and its negative only; the discrimination of form he believes to have followed, and lastly the perception of colour. Colour-perception, first aroused in insects by the hues of flowers, and in simple marine animals by the animal organisms around them, he believes to have been handed down from the latter to fishes and reptiles, and more remotely to birds and mammals. That quadrumanous animals being frugivorous possess colour-sense in a high degree; while man, the supposed descendant of these fruit-eating quadrumana, possesses very perfect colour-perception, direct investigations showing all existing men to have like colour-perceptions, while history shows the same to be true of all earlier races.

I would allude, lastly, to a paper read at the Anthropological Society of Berlin by Dr. Rabl Rückhard, in 1880, upon the Historical Development of the Colour Sense. From this we learn that Fridhiof Holmgren, the Swedish physiologist, suggested a few years ago a new plan of testing colour-perception, namely, by means of variously coloured wools. A skein of wool having a certain colour, as, for instance, light green on the one hand, or red on the other, being placed before the person whose perception is to be tested, he is desired to choose from among a large number of variously coloured wools those which seem to him to be of the same colour. Should the perception of colour not be in a developed condition, or should colour-blindness exist, colours are indicated as similar which to those with good colour-perception appear of different hues. Thus, for instance, red and green, or blue and grey, might be regarded as of the same colour, whilst the ordinary eye would recognise their dissimilarity. By such means it was found that the inhabitants of the Polar regions, Nubians, and other uncivilised races, had a highly developed colour-sense; that in some cases with few, vague, and undecided names for colour, good colour-perception existed:—it does not therefore follow that, because the vocabulary of any race is limited, their perceptions must necessarily be the same. H. S. Magnus, mainly owing to these facts, acknowledged that the conclusions which he had previously deduced were not borne out by actual observations, and now lays down propositions which are more or less identical with those of Rückhard, namely,—

Firstly.—That all savage nations hitherto tested have a sense of colour which does not differ from that of civilised nations.

Secondly.—That perception of colour and designation of colour

have nothing to do with each other, and that it is not safe to conclude from a deficiency of language that there exists a corresponding deficiency of perception.

III. We have now to consider the value of the different arguments brought forward.

It would be the simplest and best way to regard this, firstly, as to the development of colour-perception in man in historic or pre-historic times; and, secondly, as to its gradual and progressive development in the animal kingdom.

Firstly, then, as to its development in man within historic times.

It will have been observed that the arguments in favour of the gradual development of the colour-sense within historic times are merely philological—that is, derived from the inexact and scanty way in which the names of colours are used in literature, and that observations among the uncivilised races now living show, as Hugo Magnus asserts, that the perception of colour is not indicated by the variety of terms used to express it. The fact, therefore, that the names of colours are seldom, or inaccurately, used, does not prove the perception of colour to be equally at fault. If, again, the perception of colour has become so perfect within the last three or four thousand years, it would be natural to suppose that some uncivilised races would now be in the same condition as regards perception of colour as men at the time when the Vedas or Zendavesta were written, who did not distinguish accurately between the different colours of the solar spectrum in their writings. Such, however, is not found to be the case, even the least-civilised savages being found to have good colour-perception. This was found to be the case by Mr. Grant Allen among a large number of uncivilised races in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Pacific Islands, leading him to the conclusion that colour-perception is absolutely identical throughout all branches of the human race. In many cases, however, the colour terms used were few and incomplete, as, for instance, among the Hill Tribes of India, who, though they can distinguish the different colours, use the same term to express blue, green, and violet. Similarly the observations made at the request of Holmgren among the Swedish Laplanders and other inhabitants of the Arctic regions, the observations of Virchow and others upon Nubians and Lapps, brought them to the same conclusion. There is, therefore, no deficiency in colour-perception among the uncivilised tribes now living, as would probably be the case had the colour-sense only been developed within the last few thousand years. The ancient monuments, again, of Mycenæ, Assyria, and Egypt show how developed the perception of colour was when they were built. Indeed Mr. Owen Jones, in his *Grammar of Ornament*, states his belief, with regard to Egyptian monuments, that the more ancient the monument the more perfect

is the art. "Monuments," he states, "erected two thousand years before the Christian era are formed from the ruins of still more ancient and more perfect buildings. Whether the lotus and papyrus were taken as symbolising the food for the body and mind, the feathers of rare birds, the palm-branch, or other type of ornament, that ornament, however conventionalised, is always found to be true. We are never shocked by any misapplication or violation of a natural principle." He also says: "The architecture of the Egyptians is thoroughly polychromatic—they painted everything—therefore we have much to learn from them on this head. They dealt in flat tints, and used neither shade nor shadow, yet found no difficulty in poetically conveying to the mind the identity of the object they desired to represent." The Assyrian style of painting was also supposed by him to be "the remains of a more perfect style of art yet to be discovered." Ancient monuments, therefore, lead to the same conclusion that the development of the colour-sense cannot have occurred within the last three or four thousand years. The Old Testament Scriptures point to the same conclusion.

There are, as has been said, indications that colour-perception was also developed in man in pre-historic times. Coloured articles belonging to the Bronze or Stone Age indicate the existence of a good colour-sense in those times, and so great an authority as the late Dr. Rolleston was of opinion that the general character of the pre-historic remains could leave no doubt in the mind of an expert that primitive man possessed a considerable perception of colour.

Whatever, therefore, man has left behind tends to show that he has always possessed good colour-perception.

Secondly, as to the gradual and progressive development of colour-perception in the animal kingdom in which Mr. Grant Allen believes.

I would ask whether there is any proof that colour-perception, being first aroused in insects by the hues of flowers, and in simple marine animals by the animal organisms of their environment, was handed down from the latter to fishes and reptiles, and so on to birds and mammals? What proofs does Mr. Grant Allen offer of this suggestion? Surely none. It is very possible that the insects living in the Carboniferous Period may have sought their food in the flowerless plants of that age, that the few coloured plants—coloured, perhaps, owing to their chemical composition—would offer special attraction to the insects by means of which they were fertilised, while at the same time the colour-sense would become more perfect in these insects owing to the increased power of procuring food which such an advantage would give them. Similarly it may well be that colour-perception became more perfect in simple marine animals on account of the advantage, whether protective, attractive, or other, which the

colour-sense would give them. But can we deduce from these possibilities that the latter "handed down the power of perceiving colour to fishes and reptiles, and more remotely to birds and mammals?" Surely all we can say is, that the colour-sense in insects would become more and more perfect owing to their method of procuring food, and that the power of perceiving colour, by means of which they do so, would be inherited by their insect descendants which are now living, while marine animals would similarly bequeath to their posterity the same power.

IV. Lastly, then, to what conclusions does the consideration of this subject bring us?

I would again repeat the question to be solved which was mentioned at the beginning of this article—"Is there evidence to show that the power of perceiving colour has been gradually and progressively acquired?" Reasons, more or less conclusive, have been given for believing that, as far as man is concerned, no such gradual development can be shown to have taken place. To what conclusion must we come as to such development occurring in the animals of past ages? We have seen that the power of appreciating colour would become more and more perfect in those animals which live upon coloured food; the same statement, however, may be made with respect to the power of distinguishing form, and there is no evidence to show that the improvement took place in one direction earlier than in the other. Neither does any proof exist that colour-perception has been handed down with gradually increasing perfection from one species to another of the animal kingdom. If everything has reached its present form, its present condition, by evolution, colour-perception must have done the same, but as yet there is no evidence to show how and through what stages this evolution took place. It was not my intention to discuss in this paper the general principle of evolution, which we owe to Darwin, and which has been so ably advocated by Spencer and others. I merely wished to point out that the colour-sense, considered alone, has not yet been shown to have reached its present condition by means of such a process; that there is no proof that in mankind the colour-sense has improved either in historic or pre-historic times, and that the suggestion of its gradual development through the animal series, however probable such a view may be from general considerations, is founded on theory, and not on actual observation.

MONTAGU LUBBOCK.

## NO MORE COMMERCIAL TREATIES.

THAT restrictions on international intercourse (imposed, maybe, ~~some~~ quarter of a century ago, when a very different state of ~~matters~~ prevailed in every branch of commerce) should at the present ~~day~~ be found irritating, and at times unendurable, is the natural ~~con-~~sequence of an enlarged volume and ever-increasing development of trade. On the other hand, the idea that it forms an important part of the duty of every Government, asked or unasked, to "protect" its commerce is so universally accepted, that those who ~~have~~ ventured to suggest that trade prospered most when let alone, and that the wisest course for Great Britain was to free itself from ~~the~~ obligations of commercial treaties, could for a long time find ~~no~~ hearing. As, however, the obstacles to a renewal of the Anglo-French treaty, even on unaltered terms, became more widely ~~known~~ and appreciated, a feeling was aroused in this country which at length found expression in the formula—that no treaty at all would be better than one less advantageous than the old one.

This was the unwritten instruction from the nation that was to guide our negotiators, and to it they have faithfully adhered. Still, the useful service the commercial treaties had done in the past by bridging over divided interests, and often making a practicable passage for trade, could not be wholly forgotten, and leading statesmen on both sides of the Channel found it difficult to erase from their minds the opinion that, without a treaty, trade must languish and decay. The failure to conclude a treaty must, they thought, necessarily produce a rupture of commercial relations, and put an end to kindly feelings between the two nations. The Premier told us ~~that~~ "the purpose for which commercial treaties exist is to afford certainty and security to trade, and that to make arrangements terminable at twelve months' notice would defeat that object." ~~The~~ Foreign Secretary said that he "valued the renewal of the treaty ~~on~~ political grounds," leaving it to be implied that he knew it could not ~~be~~ defended at this present time on the primary grounds of any ~~com-~~mercial advantage; and he added, "The system exists; stability ~~and~~ continuity are important to the trades of both countries." ~~Sir~~ Charles Dilke, on his part, told his constituents "he insisted on ~~the~~ *status quo* as established by the Cobden treaty and its supplements," and that "the one enormous advantage in a treaty was stability." No one liked to confess that the treaty had become an impediment rather than a help to the trade of this country, and that a ~~com-~~mercial treaty between two civilised States was an anachronism. ~~So~~ neither protracted negotiations nor wearisome investigations ~~of~~

Technical evidence, nor recriminations of rival industries, were allowed to exhaust the patience of our negotiators. If concessions could secure a treaty not worse than the last, those concessions they were willing to make; and it is due apparently to good luck, that chance at length, and quite unexpectedly, has let her captive go, and that this country has had its commercial liberty of action restored to it.

Claiming as we do the right to frame our own trade policy, we cannot consistently deny to other nations the same liberty of action. The conditions and circumstances of nations do, however, differ to such extent that what may be applicable to the interests of one, may not altogether fit those of another. Some foreign Governments choose to act upon the popular notion, for instance, expressed by President Garfield when he said, "I am for a Protection which leads to ultimate Free Trade. I am for that Free Trade which can only be achieved through reasonable Protection." When foreign industrial interests trading upon this belief are clever enough to convince their countrymen that to be supplied with dear home-made goods, and to have no option except to purchase them, is the surest way to enrich their common country, and preserve their touch with the outside world, we may regret the circumstance, but so long as we are powerless to alter it, we can only submit to the inevitable, taking care, however, to remain free from any entanglement with a policy which in our opinion as a free-trading nation leads to no permanently good end. We have to seek to reconcile with such views our own trade policy, which aims at removing all that acts as a hindrance to the cheap supply of what the inhabitants of Great Britain require. To do so when manacled by treaty obligations could not be other than difficult, but in a commercial position which leaves us free to act as the national interests of the hour dictate, there is nothing to regret.

Mr. Gladstone said:—"We have no class interests to consider, no stipulations of any kind for the protection of anybody connected with any particular trade to make, because we have long ago learned from our painful experience of a long and ruinous policy, that such protection is the greatest injury that can be inflicted on the bodies whose interests it professes to save." In this case, the question may well be asked, why we should needlessly irritate foreign nations by requiring under a treaty something exceptional, something they are not willing to give and eventually yield to us only by some bargaining process, whereby we give up as a nation more than the benefit secured for some manufacturing interest which we choose to regard as of great importance. No doubt the fight over items in a high tariff has often been important to the manufacturing interests concerned, but the nation as a whole may reasonably desire to prevent a recurrence periodically of such excitement. The policy



which labours for the especial benefit or advantage of any class interest whatever is less likely to extend commercial intercourse and good-will between the two nations, and insure the continuance of what every one desires should subsist, than is that policy which admits the right of every nation to regulate its own tariff, and simply asks to be put at no disadvantage as regards outside nations. We are inclined to believe that with complete freedom from treaty obligations we shall have a weapon in our hands that is capable of being used with some effect in the promotion of interests that are now defenceless. From the speech of M. Tirard on presenting the bill on commercial relations with England to the French Chambers, we may learn that the mere fear of a change of trade policy on our part has a conciliatory influence on international relations, and its influence on politics outside the circle of international barter is readily conceivable.

The good feeling between two nations must always be imperilled whilst their interests are kept separate and defined by commercial treaties. These truly separate rather than unite so long as they insure the maintenance for ten or more years of tariff items, which are more or less grievous under any circumstances and perpetuate discontent. By means of the treaty of 1860 we have done France good service; we have enabled her to make a very successful *début* on the platform of a liberal commercial policy, and Frenchmen need only refer to their trade returns to satisfy themselves that their trade with Great Britain has developed into one of great importance for them. Should any one suppose that we have thereby secured any claim for consideration, a perusal of the observations of the French press will undeceive him, and probably prompt to the conclusion that if it was a happy thing that France should, under the late Emperor, have accepted the first easy lessons in Free Trade from Mr. Cobden, it is now better that the finishing lesson should be learnt in the school of experience and by self-education.

Our complaint against the treaties now is, that they provide certainty and security ("stability") for the interests that Protection has fostered or created in other countries, that they allow them to take still deeper root to the disadvantage of this country, and become, when it is a question of renewal, too powerful to uproot, and thus cause to be deferred from generation to generation the adoption of that freedom of trade for which they were to prepare the way. What boon can it be to the trade of this country, which has the desire and the power to adapt itself to the continual changes that general progress imposes upon trade, to be required for a long series of years to respect the artificial barriers raised against international intercourse? Are we still so simple as to believe that occult political advantages will result from our acceptance and endurance of what is commercially and economically a mistake?

To make goods dear to ourselves or handicap our productive powers as a nation would be a very foolish proceeding, and the National Fair Trade League, if still in existence, or any other such body, will have to spend a great deal of time and money before this policy meets acceptance. On the other hand, it cannot advance our national interests to injure or lessen the prosperity of foreign nations for the mere reason that prosperous communities, of whatever tongue or colour, are preferable as friends, or customers, or co-workers in the general progress of the times, to colonies of ne'er-do-wells. France has, therefore, nothing to fear during good behaviour from retaliatory measures or the raising of duties on her goods. What we most regret is the diminished importance France will have outside her own territory, in consequence of her failing prosperity through the restrictions on an interchange of commodities, and the consequent loss of the profit on transactions. It is doubtful, too, whether her manufacturing interests can bear an assured and prosperous supremacy. Our experience in this country is, that when the safety-valve of competition and adversity is removed the difficulties of traders and consumers begin—prices advance wildly, conditions of quality, time of delivery, and careful execution are observed only so far as convenient to the manufacturer, and in the relations between masters and men the feudal principle endeavours to reassert itself. Over and over again we have seen good times and promising prospects transformed into veritable calamities for the million through strikes, lock-outs, the arbitrary fixing of prices on production, and a generally intemperate conduct of business. Indeed, but for the sobering influence of foreign competitive power, many undertakings would within the last ten years have been stopped or annihilated through the impracticability of a jubilant and prosperous British manufacturing interest; and it is not to be supposed that French manufacturing interests will spare the flock which their Government enables them to fleece within the limits of a highly Protectionist tariff.

We do not apprehend that any seriously diminished volume of our export trade will result from the abandonment of treaties for other reasons than generally diminished prosperity, because France, like most other Protectionist countries, takes nothing but objects of real necessity, or with the object of getting payment for goods supplied to this her perhaps most important market.

An analysis of our trade returns shows the exports of British products to France to be mainly coal, pig-iron, machinery of various descriptions, cotton, woollen, and worsted goods, and it is strange that under every head the quantity taken of late should have greatly increased. If this has been only in anticipation of a higher tariff, it yet affords strong evidence of the want of our goods to fill up a gap, and French manufacturing interests, when full of work for the protected home trade, are not likely to diminish their purchases of such

necessary articles as coal, pig-iron, and the various kinds of machine ware and tinplate, the exports to France are so small that they cannot well be diminished, and an upward rush of French prices, an interruption of French trade through accidents, strikes, or other disturbing influences, may at any time, as we know here from experience, cause a temporary demand for immediate supply of certain classes of goods to spring up. From such not uncommon collapses this market generally reaps the benefit.

We may further expect that the occupation of French works at home supply from which they exclude foreigners will somewhat divert their attention from, or weaken their competitive power in, those external markets which are more naturally tributary to British manufacturing interests, or again necessitate increased drawbacks and bounties and similar devices, until the patience of the French taxpayer becomes exhausted. Thus, while retrenchment of direct trade with France may follow from the absence of a treaty, it is by no means unlikely that we shall find ample compensation through an increased demand from those quarters of the globe where French rivalry will have been moderated or removed.

Any serious diminution of direct trade with this country would appear to be tantamount to closing perhaps their best account, and not unlikely to revolutionise their trade. First and foremost there might follow on any such proceeding a call upon the Government for more protection or subsidies, or employment on State works, or the giving out of orders in anticipation of renewals (say of railway stock) in future years, a demand not always in the power of the State exchequer to gratify, and a very slight disorganization of labour would soon bring many industries abroad altogether out of gear, and show clearly enough that even the industrial power of France and the United States does not stand on the solid basis claimed for it by some admirers of a Protectionist policy.

We have read, indeed, that foreigners see industries dying out under Free Trade in England and springing into vigorous life under Protection in France, Germany, Belgium, and America. But all is not gold that glitters, and foreign manufacturers will hardly endorse the assertion, or so vehemently claim the continuance of Protection if it were true. It is not so long ago that we learnt from discussions in the German Parliament that in the iron districts one-fifth of the working men are unable to pay taxes. We know the astonishing increase of emigration from that country to the States, and the recently issued abstract of a pamphlet on the industry and trade of Germany during the first year of the new protective policy informs us that the majority of the local Chambers of Commerce charge this policy with the obstinate stagnation in all branches of trade, whilst Berlin, Hamburg, and Bremen record their opinion that the result

ating, and does not tend to further the general interests of

orous life under Protection in America leaves also some-  
e desired, as the following extract from a numerousl  
w York petition, drawn up in 1878 for presentation at  
n, discloses :—

icy of fostering our domestic manufactures by protective duties was  
adred years ago, and we are now no nearer the promised goal than  
he close of the war of the Revolution. The system was introduced  
lea that with a little temporary assistance the industries selected for  
tism would become strong and independent. But from duties  
bout 8½ per cent. with the time of Protection limited to seven years,  
has advanced to duties of 40, 50, 60, and 125 per cent., with the  
e entirely removed, and so far from being made strong and inde-  
se favoured industries have through all these years compelled the  
ase of duties by their cries for help. If you ask why the great  
clothing manufacture does not flourish, the tariff table gives the  
ool is protected, dyes are protected, lining silks, velvet, twisted silk  
l thread, alpaca lining, linen, foreign cloth, and so on . . . . How  
n makers of clothing prosper under such a load? . . . . The work-  
the man among all others who is most oppressed by the Protection  
e does not receive an atom of protection himself, and he has to pay  
tection of every producer who ministers to his necessities. For  
he buys—his food, his clothing, his shelter—he has to pay from 20  
mt. more than the actual cost, because of Protection . . . . Every-  
merican farmer buys is protected, and everything he sells is sold in  
et: the timber for his barn is taxed, the paint he puts on is taxed,  
uses is taxed. Railway freights are increased by the protection of  
materials, ocean freights mount up because of the protective impo-  
reign freights, and because American shipping has been swept from  
the protective navigation laws.”

ual retrospects of continental Chambers of Commerce have  
ears been melancholy repetitions of the old story as to the  
f keeping employed even a reduced productive power, that  
output can only be marketed at prices which do not cover  
t, or if in favourable instances the prices obtained cover  
y in material and wages and a portion of the interest on  
pital, there is nothing left for depreciation account, repairs,  
th. Or, again, the protection enjoyed has barely sufficed  
e works alive, and if that be withdrawn they are threatened  
extinction; for, as against England, they labour under the  
disadvantage that coal and iron have to be conveyed long  
it heavy cost for carriage before the process of manufacture

ite life the foreigner, we know, is generally polite enough to  
nder the impression that, on a comparison of our two con-  
e are in his opinion in by far the better position, and have  
ercial fate as a nation very much in our own hands. If a  
e will probably confess to “an uneasy mistrust that emigra-  
the Fatherland is drawing off its best and healthiest

retrogression would have done, but Commissioners were y  
ace of concluding a treaty with France in 1882 on the  
*faute de mieux*, as that of 1860. All those British indus  
for twenty-two years, have had to contend with a hostil  
the important trades of manufactured iron and steel and  
which have been practically excluded from the Fren  
would, therefore, have continued to profit nothing, if, in  
position had not become even worse. The most friendl  
cable feeling would naturally prevail as long as we left th  
ments of twenty years ago undisturbed, and gave Fre  
tionists another ten years to consolidate and streng  
influence. It is only when our important Manchester  
terest became affected that the English negotiators see  
thought of making a stand for our elastic Free-Trade  
The inability to arrive at an understanding as to printed  
cotton goods and mixed woollens alone saved us as a na  
further bondage of long duration—a bondage that woul  
be accompanied and cheered, as in 1860, by the hope tha  
end in the acceptance by France of Free-Trade principle  
sake of propitiating our nearest neighbours we have shown  
other countries in some measure her rivals (notably on th  
wines, to Spain, Portugal, and Italy), and have assisted  
such an increase of trade that out of an aggregate interna  
of eight milliards no less than one and a half milliards rej  
with England direct. Nevertheless, we do not find Fr  
scrupulous about attacking our external trade, and that no  
by honest and straightforward competitive measures, but  
vices as bounties, drawbacks, and the support generally o  
exchequer, methods of commercial warfare which stultifi  
ing of our international trade agreements but do not

## *HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.*

**THE** paralysis of representative Government is rapidly gaining recognition as one of the greatest of the dangers that confront the civilised world. West of the Vistula all the nations are governed by Parliaments. Yet there is hardly a single State in which the existence of Parliamentary Government is not seriously threatened, not from without, but from within. The symptoms of the all-pervading malady differ, but the result is everywhere the same. Representative assemblies are either split up into groups to such an extent as to render it impossible to constitute a solid homogeneous majority, or they are so choked with superfluous speech as to render them incapable of the most necessary action. In a greater or less degree they threaten every legislature in Europe and in America, but elsewhere remedies and safeguards exist that minimize the evils to which representative Government is exposed. In Germany, where the excessive subdivision of parties is carried to its extreme point, a Ministerial majority has become impossible. But German Ministers do not depend for their existence upon the vote of the Reichstag, and the Government goes on year after year under conditions which would be fatal to any English Cabinet. In the United States, where the caucus preserves party discipline, closure by previous question operates as some check upon obstructive debate. Congress is troubled with the prevailing paralysis, and new rules for facilitating the dispatch of business are being discussed at Washington almost as fiercely as at Westminster. But the Government of the United States being based on the federal system, the Central Assembly at the capital has comparatively little to do. A whole centralised Empire depends upon the House of Commons to keep it going, and upon the House of Commons alone. But the House of Commons itself cannot be made to go. Night after night and week after week spent in desperate exertions are as utterly unavailing to advance public business as were the efforts of Turgot and Necker to choke the deficit on the eve of the French Revolution. Not only is Parliament paralysed, but there are signs that a majority may before long become as unattainable in London as in Berlin. Government by a Parliament means Government by a Parliamentary majority, and if a Parliamentary majority cannot be constituted, Parliamentary Government becomes impossible. That is the danger which the month of March has brought more forcibly than ever before the minds of reflecting men.

It was M. Gambetta's profound conviction that no stable Government was possible in France under the existing conditions that led him to resign office. Long before he was called to power he declared that before attempting to make a Ministry it was indispensable to make a majority. Under the system of small constituencies cohesion was impossible, and the creation of a cohesive majority was the condition precedent of any strong Government in France. In Italy what M. Gambetta called "the section, bisection, and trisection, of political parties," has been carried to such an extent that the whole electoral system has been revolutionized in order to provide a remedy. An educational franchise has quintupled the number of the electors, and *scrutin de liste* coupled with a minority vote has been partially adopted. In Austria, where the jealousies of nationalities afford an excuse for the formation of groups, constitutional Government is constantly in danger of a deadlock for the secession of some fraction, or for a coalition of the disaffected which never lasts beyond the defeat of the Ministry. There also they are proposing to reduce the franchise to increase the force behind the Parliament, but the personal prestige of the Hapsburg will probably do more to keep the machine of state going than any addition to the electoral college. Even in Belgium, where the line of demarcation between parties is clear and broad, constitutional reform is constantly under discussion, and the demand for the extension of the franchise and the redistribution of seats show the dissatisfaction felt in many quarters with the existing governmental machine. In Denmark a prolonged struggle between the Folksting and the Crown on a question of supply has brought all business to a standstill, from which at present there seems to be no outlet. Everywhere there is dissatisfaction with the working or the construction of the constitutional machine, everywhere friction seems to be increasing, and in many places Parliamentary Government threatens to come to a standstill altogether. In no country does such a combination of dangers threaten the efficiency if not the very existence of representative Government as in England, and nowhere is authority so centralised in a single Chamber. Excessive loquacity, cumbrous rules of procedure, great inequalities in the representation, and an obstructive House of Lords, combine to render the dispatch of business impossible in an Assembly which is the supreme authority in an Empire that includes one-fourth of the human race. The net result is that nothing has been done this session.

The history of Parliament between its reassembling and the Easter recess might be recorded under the title of The Diary of a Waste Session. A small bill has been passed authorising the use of reply post-cards, the River Conservancy Bill has been read a second time almost *pro forma*; none of the other measures have made

progress whatever. The debate on the Address occupied six nights, to which must be added two more devoted to the debate on the Report, making an initial loss of eight sittings, entirely taken up by speech-making on things in general. Without including the opening scene, the House wasted the better part of three sittings in persisting in high-handed and unconstitutional opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh. Four times the House was counted out on private members' nights. The army estimates were introduced after midnight, and the first vote taken between three and four o'clock in the morning, the whole of the evening having been occupied by private members. The navy estimates were a trifle more fortunate, but they did not come on till twenty minutes to twelve, the delay arising from the same cause. As if this were not sufficient, the vote of the House of Lords appointing a Commission of Inquiry into the operation of the Land Act, necessitated, in the opinion of the Government, a counter resolution in the House of Commons, in the discussion of which four more nights were consumed. Mr. Gladstone, as it happens, was reared in the traditions of a generation when the House of Lords still counted for a great deal in the State, and his constitutional conscience was troubled at the thought of disregarding the vote of the Upper Chamber without the express sanction of the other House. The result was that his resolution condemning the Committee was carried by 303 votes to 215 after a fortnight had been passed in preliminary debate. The lack of cohesion in the Ministerial majority is largely responsible for the loss of time occasioned by the expulsion of Mr. Bradlaugh. Ministers were deserted by their followers. The Irish group made common cause with the Conservatives. A Presbyterian contingent, aided by one or two Nonconformists, stragglers like Mr. Samuel Morley, went into the lobby against the Government. Many stayed away, and the long and discreditable wrangle between the borough of Northampton and the House of Commons was renewed and prolonged. The reluctance of a section of the Ministerialists to support the closure encouraged the opposition of the Conservatives, and promises to prolong till Whitsuntide a debate which ought to have been over by Easter.

The first of the New Rules has been debated somewhat hotly, but there is little prospect that it will be finally accepted before the recess. Ministers have nailed their flag to the mast and protest they will not survive the defeat of their resolutions. Great objections are taken to the closure by a bare majority, as if a bare majority were so easily obtainable in this day of groups and sections. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get a working majority of any kind. In the next Parliament, in which the Parnellites expect to muster seventy strong, the difficulty promises to become an impossibility. Even



now the majority of one necessary to pass the new rule is by means secure, and a two-thirds majority is out of the question. opponents forget that if the closure is abused it can be abolished, a the bare majority which would suffice to close a debate would a suffice in any future session to rescind the standing order permissi the closure. Ministers have been told that if the closure is rejecte they should remain in office in order to pass bills reducing the count franchise and redistributing seats, as if the House of Lords would pass any great measure of Constitutional change at the dictation of a Ministry weakened by the defection of its own supporters, and be no means sure of success in case of an appeal to the constituencies. Except to create a cry with which to go to the country, it would be worse than useless to afford Lord Salisbury an opportunity of proving how completely his privileged position in the Upper Chamber gives him command of the situation. Matters have thus got into a deadlock from which no satisfactory issue, or indeed any issue at all, is possible without a much more drastic reform than any party would at present care to propound. The new rules are palliatives at the best. What is wanted is a serious renovation of the whole system of Government. A radical measure of decentralisation is indispensable and an equally radical revision of the popular conception of the functions of the House of Commons. Hitherto it has attempted to combine with the duties of a legislature the discussion of all the grievances, real or imaginary, of the social or political system. As a result, the discussion of grievances has driven legislation to the wall. The time of the House might obviously be largely economized by making greater use of the printing-press. Three-fourths of the questions that crowd the notice paper every night could be answered in print, without delaying business by a single minute. Every bill might be furnished as in France with an *exposé des motifs*, which would do away in most cases with the need for speech on the first reading; the explanation of the army, the navy and the civil service estimates could be circulated with the votes and be taken as read. The time wasted in taking divisions could be economized by mechanical contrivances in use in other legislatures, and by limiting the right to call for a division. A wide extension might also be given to the system of legislating by departmental orders. If the New Education Code had to be voted clause by clause, it would have stood over with the New Criminal Code, and the Greek Kalends.

The worthlessness of the House of Lords as a legislative body could receive no stronger illustration than the history of the Irish Land Act. It is now admitted by the Conservatives themselves that the condition of Ireland demands agrarian remedies even more drastic than were embodied in that great measure of last session.

Mr. W. H. Smith, who two years ago protested against the creation of a peasant proprietary by the aid of the State, has given notice of a motion demanding the extension of the provisions contained in the purchase clauses of the Act, in order to facilitate the conversion of Irish tenants into Irish proprietors. This motion will receive the support of the Conservative party, which is thus tardily committed to the necessity for additional remedial legislation in Ireland. Within less than nine months of the time when the majority of the House of Lords was protesting against the Land Bill because it went too far, it is now proved beyond all gainsaying that the Act has broken down because it did not go far enough. The provisions for wiping out arrears were inadequate, the purchase clauses have proved a dead letter, and the tribunal for fixing a judicial rent utterly unable to overtake the pressure of business. Not quite one-fifth of the four hundred thousand "present tenants" in Ireland have applied to the Land Court; but the actual applications are far in excess of the capacity of the Court to dispose of them. According to the latest returns 72,408 cases had been entered for hearing, rents had been fixed in 2,365 cases, 841 applications were demurred to or withdrawn, and in 2,180 others voluntary arrangements had been entered into out of court. Altogether some 5,300 cases have been disposed of in the four months between October 21st and February 24th, an average of about 1,300 cases per month, or 15,000 a year. At this rate five years, or one-third of the statutory period, must elapse before the last of the present applications have been disposed of. Even if the rate of progress were doubled, the block in the Court would last till 1885, with a prospect of twelve years more of litigation to follow before the "present tenants" had their rents fixed. Appeals have been entered against the majority of the decisions of the sub-Commissioners, and the only hope of a reduction is by voluntary agreements out of court being generally entered into by landlords and tenants. Now not only did the House of Lords make no attempt when the Bill was before it to improve the machinery or accelerate the speed of the Land Court, but since this session began it has lost no opportunity of retarding the process of voluntary agreement. Its leaders have raised the cry of compensation for those whose rent-rolls have been reduced by the Courts, and they have ordered an inquiry which admittedly was calculated to retard and obstruct the operation of the Land Act. Nothing could be more fatal to agreements out of court than the promise of compensation for those who refuse to reduce their rents except under compulsion, unless it were the suggestion that the decisions of the sub-Commissioners were likely to be thrust aside by the legislature. The House of Lords employed both these methods to postpone the prospects of a settlement. It neither foresaw the imperfections of the Act nor attempted to strengthen it,

and when its imperfections were proved, it deliberately set to work to aggravate the evils which beset its administration, and to quench the last glimmering hope of its success, till its influence was thrown in the wrong direction. None of "the Lords' amendments," which were rejected by the Commons, let us notice, would have done anything to improve the state of affairs.

The Land Act is straining heavily. The Coercion Act has absolutely failed. Last year there were no fewer than 4,439 agrarian outrages committed in Ireland. In January of this year the number was 479, in February 407. Half and more than half of these were threatening letters; but the fact is not denied that murder and the most violent kind of outrage has increased since the arrest of the leaders of the League. Altogether 784 persons were arrested as "suspect," 587 of whom still remain in gaol, without trial or prospect of trial. And Ireland is only a small country, with a population of five millions and a half. The Act under which these arrests have been made expires on Sept. 30. The landlords' organ, the *Express* of Dublin, protests that it has done nothing to secure the payment of rent. It is obvious that it has not prevented outrages. Why, then, should it be renewed? The question is one which is certain to divide Ministerialists. It may possibly even break up the Ministry. All the Irish members, with two or three exceptions, will oppose it. They will be joined by a strong contingent of English Radicals, and a few stragglers from the Tory ranks. If Ministers insist they may renew their Act, but they will give a rude shake to their party.

The question of the oath which first came into prominence in England is making the tour of Europe. Mr. Bradlaugh has become so great a personage in the eyes of the aggressive Free Thinkers on the Continent that they have invited him to preside over the Congress which they propose to hold in Rome beneath the windows of the Vatican. In France legislators, like Indian civil servants, are neither required to swear nor affirm anything whatever. But in the courts of justice the oath is still obligatory. Jurors and witnesses swear "before God and man" to do their duty and to speak the truth. The opposition offered to Mr. Bradlaugh directed attention to the question, and after his expulsion from the House French jurors began to refuse the oath. At first they were dismissed and replaced by others who had no objection to be sworn. The movement spread so fast that the judges enforced fines upon the recalcitrants. "Sapristi," said one juror who had been told that he must swear or pay a fine of £20, "I'll swear," and the oath which is denied to Mr. Bradlaugh as sacrilege was forthwith administered to the juror in the name of God, in whose existence he declared his disbelief. To meet the difficulty the French Government has introduced

a Bill rendering affirmation, "On my honour and my conscience," optional, and it will probably be passed without any serious opposition. A similar measure is before the Belgian Chamber. Thus the immediate effect of using the oath of allegiance as a theistic test against an unpopular individual in England has been to precipitate the abolition of similar theistic tests in the law-courts of France and Belgium. Nor has Mr. Bradlaugh himself been injured by the intolerance of his enemies. He was expelled only to be re-elected; and although he spent no more than £200 over his election, he polled 10 per cent. more than on the previous occasion. He is forbidden to take his seat, but he is furnished with a platform from which his voice can be heard in every English constituency. Orthodoxy in the long run will have no reason to rejoice that it has enabled one whom it calls a blasphemer to appeal for popular sympathy as the champion of the rights of constituencies and of the principles of religious liberty.

While the politics of England and France show such close approximation that an election in Northampton leads directly to the abolition of the oath in every French law-court, the proposal to unite the two countries by means of a submarine tunnel has excited slowly accumulating hostility, which has already indefinitely postponed the construction of the Channel Tunnel. There has been no debate in Parliament on the subject, the experimental borings are still progressing, but the enterprise is for the time doomed. Public opinion, after some hesitation, has unmistakably condemned the project. It would be better for the adequate discharge of the duties of our Empire to remove our island to the mid-Atlantic rather than bind it closer to the neighbouring Continent. Proximity to the Continent has been, and continues to be, the bane of English politics. It is that which makes us oscillate between panics lest we should be invaded, and a feverish desire to plunge into a European war. Our susceptibility to scares, panics, and chauvinist fevers would be indefinitely increased by the annihilation of the silver streak. England has too many duties to her own people at home, and her myriad objects beyond the seas, to be able to indulge in the luxury of a closer participation in the distracting politics of the Continent.

The extent to which the burden of Empire already exceeds the limits of our strength is realised by few, and fully appreciated only by those who attempt, and attempt in vain, to keep themselves informed of the merest outlines of the progress of events in India and the Colonies. To this capital pour daily and hourly the prayers of a subject world. An English Minister or journalist is in much the same position as Sandalphin, the angel of prayer, who, in the Rabbinical legend, stands ever at the outermost gates of Paradise, listening to the sounds that ascend from below, "from

the souls that entreat and implore, in the fervour and passion of prayer." From the uttermost ends of the earth, from all sorts and conditions of men, steams up unceasing the cry for help to the earthly Providence that sits by the Thames. The Basutos implore to be protected from the land-hunger of encroaching colonists and mingled with their petitions come protests on behalf of Chinese women, delivered over to lifelong infamy by officials in our service. Natal wants a Constitution; the Zulus want a King. In New Zealand a Maori Land League appeals in vain against the coercive measures of a Colonial Government. A cry of despair arises from the dwindling remnants of Polynesian tribes, harried by filibusters into savage reprisal, and then shelled by cruisers in sullen obedience. We have to decide upon the claims of a nation party in Egypt, and to investigate charges of levying blackmail brought against a trusted native agent, who is said to have seized his opportunity when the hangman was busy at Cabul. We have undertaken a work which only Omnipotence can adequately perform and only Omniscience direct. Yet our attention is being constantly directed from our proper work by the distracting neighbourhood of the Continent. All the problems of the Empire are overshadowed by a new cloud on the Rhine or the Danube, and the energies which are all too small for the administration of a dominion that encircled the world are concentrated on the neutralisation of Luxemburg, the garrisoning of the Balkans. So little, however, does the burden of Empire weigh upon the mind of the nation, that a Government which was raised to power in a fit of disgust at aggression, has chartered, with the sanction of Parliament, an association for the virtual annexation of Northern Borneo.

Affairs in Egypt continue to fill the Western Powers with disgust. Arabi is still the uncrowned Pharaoh of the hour. M. de Blignier, the French Controller, has resigned, and Sir Auckland Colvin contemplates the necessity of following his example. The Controller no longer controls. The National party is squandering the finances upon the army, while disorder spreads apace and plundering bands roam unchecked within a day's march of the capital. As long as the international obligations of Egypt are respected and the growing disorder does not actually imperil the Canal or upset the Khedive, the Powers will preserve an attitude of vigilant and uneasy neutrality. If the Khedive should be dismissed, or the dividends of the bondholders stopped, intervention would become inevitable, but it will be undertaken under the auspices of all the Powers. There are rumours of impending trouble in Turkey, where the difficulty about the Russian war indemnity continues unsettled, and there are reported proposals for the occupation of the Balkans. Austria is

repudiated the story that she intended to convert the occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina into a formal annexation. General Jovanovitch has captured the chief fort of the Crivoscian insurgents, but the insurrection continues to afford employment for one-fourth of the peace establishment of the Austrian army. The attitude of Montenegro is somewhat equivocal, but the proclamation of Prince Milan as the King of Serbia is believed to have restored the Austrian ascendancy in that Principality which was threatened by the failure of M. Bontoux and the excitement occasioned by the deposition of the Archbishop of Belgrade. The elections necessitated by the simultaneous resignation of the Radical anti-Austrians of the Skuptchina will prove how far the latest counterstroke of Austrian policy has succeeded in reconciling the Servians to the policy of subservience to Vienna. In Greece, the newly-elected Chamber has replaced M. Coumoundouros by M. Tricoupis, and "the modern Aristides" will have an opportunity of displaying the virtues and abilities with which he is credited by his friends.

The sensation occasioned by the Scobelev incident has calmed down. General Scobelev has been reprimanded by the Minister of War for a breach of military discipline, and he has had an interview with the Czar at Gatschina, of the nature of which the most diverse reports have been circulated. The belief in Russia appears to be that the General is in no disgrace, and no outward and visible sign of Imperial displeasure has followed his singular escapade. The Slavophil press is profuse in its declarations of friendship for Germany, and the friendly relations between the Kaiser and the Czar remain unbroken. The Germans whom the National party hate are not the Germans of Berlin, but the bureaucrats who swarm in the Russian service, and the Germans in the Austrian service who are Germanizing the Ruthenes of Galicia, the Czechs of Bohemia, and the Slavs of the Western Balkans.

The German Emperor, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on the 22nd of March, is not likely to be tempted into any warlike adventures. If, as rumour says, Prince Bismarck has propitiated France for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine by promising to give her Luxemburg, the only formidable danger which menaced his empire will have been removed, and the aged Kaiser will be able to end his days in peace. Prince Bismarck is still uneasy about the Socialists, who assert that they form one-eighth of the army, and who look to a foreign war for an opportunity of asserting their power at home. His tobacco monopoly project has been rejected by the Economic Council, and it is doubtful whether his Assurance Bill will be any better received. He has secured the sanction of the Reichstag for the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, but he seems to

be as far off as ever from securing a working parliamentary majority. Two hundred and fifty thousand Germans emigrated last year to the United States, and the suicides in Berlin are averaging two per diem. The misery of the poor, intensified by the effects of the protective tariff, is revealed in these dismal statistics of exile and death. It is so great is the reproductive capacity of the German race, that even the great drain of emigration does not prevent the steady increase of the population of the Empire.

It is far otherwise with France. According to the census returns which have been published this month, the number of Frenchmen in the world remains almost stationary. There are 337,033 more people in Paris than there were at the last census, but in the rest of France the net increase of population has only been 52,040. In many of the departments the number of inhabitants has appreciably diminished. As France does not colonise—her last attempt at Obock, in the Red Sea, has just resulted in a complete failure—the proportion of Frenchmen to the aggregate of humanity is diminishing steadily, and her numerical inferiority to her prolific neighbours becomes every year more marked.

The lull in French politics which followed the fall of M. Gambetta continues unbroken, except by financial complications which entail the retirement of M. Leon Say. The Senate is labouring peacefully over the Education Bill, from which all reference to the Deputies has been excluded, but the political world has afforded little material for comment. M. Gambetta's eclipse appears to be complete, and although his organ attributes the marked falling off in the Republican poll at recent elections to dissatisfaction with the policy of his successors, there is no proof that it may not with more truth be attributed to the uneasiness excited by the aggressive spirit played by the Republicans in their dealings with the Church.

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SUBSTITUTES FOR TRIAL BY JURY IN IRELAND.

A CROWD of panaceas is daily prescribed for the fever of crime which consumes the greater part of Ireland. Unsparing criticisms have been lavished upon the judicial organization. The chief point of attack has been the Irish jury system, already the patient subject of much Parliamentary vivisection. Resort to martial law, after more than half a century's discredit, has been loudly advocated, even by persons in the responsible position of peers of the realm. No Irish jury, it has been said, will venture to convict a prisoner, at least outside Ulster, Dublin, and Cork City. The judicial circuits have served but to publish the impunity of the criminal and the impotence of the ordinary course of law. Terror and sympathy combined have rendered jurors indifferent to their oaths and prosecutors oblivious of their wrongs. Short and sharp remedies are needed; technical delays must cease to furnish opportunities for tampering with juries and abducting witnesses; agrarian offences must be met with quick repression and short shrift; the criminal who cannot discern in the distance the halting foot of justice must be terrorised by the presence of execution following hard upon the heels of judgment.

Every social experiment imports some degree of hazard. Of all experiments those are the most momentous which approach the certainty of the subject, the first care of the British legislature. The plea for such measures is that by temporary restriction of the use of the few the liberty of the many is preserved. They are justified solely by success following upon the demonstrated failure of ordinary law. It will be the endeavour of the following pages to hold the record of Ireland's past experience, and to compare the working of extraordinary tribunals with that normal procedure which is now in danger of suffering contempt.

It is needless to take note of the legislation, based upon principles and circumstances now happily remote, which preceded the rebellion of 1848. The condition of the country after that disaster resembled,



in an intenser degree, the disorder of to-day. There was, throughout the Catholic population, disaffection fanned by those religious antipathies which stood in the place of modern agrarianism. The peasantry, exasperated by the success of the Royalists and Protestants, retaliated with outrages which, being provoked by the legalised crimes accompanying repression, were of a character even more vindictive and atrocious than those with which we are unhappily familiar to-day. Protean bands with uncouth designations carried terror through the country side. They owed no allegiance to Dublin bureau of outrages, for every man's hand was against his neighbour's, and the inhuman forms of violence daily perpetrated offer a contrast to the more organised and uniform crimes of the present day. To deal with these evils an Insurrection Act had been passed in 1796, of which the main provisions were reproduced in the Insurrection Act of 1807. In 1799 the Irish Parliament passed "an Act for the suppression of the rebellion" (39 Geo. III., c. 45 Ireland). This Act provided for the establishment of martial law at the discretion of the Lord-Lieutenant, and enacted in very wide terms an *indemnity by anticipation* for acts done under its sanction. By its fourth section officers and soldiers shall be responsible to courts-martial only for acts done in pursuance of orders, and shall be tried as for offences against articles of war, and "no court, civil or criminal, shall take cognisance of anything done in pursuance of this act." The Habeas Corpus was also suspended. This Act was continued with some insignificant amendments until March, 1802.

It is to be observed that the court-martial system was in operation side by side with the regular administration of the law, at least as soon as open resistance by force of arms had come to an end. The Statute of 1799 expressly provided, in its first section, that the Lord Lieutenant may issue orders to officers and others during the rebellion, whether the courts of justice are open or not, to punish persons assisting in furtherance of the rebellion by martial law. In 1801 the Committee of Secrecy of the House of Commons investigated the efficacy of the extraordinary measures of pacification. Whatever may be thought of the conduct of these military courts, one result at any rate they effected: they procured respect, perhaps by the contrast they offered, for the ordinary administration of justice. The letter of a magistrate of Tipperary quoted by the Committee offered congratulations that "the ordinary course of law has there been found competent to bring to trial and capital conviction not less than twenty at the last assizes," and adds that "no juries would have ventured to give the verdicts they did but for the protection afforded them under the Martial Law Act."

It is needless to dilate upon the dangers of an irresponsible exercise of arbitrary power such as that with which the Martial Law Acts invested the military courts. The cruelties attendant upon the

suppression of the rebellion have long furnished a fertile theme for much just declamation. In some respects it is more instructive to learn the operation of the courts-martial as recorded by themselves. The more complete organisation, civil and military, of the present day; the vastly superior means of communication; above all, the vigilance of public opinion, preclude a recurrence of the excesses of that time. Instructions given will be carried out without licensed transgression, for there will be no act of indemnity to divest of just responsibility. Yet the courts-martial of that day were, according to their own account, painstaking, merciful, and conscientious. They were not imposed by the caprice of English soldiers. The magistrates of the County of Limerick had unanimously addressed the Lord-Lieutenant requesting in the strongest terms that courts-martial should be held there, with ample powers to put down the system of rebellion, murder, burning, flogging, and outrage which had lately overspread the whole of the county. At their request a member of the bar was appointed to assist at the trials. This gentleman, Mr. Charles Montague Ormsby, appeared before the Committee. He gave evidence of the strict adherence to legal forms observed by the courts-martial and summarised the peculiar advantages of this system of trial.

"The prisoner before the Court-martial was deprived of all formal objection to the charge and of all those objections in point of form which, in so many instances, before the ordinary court of justice, he is enabled to avail himself of, and to obtain his discharge, though substantially guilty. He was tried immediately after the perpetration of the crimes committed—a court was always open for the immediate punishment of acts of treason and rebellion, by which means there was no time for murdering or tampering with the informants. The prisoner having named the day on which he would be tried, the common practice of putting off trials by affidavit was cut up."

The proceedings, as described by Mr. Ormsby, do not substantially differ from those customary at criminal trials before judges of assize. But it may well be believed that there was a wide difference in the spirit in which the law was administered by the military and civil tribunals. Doubtless justice in Ireland was, as now, familiar with the bribery and intimidation of witnesses, and these the rapidity of the Court's action rendered exceptionally difficult. But "Jedburgh justice" inevitably involves a large proportion of miscarriages, and one such error does more to alienate a wavering peasantry, than a score of just retributions to beget respect for law. Mr. Ormsby does not seem able to conceive that, under his administration, such a catastrophe was possible.

"I never proceeded to trial without a moral certainty of the conviction of the prisoners. Those whom I thought must have been acquitted for deficiency of evidence I took upon myself the merit of admitting to bail, so that, there being no acquittals, the Court became a real object of terror to all offenders. I believe I can take upon me to say that if the judges had come into the town

and remained there the usual time (a week), *not a single trial brought to conclusion by me would have been proceeded in for want of evidence*—the magistrates had few informations to return—the common approvers that I found in Limerick would if uncorroborated, not have obtained credit on their oaths.”

It is one of the incidents of Martial Law that some margin of discretion must be left to its administrators, within which actions, otherwise legal, can be declared offences. The prohibition of absence from home at night, and military searches of the houses of suspected persons, were much dwelt upon as efficient checks to rebellion. Mr. Ormsby's expressions as to the evidence of “common approvers” seem to disclose a questionable laxity in favour of doubtful testimony.

“Before my leaving Limerick,” he says, “I had information on oath against upwards of 300 persons for murders, floggings, and all those other outrages which prevailed in the county, 108 of whom were made prisoners during my stay, of which number 12 were capitally convicted, of whom were executed. I cannot be precise as to the number transported—I don't think they exceeded 20—some of these were also flogged by sentence of the Courts; four or five were flogged and not transported, and sent home to their friends. Of the remainder some few voluntarily enlisted for general service, and great numbers were admitted to bail. A very few remained in the gaol at Limerick, whom I judged not fit on any account to let loose on the public, though I could never bring them to an effectual trial. . . . Had commissions of Oyer and Terminer been perpetually sitting at Limerick during the time I was there, the proportion of acquittals to any convictions that might have been had would have been so great as to have been a matter of triumph to the cause of rebellion, instead of a means of effectually putting it down, which the Court-martial proved itself to be.”

The Committee of Secrecy, in reporting to the House, give particulars of a wider field of operations. They had been “furnished with minutes of forty courts-martial, held under the authority of that law in the year 1800, at which seventy prisoners were tried, and of forty in the present year, at which twenty-four were tried. They find the Court was, in none of these instances, constituted of less than five, and in most of seven officers, in one of nine, and in another of twelve . . . that the sentences were in all cases transmitted to the Lord-Lieutenant, who appears frequently, in cases of difficulty, to have referred them to the law officers.” The result of the trials of the ninety-four prisoners is as follows:—

Sentence of Court-martial.	Persons.	Proportion of convictions to trials.
Acquitted . . . . .	24	
Imprisonment . . . . .	2	
Fine of £100 . . . . .	1	
Whipping . . . . .	9	
Service abroad . . . . .	5	
Transportation . . . . .	19	
Death . . . . .	34	
	94	74.47

The Committee conclude with a recommendation in favour of a continuance of the court-martial system.

If this be a just sample of the working of the court-martial system it cannot be said to have displayed indiscriminating severity. The percentage of convictions is higher, no doubt, than before an Irish jury, but since courts-martial are intended specially to deal with persons captured in *flagrante delicto*, this furnishes no matter for adverse comment. But, in truth, the suppression and final extinction of the rebellion of 1798 were not accomplished by responsible tribunals presided over by a professional judge. Only two years had expired since the Irish Parliament had passed a special indemnity Act for the benefit of the infamous Judkin Fitzgerald, the perpetrator of atrocities for which even the license of active warfare could supply no justification. The 41 Geo. III., c. civ., passed in 1801 is, if possible, a still more sweeping indemnity. In this year 1801, in which the Committee dwelt with satisfaction upon the moderation displayed in enforcing Martial Law, John Claudius Beresford, in his place in Parliament, extenuated the practice of employing torture for the discovery of concealed arms. These were the violences of civil war, inflicted by Irishmen upon Irishmen, and little realised by those who were ultimately responsible for the statutes which made them possible. Wilberforce describes the mien of Pitt, when Lord Clare undertook to defend the torture in the House of Lords. "I shall never forget Pitt's look; he turned round to me with that high, indignant stare which sometimes marked his countenance, and walked out of the House." "The principal person of this country," wrote Lord Cornwallis before the Union, "and the members of both Houses of Parliament are, in general, averse to all acts of clemency, and although they do not express, and perhaps are too much heated to see, the ultimate effects which their violence must produce, would pursue measures that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of inhabitants and the utter destruction of the country." The Irish militia he described in 1798 as "totally without discipline, contemptible before the enemy, when any serious resistance is made to them, but ferocious and cruel in the extreme when any poor wretches, either with or without arms, come within their power; in short, *murder appears to be their favourite pastime*." To this may be added, again in Lord Cornwallis's words, "the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen, or any other persons who delight in that amusement; the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession, and the free-quarters, which comprehended universal rape and robbery throughout the country." Such was the real working of Martial Law, not as recorded in blue books, but in the correspondence of an English statesman who deplored the horrors he could not punish and was scarcely strong

enough to restrain. "They would drive four-fifths of the community into irreconcilable rebellion," he said; and indeed the disease was fostered by such remedies. The ephemeral insurrection of Emmet took place in 1803, and it was thought necessary to continue the system of Martial Law by successive enactments until the year 1804. In that year the statute-book showed signs of a disposition to return to normal legality. The Peace Preservation Act (44 Geo. III., c. xc) revised and continued an old Act of the Irish Parliament, the object of which was to insure justice by an increase in the number of the police and a more regular attendance of the magistrates at session. This Act, which expired in 1812, was then renewed until 1814, when resident magistrates were first appointed (54 Geo. III., c. cxxxi). The resident magistrates, being strangers to the district in which they discharged their duties, entered upon office on the one hand exempt from popular odium, and on the other without those predilections with regard to individuals which tend at times to pervert the course of local justice. Moreover it has been apparent to the criminal classes that although intimidation may be practised with success where the magistrate is a resident landlord, with property a hostage in the hands of the enemy, it is uselessly exerted against a stranger, whose stay in the locality is, in any case, but temporary and whose place there can be no difficulty in supplying. The magistrates appointed under the Act of 1814 were stationed in disturbed baronies; they were intrusted with the powers of a justice of the peace, were bound to residence, and were in constant communication with the Lord Lieutenant. So effective was this system found that it was gradually extended, and the number of resident magistrates has been increased by the Irish Executive during the recent troubled months.

In 1806 the Whig Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Bedford, took a new departure in dealing with the disturbances of the Threshers who were agitating the West of Ireland. "The entire province of Connaught, with the exception of one county, and two counties of the north-west circuit (Longford and Cavan), were overrun by insurgents so formidable that the King's judges upon a special commission could not move through the country except under a military escort so formidable that the sentence of the law could not be executed in one particular county town till a general officer had marched from a distant quarter, at the head of a strong force, to support the civil power."<sup>1</sup> Resisting solicitations to adopt the easy but indiscriminate remedy of Martial Law, the Duke relied for the suppression of the movement, and with success, upon the ordinary administration of justice. The lawless habits begotten of successive rebellions, and the vindictiveness provoked by the measures employed to crush

(1) Sir G. C. Lewis on "Local Disturbances in Ireland," p. 40.

resistance, had kept alive a sporadic anarchy. It may be supposed that the evils of Martial Law were now better appreciated than in the years when authority was in actual conflict with organized revolt. Yet ordinary justice, it was thought, was too dilatory and uncertain to cope unaided with the general situation. Accordingly, in 1807 was passed a statute to which the regards of advocates of prompt and forcible repression are to-day directed with some favour. This was the 47 Geo. III., c. xiii. (Session 2), intituled "An Act to suppress Insurrections and prevent the disturbance of the Public Peace in Ireland," and commonly known as the Insurrection Act.

The importance of this Act in view of the questions now dividing public opinion is such as to call for some notice in detail. It is a consolidation Act of several Irish statutes. Its early sections are directed to the abatement of the mischievous practice, so common among superstitious people, of administering oaths for seditious purposes. The penalty for this offence upon the administrators of the oath is fixed at transportation for life; transportation for seven years is to be inflicted on the associates; and it is sagaciously provided that the plea of compulsion shall not be held good save where immediate information of the offence was reported to a justice of the peace. The Act then approaches one of the most difficult problems which beset justice in Ireland. In countries which are a prey to lawlessness it is never easy to obtain evidence, and contempt for justice displays itself most signally in the tacit pact by which the Irish peasantry protect the wrongdoers. It is true that the "common approver" has at all times abounded, but his sole testimony is not apt to convince any except, as has been seen, members of courts-martial; and, whether veracious or not, he has always been liable to the most violent popular resentment, excited, one may suspect of some noisy patriots, by disappointment at being forestalled in a good stroke of business. The Act in question, therefore, provided that, so far as was possible, the vendetta against witnesses should be balked of its object. The sworn information of persons who should thereafter be murdered, maimed, or kept from trial by force was to be admitted, and Grand Juries were empowered to "present" sums for witnesses who had been maimed, or for the representatives of witnesses who had been murdered on account of having given evidence. A large power is given to magistrates to "comprehend all vagrom men," and examine them on oath, and in default of security for good behaviour to commit them to gaol, notifying such committal to the Lord-Lieutenant. In case of general disquiet a regular system of repression could be organized by the magistrates at their option. A memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant and Council declaring a county to be in a disturbed state, or in danger of being so, empowered the central authority to proclaim the county to be in

a state of disturbance. A proclamation thus issued should warn inhabitants to keep their houses during night-time. Persons violating this order should be put on their trial as "idle and disorderly," a comprehensive category which was to further include all persons taking unlawful oaths, in possession of arms contrary to law, assembling in public-houses at night, or tumultuously assembling during the day. The penalty following upon conviction as idle and disorderly was seven years' transportation. The Act further hit the literature of disaffection by providing a penalty of twelve months imprisonment for hawkers of seditious papers in proclaimed districts.

It is, however, upon the machinery for carrying the Act into effect that interest at present dwells. The Act practically abolished trial by jury for the offences created under it. The continued special session which was to be holden in a disturbed district was presided over by a King's serjeant or counsel appointed by the Lord Lieutenant. In the event of a difference of opinion between the chairman and the bench, the case was to be remitted to the Lord Lieutenant. A provision was also contained for the "impanelling Petty (not Grand) Juries at the discretion of the Court, having regard to the then existing state and condition of the county." It need scarcely be said, considering the temper of the Irish magistracy at that period, that these permissive clauses remained a dead letter. The Act expired in 1810, but was re-enacted in 1814 for three years and to the end of the next session. At the expiration of this period the condition of Ireland was still so alarming that in the session of 1817 a Bill for the renewal of the Act was brought in the House of Commons.

The debate upon the introduction of the Insurrection Bill on the 23rd of May, 1817, gives a picture of its working. Its advocates affirmed that "in the counties of Limerick, Louth, and Tipperary until the Insurrection Act was put in force there was no hope of a trial of the prosecutors or witnesses, in cases of trial for the outrages committed in those counties, escaping being murdered; and that under these circumstances, it was impossible to think of resorting merely to the trial by jury." Mr. Peel, for the Government, maintaining the necessity of the measure, said that—

"In one county, in the course of three months, ten innocent persons were devoted to assassination, and thirteen houses were plundered. In the three months after this Act was passed only one transportation took place, although there were eight convictions. In the county of Westmeath an atrocious murder was committed on a witness merely for giving evidence. The magistrates applied for the Insurrection Act, which was granted in November, 1816, and was withdrawn in April, 1816. The county was tranquillised and only five transportations took place. In the King's County, where the same Act was applied for on the same necessity, only one person was transported in the course of four months. In the liberties of Limerick the Act was enforced in October 1815, and withdrawn in April, 1816, and only one person was transported."

The case in favour of suspension of trial by jury rested mainly upon three propositions: first, that the speedier and more certain remedy of the Insurrection Act precluded those difficulties in the way of procuring testimony which had long successfully obstructed the course of justice in Ireland; secondly, that the Act had been most leniently enforced, as was plain from the limited number of sentences of severity; and thirdly, that the very terror of it had sufficed to secure pacification of the districts in which it was applied. But these plausible arguments conceal the grievances which accompanied its operation. The law created six new transportable offences. It raised a presumption of guilt against persons absent from their homes between sunset and sunrise, and punished this novel crime with seven years' transportation. It was invoked by magistrates at special sessions, assembled upon the slightest apprehension of danger, and discontent and suffering were thus entailed upon the inhabitants of an otherwise tranquil district. "But then it was said," said Sir Henry Parnell, in his speech against the Bill,

"Evidence cannot be got to convict offenders, or juries to give verdicts according to the evidence—such is the system of intimidation which is practised in the disturbed districts. But this is a statement wholly devoid of truth, as appears from Lord Whitworth's dispatch, which shows that the ordinary laws are fully sufficient for the punishment of all offenders against the law. By the appendix to this dispatch it appears that in the years 1813-15, and at Lent assizes 1816, no less than 268 persons were convicted at the assizes in ten counties for felonies connected with the disturbances which prevailed in those counties."

The proportion of committals, too, as compared with convictions, demonstrated the want of discretion of the magistrates in exercising the powers intrusted to them, each committal, be it remembered, involving personal indignity and pecuniary loss to the innocent person arrested. In Tipperary, it was stated, 178 persons were apprehended, and 132 of these acquitted. In another county 67 were apprehended and only 12 convicted; in another 11 apprehended and only 1 convicted; in Westmeath 63 apprehended and 7 only convicted. In all 328 were apprehended, 68 only convicted, and 268 acquitted. The Act, therefore, had brought undeserved suffering upon 268 innocent persons for the sake of 68, who might perhaps have been convicted under the ordinary forms of law.

Notwithstanding these objections the Insurrection Bill passed through Parliament, the Act being fixed to expire one year from the end of the session of 1817.

During the year 1819 disturbances multiplied. The counties of Galway, Roscommon, Kilkenny, Cork, and Westmeath were agitated. In his dispatches of the 3rd and 11th of January, 1822, Lord Wellesley stated that disturbances had occurred in no less than sixteen counties of Leinster and Munster; and in a dispatch of May 1, 1822,



he said, "In Ulster strong indications have been generally manifested of resistance to the process of the law." Accordingly, in July, 1822, an Insurrection Bill was again brought into the House of Commons. In the debate which ensued Mr. Spring Rice warmly commended the conduct of the jurors of Limerick at a recent special commission. The following statistics exhibit the comparative efficacy of the two systems in procuring convictions. It must be remembered that, at the date in question, the selection of jurors rested with the sheriff, and that, occasionally, complaints were heard that juries were packed. On the other hand, in cases of felony the prisoner enjoyed the right of twenty challenges.

From a "Return of all persons tried under the Insurrection Act from the commencement of the special sessions held under it up to the 19th April, 1823," &c.

	Tried.	Acquitted.	Convicted.
1. County of Cork . . .	282	246	36
2. City of Cork . . .	14	14	0
3. County of Clare . . .	48	45	3
4. County of Kerry . . .	84	63	21
5. County of Kilkenny . .	34	33	1
6. County of Limerick . .	445	341	104
7. City of Limerick . . .	22	16	6
8. County of Tipperary . .	658	573	85
9. County of Westmeath .	10	9	1 <sup>1</sup>

Total results of trial without jury under the Insurrection Act 1822-3.

Committals.	Acquittals.	Convictions.	Proportion of Convictions to Committals per cent.
597	1340	256	16·03

With this may fairly be contrasted the results of trial by jury during the same period in the same neighbourhoods.

From "Returns of all persons indicted and tried at any assizes or special commission in the counties of Cork, Limerick, or Kerry, since the 1st January last" (18th June, 1822)—

Committals.	Acquittals.	Convictions.	Proportion of Convictions to Committals per cent.
305	170	135	44·26

The Insurrection Bill was passed, and in deference to the views of the Marquis Wellesley, the Lord-Lieutenant, continued till 1824. In the debate upon the continuance of the Act in May, 1823, Sir Henry Parnell, opposing it, argued that as often as any disturbance had appeared since 1795, it had been followed immediately by some new law of a severe and coercive character; and that a regular system had thus grown up, and been constantly acted upon, of dealing with discontent and disturbance by severe and coercive measures.

(1) This was the only jury case, and the only case in Westmeath which resulted in conviction.

ally, that this system had completely failed, for, in place of quiet and disturbance being diminished, great as they were in 1824 they were still greater at that moment.

In 1824 the question revived as to the permanence of the partial system of the Irish jury system. A Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the Insurrection Act, and, examining numerous witnesses, reported in favour of its continuance on the representations of the magistrates and others concerning the working of the Act.

The Committee "have the satisfaction to report that the powers which the Act have been exercised with as much mildness as was consistent with a due regard to the suppression of disorder. It is stated by the King's Counsel who resided at the Sessional Courts established under the Act that no man has been brought to trial before these Courts until he has declared himself ready to go to trial; that every advantage has been given to the prisoner and every facility afforded him to examine any of the witnesses either for the defence or prosecution during any part of the proceedings, and that the strict rules of law, though invariably enforced with respect to the prosecution, have frequently relaxed in favour of the prisoner."

The witnesses examined before the Committee concurred in their criticisms of the murders, arsons, and outrages which disgraced the district at the time of the Insurrection Act. They also agreed that comparative tranquillity had followed, but they were disposed to attribute this effect, in part, to other causes, such as the increased number of magistrates and police. The Act, they considered, was an efficient prevention of crime, not only by the terror which it inspired, but also by the check it offered to nocturnal outrage, and the difficulties it threw in the way of illegal combination. But, as operating as a preventive, it inflicted no little hardship. A number of committals for trial was throughout, as shown in the preceding table, in "startling disproportion to the number of offences secured." One of the King's Counsel engaged in administering the Act explained, in examination, that "the magistrates ordered for trial every case in which a question could possibly arise, so that nothing should appear to be lightly passed by." As he put it, "The crime is being out of the house at night without proper occasion, and it is *prima-facie* evidence of the crime that the man is found out of his house." But these nonchalant explanations did not efface from the minds of the peasantry the vexatious system to which, under the Act, they were subjected. On the second reading of the Insurrection Bill in June, 1824, Lord John Russell gave his view of the case with admirable force. He said, "Upon going to the evidence it would be found that many of the persons who had been taken up under the Insurrection Act were such as had been out at the public-houses until after nine o'clock, while others were engaged in the pursuit of cattle or other no less lawful occupation.

. . . A question had been asked Serjeant Lloyd, who had been employed in the administration of the Act, whether the persons taken up under it were not generally very desperate characters. He answered that they were generally persons of good character, and poor helpless people totally ignorant of the provisions of the Act; yet these poor people were kept in prison twenty, thirty, or forty days, for having stayed too long at a public-house or a fair. The law intrusted discretion (which Lord Camden called the law of tyrants) to the persons employed in every stage of its operations. First, discretion was given to the petty constables to take up or not the persons found out at night; then to the magistrates to commit them or not. . . . Men were taken up wholesale by night, and then on the investigation of their character, it depended whether or no they should be transported. The result of the operation of this Act had been such as might have been expected. Of the ten counties from which returns had been furnished, it appeared that in Kildare not one person had been punished, although 87 had been apprehended; in Kilkenny and Cork there had not been one; in Clare of 189 put in prison, only 4 had been convicted; in Kerry, only convicted out of 132 taken up; and in King's County and Limerick only convicted in each. So small a number had been punished in 7 out of the 10 counties. He ought not to say punished, but condemned, for there was a grievous punishment and imprisonment on the mass who were committed and afterwards found innocent, an infliction which could not fail to strengthen the rooted distaste to a legal tribunals and the hatred to all legal authority in the mass of the people of Ireland."

On the third reading (June 18, 1824), Mr. Hobhouse, opposing the Bill, said, "It was necessary for the House to know the manner in which the Insurrection Act had operated. From returns it appears that under the Act 1,708 persons had been apprehended; of these, 27 were convicted, and 78 were punished, so that no fewer than 1,43 innocent men had been placed in confinement in order to bring home conviction to 271." The proportion of convictions to committal was therefore 15·87 per cent.<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless, in comparing the Insurrection Act with the system of trial by jury, there was an astounding disposition on the part of the witnesses before the Select Committee, chiefly persons engaged in its administration, to regard it as a superior machinery for obtaining convictions. The ground of their preference was the low class from which petty juries were taken. It was conceded, however, that a special commission, at which a higher class, or special jurors, were impanelled, did not include this element of incapacity. "I think,

(1) The proportion of convictions to committals under trial by jury was in 1880 50·1 per cent.

said Major Willcocks, Inspector of Constabulary, "there could not be a fairer tribunal or better courts of justice, both to the public and to individuals, than there was at the special commission, yet there was a class of jurors at that time not usually summoned by the Sheriffs." But the abolition of juries produced upon the mind of the peasantry a strong feeling of dissatisfaction, a general sense of unfairness, even though no specific complaint could be established. Mr. Serjeant Lloyd, administrator of the Insurrection Act in County Cork, candidly said, "Unquestionably they are far better satisfied with a conviction regularly effected through the medium of a Court consisting of judge and jury. It inspires more confidence in the minds of the people at large," and to the question whether juries are not made objects of intimidation, he answers, "I have known, in most instances, juries assert themselves and act with energy and firmness, notwithstanding any attempt to intimidate them in the discharge of their duty." It may be supposed that the testimony of Daniel O'Connell was yet more emphatic in the same direction.

"I think the temper produced by the Insurrection Act is likely to be very unfavourable in the case of future disturbances, the opinion created by the facility of transporting persons leaving a very deep impression of injustice about it, and if there shall be disturbances hereafter my own apprehension is that they will be more sanguinary in consequence of that. It tends to perpetuate the notion that law and government in Ireland is a matter of mere brutal force; that it is the compression of power and not the administration of right. It creates that idea very much, and when I say this I am not at all saying that there was not a necessity in particular districts for taking very violent measures; for certainly atrocious crimes had been committed in particular districts."

He replied in answer to the question—

"Do you conceive that the same feeling is entertained by the people towards a decision of the Court of Insurrection Sessions that is felt towards a decision of the ordinary courts of law, at assizes, through a jury?"—"Most certainly not: there is not the acquiescence at all. To a certain extent, wherever there is a jury there is an acquiescence in the decision, however against them, but the notion of the Courts under the Insurrection Act is totally abhorrent from any idea of law."

There does not appear to have existed any acknowledged hostility to the principle of the jury process. The common juries, it was feared, would be intimidated. The juries selected for special commissions were not, it was thought, amenable to such influences. Mr. Matthew Barrington, Crown solicitor for the Munster circuit, testified that he had never known one single complaint of juries being intimidated. Daniel O'Connell replied to the question—

"In your experience on the Munster circuit have you known any instance in which juries have either been seduced or intimidated in the discharge of their duty in administering the ordinary laws?"—"I have been counsel for more Whiteboys than perhaps any individual ever was in Ireland; I never knew one

single instance of an acquittal that I could trace to any intimidation or seduction, I mean even in my own mind.'—'Have you known any instances in which juries have declined attending assizes in consequence of intimidation, or any other indirect motive?'—'I have never known it; I think I heard at one time of something of the kind prevailing in the County of Limerick—some apprehension of that kind. I heard of it only once, and I never knew it; and in Munster I do not believe it occurred at all.' Major-General Banks, on the other hand, a magistrate of the County of Limerick, narrated a striking example of a disagreement obtained through a juror's sympathy with a prisoner."

The conclusion to be derived from the evidence before this Committee of 1824 is that the real value of the Insurrection Act, if it had any, was as a preventive agency. In order to effect this result, however, it was the means of inflicting injury upon a multitude of innocent persons and of exasperating popular feeling. Parliament nevertheless, deemed it advisable to prolong its operation until August, 1825, at which date it expired.

The agitation in favour of Catholic emancipation was not of such a character as to call for a renewed suspension of the jury system. But in 1830, partly owing to the scarcity which prevailed, crime was on the increase. This continued during the two following years. The jury system seems to have worked efficiently in 1831 in the County Clare, which, with Limerick, was the scene of the outrage of the "Terry Alts." Mr. M. Barrington, Crown solicitor to the Munster circuit, being examined before the Committee of the House of Lords in 1839, said:—

"In the year 1831 I happened to be in London when the disturbances were at their height in that year. Lord Grey directed me to suggest a mode of proceeding to put down the disturbances in the County of Clare. Parliament was suddenly dissolved, the effect of which was that no Act could be obtained before the Parliament met again, and it was expected that the county would be in open rebellion; but before Parliament met, it was nearly as quiet as any other part of the country, though the gentlemen of the county thought it quite impossible to even check the disturbance without the Insurrection Act. The suggestion I made was that of having a special commission sitting there during the dissolution of Parliament. It was issued, and we went down to Clare and commenced the commission, and the jury convicted very nearly one hundred persons, . . . and this had a most extraordinary effect, without bringing forward any capital offence by which the challenging of jurors without cause would be allowed to the prisoner, confining the indictment to transportable offences. The result was, the county became perfectly tranquil."

In the year 1832 the tithe war was raging throughout Ireland. The magistrates of various counties petitioned for a restoration of the Insurrection Act. A Select Committee of the Commons, to whom these petitions were referred, reported in August, 1832, that the improvement which had taken place since their appointment in May, 1832, was "in a great measure attributed to a special commission having been appointed to try the persons who had been

apprehended as guilty of acts of insurrection in the Queen's County." "As the result of this commission," adds the Committee, "affords a proof that the law, when vigorously administered, is adequate to put down outrages, the Committee feel themselves relieved from the necessity of taking into their consideration the expediency of strengthening it in the manner proposed."

The evidence taken before this Committee was distinctly adverse to the principle of Insurrection Acts. Since the inquiry of 1824 attention had been directed to this subject, and many of the country gentlemen had been sensible of ill-consequences arising out of the extinct system. The evidence is so pertinent to the issues of the present hour that some of it will well repay transcription. Mr. Matthew Barrington, who, it will be remembered, had testified in favour of the jury system in 1824, said:—

"Any hostility I ever knew against a magistrate was against those who acted under the Insurrection Act, and not against the same persons acting as jurors."—"Is it not possible that there may be the same hostility against magistrates acting under this White-boy Act?"—"That depends upon the mode of trial. If you try them under the Insurrection Act for the same offences it will: they do not consider it a fair tribunal at all. They think they are transported without a trial, and by the magistrates; but when tried for the same offences under the ordinary laws, though the result may be the same, they are satisfied with the one and displeased with the other. Even where the county was in almost open rebellion it has been quieted by the ordinary administration of the laws. In 1821 Cork was in open rebellion; the King's troops were attacked and there was a regular battle at Deshure: twenty-seven persons were apprehended, tried and convicted at a special commission, and I believe ever since there has not been a more quiet county in Ireland. The result was the same in that year in Kerry and in Limerick, and again in 1815 in Limerick and last year in Clare."

"If the country was in a state to require the Insurrection Act I would much prefer a jury of officers: instead of having the Insurrection Act administered as heretofore by the magistrates of the county it should be done by a set of officers; the moment they are removed out of the county they leave nothing after them. Mr. Baker was murdered in returning from acting under the Insurrection Act. Mr. Fitzgerald was attacked and Mr. Lowe was shot at. I know of an hostility of ten years' standing against magistrates, merely because they have acted under the Insurrection Act."

"Which do you think the people would prefer, the Insurrection Act or the Martial Law?"—"I believe the people would be much more satisfied with being transported in hundreds under the ordinary forms of the law than if one is sent away under Martial Law or the Insurrection Act."

"Which do you suppose they would take as a choice?"—"I think they would prefer the Martial Law: they would think it then came to open war. They consider the Insurrection Act a mode by which they are transported about any trial; that every man who is concerned in it is hostile to them; that brings his local motives and private feelings to bear on them; and that they are transported for other reasons than for the offence for which they are tried. A law is therefore bad, as the people are not satisfied with the mode of its administration; but try them for the same offence, under penal statutes, by ordinary tribunals, and they will not complain nor retain any hostility to persons who are concerned in its administration as public officers or g."

The evidence of Mr. Bermingham, a resident in the Queen's Court, further illustrates this :—

“ ‘There has been a strong feeling among the upper orders in these parts that strong and extensive powers should be given to them, to keep what they call the lower classes in order. Now, I am very much afraid that these powers, if given to them, would only make the gentry and persons seeking them objects of aversion and detestation afterwards. If the Insurrection Act were granted to them there is no question but it would ; for you have no proof in Tipperary of that being the case.’ ”

Similarly Mr. Despard, magistrate of the Queen's County :—

“ ‘Suppose instead of special commissions for transportable offences the Insurrection Act was to be enforced, and that the magistrates transported out of the county for trial, do you think it would more or less affect the fears of the peasantry?—‘It would widen the breach still more between the magistrates and the peasantry.’ ”

The evidence of the O'Connor Don, M.P., is strongly in favor of the regular course of law :—

“ ‘In Roscommon there was a meeting of magistrates, at which it was proposed to appeal to the Lord-Lieutenant for the Insurrection Act. twenty-nine magistrates who were present, twenty-seven to the best of my recollection deemed it advisable to call for this measure, and only two opposed to it. The majority, however, conceived that as there was not unanimity upon the question, it might be invidious for even a majority to apply for strong measures when there were any who deemed them unnecessary. They came to a resolution to try the efficiency of an increased constabulary force. It was called into operation, and the disturbances were suppressed.’ ”

“ ‘By what time?’—‘I should have mentioned that there was a special commission some short time after this determination of the magistrates.’ ”

“ ‘In addition to the measures taken by the magistrates there was a special commission?’—‘Yes, there was.’ ”

“ ‘What was the result of the special commission with regard to convictions?’—‘They convicted in almost every case where a man was put on his trial ; convictions were had in almost every instance. . . . The impression on the mind of the people in general, to the best of my belief, was that the commission was too severe, and the people considered that the juries were determined to find persons guilty whether there was sufficient evidence against them or not ; that was the impression upon the minds of the people. I do not think they were justified in entertaining it. They felt that the law would be enforced in all events.’ ”

“ ‘With regard to the disturbances in the county, had the commission any effect in putting them down?’—‘Yes, I think I may say so.’ ”

“ ‘Then, in point of fact, the commission did that which in the first instance was expected only to be possible to be done by the Insurrection Act?’—‘Yes; tranquillity and order were restored.’ ”

The special commission in May, 1832, for the trial of offences committed in the Queen's County by ordinary course of law, the success of which was a principal ground of the Committee's decision against the revival of the Insurrection Act, had been presided over by the Chief Justice of Ireland. His address to the Grand Jury described the condition of the county.

"It is scarcely two months," he says, "since the gaol of the county was delivered at an assize which lasted from the 15th to the 27th March, almost three times the period usually allotted. During the greater part of that time two judges were engaged in separate courts in criminal trials. Thirty-five cases were actually tried; there were twenty-four acquittals; forty-seven were found guilty . . . yet again is your prison thronged, not with that class of offenders whose crimes grow out of the frailties of man in his individual character, but, almost without an exception, with insurgents systematically confederated against the laws and institutions of their country."

The charge next gives a remarkable exposition of the various statutes applicable to the prevalent disturbances. He then continues :

"Those who have had the experience of many years of official and judicial life can assure you that secret combination has never been able to stand against the venerable authority of the laws rigorously and calmly brought to bear upon it. It is little more than a year since the County of Clare has been agitated to a degree beyond what was ever known in Ireland (short of civil war), and the insurgents had almost, if not altogether, taken the field; but the course of justice at two assizes and one special commission was, contrary to the apprehensions of many, found sufficient to put down the mischief."

It is but just, on the other hand, to record that though the special commission was adequate to punish it was ineffective as a deterrent, and crime still continued in the county. Special commissions had not operated with the success claimed for the Insurrection Acts as a hindrance to combination, and therefore a preventive of crime.

The Coercion Act of Earl Grey, passed in April, 1833, indicates the change which had taken place in the opinion of statesmen as to the merits of the jury system. By the Insurrection Acts the impanelling of a jury was permissive, and was, as has been seen, never acted upon. By the Coercion Act of 1833, the jury system was the rule and courts-martial the exception. During the continuance of the Act no court-martial was actually constituted. A reversal of policy in the face of such widespread disturbance, after deliberate inquiry and reflection, and in the light of a recent experience, is exceedingly significant. The working of that Act set the seal of practice upon the new departure of principle.

The conclusions to be derived from this review of the substitutes for trial by jury are—first, that they, perhaps, prevented crime by hindering combination, an hypothetical effect, of course, difficult to appraise; secondly, that even when worked with a sense of responsibility, they involved grave hardships to numerous innocent persons, and left behind them lingering exasperation; and thirdly, that experience showed that special commissions, under ordinary forms of law, while avoiding the imputation of injustice, were a more effective instrument for procuring convictions and for restoring the tranquillity of the country.

I. S. LEADAM.



## MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

Ἄγον δέ μ', ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ σύγ' ἡ Περωμένη,  
ὅποι ποθ' ὑμῖν ἱμὶ διατεταγμένος·  
ὡς ἔψομαι γ' ἄοκνος· ἦν δὲ μὴ θέλω,  
κακὸς γενόμενος οὐδὲν ἥττον ἔψομαι.

CLEANTHES.

SOME apology may seem to be due from one who ventures to treat once again of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Few characters in history have been oftener or more ably discussed during the present age, an age whose high aims and uncertain creed have found at once impulse and sympathy in the meditations of the crowned philosopher. And, finally, the most subtle and attractive of living historians has closed his strange portrait gallery with this majestic figure, accounting that the sun of Christianity was not fully risen till it had seen the paling of the old world's last and purest star.

The subject has lost, no doubt, its literary freshness, but its moral and philosophical significance is still unexhausted. Even an increased interest, indeed, may be felt at the present time in considering the relations which the philosophy of Marcus bears either to ancient or modern religious thought. For he has been made, as it were, the saint and exemplar of Agnosticism, the type of all such virtue and wisdom as modern criticism can allow to be sound or permanent. It will be the object of the following essay to suggest some reflections on the position thus assigned to him, dwelling only incidentally, and as briefly as may be consistent with clearness, on the more familiar aspects of his opinions and his career.

Character and circumstances, rather than talent or originality, give to the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius their especial value and charm. And although the scanty notices of his life which have come down to us have now been often repeated, it seems necessary to allude to some of the more characteristic of them if we would understand the spiritual outlook of one who is not a closet philosopher moralising *in vacuo*, but the son of Pius, the father of Commodus, the master of a declining world.

The earliest statue which we know of Marcus represents him as a youth offering sacrifice. The earliest story of him, before his adoption into the Imperial family, is of his initiation, at eight years old, as a Salian priest of Mars, when the crowns flung by the other priests fell here and there around the recumbent statue, but the crown which young Marcus threw to him lit and rested on the war-god's head. The boy-priest, we are told, could soon conduct all the ceremonies of the Salian cult without the usual prompter, for

red in all its offices, and knew all its hymns by heart. And it became him thus to begin by exhibiting the characteristic piety of a child;—who passes in his growing years through the forms of discipline, as of thought, which have satisfied his remote forefathers, and ripens himself for his adult philosophies with the consecrated tradition of the past.

Our next glimpse is of the boy growing into manhood in the presence of his adopted father, Antoninus Pius, whom he is already destined to succeed on the Imperial throne. One of the lessons for which Marcus afterwards revered his father's memory was the lesson implicitly maintained in the palace of princes, "far removed from the habits of the rich." The correspondence between the Emperor and his tutor, Fronto, shows us how pronounced this simplicity was, and casts a curious side-light on the power of the Roman Emperor, who can impress his own individuality with so uncompromising a hand not only on the affairs of the empire, but on the social habits of his court and *entourage*. In the modern world, the more absolute a monarch is in one way, the more is he in another way fettered and constrained; for his absolutism relies on an artificial prestige which can dispense with no means of impressing the vulgar mind. And in freer countries there is always a set of persons, the habitual tone of manners, which the sovereign cannot afford to ignore. A George III. may lead a frugal family life, but he is forced to conciliate and consort with social leaders of habits quite opposite to his own. A William IV., who fails to do this adequately, is pronounced to be "not in society." Antoninus Pius might certainly have been said to be "out of society," but that there was no society for him to be in except his own. The "optimates," whose opinion he treated as the acknowledged standard—a group of notables enjoying social as well as official pre-eminence—had practically ceased to exist. Even the Senate, whose dignity the Antonines so sedulously cherished, consisted mainly of new and low-born men. Everything depended on the individual tastes of the ruler. Play-actors were at the head of society under Nero, spies under Domitian, philosophers under the Antonines.

The letters of the young Marcus to Fronto are very much such as might be written at the present day by the home-taught son of an English squire to a private tutor to whom he was much attached. They are, however, more effusive than an English style allows, and although Marcus in his youth was a successful athlete, they seldom refer to games or hunting. I translate one of them as a specimen of the rest.

'I awoke late this morning on account of my cold, but it is better. From nine in the morning till nine I partly read Cato on Agriculture, and partly wrote, but quite such rubbish as yesterday. Then I greeted my father, and then

soothed my throat with honey-water, without absolutely gargling. Then I attended my father as he offered sacrifice. Then to breakfast. What do you think I ate? only a little bread, though I saw the others devouring beans, onions, and sardines! Then we went out to the vintage, and got hot and merry, but left a few grapes still hanging, as the old poet says, 'atop on the topmost bough.' At noon we got home again; I worked a little, but it was not much good. Then I chatted a long time with my mother, as she sat on her bed. My conversation consisted of, 'What do you suppose my Fronto is doing at this moment?' to which she answered, 'And my Gratia, what is she doing?' and then I, 'And our little birdie, Gratia the less?' And while we were talking and quarrelling as to which of us loved all of you the best, the gong sounded, which meant that my father had gone across to the bath. Then we bathed and dined in the oil-press room. I don't mean that we bathed in the press-room; but we bathed and then dined, and amused ourselves while listening to the peasants' banter. And now that I am in my room again before I roll over and snore, I am fulfilling my promise and giving an account of my day to my dear tutor; and if I could love him better than I do I would consent to miss him even more than I miss him now. Take care of yourself, my best and dearest Fronto, wherever you are. The fact is that I love you, and you are far away."

Among the few hints which the correspondence contains of the pupil's rank is one curiously characteristic of his times and his destiny. Tutor and pupil it seems were in the habit of sending to each other "hypotheses," or imaginary cases, for the sake of practice in dealing with embarrassing circumstances as they arose. Marcus puts to Fronto the following "hard case": "A Roman consul at the public games changes his consular dress for a gladiator's, and kills a lion in the amphitheatre before the assembled people. What is to be done to him?" The puzzled Fronto contents himself with replying that such a thing could not possibly happen. But the boy's prevision was true. A generation later this very thing was done by a man who was not only a Roman consul, but a Roman Emperor, and the son of Marcus himself.

These were Marcus' happiest days. The companionship of Pius was a school of all the virtues. His domestic life with Faustina, if we are to believe contemporary letters rather than the scandal of the next century, was, at first, at any rate, a model of happiness and peace. Marcus was already forty years old when Pius died. The nineteen years which remained to him were mainly occupied in driving back Germanic peoples from the northern frontiers of the empire. This labour was interrupted in A.D. 175 by the revolt of Avidius Cassius, an event which Marcus employed as a great occasion for magnanimity. The story is one which some dramatist might well seize upon, and show, with a truer groundwork than Corneille in *Cinna*, how impossible is resentment to the philosophic soul. But the moment in these latter years which may be selected as most characteristic, was perhaps that of the departure of Marcus to Germany in A.D. 178 for his last and sternest war. That great irruption of the Marcomanni was compared by subsequent historians to the invasion

of Hannibal. It was in fact, and it was dimly felt to be, the beginning of the end. The terrified Romans resorted to every expedient which could attract the favour of heaven or fortify the spirit of man. The Emperor threw a blood-stained spear from the temple of Mars towards the unknown North, invoking thus for the last time in antique fashion the tutelary divinity of Rome. The images of all the gods were laid on couches in the sight of men, and that holy banquet was set before them which constituted their worshippers' most solemn appeal. But no sacrifices henceforth were to be for long effectual, nor omens favourable again; they could only show the "Roman peace" no longer sacred, the "Roman world" no longer stretching "past the sun's year-long way," but Janus' temple-doors for ever open, and Terminus receding upon Rome. Many new rites were also performed, many foreign gods were approached with strange expiations. But the strangest feature in this religious revival lay in an act of the Emperor himself. He was entreated, says Vulcatius, to give a parting address to his subjects before he set out into the wilderness of the north; and for three days he expounded his philosophy to the people of Rome. The anecdote is a strange one, but hardly in itself improbable. It accords so well with Marcus' trust in the power of reason, his belief in the duty of laying the truth before men! One can imagine the sincere gaze, such as his coins show to us; the hand, as in the great equestrian statue of the Capitol, uplifted, as though to bless; the countenance controlled, as his biographers tell us, to exhibit neither joy nor pain; the voice and diction, not loud nor striking, but grave and clear, as he bade his hearers "reverence the dæmon within them," and "pass from one unselfish action to another, with memory of God." Like the fabled Arthur, he was, as it were, the conscience amid the warring passions of his knights; like Arthur, he was himself going forth to meet "death, or he knew not what mysterious doom."

For indeed his last years are lost in darkness. A few anecdotes tell of his failing body and resolute will; a few bas-reliefs give in fragments a confused story of the wilderness and of war. We see marshes and forests, bridges and battles, captive Sarmatians brought to judgment, and Marcus still with his hand uplifted as though bestowing pardon or grace.

The region in which these last years were spent is to this day one of the most melancholy in Europe. The forces of nature run to waste without use or beauty. The great Danube spreads himself languidly between uncertain shores. As it was in the days of Marcus so is it now; the traveller from Vienna eastward still sees the white mist cling to the desolate river-terraces, the clouds of wild fowl swoop and settle among the reedy islands, and along the friths and promontories of the brimming stream.

But over these years hung a shadow darker than could be cast by any visible foe. Plague had become endemic in the Roman world. The pestilence brought from Asia by Verus in A.D. 166 had not yet abated; it had destroyed already (as it would seem) half the population of the Empire; it was achieving its right to be considered by careful historians as the most terrible calamity which has ever fallen upon men. Destined, as it were, to sever race from race and era from era, the plague struck its last blow against the Roman people upon the person of the Emperor himself. He died in the camp, alone. "Why weep for me," were his last words of stern self-suppression, "and not think rather of the pestilence, and of the death of all?"

When the news of his death reached Rome, few tears, we are told, were shed. For it seemed to the people that Marcus, like Marcellus, had been but lent to the Roman race; it was natural that he should pass back again from the wilderness to his celestial home. Before the official honours had been paid to him, the Senate and people by acclamation at his funeral saluted him as "The Propitious God." No one, says the chronicler, thought of him as Emperor and more; but the young men called on "Marcus, my father," the men of middle age on "Marcus, my brother," the old men on "Marcus, my son." *Homo homini deus est, si suum officium sciat*—and it may well be that those who thus honoured and thus lamented him had never known a truer son or brother, father or god.

It does not fall within the scope of this essay to enumerate in detail the measures by which Marcus had earned the gratitude of the Empire. But it is important to remember that neither war nor philosophy had impaired his activity as an administrator. Politically, his reign, like that of Pius, was remarkable for his respectful treatment of the senatorial order. Instead of regarding senators as the natural objects of imperial jealousy, or prey of imperial avarice, he endeavoured by all means to raise their dignity and consideration. Some of them he employed as a kind of privy council, others as governors of cities. When at Rome he attended every meeting of the Senate; and even when absent in Campania he would travel back expressly to be present at any important debate; nor did he ever leave the council-hall till the sitting was adjourned.

While Marcus thus attempted to revive a responsible upper class, he was far from neglecting the interests of the poor. He developed the scheme of state nurture and education for needy free-born children which the Flavian emperors had begun. He reformed the local government of Italy, and made more careful provision against the recurring danger of scarcity. He instituted the "tutelary praetorship" which was to watch over the rights of orphans—a class often unjustly treated at Rome. And he fostered and supervised that great

development of civil and criminal law, which, under the Antonines, was steadily giving protection to the minor, justice to the woman, rights to the slave, and transforming the stern maxims of Roman procedure into a fit basis for the jurisprudence of the modern world.

But, indeed, the true life and influence of Marcus had scarcely yet begun. In his case, as in many others, it was not the main occupation, the ostensible business of his life, which proved to have the most enduring value. His most effective hours were not those spent in his long adjudications, his ceaseless battles, his strenuous ordering of the concerns of the Roman world. Rather they were the hours of solitude and sadness, when, "among the Quadi," "on the Granua," "at Carnuntum," he consoled his lonely spirit by jotting down in fragmentary sentences the principles which were his guide through life. The little volume was preserved by some fortunate accident. For many centuries it was accounted as a kind of curiosity of literature—as heading the brief list of the writings of kings. From time to time some earnest spirit discovered that the help given by the little book was of surer quality than he could find in many a volume which promised more. One and another student was moved to translate it—from old Gataker of Rotherhithe, completing the work in his seventy-eighth year, as his best preparation for death, to "Cardinal Francis Barberini the elder, who dedicated the translation to his soul, in order to make it redder than his purple at the sight of the virtues of this Gentile."<sup>1</sup> But the complete success of the book was reserved for the present century. I will quote one passage only as showing the position which it has taken among some schools of modern thought—a passage in which a writer celebrated for his nice distinctions and balanced praise has spoken of the *Meditations* in terms of more unmixed eulogy than he has ever bestowed elsewhere:—

"Véritable Evangile éternel," says M. Renan, "le livre des Pensées ne vieillira jamais, car il n'affirme aucun dogme. L'Evangile a vieilli en certaines parties; la science ne permet plus d'admettre la naïve conception du surnaturel qui en fait la base. Le surnaturel n'est dans les Pensées qu'une petite tache insignifiante, qui n'atteint pas la merveilleuse beauté du fond. La science pourrait détruire Dieu et l'âme, que le livre des Pensées resterait jeune encore de vie et de vérité. La religion de Marc-Aurèle, comme le fut par moments celle de Jésus, est la religion absolue, celle qui résulte du simple fait d'une haute conscience morale placée en face de l'univers. Elle n'est ni d'une race ni d'un pays. Aucune révolution, aucun progrès, aucune découverte ne pourront la changer."

What then, we may ask, and how attained to, was the wisdom which is thus highly praised? How came it that a man of little

(1) See the preface to Mr. Long's admirable translation. The quotations from the *Meditations* in this essay are given partly in Mr. Long's words.

original power, in an age of rhetoric and commonplace, was able to rise to the height of so great an argument, and to make of his most secret ponderings the religious manual of a far-distant world? This question can scarcely be answered without a few preliminary reflections on the historical development of religion at Rome.

Among all the civilised religions of antiquity the Roman might well seem the least congenial either to the beliefs or to the emotions of modern times. From the very first it bears all the marks of a political origin. When the antiquarian Varro treats first of the state and then of the gods, "because in order that gods may be established states must first exist," he is but retracing faithfully the real genesis of the cult of Rome. Composed of elements borrowed from various quarters, it dealt with all in a legal, external, unimaginative spirit. The divination and ghost-religion, which it drew from the Etruscans and other primitive sources, survived in the state-augury and in the domestic worship of the Lares, only in a formal and half-hearted way. The nature-religion, which came from the Aryan forefathers of Rome, grew frigid indeed when it was imprisoned in the *Indigitamenta*, or Official Handy-book of the Gods. It is not to Rome, though it may often be to Italy, that the anthropologist must look for instances of those quaint rites which form in many countries the oldest existing links between civilised and primitive conceptions of the operations of an unseen Power. It is not from Rome that the poet must hope for fresh developments of those exquisite and unconscious allegories, which even in their most hackneyed reproduction still breathe on us the glory of the early world. The most enthusiastic of pagans or neo-pagans could scarcely reverence with much emotion the botanical accuracy of Nodotus, the god of Nodes, and Volutina, the goddess of Petioles, nor tremble before the terrors of Spiniensis and Robigus, the dreaded Powers of Blight and Brambles, nor eagerly implore the favour of Stercutius and Sterquilinus, the beneficent deities of Manure.

This shadowy system of divinities is a mere elaboration of the primitive notion that religion consists in getting whatever can be got from the gods, and that this must be done by asking the right personages in the proper terms. The boast of historian or poet that the old Romans were "most religious mortals," or that they "surpassed in piety the gods themselves," refers entirely to punctuality of outward observance, considered as a definite *quid pro quo* for the good things desired. It is not hard to be "more pious than the gods," if piety on our part consists in asking decorously for what we want, and piety on their part in immediately granting it.

It is plain that it was not in this direction that the Romans found a vent for the reverence and the self-devotion in which their character was assuredly not deficient. Their true worship, their

the piety, were reserved for a more concrete, though still a vast ideal. It has been often said, the religion of the Romans was Rome. Her heroes and saints were her patriots, Quintus Curtius and Mucius Scævola, Cincinnatus, Regulus, Cato. Her "heaven-descended maxim" was *ἡ γνῶσις σεαυτὸν*, but *Delenda est Carthago*. But a concrete idea must necessarily lose in fixedness what it gains in actuality. As Rome became the Roman Empire the temper of her religion must needs change with the fortunes of its object. While the fates of the Empire yet hung in the balance the very thought of her had been enough to make *Roman* for all ages a synonym for *heroic* virtue. But when a heterogeneous world-wide empire seemed to derive its unity from the Emperor's personality alone, men felt that the object of so many deeds of piety had disappeared through their very success. The devotion to Rome was transformed into the worship of Cæsar, and the one strain of vital religion which had run through the Commonwealth was stiffened like all the rest into a dead official routine. Something better than this was needed for cultivated and serious men. To take one instance only, what was the Emperor himself to worship? It might be very well for obsequious provinces to erect statues to the *Indulgentia Cæsaris*. But Cæsar himself could hardly be expected to adore his own Good-humour. In epochs like these, when a national religion has lost its validity in thoughtful minds, and the nation is pausing, as it were, for further light, there is a fair field for all comers. There is an opportunity for those who wish to eliminate the religious instinct, or to distort it, or to rationalise it, or to vivify; for the secularist and the charlatan, for the philosopher and the prophet. In Rome there was assuredly no lack of negation and indifference, of superstition and its inseparable fraud. But when two streams of higher tendency rushed into the spiritual vacuum, two currents which represented, broadly speaking, the main religious and the main ethical tradition of mankind. The first of these, which we must pass by for the present, had its origin in the legendary Pythagoras and the remoter East. The second took the form of a generalised and simplified Stoicism. Stoicism, of course, was no new thing in Rome. It had come in with Greek culture at the time of the Punic wars; it had commended itself by its proud precision to Roman habits of thought and life; it had been welcomed as a support for the state religion, a method of categorizing Olympus which yet might be accounted orthodox. The Catos of Cato and Brutus maintained the Stoic tradition through the death-throes of the Republic. But the stern independence of the Porch was not invoked to aid in the ceremonial revival with which Augustus would fain have renewed the old Roman virtue. It is among the horrors of Nero's reign that we find Stoicism losing its place as a main spiritual support of men. But as it



becomes more efficacious it becomes also less distinctive. In Seneca in Epictetus, most of all in Marcus himself, we see it gradually discarding its paradoxes, its controversies, its character as a specialized philosophical sect. We hear less of its logic, its cosmogony, its portrait of the ideal Sage. It insists rather on what may be termed the catholic verities of all philosophers, on the sole importance of virtue, the spiritual oneness of the universe, the brotherhood of men. From every point of view this later Stoicism afforded unusual advantages to the soul which aimed at wisdom and virtue. It was philosophy; but by dint of time and trial it had run itself clear of the extravagance and unreality of the schools. It was a reform, but its attitude towards the established religion was at once friendly and independent, so that it was neither cramped by deference nor embittered by reaction. Its doctrines were old and true; yet it has about it a certain freshness as being in fact the first free and meditative outlook on the universe to which the Roman people has attained. And, more than all, it had ready to its hand a large remainder of the most famous store of self-devotedness that the world has seen. Stoicism was the heir of the old Roman virtue happy is the philosophy which can support its own larger creed on the instincts of duty inherited from many a generation of narrow uprightness, of unquestioned law.

But the opportunity for the very flower of Stoic excellence was due to the caprice of a great amateur. Hadrian admired both beauty and virtue; his choice of Antinous and of Marcus gave to the future world the standard of the sculptor and the standard of the moralist, the completest types of physical and moral perfection which Roman history has handed down. And yet among the names of his benefactors with which the scrupulous gratitude of Marcus has opened his self-communings, the name *Hadrianus* does not occur. The boy thus raised to empire has passed by Hadrian, who gave him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, for Severus, who taught him to disdain them all.

Among all the Meditations none is at once more simple and more original than this exordium of thanksgiving. It is the single-hearted utterance of a soul which knows neither desire nor pride, which considers nothing as gain in her life's journey except the love of those souls who have loved her,—the memory of those who have fortified her by the spectacle and communication of virtue.

The thoughts that follow on this prelude are by no means of an exclusively Stoic type. They are both more emotional and more agnostic than would have satisfied Chrysippus or Zeno. They are not conceived in that tone of certainty and conviction in which men lecture or preach, but with those sad reserves, those varying moods of hope and despondency, which are natural to a man's secret

ponderings on the riddle of the world. Even the fundamental Stoic belief in God and Providence is not beyond question in Marcus' eyes. The passages where he repeats the alternative "either gods or atoms" are too strongly expressed to allow us to think that the antithesis is only a trick of style.

"Either confusion and entanglement and scattering again: or unity, order, providence. If the first case be, why do I wish to live amid the clashings of chance and chaos? or care for aught else but to become earth myself at last? and why am I disturbed, since this dispersion will come whatever I do? but if the latter case be the true one, I reverence and stand firm, and trust in him who rules.

"Thus wags the world, up and down, from age to age. And either the universal mind determines each event; and if so, accept then that which it determines; or it has ordered once for all, and the rest follows in sequence; or indivisible elements are the origin of all things. In a word, if there be a god, then all is well; if all things go at random, act not at random thou."

And along with this speculative openness, so much more sympathetic to the modern reader than the rhetoric of Seneca or even the lofty dogmatism of Epictetus, there is a total absence of the Stoic pride. His self-reverence is of that truest kind which is based on a man's conception not of what he is, but of what he ought to be.

"Men cannot admire the sharpness of thy wits. Be it so; but many other things there are of which thou canst not say, I was not formed for them. Show those things which are wholly in thy power to show: sincerity, dignity, laboriousness, self-denial, contentment, frugality, kindness, frankness, simplicity, seriousness, magnanimity. Seest thou not how many things there are in which, with no excuse of natural incapacity, thou voluntarilyallest short? or art thou compelled by defect of nature to murmur and be stingy and flatter and complain of thy poor body, and cajole and boast, and disquiet thyself in vain? No, by the gods! but of all these things thou mightest have been rid long ago. Nay, if indeed thou be somewhat slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this too, and not neglect it nor be contented with thy dulness."

Words like these, perhaps, exalt human nature in our eyes quite as highly as if we had heard Marcus insisting, like some others of his school, that "the sage is as useful to Zeus as Zeus to him," or that "courage is more creditable to sages than it is to gods, since gods have it by nature, but sages by practice."

And having thus overheard his self-communings, with what a sense of soundness and reality do we turn to the steady fervour of his constantly repeated ideal!

"Let the god within thee be the guardian of a living being, masculine, adult, political, and a Roman, and a ruler; who has taken up his post in life as one that awaits with readiness the signal that shall summon him away. . . . And such a man, who delays no longer to strive to be in the number of the best, is as a priest and servant of the gods, obeying that god who is in himself enshrined, who renders him unsoiled of pleasure, unharmed by any pain, untouched by

insult, feeling no wrong, a wrestler in the noblest struggle, which is, that no passion he may be overthrown; dyed to the depth in justice, and with a whole heart welcoming whatsoever cometh to him and is ordained."

The ideal is sketched on Stoic lines, but the writer's temperance is not cast in the old Stoic mould. He reminds us rather of moderate sensitiveness, in his shrinking from the presence of coarse and selfish persons, and in his desire, obvious enough but constantly checked for the sympathy and approbation of those with whom he lives. The self-sufficing aspect of Stoicism has in him lost all its exclusiveness; it is represented only by the resolute recurrence to conscience as the one support against the buffets of the world.

"I do my duty; other things trouble me not; for either they are thin without life, or things without reason, or things that have wandered and know not the way."

And thus, while all the dealings of Marcus with his fellow-men are summed up in the two endeavours—to imitate their virtues, and to amend, or at least patiently to endure, their defects—it is plain which of these two efforts was most frequently needed. The fragmentary thoughts present us with a long series of struggles rise from the mood of disgust and depression into the mood of serene benevolence, by dwelling strongly on a few guiding lines of thought.

"Begin the morning by saying to thyself: I shall meet with the bulky, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. ■ I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who sins, that it is akin to mine, and participates in the same divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for man can fix a foulness on me; nor can I be angry nor hate my brother."

There is reason, indeed, to fear that Marcus loved his enemies well; that he was too much given to blessing those that cursed him. It is to him, rather than to any Christian potentate, that we must look for an example of the dangers of applying the gospel maxim too unreservedly to the business of the turbid world. For indeed the practical danger lies not in the overt adoption of those counsels of an ideal mildness and mercy, but even in the mere attainment of a temper so calm and lofty that the promptings of vanity or anger are felt no more. The task of curbing and punishing other men, humiliating their arrogance, exposing their falsity, upbraiding the sloth, is in itself so distasteful, when there is no personal rivalry or resentment to prompt it, that it is sure to be performed too gently or neglected for more congenial duties. Avidius Cassius, burning his disorderly soldiers alive to gain himself a reputation for vigour, was more comprehensible to the mass of men, more immediately efficacious, than Marcus representing to the selfish and wayward

Commodus "that even bees did not act in such a manner, nor any of those creatures which live in troops."

But the very incongruity between the duties which Marcus was called on to perform, and the spirit which he brought to their performance, the fate which made him by nature a sage and a saint, by profession a ruler and a warrior, all this gave to his character a dignity and a completeness which it could scarcely otherwise have attained. The master of the world more than other men might feel himself bound to "live as on a mountain;" he whose look was life or death to other men might best set the example of the single-heartedness which need hide the thought of no waking moment from any man's knowledge; whose eyes should reveal all that passed within him, "even as there is no veil upon a star." The Stoic philosophy which required that the sage should be indifferent to worldly goods found its crowning exemplar in a sage who possessed them all.

And, indeed, in the case of Marcus the difficulty was not to disdain the things of earth, but to care for them enough. The touch of Cynic crudity with which he analyses such things as men desire, reminds us sometimes of those scornful pictures of secular life which have been penned in the cloister. For that indifference to transitory things which has often made the religious fanatic the worst of citizens is not the danger of the fanatic alone. It is a part also of the melancholy of the magnanimous; of the mood when the "joy and gladness" which the Stoics promised to their sage die down in the midst of "such darkness and dirt," as Marcus calls it, "that it is hard to imagine what there is which is worthy to be prized highly, or seriously pursued."

Nay, it seems to him that even if, in Plato's phrase, he could become "the spectator of all time and of all existence," there would be nothing in the sight to stir the exultation, to change the solitude of the sage. The universe is full of living creatures, but there is none of them whose existence is so glorious and blessed that by itself it can justify all other Being; the worlds are destroyed and re-created with an endless renewal, but they are tending to no world more pure than themselves; they are not even, as in Hindoo myth, ripening in a secular expectancy till Buddha come; they are but renewing the same littlenesses from the depth to the height of heaven, and reiterating throughout all eternity the fears and follies of a day.

"If thou wert lifted on high and didst behold the manifold fates of men; and didst discern at once all creatures that dwell round about him, in the ether and the air; then howso oft thou thus wert raised on high, these same things thou shouldst ever see, all things alike, and all things perishing. And where is, then, the glory?"

Men who look out on the world with a gaze thus disenchanting are apt to wrap themselves in a cynical indifference or in a pessimistic despair. But character is stronger than creed; and Marcus carries into the midst of the saddest surroundings his nature's imperious craving for reverence and to love. He feels, indeed, that the one joy which could have attached him to the world is wholly wanting to him.

"This is the only thing, if anything there be, which could have drawn thee backwards and held thee still in life, if it had been granted thee to live with men of like principles with thyself. But now thou seest how great a pain there is in the discordance of thy life with other men's, so that thou sayest: Come quick, O death! lest perchance I too should forget myself."

Nor can he take comfort from any steadfast hope of future fellowship with kindred souls.

"How can it be that the gods, having ordered all things rightly and with good-will towards men, have overlooked this thing alone: that some men, virtuous indeed, who have as it were made many a covenant with heaven, and through holy deeds and worship have had closest communion with the divine, that these men, when once they are dead, should not live again, but be extinguished for ever? Yet if this be so, be sure that if it ought to have been otherwise the gods would have done it. For were it just, it would also be possible; were it according to nature, nature would have had it so."

For thus he believes without proof and without argument that all is for the best; that everything which happens is for the advantage of every constituent life in nature, since everything is for the advantage of the whole. He will not entertain the idea that the Powers above him may not be all-powerful; or the Wisdom which rules the universe less than all-wise. And this optimism comes from no natural buoyancy of temper. There is scarcely a trace in the *Meditations* of any mood of careless joy. He never rises beyond the august contentment of the man who accepts his fate.

"All things are harmonious to me which are harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time for thee. All is fruit to me which thy seasons, O Nature, bear. From thee are all things, and in thee all, and all return to thee. The poet says, 'Dear city of Cecrops;' shall I not say, 'Dear city of God?'"

There have been many who, with no more belief than Marcus in personal immortality, have striven, like him, to accept willingly the world in which they found themselves placed. But sometimes they have marred the dignity of their position by attempting too eagerly to find a reason for gladness; they have dwelt with exultation upon a terrene future for our race from which Marcus would still have turned and asked, "Where, then, is the glory?" It would have seemed to him that a triumphant tone like this can only come from the soilure of philosophy with something of the modern spirit of industrial materialism and facile enjoyment; he would have pre-

ferred that his own serenity should be less near to complacency than to resignation; he would still have chosen the temper of that saintly Stoic, whose rude, strong lines break in with so stern a piety among the fragments of philosophic Greece:—

“Lead, lead Cleanthes, Zeus and holy Fate,  
Where'er ye place my post, to serve or wait:  
Willing I follow; were it not my will,  
A baffled rebel I must follow still.”

These, however, are differences only of tone and temper overlying what forms in reality a vast body of practical agreement. For the scheme of thought and belief which has thus been briefly sketched is not only in itself a noble and a just one. It is a kind of common creed of wise men, from which all other views may well seem mere deflections on the side of an unwarranted credulity or of an exaggerated despair. Here, it may be not unreasonably urged, is the moral backbone of all universal religions; and as civilisation has advanced, the practical creed of all parties, whatever their speculative pretensions, has approximated ever more nearly to these plain principles and uncertain hopes.

This view of the tendency of religious progress is undoubtedly the simplest and most plausible which history presents to the philosopher who is not himself pledged to the defence of any one form of what is termed supernatural belief. But it has to contend with grave difficulties of historical fact; and among these difficulties the age of the Antonines presents one of the most considerable. Never had the ground been cleared on so large a scale for pure philosophy; never was there so little external pressure exerted in favour of any traditional faith. The persecutions of the Christians were undertaken on political and moral, rather than on theological grounds; they were the expression of the feeling with which a modern state might regard a set of men who were at once Mormons and Nihilists—refusing the legal tokens of respect to constituted authorities, while suspected of indulging in low immorality at the bidding of an ignorant superstition. And yet the result of this age of tolerance and enlightenment was the gradual recrudescence, among the cultivated as well as the ignorant, of the belief in a perceptible interaction of the seen and the unseen world, culminating at last in the very form of that belief which had shown itself most resolute, most thorough-going, and most intractable.

For the triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire must not be looked upon as an anomalous or an isolated phenomenon. It was rather the triumph along the whole line, though (as is usual in great triumphs) in an unlooked-for fashion, of a current of tendency which had coexisted obscurely with State religion, patriotism, and philosophy, almost from the first beginnings of the city. The

anomaly, if there were one, consisted in the fact that the hints elements of this new power, which was destined to be the second of Rome, were to be found, not in the time-honoured ordinance of her Senate, or the sober wisdom of her schools, but in the fanaticism of ignorant enthusiasts, in the dreams of a mystic poet, in the alle but derided, experiences of a few eccentric philosophers. The introduction of Christianity at Rome was the work not only of Peter Paul, but of Virgil and Varro.

For amidst the various creeds and philosophies, by aid of which men have ordered their life on earth, the most persistent fundamental line of division is surely this:—The question whether that life is to be ordered by rules drawn from its own experience alone, or whether there are indications which may justify modifying our conduct or expectations by some influx of inspiration, or some phenomena testifying to the existence of an unseen world, or to continued life after the body's decay? The instincts which point to this latter view found, as has been already implied, but little sustenance in the established cult of Rome. They were forced to satisfy themselves in a fitful and irregular fashion by Greek and oriental modes of religious excitement. What sense of elevated reality may have been present to the partakers in these alien enthusiasms we are not now able to say. The worship of Bacchus and Cybele have been described to us by historians of the same conservative temper as those who afterwards made "an execrable substitution" of the worship of Christ.

Some scattered indications seem to imply a substratum of religious emotion, or of theurgic experiment, more extensive than the ordinary authorities have cared to record. The proud and gay Catullus refers to his masterpiece in the description of that alternation of reckless fanaticism and sick recoil which formed throughout the so-called Ages of Faith the standing tragedy of the cloister. More startling still is the story which shows us a group of the greatest persons of Rome in the last century before Christ, Nigidius Figulus, Appius Claudius, Publius Vatinius, Marcus Varro, subjected to police supervision on account of their alleged practice of summoning into visible presence the spirits of the dead. "The whole system," says Professor Mommsen, "obtained its consecration—political, religious, and national—from the name of Pythagoras, the ultra-conservative statesman, whose supreme principle was 'to promote order and to check disorder,' the miracle-worker and necromancer, the primeval sage who was a native of Italy, who was interwoven even with the legendary history of Rome, and whose statue was to be seen in the Roman Forum." This story might seem an isolated one but for one remarkable literary parallel. In Virgil—perhaps the only Roman writer who possessed what would now be termed

religious originality—we observe the coexistence of three separate lines of religious thought. There is the conservatism which loses no opportunity of enforcing the traditional worships of Rome, in accordance at once with the poet's own temper of mind, and with the plan of Augustus' ethical reforms. There is the new fusion of the worship of Rome with the worship of the Emperor—the only symbol of spiritual unity between remote provincials and the imperial city. But finally, in the central passage of his greatest poem, we come on a Pythagorean creed, expressed, indeed, with some confusion and hesitancy, but with earnest conviction and power, and forming, as the well-known fragment of correspondence plainly implies, the dominant pre-occupation of the poet's later life.

Such a scheme, indeed, as the Pythagorean, with its insistence on a personal immortality, and its moral retribution adjusted by means of successive existences with a greater nicety than has been employed by any other creed—such a scheme, if once established, might have satisfied the religious instincts of the Roman world more profoundly and permanently than either the worship of Jove or the worship of *Cæsar*. But it was not established. The evidence which had commended it to Virgil, or to the group of philosophers, was not effective with the mass of mankind; and during the next three centuries we observe the love of the marvellous and the supernatural dissociating itself more and more from any ethical dogma. There are, no doubt, remarkable instances in these centuries of an almost modern spirit of piety associated (as for instance in Apuleius) with the most bizarre religious vagaries. But on the whole the two worships which, until the triumph of Christianity, seemed most likely to overrun the civilised world, were the worship of Mithra and the worship of Serapis. Now the name of Mithra can hardly be connected with moral conceptions of any kind. And the nearest that we can get to the character of Serapis is the fact, that he was by many persons considered to be identical either with the principle of good or with the principle of evil.

Among these confused and one-sided faiths Christianity had an unique superiority. It was the only formulated and intelligible creed which united the two elements most necessary for a widely received religion, namely, a lofty moral code, and the attestation of some actual intercourse between the visible and the invisible worlds.

It was not the morality of the Gospels alone which exercised the attractive force. Still less was it the speculations of Pauline theology, the high conceptions which a later age hardened into so immutable a system. It was the fact that this lofty teaching was based on beliefs which almost all men held already; that exhortations, nobler than those of Plutarch or Marcus, were supported by marvels



better attested than those of Alexander of Abonoteichos, or Apollonius of Tyana. In a thousand ways, and by a thousand channels the old faiths melted into the new. It was not only that such apologists as Justin and Minucius Felix were fond of showing that Christianity was, as it were, the crown of philosophy, the consummation of Platonic truth. More important was the fact that the rank and file of Christian converts looked on the universe with the same eyes as the heathens around them. All that they asked of these was to believe that the dimly realised deities whom the heathen regarded rather with fear than love, were in reality powers of evil while above the oriental additions so often made to their Pantheon was to be superposed one ultimate divinity, alone beneficent, and alone to be adored.

The hierarchy of an unseen universe must needs be a somewhat shadowy and arbitrary thing. And to those whose imagination is already exercised on such matters a new scheme of the celestial powers may come with an acceptable sense of increasing insight into the deep things of God. But to one who, like Marcus, has learnt to believe that in such matters the truest wisdom is to recognise what we cannot know, in him a scheme like the Christian is apt to inspire incredulity by its very promise of completeness,—suspicion by the very nature of the evidence which is alleged in its support.

Neither the Stoic school in general, indeed, nor Marcus himself, were clear of all superstitious tendency. The early masters of the sect had pushed their doctrine of the solidarity of all things to the point of anticipating that the liver of a particular bullock, itself selected from among its fellows by some mysterious fitness of things, might reasonably give an indication of the result of an impending battle. When it was urged that on this principle everything might be expected to be indicative of everything else, the Stoics answered that so it was, but that only when such indications lay in the liver could we understand them aright. When asked how we came to understand them when thus located, the Stoic doctors seem to have made no sufficient reply. We need not suppose that Marcus participated in absurdities like these. He himself makes no assertion of this hazardous kind, except only that remedies for his ailments “have been shown to him in dreams.” And this is not insisted on in detail; it rather forms part of that habitual feeling or impression which, if indeed it be superstitious, is yet a superstition from which no devout mind, perhaps, was ever wholly free; namely, that he is the object of a special care and benevolence proceeding from some holy power. Such a feeling implies no belief either in merit or in privilege beyond that of other men; but just as the man who is strongly willing, though it be proved to him that his choice is determined by his antecedents, must yet feel assured that he can

deflect its issue this way or that, even so a man, the habit of whose soul is worship, cannot but see at least a reflection of his own virtue in the arch of heaven, and bathe his spirit in the mirage projected from the well-spring of its own love.

For such an instinct, for all the highest instincts of his heart, Marcus would no doubt have found in Christianity a new and full satisfaction. The question, however, whether he ought to have become a Christian is not worth serious discussion. In the then state of belief in the Roman world it would have been as impossible for a Roman Emperor to become a Christian as it would be at the present day for a Czar of Russia to become a Buddhist. Some Christian apologists complain that Marcus was not converted by the miracle of the "Thundering Legion." They forget that though some obscure persons may have ascribed that happy occurrence to Christian prayers, the Emperor was assured on much higher authority that he had performed the miracle himself. Marcus, indeed, would assuredly not have insisted on his own divinity. He would not have been deterred by any Stoic exclusiveness from incorporating in his scheme of belief, already infiltrated with Platonic thought, such elements as those apologists who start from St. Paul's speech at Athens would have urged him to introduce. But an acceptance of the new faith involved much more than this. It involved tenets which might well seem to be a mere reversion to the world-old superstitions and sorceries of barbarous tribes. Such alleged phenomena as those of possession, inspiration, healing by imposition of hands, luminous appearances, modification and movement of material objects, formed, not, as some later apologists would have it, a mere accidental admixture, but an essential and loudly asserted element in the new religion. The apparition of its Founder after death was its very *raison d'être* and triumphant demonstration. The Christian advocate may say, indeed, with reason that phenomena such as these, however suspicious the associations which they might invoke, however primitive the stratum of belief to which they might seem at first to degrade the disciple, should, nevertheless, have been examined afresh on their own evidence, and would have been found to be supported by a consensus of testimony which has since then overcome the world. Addressed to an age in which Reason was supreme, such arguments might have carried convincing weight. But mankind had certainly not reached a point in the age of the Antonines,—if, indeed, we have reached it yet,—at which the recollections of barbarism were cast into so remote a background that the leaders of civilised thought could lightly reopen questions, the closing of which might seem to have marked a clear advance along the path of enlightenment. It is true, indeed, that the path of enlightenment is not a royal road, but a labyrinth; and that those who have marched

too unhesitatingly in one direction have generally been obliged to retrace their steps, to unravel some forgotten clue, to explore some turning which they had already passed by. But the practical ruler of men must not take the paths which seem to point backwards until they hear in front of them the call of those who have chosen that less inviting way.

An Emperor who had "learnt from Diognetus not to give credit to what is said by miracle-workers and jugglers about incantations and the driving away of demons, and such things," might well feel that even to inquire into the Gospel stories would be a blasphemy against his philosophic creed. Even the heroism of Christian martyrdom left him cold. In words which have become proverbial as a wise man's mistake, he stigmatises their Christian contempt of death as "sheep party spirit." And yet—it is an old thought, but it is impossible not to recur to it once more—what might he not have learnt from these despised sectaries! the melancholy Emperor from Blandus and Pothaina, smiling on the rack.

Of the Christian virtues, it was not *faith* which was lacking to him. His faith indeed was not that bastard faith of theologians which is nothing more than a willingness to assent to historical propositions on insufficient evidence. But it was faith such as Christ demanded of his disciples, the steadfastness of the soul clinging, spite of doubts, of difficulties, even of despair, to whatever she has known of best; the resolution to stand or fall by the noble hypothesis. To Marcus the alternative of "gods or atoms"—of a universe ruled either by blind chance or by an intelligent Providence—was ever present and ever unsolved; but in action he ignored that dark possibility, and lived as a member of a sacred cosmos, and co-operator of ordering gods.

Again, it might seem unjust to say that he was wanting in love. No one has expressed with more conviction the interdependence and kinship of men.

"We are made to work together, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like rows of the upper and lower teeth." "It is peculiar to man to love even those who do wrong: and thou wilt love them if when they err thou bethink thee that they are to thee near akin." "Men exist for the sake of one another—teach them then, or bear with them." "When men blame thee, or hate thee, or revile thee, pass inward to their souls; see what they are. Thou wilt find that thou needst not trouble thyself as to what such men think of thee. For thou must be kindly affectioned to them; for by nature they are friends; and the gods too help and answer them in many ways." "Love men, and love them from the heart." "'Earth loves the shower,' and 'sacred æther loves;' and the whole universe loves the making of that which is to be. I say then to thee, universe: Even I, too, love as thou."

And yet about the love of a John, a Paul, a Peter, there is something of a note which is missing here. Stoic love is but an injunction of reason and a means to virtue; Christian love is the open

**secret** of the universe, and in itself the end of all. In all that **wisdom** can teach herein, Stoic and Christian are at one. They both **know** that if a man would save his life he must lose it; that the **disappearance** of all selfish aims or pleasures in the universal life is the **only** pathway to peace. All religions that are worth the name have **felt** the need of this inward change; the difference lies rather in the **light** under which they regard it. To the Stoic in the West, as to the Buddhist in the East, it presented itself as a renunciation which became a deliverance, a tranquillity which passed into an annihilation. The Christian, too, recognised in the renunciation of the world a deliverance from its evil. But his spirit in those early days was occupied less with what he was resigning than with what he **gained**; the love of Christ constrained him; he died to self to find, even here on earth, that he had passed not into nothingness, but into heaven. In his eyes the Stoic doctrine was not false, but partly rudimentary and partly needless. His only objection, if objection it could be called, to the Stoic manner of facing the reality of the universe, was that the reality of the universe was so infinitely better than the Stoic supposed.

If then the Stoic love beside the Christian was "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine," it was not only because the Stoic philosophy prescribed the curbing and checking of those natural emotions which Christianity at once guided and intensified by her new ideal. It was because the love of Christ which the Christian felt was not a laborious duty, but a self-renewing, self-intensifying force; a feeling offered as to one who for ever responded to it, as to one whose triumphant immortality had brought his disciples' immortality to light.

So completely had the appearance of Jesus to the faithful after his apparent death altered in their eyes the aspect of the world. So decisive was the settlement of the old alternative, "Either Providence or atoms," which was effected by the firm conviction of a single spirit's beneficent return along that silent and shadowy way. So powerful a reinforcement to Faith and Love was afforded by the third of the Christian trinity of virtues—by the grace of Hope.

But we are treading here on controverted ground. It is not only that this great prospect has not yet taken its place among admitted certainties; that the hope and resurrection of the dead are still called in question. Much more than this; the most advanced school of modern moralists tends rather to deny that "a sure and certain hope" in this matter is to be desired at all. Virtue, it is alleged, must needs lose her disinterestedness if the solution of the great Problem were opened to her gaze.

"Pour nous," says M. Renan, who draws this moral especially from the noble disinterestedness of Marcus himself: "pour nous, on nous annoncerait

un argument péremptoire en ce genre, que nous ferions comme Saint I quand on lui parla de l'hostie miraculeuse; nous refuserions d'aller Qu'avons nous besoin de ces preuves brutales, qui n'ont d'application que l'ordre grossier des faits, et qui gêneraient notre liberté?"

This seems a strong argument; and if it be accepted it is practically decisive of the question at issue,—I do not say only between Stoicism and Christianity, but between all those systems which not seek, and those which do seek, a spiritual communion for external to his own soul, a spiritual continuance external to his body. If a proof of a beneficent Providence or of a future life thing to be deprecated, it will be indiscreet, or even immoral, to inquire whether such a proof has been, or can be, obtained. The world must stand with Marcus; and there will be no extravagance in M. Renan's estimate of the Stoic morality as a sounder and more permanent system than that of Jesus himself.

But generalisations like this demand a close examination. Is there an antithesis between interested and disinterested virtue a clear fundamental one for all stages of spiritual progress? Or may we not find that the conditions of the experiment vary, as it were, as virtue passes through different temperatures; that our formula gives a positive result at one point, a negative at another, and becomes altogether unmeaning at a third?

It will be allowed, in the first place, that for an indefinite time to come, and until the mass of mankind has advanced much higher above the savage level than is as yet the case, it will be premature to be too fastidious as to the beliefs which prompt them to virtue. The first object is to give them habits of self-restraint and well-doing, and we may be well content if their crude notions of an universal Power are such as to reinforce the somewhat obscure indications which life on earth at present affords that honesty and truthfulness and mercy bring a real reward to men. But let us pass on to the external hypothesis, on which the repudiation of any spiritual help for oneself outside himself must ultimately rest. Let us suppose that man's impulses have become harmonized with his environment; that his tendency to anger has been minimised by long-standing gentleness; his tendency to covetousness by diffused well-being; his tendency to sensuality by the increased preponderance of his intellectual nature. How will the test of his disinterestedness operate then? Will it be no more possible then for a sane man to be deliberately wicked than it is possible now for a civilised man to be deliberately filthy in his personal habits. We do not wish now that it should be uncertain whether filth were unhealthy in order that we might be more meritorious in preferring to be clean. And whether our remote descendants have become convinced of the reality of a future life or no, it will assuredly never occur to them that, without it,

**might** be a question whether virtue was a remunerative object of pursuit. Lapses from virtue there may still be in plenty; but **inherited** instinct will have made it inconceivable that a man should **voluntarily** be what Marcus calls a "boil or imposthume upon the **universe**," an island of selfishness in the mid-sea of sympathetic joy.

**It** is true indeed that in the present age, and for certain individuals, **that** choice of which M. Renan speaks has a terrible, a priceless **reality**. Many a living memory records some crisis when one who **had** rejected as unproved the traditional sanctions was forced to face **the** question whether his virtue had any sanction which still could **stand**; some night when the foundations of the soul's deep were **broken up**, and she asked herself why she still should cleave to the **law** of other men rather than to some kindlier monition of her **own**:—

"Doch alles was dazu mich trieb,  
Gott, war so gut! ach, war so lieb!"

To be the conqueror in such a contest is the characteristic privilege of a time of transition like our own. But it is not the only, nor even the highest conceivable, form of virtue. It is an incident in the moral life of the individual; its possibility may be but an incident in the moral life of the race. It is but driving the enemy off the ground on which we wish to build our temple; there may be far greater trials of strength, endurance, courage, before we have raised its dome in air.

For after all it is only in the lower stages of ethical progress that to see the right is easy and to decide on doing it is hard. The time comes when it is not so much conviction of the desirability of virtue that is needed, as enlightenment to perceive where virtue's upward pathway lies; not so much the direction of the will which needs to be controlled, as its force and energy which need to be ever vivified and renewed. It is then that the moralist must needs welcome any influence, if such there be, which can pour into man's narrow vessel some overflowing of an infinite Power. It is then, too, that he will learn to perceive that the promise of a future existence might well be a source of potent stimulus rather than of enervating peace. For if we are to judge of the rewards of virtue hereafter by the rewards which we see her achieving here, it is manifest that the only reward which always attends her is herself; that the only prize which is infallibly gained by performing one duty well is the power of performing yet another; the only recompense for an exalted self-forgetfulness is that a man forgets himself always more. Or rather, the only other reward is one whose sweetness also is scarcely realisable till it is attained; it is the love of kindred souls; but a love which recedes ever farther from the flatteries and indulgences which most men desire, and tends

rather to become the intimate comradeship of spirits that strive towards the same goal.

Why then should those who would imagine an eternal reward for virtue imagine her as eternally rewarded in any other way? And what need there be in a spiritual law like this to relax any soul's exertion, to encourage any low content? By an unfailing physical law we know that the athlete attains through painful effort that alacrity and soundness which are the health of the body. And if there were an unfailing spiritual law by which the philosopher might attain, and ever attain increasingly, through strenuous virtue, that energy and self-devotedness which are the health of the soul, would there be anything in the one law or in the other to encourage either the physical or the spiritual voluptuary—the self-indulgence either of the banquet-hall or of the cloister? There would be no need to test men by throwing an artificial uncertainty round the operation of such laws as these; it would be enough if they could desire what was offered to them; the ideal would become the probation.

To some minds reflections like these, rather than like M. Renan's, will be suggested by the story of Marcus, of his almost unmingled sadness, his almost stainless virtue. All will join, indeed, in admiration for a life so free from every unworthy, every dubious incitement to well-doing. But on comparing this life with the lives of men for whom the great French critic's sympathy is so much less—such men, for instance, as St. Paul—we may surely feel that if the universe be in reality so much better than Marcus supposed, it would have done him good, not harm, to have known it; that it would have kindled his wisdom to a fervent glow, such as the world can hardly hope to see till, if ever it be so, the dicta of science and the promises of religion are at one; till saints are necessarily philosophers, and philosophers saints. And yet whatever inspiring secrets the future may hold, the lover of humanity can never regret that Marcus knew but what he knew. Whatever winds of the spirit may sweep over the sea of souls, the life of Marcus will remain for ever as the normal high-water mark of the unassisted virtue of man. No one has shown more simply or more completely what man at any rate must do and be. No one has ever earned the right to say to himself with a more tranquil assurance—in the words which close the *Meditations*—“Depart thou then contented, for he that releaseth thee is content.”

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE LAW OF TREASON.

WITH a trial for High Treason just ended, and one of the three kingdoms within measurable distance of civil war, it would be well to remember that the law of Treason is in a very eccentric state. And so happens that we are promised again in this session, the Bill to codify the criminal law. The speech from the Throne is, we know, always paved with the best of intentions; and we are hardly yet in committee on the criminal code. But if ever we get to it, these anomalous points in our system will have to be faced.

The pitfalls in the law of Treason which have cast so lurid a glow over the history of our constitution, and have furnished our lawyers and orators with such memorable themes, have never been really removed. They are simply covered up. The difficulties, in fact, were adjourned, and the convenient compromise effected in the present reign, after the troubles of 1848, appears, as so many things in this country appear, to work well for all practical purposes. But it had this curious effect. It revived indirectly the doctrines of "constructive treason," about which the Crown and the nation had struggled for centuries. As students of history are aware, the judges laid down as plain law many things that statesmen denounced as strained interpretation. At the end of the last century these matters were determined by a very elaborate statute; and "constructive" treason became a matter of history, and sometimes of declamation. That statute, however, was in substance repealed in the eleventh year of Her Majesty's reign, whilst the original statute of Treason was expressly confirmed. And the better opinion seems to be, that the judicial glosses on that statute are much where they were a hundred years ago. It is still "*inter apices juris*," whether any parts of this mass of judicial Targum have lost their binding authority; and if they have, on what principle and by what means? It may surprise some laymen to hear that "constructive Treason" is matter to-day, not of constitutional history, but of criminal law. We are so much accustomed to regard it as a curious national relic, that we forget it is just as capable of cutting off heads (if need were) as the veritable axe in the Tower.

If we are really about to codify the whole of our criminal law, perhaps it is well to consider whether we will build into our new jurisprudence all the famous ingenuities of Stuart judges, like fragments from a feudal fortress into a modern palace; or whether the whole of the law as between the Crown and the subject might not be reduced to symmetry.



Politicians are bound to remember that this is not a mere lawyer affair. The business of jurists and draftsmen is to put into apt words the law as laid down from the bench. It is a very different thing for the legislature to take these words as given them and to prefer simply—"be it enacted." The codification of the law of Treason is eminently a political question, and is not a mere matter for expert like assault and larceny. Though a wretched madman for the moment has recalled this forgotten procedure, the subject is happily one of no practical interest to-day. But it is no mere antiquarian matter. A wave of popular passion on two or three questions which it is needless to specify might launch us at once into all the sinister complications of the law of Treason. It must always attract us—recalling some of the most tremendous scenes in our history, and some of the memorable efforts of English political thought. At the six centuries which lie between Bracton and Stephen illustrated in a curiously fertile manner that course of legal development which Sir H. Maine has made us all familiar.

The practical point for the politician is this:—the point which the Legislature must certainly one day face. The law of Treason as now stands is not one, but is twofold; that is to say, there are now by the law of England, two perfectly distinct sets of rules, equally elaborate and technical; both dealing for the most part with the same offences. There is the old law of High Treason, originally settled in the statute of Edward III., and gradually developed into a highly technical and intricate network of crime by the long ingenuity of Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian judges. This network of crime, almost the whole of which depends upon judicial interpretation, centuries old, has been practically revived in the present reign. It is itself so exceedingly elaborate that very few untrained laymen are able to see under which head of Treason any given set of facts would lie; or indeed if they come within the crime of Treason at all. In the stormy days of George III., demagogic patriots used to describe this judge-made law of Treason somewhat in the way that Johnson defines a network as a "thin reticulated or decussated, with interstices between the intersections." In some of their noblest passages Hallam, Macaulay, and other constitutional writers, have condemned the operation of this tremendous engine of the ancient dynasties. Alongside of this law of High Treason stands the modern statutory law of Treason-felony, in which almost all the same offences are made crimes, by the same description. By this act the whole ground of Treason is practically covered again; whilst, on the other hand, it visits the crime with a perfectly distinct punishment. The penalty of High Treason is capital, under certain modifications, otherwise unknown to the law. The punishment for Treason-felony is penal servitude.

Hence, any kind of armed insurrection with the intent of compelling her Majesty to change her measures, or in order to overawe either House of Parliament, is High Treason. The mere conspiring to do so is High Treason. The mere conspiring is punishable capitally: it may be by decapitation, provided the offender be a man. The same offence is also Treason-felony by the statute of this reign; and the punishment is limited to penal servitude. It is at the option of the Crown to proceed in High Treason or in Treason-felony. The overt acts which constitute these two kinds of Treason are very far from identical; they overlap in several ways. There is High Treason certainly which is not Treason-felony; and there is High Treason, probably, which is not Treason-felony; and there is Treason-felony which is not High Treason. At the same time the best authorities still doubt whether all that was laid down as "constructive" Treason in the judgments and text-books of the last century, remains good law in the present day. Or rather (what is worse) they doubt if our judges to-day would lay it down in the same way. We are always able to fall back on the comforting assurance that the anomalies of this Janus-faced law do not much signify in practice; because the modern statute of Treason-felony answers every practical purpose, and is much more convenient for the Crown lawyer. For all that concerns ourselves and our children that is possibly the case. Mr. Labouchere, we all know, would be very sorry really to overawe the House of Lords by anything but the terrors of his own eloquence; and Mr. Bradlaugh runs the risk, at the worst, of having his frock coat disembowelled. Still, the statute of the Queen on Treason-felony authorises no capital punishment. And perhaps it is a little Utopian to think that for all future time, and for all possible treasonable crimes, the legal advisers of the Crown will be content to proceed under the milder law; or indeed that their duty will, in all cases, suffer them to do so. If that be so, let us get rid of High Treason at once for any offence against the Government, and not the person, of the sovereign. Should the horrors of civil war ever really befall the people of these kingdoms, involving conspiracies against the person of the sovereign and the Constitution together, to the old law of High Treason the Government will probably resort. It is not at all dead, but dormant, like one of Bunyan's giants, in a horribly amorphous and mysterious state.

The public takes its constitutional law for the most part from Hallam. But since Hallam wrote his well-known summary in the 15th chapter, the law of High Treason has been utterly recast. In one sense it has been completely unsettled. The glosses by which the judges evolved the law of constructive Treason out of the inner consciousness of the statute of Edward III. were most properly treated by Hallam as matters of history. In his day they were

settled for all practical ends by the Statutes of George III. But the Act of this reign (11 & 12 Vict. c. 12), by repealing the bulk of the statutes of George III., whilst expressly confirming that of Edward III., has for many purposes carried the law of Treason back to the point at which it stood at the legislation of 1795. And thus the secular struggle between our judicial and our political authorities may be said to be all reopened anew.

This is evident without technical learning, if we compare the sections on Treason in the Digest of the Criminal Law by Mr. Justice Stephen, with the corresponding sections of the Criminal Code Bill prepared by the same learned judge, and revised by Lord Blackburn and Lord Justice Lush, and the law officers of the Crown. Both of these codes are admirably adapted to the purpose in hand. But the one is a statement of the actual law by a great criminal lawyer who is simply reducing the existing law to a systematic form; the other is the draft proposed to Parliament for ratification by a body of eminent authorities. The student of our constitution who will compare these two codes, with the aid of Mr. Justice Stephen's "General View of the Criminal Law," and in the notes to his "Digest," will find some things that are well worthy his notice.

He will find, in the first place (what I suppose is unique in our criminal laws), that a group of particular offences against the State is practically treated twice over. There is a double set of crimes with a different penalty, and a different mode of procedure. He will find that for the same crime the offender may be either hanged or decapitated under one law, or imprisoned under the other. The capital punishment for Treason cannot be private, and the punishment of a woman is not identical with that of a man. He will be surprised to find that the technical Treason of killing a king lies not in the doing it, but in the intending to do it. He will be surprised to learn that the law of constructive Treason is as lively ever, and that according to some venerable authorities, as Mr. Justice Stephen puts it, "almost every political riot is High Treason." Next, the offences described as Treason in the Digest of 1877 are not precisely the same as those to be found in the Code of 1881. They differ slightly in many details, and materially in one serious point. Few competent persons will suppose there is any mistake on either. The Digest professes to be a strict summary of the law as laid down by accepted authorities. The Code is a revised scheme for practical legislation. The fabric of "constructive Treason" is equally found in both. But some of the judicial constructions which appear in the Digest disappear in the Code.

That is to say, some of these judicial glosses on Treason are of an exceedingly fine an edge, that what Sir J. Stephen in writing a textbook felt bound by authority to include as law, Mr. Justice Stephen

and his colleagues declined to recommend for future legislation. Few will question the judiciousness of both these decisions of these learned persons. But it shows on what a ground our legislators will have to travel—*per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. On a matter of this transcendent importance, the title of Crimes against Public Order ought to receive a special examination from the political side, at least as vigorous as that which it has received from the legal side.

The antiquity and historical continuity of the law of Treason is a fact which has hardly any counterpart in the history of law in modern Europe. The authority of precedent in it is so potent that it is always difficult to say what part of it is really obsolete. A layman who reads in the Act of 11 Vict. that nothing therein should affect the Statute of Edward III., does not easily imagine what a Code of pitiless learning, what a record of complicated doom, was thereby reopened to the modern air. The 530 years which have passed since 25 Edward III. have each added something to the mass, and no part of it is quite converted into dust. Everything about it is at once archaic and alive. The barbarous French of the old act, the procedure with its ancient forms, the old case law that broadens slowly down, from precedent to precedent, all impress the mind like some antique national epic. The history of our law of Treason is as fine a poem as the Niebelungen Lied.

When a State criminal is now tried for High Treason he would ordinarily come before some successor of the Chief Justice who has sat on the King's Bench for more than six centuries; perhaps in the very hall where Red Rose and White Rose, Lollard, Papist, Non-conformist, and Nonjuror, Cavalier and Roundhead, Plantagenet and Stuart, Jacobite and Jacobin, have been tried; they would cite the old Norman French, or rather dog-French, which the courtiers used at the height of the first French wars; the counsel would rely on the dicta of men who saw the wars of the Roses, and the wars of religion, the Commonwealth, and the Revolution. Much of the old tragic ceremony would be rehearsed, sheared for the most part of its mediæval barbarity. But the "*quant home fait compasser*," &c., has to us still all the sacramental mystery that the lines from the Twelve Tables had to a Roman of the Empire: "*caput obnubito, infelici arbori suspendito*."

It is much to be regretted that this tremendous page of our annals is less familiar than it was. Perhaps our lawyers have small cause now to feel interest in those maxims of constitutional right which occupied so keenly the lawyers of some former times. When a great nobleman was as likely to be tried for Treason as he is now likely to be thrown in hunting, a gentleman had to be as ready with the sections of 25 Edward III. as he was with his sword. And when

no counsel were allowed it is curious how well he could argue his case. Raleigh completely silenced the mighty Coke; Charles confounded the seventy commissioners; and College, the Oxford joiner was clearly a match for Jeffereys at his best.

Does the public, does any one, now read the "State Trials," one of the most fascinating books in the historical library? The Macaulays, the Froudes, the Greens, have nothing that touch the in dramatic history; whilst Freeman himself is not more terrible in earnest, and not so voluminous. The trials of the Queens, Anne Boleyn and Mary Stuart, of Charles Stuart and of his judges, Harrison and Tonge, of Vane and Sidney, of College and Cornish of Lady Lisle and Lord Preston, of Lord Gordon and Watson, and fifty more, are hardly exceeded in pathetic power by Shakspeare himself. Any one who knew the whole of that mine of learning, text and notes, would have a very pretty idea of constitutional law. Unfortunately this profoundly touching and most instructive collection is so vast as to be to many readers practically hopeless. Most men are baffled at the sight of thirty-four closely printed volumes, each having 1,200 pages of print, in double column, in a rather illegible type, and crammed with notes till the double columns overflow. The want of a student's guide to the "State Trials" is now being filled by the clear and useful work of Mr. Willis-Bund, who has got five immense volumes into one crown octavo. But those who care for real history may find a romance or a doctrine in nearly every one of the 35,000 pages of the indefatigable Howell. A learned judge, of colossal powers of work, is said to know his Howell as some people know their Tennyson. He will have few imitators in this degenerate age; but a thoughtful man will find in his favourite work some of the wildest stories which illustrate our English life, and the heights and the depths of English character.

The history of the law of Treason and Sedition is a beautiful illustration of a very remarkable law of general jurisprudence observed by Sir H. Maine. Readers of "Ancient Law" remember how he traces the process by which primitive custom is first embodied in an unscientific code. He first shows us custom, of unknown origin and of vague authority, floating about in an amorphous state in early societies. Then he traces the law that correlates the progressive vigour of these societies with the early period at which this custom solidifies into a code. A progressive society gets a code early, and from the moment of obtaining this code, changes in the law are openly sought and are consciously introduced by scientific authority. A feeble unprogressive society has not the energy to consolidate its custom, and custom unauthorised, loosely expressed and understood, drifts into an incubus and stiffens beyond hope. Its consolidation in a code, however, directly calls up the law-reforming energy, and

finite career of development. Once started on that career by a rude code, Sir H. Maine has shown us how the law passes through three stages; first, that of legal fictions, then of equity; finally, that of specific legislation. These stages uniformly occur, and invariably in the order given. The same line in passages familiar to every student has worked out the leading theory of legal development for the course of Roman law from its Decemviral code to its Prætorian law, its equity, its institutions and consolidated statutes, ultimately ending in the thousand years of growth in the Corpus Juris of Justinian. The English law of Treason can be shown to follow exactly the same law. We can trace its germs back to primitive custom for many years to the days of Alfred. We have it in its rude, unformed, unstable condition of mystical sanction, in the early period. But England was eminently one of the provinces of the law; and the law of Treason was obviously bound up with the earliest efforts of the Constitution. Accordingly, one of the great statutes on the Statute Book after the foundations of the first Edward, is the famous act of the third Edward, the Statute of Treasons (25 Edward III., stat. 5, ch. 2), which," says Hallam, "of one of the best parliaments that ever saw the light" (vol. 52). The Statute of Edward III. is to the law of Treason what the Twelve Tables was to the law of Rome; for five centuries it formed the text from which the subsequent development of Treason followed as a commentary; and, like the law of the Twelve Tables, it still retains to this day, in the midst of complexity, its unique and almost mystical authority. As from the time when the Roman system passed through the three stages of law, equity, and legislation, so the English law of Treason for five centuries exhibited an identical evolution. The legal fictions which by a series of momentous decisions became rounded round the archaic phrases of the Edwardian Act, are typical examples of legal fictions in the sense given to the term by Sir H. Maine, *i.e.* the judicial process of artificial interpretation. A characteristic of this is the most religious respect for old words and phrases whilst in the act of straining them to cover new rules necessary by the progress of society. When the judges of the thirteenth century laid down that a man who prepared to take arms rather than submit to some order of the Privy Council, was taken to have designed some forcible interference with the authority, and consequently (since he who would use force to resist would hardly hesitate to take his life) must have virtually killed and imagined the death of the King," the exact words of a French statute, the judges did exactly what the Prætor did when he built up by fiction (*i.e.* by solemn perversion of words)

the law of testamentary disposition, or the law of manumission, the meagre text of the Decemviral Statutes.

Next comes the stage of Equity, and we find this stage in the great judges, law-writers, and publicists, who, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, threw the vast mass of the law of Treason into a consistent, rational, and even equitable body of doctrine. A reaction set in after the worst excesses of Tudor and Stuart tyranny and a still more permanent and important reaction on the establishment of a new dynasty at the Revolution of 1688. The works of Sir Matthew Hale on Crown law, of Sir Michael Foster, of Hawkins and of Blackstone, digested into a body of rational and constitutional equity the relation of subject to the Crown. In the graceful and lucid sketch contained in the sixth chapter of Blackstone's Fourth Book, itself little more than a summary of the doctrines elaborately digested by Foster, we have the law of Treason, sedition, and allegiance, in its second stage of Equity. As we listen to the optimistic and imposing sentences of the courtly Sir William, there seems to be ever watching over the judgment-seat of every magistrate in these favoured islands, a sublime spirit of right reason and social good, which gave a real inspiration to the utterance of every judge, and the acts of every Parliament. The extravagant fictions of the older judges become to him the dictates of calm, superior, and benignant wisdom. That is the ideal state of mind of the epoch of legal "Equity," as a reforming and modifying process in the development of law.

The true era of legislation as applied to Treason only begins with 36 of George III., and is contained in the statutes of that reign, and of the Queen: that is, practically in the legislation of the last century. It is true that a long series of statutes had dealt with Treason between Edward III. and George III. But they had been swept away by succeeding Acts, as special weapons of a particular dynasty or despot; or they related, like the statute of Edward VI. and the statute of William III., to matters of procedure alone. But it is only in the Acts of George III. and Victoria that we have for the first time a complete reconstruction of the substance of the law of Treason. There we have the old legal fictions of Popham and Coke, Croke and Keiling, on "constructive Treason," carefully recast into the precise and verbose phrases of a Georgian statute; and in our own day, mainly under a series of Acts passed in the present reign, we have at last a most comprehensive and industriously minute Code of Treason, sedition, and treasonable and seditious offences; a far more elaborate and searching weapon in the hands of the Government than ever was in theory possessed by the most powerful kings, served by the most strict and zealous of judges. Still, the old Magna Charta of Treasons, the law of 25 Edward III., is neither superseded nor

absorbed in the new legislation, and with it the constructive treasons that have grown into it like lichens. It is built into our legal system as the ancient crypt of St. Stephen's is built into our Parliamentary Palace of Westminster, but it is neither obsolete, nor incorporated with modern statutes. A man may be tried to-morrow under the old law which the Commons wrung five hundred and thirty years ago from the extreme necessities of the third Edward; and even some petty disturbance of public order might bring us back to reconsider the quaint and picturesque language of this old Norman French, and the sinister ingenuity of Stuart lawyers.

There is another general law of jurisprudence which is singularly illustrated by the history of the law of Treason. The characteristic of antique criminal law is extreme rudeness in defining the offence coupled with horrible barbarity in the punishment awarded. A Government embarrassed by the want of proper definition of the crime tries to mend matters by increasing the severity of the sentence, or procuring conviction without evidence. At last it begins to be felt that the proper mode of legally punishing offences is to have all possible forms of the offence previously defined and made punishable by appropriate penalties. But then the opinion of the public and the humanity of the judges make it difficult to apply to a large but less heinous class of offences the frightful extremity of the legal punishment. This we see now for infanticide, which is practically exempt from any regular punishment. Accordingly a more scientific system at last prevails; and in proportion as the offences are carefully discriminated and the offence itself is extended in its sphere, the scale of punishment is graduated, and milder penalties are imposed. We thus get a general law of jurisprudence—that the progress from a rude to a scientific criminal system is a progress towards a far more artificial and elaborate code of crimes, coupled with a progress towards a far more humane and nicely graduated scale of punishments. The law of Treason is a beautiful illustration of this. We find throughout ages that the public, and the opinion of lawyers would not consent to any scientific enlargement of the law of Treason to its legitimate and natural extension, until the Government consented to surrender the traditional and tremendous penalties for the offence. The result is that, now that the great bulk of treasonable and seditious offences is under the recent acts punishable at most with penal servitude, we have a code of offences not only far wider than Popham, or Coke, or even Jefferies or Foster, would have drawn up, but really sufficiently wide and exact to include almost every conceivable manner in which a man can either offer forcible resistance to authority of the State, or show any purpose of hereafter doing so, or instigate or abet any person to do it. The code of such offences closes up loopholes of escape to a



prisoner which the ingenuity of a Tudor judge would have despair of stopping; but then the punishment is discriminated and nicely adjusted to harmonize with the heinousness of the offences, and the prisoner will certainly have the benefit of a wonderfully guarded and lenient system of procedure.

On the whole, Englishmen and lawyers can look on the law of Treason and Sedition with satisfaction and pride. Although English history can show some terrible isolated cases and even protracted periods of monstrous cruelty and open defiance of justice (chiefly during the great religious struggles, and the fanatical passions then called out), the story of the great State Trials in England shows but a tenth of the load of infamy which darkens the judicial history of so many other countries. And amid the worst wresting of the law by the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, or Hanoverian creatures (and even the present dynasty in this matter has sinned almost equally), it has been nearly uniformly the somewhat uncertain law of Procedure which has been wrested, not the substance of the law itself. Even in the worst times, and by the most unscrupulous judges, the law of Treason itself, as for the time being it was understood, has very rarely been stated falsely from the seat of judgment. For five centuries the law has substantially been the same; the ruling of judges under the Plantagenets may still be cited as law. Even under the worst despots the judges have often maintained the impartiality of the law. In *Pyne's* case and *Felton's* case, in the time of Charles II. we have splendid examples of the conscience and firmness of the bench. The trial of Charles I., and the trial of *Vane*, monstrous as both were, were both carried out with a scrupulous respect for old forms. *Jefferies* and *Scroggs* were repeatedly confronted with the deeply-rooted sense of loyalty in the very atmosphere of the courts where their worst outrages were committed. Their acts were speedily condemned and reversed by Parliament. Even in the wildest times of revolutionary passion in England, if the trials of political prisoners were often darkened by that passion, they were never, since the wars of the Roses and some of the risings against the Tudors, converted into mere drum-head courts-martial, as were those trials of state offenders in other countries. Even in some of the most unjust and vindictive of all the State Trials, there is a certain sense of the majesty and authority of law never quite forgotten. Some of the blackest trials have passages and expositions of law worthy of a good time. Such is the antiquity of this branch of law, such are the tragic associations that cling round it; and some crimes in our history every doctrine in it, every detail of procedure recalls such the wonderful continuity of it, now in the sixth century of its growth, and still of unbroken authority.

The best general account of the changes in the law of Treason

will be found in the sketch contained in Mr. Stephen's "General View of the Criminal Law." He brings out very strongly the extreme violence to grammar and sense involved in the strained interpretations of the old act by the Stuart judges, yet the obvious necessity for resorting to such interpretations, and withal the substantial justice of the result. The whole difficulty in working out the law of Treason arose in this way. Treason, being a crime against the very sources of all law and the authority of all tribunals, was felt, and rightly felt, to have a very special character. Common sense acquiesced in the claim of Governments to visit it with tremendous penalties, striking the imagination, crushing the family and relations of the criminal, and holding him up as under a peculiar social ban. It was also the one crime that was confined to men of great power and reputation, of the highest rank, and of commanding character. Hence the horrible accumulation of torture in the sentence, the corruption of blood, forfeiture, attainder, exclusion from the right of bearing arms, and the long retention of the weird terrors of an archaic ceremonial. About one hundred and fifty years ago, "by misadventure," a woman was actually burnt alive, and less than one hundred years ago women for this crime were still sentenced to be burnt alive, and men were sentenced to be disembowelled *alive*, their private members cut off, and their quarters divided. It is just two hundred years since a sentence was quashed, because the wretched culprit had not been sentenced to be disembowelled and so forth *alive*. The learned judges held that *se vivente* was an indispensable part of the sentence. Even now a remnant of the exceptional nature of the penalty survives in this, that (by 31 Vict., c. 24) the capital penalty must still be *public*, not as all other capital punishments within the prison; secondly, that the punishment by *decapitation* would be legal in this crime alone. Another remnant is, that women must be hung, not decapitated. This is a relic of the old difference in the sentence of men and women. Since women could not decently be disembowelled and the rest, they were graciously condemned to be burnt alive. But there was another special quality in this crime besides its exceptional penalty. Common sense further acquiesced in the claim of Governments to treat the crime of Treason as lying equally in the attempt as in the execution, nay in the purpose before any attempt, and finally to make all who in any degree aided or abetted guilty as principals not as accessories. The ground of this was the obvious peculiarity, that Treason is the one crime which, if successful in its object, defeats its own punishment and itself usurps the executive power. When Treason prospers, some may call it Treason; but none can punish it. To wait till the crime was complete, would usually be to wait till it could not be punished at all, till in fact it was rewarding itself. Accordingly, the tendency

of all primitive law is to handicap Treason not only with a terrific penalty falling like ruin on houses, clans, and partisans all at once, but also to punish in one and all alike, the first sign, or even thought of guilt. But then this almost indefinite kind of crime was found to arm a powerful ruler with a weapon of enormous range. The people, and especially the great barons, struggled to obtain a stricter limitation of the crime. Nothing is more difficult for an unscientific age than to give accurate limitations and analysis of criminal intent. Accordingly, the words of the first solemn limitation of this crime statute acquire a really sacramental value, and are cherished like the words of the Twelve Tables at Rome. As society goes on new forms of resistance to the executive are evolved. The people, jealous of their old laws, shrink from making any formal addition to the statutes, but they acquiesce in the efforts of the judges to strain old formulæ by fictions to cover offences never imagined by the framers of the original Act. In the days of primitive law, the whole framework of law turns, as on a pivot, on royal authority, and a personal allegiance between liege men and liege lord. As society settles into the complex machinery of a civil, judicial, and military administration, each directed by a graduated army of officials, forcible resistance to authority takes all sorts of new shapes, all substantial though in very different degrees, worthy *per se* of punishment—often venial, and occasionally meritorious; and yet all widely unlike anything that could be called attacking the liege lord, the King. The real crime in modern times is forcible resistance to the Government, or forcible assumption of governing authority. But this is an idea utterly unintelligible to an early feudal society, which contemplated nothing but taking up arms against the King. For instance, Charles I. was tried for treason under the old law, which is limited to attacks on the King; and the royalist conspirators against the Commonwealth were equally convicted for constructive Treason against their sovereign. The Government will not surrender the tremendous resources of the old law; and the nation will not enlarge the number of the crimes it includes. Accordingly, a compromise is made: the words of the venerable old law are retained, and the judges are allowed to put fantastic but utterly indispensable meanings on to the old words. Legislation confines itself to putting strict limits on *procedure* and *evidence*; whilst public and professional opinion struggles to reduce the judicial interpretation to just a reasonable proportions. At last a sort of code of Treason grows, very carefully contrived to meet complex classes of offence, but full of sententious doctrines which are a palpable mystification of words.

The old law made traitor, first him who "*imagined*" the King's death; secondly, him who levies war against the King. Some discontented persons *conspire*—plot—intend to resist some lawful or

of the civil administration. This is no doubt a crime against the State. But the old law said nothing about *imagining*, *i.e. intending* to take up arms, till arms were actually taken; and accordingly their conspiracy was not treason under that head (of levying war). No! but the judges made it Treason under the first head—(of imagining the King's death)—because they said he who "*imagines*," or *intends* to take up arms to resist a lawful authority, imagines the offering of force to the King. He who would offer force to the King would restrain his liberty—in fact in the last resort would hold him in duress, in confinement. But he who would hold the King in confinement would not hesitate (indeed he would possibly find himself forced) to kill the King, "for the graves of princes are often near their prisons." *Argal*, he who plots, or *intends*, any forcible resistance to constituted authorities, imagines the King's death, and is a traitor by 3 Edward III. Such is the inevitable course of constructive Treason.

It is obvious that any common street riot, any brawl in which a few constables were attacked, might by this method be screwed into the Treason of imagining the King's death. All sorts of provisos, refinements, and compromises were the result. At last we reach (but only within the last hundred years) modern ideas of criminal analysis, and during the reaction and panic which followed the French Revolution, and the Irish troubles of 1798 and 1848, the legislature has completely recast the law. The compromise that has been effected amounts to this. The statutory crimes of imagining the King's death, or of offering violence to his person remain High Treason. The rest of the offences included in the Georgian statutes of High Treason are now defined as felonies, and are made punishable by imprisonment and penal servitude. A flight of personal outrages against the King (chiefly arising out of maniacal attempts to frighten her present Majesty) are defined and punished by graduated penalties. All possible modes of forcibly resisting or coercing the Sovereign or either House of Parliament, or of forcibly altering the constitution, or forcibly usurping the function of Government are defined and punished as felony; and all attempts to commit these acts, and all mental intention of doing them, shown by overt act, by published writing, but not by word or speech, unless such words and speech are actually part of an attempt or incitements to an attempt. Thus the crime is extended from the King to every part of the constitution, from war to every form of violent coercion; conspiracy is equally applicable to every head of the crime, and all who participate are equally punishable. A great many more forms of the offence than ever were specified by Hale and Foster are now defined in the statutes; there is no sort of roundabout employed in making the *intent*, or conspiracy, equally applying to every head. In fact there

is a scientific or quasi-scientific inclusion of every form of offence of violent defiance of the State and its chief organs, wider than the law of treason in Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian time. But, under the Act of the Queen, these offences are not Treason but felony; not capital, but liable to penal servitude. The barbarous punishment is gone; capital punishment is gone. Important safeguards have been given to the accused. But the substance of the treasonable crime is defined in a manner almost sweeping as it could be made.

Here comes what we have described as the anomaly in the existing law. The statute of 11 Victoria expressly provides that nothing "shall lessen the force, or in any manner affect" the statute of 25 Edward III. But to keep alive the original statute of Treason is practically to keep alive the judicial interpretations which the Courts have put on that statute; for the Act is declaratory of the common law, and the views of it taken by the judges during five centuries have neither been reversed, repealed, nor superseded. This is the opinion of Mr. Justice Stephen in his General View, and a few lawyers will dispute it. But some of these judicial glosses are somewhat doubtful authority. They have been condemned by eminent writers; and one of them, at least, as Sir J. Stephen pointed out long ago, is plainly extravagant. But the state we are left in is this. We have two similar but distinct laws of Treason. Alongside an exhaustive statutory code of treasonable offences, punishable with penal servitude as felony, many, but not all, the same offences remain punishable capitally as High Treason, under the Act of Edward I. and the judicial constructions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. At the same time the lines of intersection and coincidence of High Treason and Treason-felony are a curious complex. And many of the judicial interpretations of High Treason are manifestly strained, because there was no such Act as that of the Queen to fall back on; whilst one of these famous glosses is so outrageously unjust, that it is hardly possible to imagine a modern judge repeating it.

There cannot be a doubt that parts of the constructive treason of the old judges are still law; because these constructions have been formally submitted to Parliament as a part of the existing law by some of our first criminal lawyers. But their *raison d'être* in the absence of any adequate statutory law of Treason is now taken away, and their authority has been greatly impaired. Indeed, since 1791 they have never been relied on in practice, whilst they have been fiercely criticised in weighty books. Still there they are; but in such a state that it is a matter of doubtful opinion which of the glosses are certainly good, which of them are doubtful, and if any are clearly bad.

It is a curious comment on this ambiguous state of the law that one of those glosses which duly appeared in Sir J. Stephen's Digest of the Criminal Law—I mean Treason by means of an insurrection to affect any *general* public object—has disappeared from Mr. Justice Stephen's Criminal Code, presented as a Bill to Parliament; whilst the *intention*—the intention not the act—to intimidate either House of Parliament which appears in the Digest as high treason appears only as Treason-felony in the code. The differences between the way in which the same eminent criminal lawyer presents the actual law in the Digest and the way in which he presents it for acceptance by the legislature are very numerous indeed. These differences are possibly small, technical, and subtle. They can hardly be called unimportant, for nothing relating to this transcendent crime can be unimportant. But they go to the very root of the crime. And it does seem a somewhat strange state of things on a constitutional crime of this tremendous importance: first, that any uncertainty whatever should exist; next, that a class of offences should be included in two different sets of crimes and involve two very different kinds of punishment, one of them being *capital*; and lastly, that in a draft presented to Parliament after due consideration by a commission of these learned judges, without any function of amending the substance of the law, some of the judicial glosses should be selected for permanent codification whilst others are omitted, though the difference in the authority for both is necessarily a matter of opinion. In the old days it was said that the rule of equity was the measure of the Chancellor's foot. If Parliament enacts the criminal code so far as it embodies "constructive" Treason, the measure of it will be Mr. Justice Stephen's foot, and Lord Blackburn's. Few lawyers will ask more. As many a prisoner has found, it is good measure, pressed down, and running over. But the whole subject is worthy of the attention of politicians and all public men.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

(To be continued.)

## FINLAND.

On the 19th of January of the present year the *Landtag*, Diet, or Parliament of Finland was solemnly opened at Helsingfors in the name of the Emperor of Russia. It was an interesting occurrence, though we read no record of it in the columns of the all-knowing English Press; for the people of Finland and its representatives *carant rate sacro*. The reports of their sayings and doings only appear in the local papers printed either in the Swedish or the Finnish language, and are at the utmost occasionally alluded to and commented upon by the official journals of St. Petersburg in very short and usually unfriendly paragraphs.

Though Finland may thus be numbered among "the happy countries whose annals are a blank," and though English readers seldom know anything about it besides its name and the space it fills in the map of Northern Europe, it will not be deemed unworthy of the attention and sympathy of civilised nations, were it only for the fact that, although it acknowledges the sway of the Emperor of all the Russias, it is, however, no part of Russia, but exists under special and exceptional conditions; inasmuch as it owes homage to that mighty Sovereign, not as its Emperor, but merely as its Grand-Duke, ruling by the terms of a constitutional compact which was intended to be equally binding on the subjects and on the prince.

This Grand-Duchy of Finland lies to the north of that branch of the Baltic Sea which bears the name of Gulf of Finland; it stretches northward to the borders of Lapland, and is limited, on the west by the Gulf of Bothnia and the Isthmus of the Scandinavian Peninsula, and on the east by the Russian province of Olonetz, north of St. Petersburg. Its area extends over 375,000 square kilometres, and its population, which numbered 1,767,191 in 1870, may now have risen to 2,000,000. Finland is, therefore, a country considerably larger than Italy and the Italian Islands, though its inhabitants are less numerous than those of the former Grand-Duchy of Tuscany; being about as many as those of the present kingdom of Württemberg.

Finland owes its name to the Finns, its oldest colonists, a Mongol race which wandered hither from Central Asia, and the descendants of which, besides those inhabiting the Grand-Duchy, are still found all over the Northern Russian provinces, scattered amongst, yet not altogether amalgamated with, the Slavic population of the Empire.

The Finns, a barbaric people, on their arrival, were indebted for the spread of civilisation and Christianity among them to their

Scandinavian neighbours, warlike strangers who came in as conquerors and remained as rulers (1157—1323). The Swedes settled here in great numbers, and formed one nation with the Finns; the traces of the union being still discernible in 300,000 to 400,000 people of pure Scandinavian blood still living in various parts of the Grand-Duchy, especially on the sea-coasts. For the possession of Finland there were long wars between Sweden and Russia, ending with the Treaty of Fredrikshamm, by which Sweden gave up the whole of Finland as well as the adjoining Aland Isles.

This cession took place in 1808, when Alexander I. reigned in Russia. This Emperor summoned the States of the conquered territory at Borga, and received their oath of allegiance, on his own part pledging himself to allow his new subjects the undisturbed possession of their religion, their laws, and statutes; in one word, of all the rights and privileges they enjoyed under the Swedish Crown. "By this act," the Emperor declared, "Finland took its place among nations," becoming one with Russia by a compact of personal union, as a separate and self-governing State under the title of Grand-Duchy.

Although the rights of Finland as a representative state were thus sanctioned by its new Sovereign, and never impugned by his successors, there was for more than half a century no convocation of the Finland Diet; the reason being that the Emperor-Grand-Duke was under no obligation to call together the States, so long as the country could be administered with the existing laws, and without the imposition of new taxes. Eventually a modification of some of the old statutes, and the solution of important financial questions became matters of necessity, and the Emperor Alexander II., not wishing to exceed the limits of his power by arbitrary measures, resolved to make an appeal to his Finland subjects by a reconconvocation of the States of the Grand-Duchy.

This second convocation occurred in 1863, and was held at Helsingfors, which was now the seat of Government. The constitution during that Session underwent some improvement. Among the new rights acquired by the people was the clause guaranteeing the periodical summoning of the Diet after an interval of not more than five years. By virtue of this enactment there was a third convocation in 1869; a fourth in 1872; and a fifth in the present year.

The constitution of Finland carries us back to the Middle Ages; being the only form of representative Government in which the legislative power resides in four distinct orders or estates, with votes of equal weight on all matters laid before them for deliberation. These four estates, of the nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants, meet in separate chambers, and always vote separately, though they may at their pleasure hold joint consultations and dis-



cussions. In all matters affecting the Statutes or relating to taxes or privileges, a unanimous vote of the four orders is alone decisive. On all other questions a majority of three is sufficient.

The first order, that of the nobility, consists of counts, barons, and other heads of aristocratic though untitled families. They meet in the *Palais de la Noblesse*, in the hall of which hang their family escutcheons, and are under the presidency of the *Land Marshal*, a functionary appointed by the Emperor-Grand-Duke for each Parliament. Next comes the order of the clergy, the bishops and the representatives of the lower priesthood, with those of the *corps enseignant*, the professors of the university and the schoolmasters. The burghers follow as the third order, one member elected for every six thousand inhabitants of every town or borough; and, last, the peasants, returned either by the small landowners or the farmers of the Crown lands. In all orders except the nobility every elector is also eligible, provided he is twenty-five years old, is not a Government official, and belongs to one of the Christian denominations. In each of the three lower orders the Speaker is elected. The order of the nobles musters from 100 to 150 members; the clergy, 27 to 30; the burghers, 30 to 40; the peasants, 48 to 56.

Although the Constitution of the Grand-Duchy has been for fifty-three years in abeyance, and although the Diet is only called together every five years, the country has been at no time deprived of its privilege of self-government. The only functionary who is not a native of Finland is the Governor-General, representative of the Emperor and head of the Executive, named by the Crown. The present dignitary is General Count von Heyden, a friend of the Home Minister, Ignatieff, who had his own reasons for appointing to what he deemed a place requiring considerable address and management a man on whose devotion he knew he could rely. The Governor is assisted by an Administrative Council, called the Senate, and composed of eighteen members, also Crown nominees, but who must all be born Finlanders, and who constitute a kind of local Ministerial Cabinet. The Governor and Senators communicate with the Imperial Cabinet through the agency of a Minister Secretary of State for the Affairs of Finland, who resides at St. Petersburg, and who, like all his staff of clerks, and indeed all Government officials in the Grand-Duchy, must be natives of the Grand-Duchy itself.

On the 19th of January the well-built and highly civilised town of Helsingfors presented a very lively appearance. Its broad thoroughfares were crowded at an early hour. On the vast square in front of the Senate House, where on ordinary days only a score or so of *isvoshtchiks*, or cab-drivers, are lounging, there was a crush of people, through which it required no little determination and strength of elbows to make one's way. The steps of the Senate House were

red with crimson cloth, and before them was drawn up a detachment of the Finland Guards. Presently there was a forward rush of crowd, followed by a general hush, as a grand personage in a red hat and gorgeous municipal uniform appeared on the threshold, attended by two other officials also in splendid attire. The foremost man held in his right hand a paper, which he proceeded to read with a loud voice, and yet scarcely audible beyond a few ranks of that thronging multitude. The reading was followed by a roll of drums and a flourish of trumpets. The whole assemblage uncovered and the band struck up the notes of the national hymn; and thus, in the name of the Emperor-Grand-Duke, and by his order and proclamation, the announcement was made that the fifth Legislature of the Diet of the Grand-Duchy was to be opened.

The interval between the 19th and the 24th of January was employed by the Chambers in the preliminary work of the verification of powers, the election of the Speakers, &c. On the latter day, after attending Divine service at the church, the four orders of the Diet repaired to the great hall of the Palace for the ceremony of inauguration. The galleries were crowded with ladies, who hardly left room for the reporters of the local Press. The members of the four estates ranged themselves on either side of the throne—the clergy, burghers, and peasants on one side; on the other, the nobles in their old-fashioned peers' robes, agreeably relieving the plain black uniform of the lower orders facing them. The Governor-General stood up on the steps of the throne, having the Senators (his advisers) on his right hand, and on his left a crowd of functionaries, civil and military, and among them the Foreign Consuls. The Crown Speech was read by his Excellency, after which the Minister of Finance laid before the table thirty-two Bills, which were to constitute the main business of the Session.

By the terms of the old Charter the Parliamentary initiative rests together with the Sovereign. The Diet has merely the right of petition; it can only solicit the Government to frame and bring in such measures as may be deemed expedient; and the rule is that the Diet should, in the current Legislature, discuss and agree on the measures it would recommend, and present them in the form of petitions to the Emperor's Government. The Government, *i.e.* the State, digests and prepares Bills on those measures which are laid before the Diet at the opening of the ensuing Legislature, when they may be approved or rejected, or receive such amendments as are proposed and approved by the Diet.

Among the Bills that were alluded to in the Crown Speech as likely for public discussion in the present Legislature was one concerning the right of initiative on the Diet as well as on the Executive, another proposing that the reconvo- cation of the Diet should not

be put off for a longer period than three, instead of five, years. **The** first of these measures ought, it is hoped, to enable the Diet to **speed** the work of legislation. The result of the second may eventually **be** the annual meeting of the Diet.

Both are important steps in the right direction. The **Constitution** of Finland of 1808 was strictly modelled on that then in **existence** in Sweden. But the Swedish Constitution has at various **periods** received important modifications in what is considered a liberal **sense**. Amongst others must be reckoned the institution of two **Chambers** instead of the four estates or orders of the realm. The Finlanders **complain** that their own Charter has remained stationary—indeed, that it has been for many years a myth; and that, such as it is, it **no longer** answers the purposes even of the most reasonable **modern** progress. The above-mentioned measures have undoubtedly a **tendency** to place the Grand-Duchy in better harmony with the **ideas** of our own time, and might be interpreted as an intention on the **part** of the Russian Government—at least under the late Emperor—to deal largely and benignantly with the Finlanders, whatever **policy** it might deem advisable to adopt towards the other subjects of the **Empire**.

Besides these Bills which affect the practice, if not the principle, **of** representative government, the Government brought in a variety **of** other Bills of a financial or administrative character. It must **be** borne in mind that, with or without the Diet, the Government **in** Finland has always been, if not liberal, at least strictly **national**. Every branch of the public service, public works, customs, law **courts**, coinage and currency, military and naval departments, schools, **the** Budget, the Debt, &c., were always under the management of **the** Senate, and in every respect independent of the Imperial **Government**. In those days nationality was a word without meaning. **The** Imperial Government, free from anxiety as to the allegiance of **its** Finland subjects, was only too glad to rid itself of the burden of administering the Grand-Duchy by allowing it to administer **itself**. But of late, and just as the Czar Alexander II. bethought himself of a reconvoction of these States of Finland, which had so long lain dormant, a contrary tendency developed itself in the Imperial Government, bent on basing its power on a system of the **most** stringent bureaucratic centralisation and Russification. The **extension** of the military establishment and the enlistment of all subjects without distinction are innovations which cannot be applied **to** Finland without infringing the liberties guaranteed by the Charter of 1809. This allowed the Grand-Duchy a separate military **establishment**, and exempted the Finland regiments from all **service** beyond the boundaries of their own country. The addition **to the** numerical strength of these regiments must needs swell the **amount**

the Finland War Budget, and the Government Bills to that effect not likely to pass without long and warm debate.

But besides the Government Bills, the Diet will have to deal with own petitions, which, as we have seen, are Bills in embryo. These petitions are referred to committees of the four estates, which examine them before they allow them again to come before the Diet. Among the most important are a petition for a free Press, another for administrative reform, and a third for the reorganisation of judicial procedure.<sup>1</sup>

The working of a constitution even in Russian territory, and under the auspices of an Autocrat, depends in a great measure on the strength of its Legislature, and this again on its capability of coming to an understanding as to what that will should be. Unfortunately the Finland Diet and the Finland people are a house divided against itself. There are, as we have seen, two nations in the Grand-Duchy. There are the Finns, who consider themselves indigenous; and the men of more or less pure Swedish descent, who are looked upon as newcomers and almost intruders. These latter, though less than one-fourth of the population, in a great measure represent the wealth, the industry, and intelligence of the community. There are thus in Finland no Finlanders, but only Finns or Swedes. The former call themselves the "National Party," and cry out "Finland for the Finns." To keep the two peoples asunder we have that primitive cause of all human confusion, the Babel of tongues. The official language in the Grand-Duchy, for many years after the Russian conquest, was Swedish; for Finnish was an uncouth, unwritten language, like so many in Europe, deemed unfit to be an organ of civilised thought. With the spread of education, however, that dialect received form and development, and was pushed forward with such zeal that, by a recent enactment of the Diet, Finnish was raised to the same rank as Swedish, and the Grand-Duchy has now two official languages; though Swedish is still, and will perhaps long continue to be, the idiom used by men with any pretensions to culture and social refinement.

The Finns, however, having now a tongue, did not fail to use it for practical purposes. They aspire to their full share of the good things of the Government, and are apt to look upon every measure "National" which may advance themselves and oust the great-grand-children of those who came in with the old Swedish conquerors.

The Swedish party, on the other hand, are weakened by division in their own ranks, mustering into a Liberal and a Conservative party. The Liberals—a large majority—are disposed to acknowledge

<sup>1</sup>) The last-named petition was introduced by Mr. Montgomery, a distinguished man of English or Scotch extraction.

the justice of the claims of the Finns to be placed on a footing of perfect equality with themselves. The Conservatives, (nickname "Vikings" from the name of the old Norse sea-kings or sea-robbers) are ultra-Scandinavians; men who stick for the *status quo*, and would make no concessions to Finnish aspirations. The ill-feelings arising from these dissensions are greatly in the way of the measure of real progress on which all parties could otherwise be readily brought to agree. These are chiefly perfect freedom of conscience, liberty of the Press, yearly Sessions of the Diet, and above all thing Ministerial responsibility. Thus in the question of a petition for the Emancipation of the Jews, the clergy and peasantry are dead against the measure; and one of them even, Mr. Meurlan, referring to the old statutes which forbade the residence of the Israelites in the Grand-Duchy, petitioned for their wholesale expulsion. And again with respect to a free Press, these same priests and peasants urge against it the pretext that it could not, of course, have been included among the liberties sanctioned by the original Swedish Charter, as that Constitution arose in times when there was little writing and no printing. But the real objection must be sought in that jealousy of the "National" party which is, of course, very strong among the clerical and rural members of the Diet. For the Finns are just sufficiently enlightened to see that all the knowledge that the country can boast emanates from Swedish sources; and they perceive that such books and papers as they might themselves produce would not for many years be a match for those that their Swedish fellow-subjects can muster, to say nothing of the auxiliaries which these Swedes would in case of need find in the Press of the whole Scandinavian kingdom while they, the Finns, are a mere handful of men, isolated in Europe, limited in their means of pleading their own cause, and cut off from all the help and sympathy of extraneous advocates. A free Press in their opinion, might be a boon to Finland, but would assuredly turn out a bane for the Finns; and they will none of it.

But these evils are not the worst results which the numerical preponderance of the Finnish party would inflict on the country. The government of the Grand-Duchy, as we have seen, is and has always been in the hands of the Finlanders. In so far as the Senators at Helsingfors, the Minister for the Affairs of Finland in St. Petersburg, and all their subordinates might be presumed to be good patriots, there would be no fear that Finland's interests could be sacrificed. Unfortunately a large majority of these functionaries though Finlanders, were not Finns: they were more or less educated men; consequently, even if not of Swedish birth or descent, they were Swedes by language, and from that mere fact obnoxious as aliens, and could hope for no popularity in a Finland which is not claimed as the exclusive property of the Finns.

To abuse the Senate and, in general, the men in office has the

become a habit for that "National" party, whose very name seems to designate them as the born champions of their country's independence. Hitherto the very essence of that independence lay in the fact that in all matters relating to Finland the Emperor was guided by Finland statesmen; by men acquainted with the laws and customs of the country, residing in it, and daily reminded of its wishes and interests. It might have seemed natural for all good men in Finland to support the prestige of the Senate against all Russian influence, and to understand that, whatever ground there might be for objection to some of the persons or measures of that body, there should be no factious or insidious opposition tending to weaken the institution itself.

Unfortunately, the Finnish party, blind to every consideration but that of their nationality and language, have systematically endeavoured to discredit the Senate, not with the country, where open and loyal opposition would be perfectly legitimate, but with the authorities of St. Petersburg, where such opposition meets with only too much favour of the partisans of autocratic and bureaucratic centralisation and Russification.

Emboldened by this popular hostility, the Emperor and the Governor-General have shown their contempt for the Senate, not only by listening to the opinion of a small minority of that body, and setting aside the vote of the greater number, but even in some instances by yielding to the secret suggestions of unofficial advisers, and introducing *motu proprio* measures of importance—such as the scheme for a Reform of Popular Education—without consulting either the Senate or the Minister for the Affairs of Finland in St. Petersburg—a course which, if persevered in, would soon put an end to the constitutionalism of the Grand-Duchy, yet which receives the applause of the so-called National party. But, surely, even if the vote of the majority of the Senate were objectionable, as its opponents contend, it would be an insane and suicidal policy to encourage a mode of proceeding which may at any moment be turned against themselves, and which establishes, if not an illegal, at least a most decidedly unconstitutional precedent.

In their hostility to the Senate, however, the National party is at no loss for specious political arguments. "The Senate," they reason, "is merely a consultative body, only responsible to the absolute power by which it was created; and though it may have been of use during the long eclipse of the country's constitutional liberties, it has no longer any right to exist, now that Finland has won back her titles to a representative Government. Where a Diet sits, a Senate becomes a mere Council of State—the fifth wheel in the chariot. What the country wants," they contend, "is not a Senate, but a responsible Ministry."

The demand may seem reasonable, and so does that of a free Press,

and perhaps that of two Chambers as in Sweden, or one Chamber in Norway, or of a democratic rule based on universal suffrage as in France. But politicians in Finland should bear in mind that petitions in that sense would have to be submitted to the Imperial Government, and, from what is known of the character of the new Czar and of the views of his chief adviser, one cannot augur much success to any movement tending to strengthen the principle of autonomy or Home Rule, or to extend popular franchises; and the Finlanders must not expect that such boons may be vouchsafed to them till such time as it may seem safe to the Central Government to grant something of the same value to all other parts of the Empire—and that will not be in a hurry. The restoration of Finland to the enjoyment of her constitutional forms was the act of the late Emperor, who, in this measure, as in that of the emancipation of the serfs, and of the institution of the *Zemstvo* or Municipal and Provincial Councils, only consulted his benevolent instincts, and ventured into a path of liberal concessions from which he too late attempted to retrace his steps. By the precipitancy of the earlier and the hesitancy and inconsistency of the later years of his reign, Alexander II. drew upon himself the fate to which he succumbed. The Government of his successor seems now to be guided by terror, and bent on wholesale terrorising reaction. Nothing that does not tend to centralisation, to Russification, is likely to find favour with the powers at St. Petersburg. They have not touched the Constitution of Finland; they have not countermanded the Convocation of the Diet; they dared not too glaringly interfere with the arrangement made in the late reign. It behoves the Finlanders to be thankful even for such small mercies, and await better opportunities of asking for more. The wind that blows from the east is by no means favourable to the enlargement of popular or national institutions. “*Vos Constitutionem habetis; servate illam.*” It is the dog-Latin advice of the old Austrian Emperor Francis I. to the Hungarians, and it may fit the Finlanders. The Finland Constitution, clumsy and antiquated as it may seem, is so great and marvellous a phenomenon, existing, as it does, under the upas shadow of Russian autocracy, that it would be madness to run the risk of marring in any rash attempt to mend it.

Nor is it quite clear that the Constitution of Finland, as it is, is not the one that best suits the Finlanders. They have before them the example of more than one country in which democracy has been allowed to run mad—countries where it is too often rather the noisier than the wiser party that has the upper hand. And if that be the case where the nation is one, and the only evil to be combated with is the “war of classes,” what would it be in Finland, where, as we have seen, besides the jealousies and animosities

between the different social ranks, the population is divided into two unequal races, where nearly all the wealth and education, the capacity and practice of governing are on the one side, and the other has nothing to justify its claims to a share of public affairs except the mere brute force of numerical superiority ?

There is already as much liberty and equality in Finland as may be productive of any good. Finland is a poor country, a wilderness of lakes and swamps, of woods and rocks, where none but its sober and simple as well as hardy, brave, and patient race could manage to exist. The land is not of much value ; vast tracts of it belong to the State, and are let on long leases to Crown farmers, the "peasants," who constitute the fourth order of the State, and who contrive to live on their holdings as comfortably as the severity of the climate will allow. On the other hand, the great landowners, or nobles, are rapidly sinking from their high estate ; so rapidly that their representatives in the Diet, who were 154 in 1863, and 124 in 1869, had dwindled to 110 in 1874, owing either to the extinction or decline of their families, or more probably to their sense of the falling off of their influence and importance.

Had the "National" and "Liberal" parties their own way, it might perhaps not be long ere the burghers and peasants turned out the nobility and clergy, and proclaimed themselves the *Tiers Etat*, calling for a Constituent Assembly. And yet there was something respectable in that old system of estates or orders, which, instead of merely counting heads, endeavoured to reconcile interests by balancing powers, and, while acknowledging the natural and artificial distinctions of the various social ranks, aimed at an equitable definition and protection of the rights and interests of them all. It is in that respect that it may be desirable that the Finland Constitution should abide ; and it would be well if the civilised world were to become better acquainted with its forms, and take a greater interest in its deliberations, in the hope that the influence of public opinion should, on the one hand, discountenance the designs of the centralising and Russifying politicians of St. Petersburg ; on the other, restrain the impatience of the extreme "National" or "Liberal" parties at Helsingfors.

A. GALLENGA.



## UNNATURAL CHILDREN.

If a gardener were to let his young seedlings and cuttings lie crowded and neglected in a damp, dark corner of his grounds until they were past all hope, and were then to nurse them with great care and at great expense, and finally produced a number of hopelessly weak and drooping plants, he would be thought unfit for his work, whatever care and labour he might give to it. But this is exactly what we do with our poor children, most precious national plants—those who have most need of physical strength, and of whose physical strength the nation has especial need.

The number of men, women, and children, who spend a great part of their lives at our hospitals is very large, even when we exclude all those driven there by accidents. The amount of illness in our poorer neighbours might well appal us. But it is too familiar, and we know it only in part: so we rejoice when we hear that so many thousand "cases" have been attended to at this or that hospital, not staying to ask if the "cases" be not as much a national reproach as the relief of sickness is a national glory; or to seek by what means, if any, this evil could be prevented.

We account for it readily enough—"London is an unhealthy town," "Town life is bad for children," "Children want fresh air," &c.; and when we have accounted for it we stop. But when a ship is wrecked, when a railway accident occurs, when a colliery explosion makes a score of widows and a hundred orphans, we ask who is to blame and why it was not prevented. We are not satisfied with the mere statements of the causes. Yet we are quite content to leave the enormous amount of sickness to be diminished slowly by improved dwellings and sanitary regulations, to allow the future strength of the nation, its children, to be wasted so greatly; to let these children grow up into weakness and uselessness, to spend what should be their manhood and womanhood in frequenting hospitals and dispensaries: and we make but feeble efforts to give them that physical strength without which they can have but little pleasure and be of but little use.

We provide, at vast cost, hospitals for the sick, and convalescent homes to complete their recovery. We appreciate the value of pure air, good food, leisure, and freedom from discontent, as means of recovery from illness. We spare no money, no care, that can relieve sickness; but we do very little to prevent it. We wait till the poor children have lost health before we do anything to preserve it for them; as if we were to let a carriage break down in the street for want of repair, and then walk beside it holding it together. Th

**children** whose matured strength would be part of the wealth of the **nation** become a burden to it, in most cases from purely avoidable **causes**. In matters of education we recognise this, and we are quite **clear** that it is better to prevent ignorance than to suffer from it; **that** the mental powers of our children are a national mine of wealth **that** is well worth working.

**But**, oddly enough (as it would seem), we have not yet recognised **this** truth with respect to physical strength and bodily health, though **it may** surely be urged that these are of more consequence even than **mental** development. Education conduces to the right use of our **powers**; but if we have not the powers to use, of what use is education?

**For** a long time we were content to let our children get school education as they could, and we provided night schools and Sunday schools for the children who worked all day, until we recognised the **cruelty** of regarding children simply as workers who had first to **work** with the body for us, and then, when exhausted by labour, to **work** with their minds for themselves. We no longer ask a boy to go to a night school and fall asleep over his book, when he should be in the open air. We now give him the first claim to his own **powers**, and spare no expense to provide him with the best means of school education.

**But** what power of mental development has a half-starved, half-naked child? Mind and body are not independent portions of a human being. You may indeed have a genius with a delicate and frail habitation for the mind, but the great body of London children are not likely to develop into genius even under the most favourable conditions, and under present conditions too many must owe the imperfect development of their possible mental ability to the imperfect development of their bodies. To offer a good education to a half-starved child is to put before it what it cannot absorb for want of mental power, and could not make good use of for want of physical power.

**Viewed**, therefore, simply as a means towards mental education, bodily health is essential; and we may ask, how are poor London children to get it? Scarcely in London at present. Fresh air, abundant food, and freedom, are essential to full bodily development, and though money can buy the food, even in London, it cannot buy the air and the freedom. Even parks will not give these fully, and children have to go to the parks, and for all but those very close to them this is almost a prohibition to the very poor. It would seem that for the proper development of a poor child's body, some escape from London is essential, that at least a part of every child's life must be spent in the open country. Doubtless by a vast expenditure of money we could provide even London children with all proper bodily food at home. But even then we should find we had not reached the end of the problem.

Let it be supposed that, by means of improved dwellings, healthy schoolrooms, and proper playgrounds, we have absolutely abolished bodily illness in the children of London; that we have no residuum of physical weakness to eat like a cancer into the healthy social body: have we even now been just to the children? Is it enough to give them physical health? Yes, if they are simply machines to work for us when they are old enough, though even on this score we are unwise in doing no more; for the value of a machine would be improved if it could be made intelligent, and the increased value would itself increase as the intelligence increased. And surely children having no experience of Nature but what they get in towns like London cannot hope to develop their full mental powers; and they are not merely machines, but members of the nation, sharers in its good and evil, though the poorer they are the more they share the evil and the less they share the good.

But putting aside any good results to themselves, let us consider if any good results to the nation from the increased intelligence of its poorest neighbours. We establish school boards and board schools, and defend the large expenditure as being really economical, as a means of saving a much larger expenditure for prisons and policemen, so that we no longer have to argue for school education for children: we have already made the teacher something more than the intellectual butler of the clergyman and the squire.

But is school work sufficient for education? In the case of children of the rich we know it is not, nor has it ever been supposed to be. Surely the poor, who have so little of higher culture at home, need a broader schooling, a wider vision, than the stone playground and the wooden form; some better knowledge of Nature than the engraving of a sheep in a reading-book, or a canary in a cage, a geranium on a window-ledge, or a few cattle gasping for fresh air as they are driven to the slaughter-house; to see something more of the heavens than a narrow strip of murky sky between two brick walls. Viewed simply as part of the education which we agree all children, even the poorest, are entitled to, simply as a means of making intelligent men and women, quite apart from any good to the children themselves, a knowledge of Nature is indispensable to anything like full development of the mind, if even only in the low matter of comprehending what is printed in a school reading-book.

It is, however, hopeless that any improvement in London dwellings can overtake the vast accumulation of illness, in great part hereditary; it is quite certain that children living entirely in London can never see much of Nature. Therefore if our poor children are to have healthy minds and healthy bodies, it is essential that for some time at least in each year they must live out of London. Roses will not flourish in London, neither will children. If we think as much of our children as of our racehorses or our hounds, we shall

what they want, not simply tinker at a vast social evil with the most imperfect remedies of hospitals and dispensaries. The large amounts spent on our school boards and our board schools, the willingness with which such large sums are provided, and that it is not a question of expense—that the nation does not begrudge the money required for its children. The vast sums voluntarily provided for relief of distress show how readily money will be laid out for any good purpose. It is only very recently we have realised that the prevention of ignorance is better than its partial cure; that childhood belongs to children, not to the world; that it is a period of intellectual development, not a period of labour for the body: we have not yet realised that this is as true of the body as of the mind—even truer, for ignorance can always be removed by instruction, whereas no thought, no care, no expense, can make a healthy body of an unhealthy one. Whatever is urged for the training of children's minds applies with greater force to the nourishment of their bodies.

To point out and dilate on incurable evils is only waste of time. It is useless to dilate to a shipwrecked sailor starving on a desert rock of the evils of hunger as affecting the health, or the evils of despondency as affecting the mind. But it might be useful to point out to a sailor just starting from port, and while there is time for repairs, something that might lead towards shipwreck. To speak of the suffering of children is only uselessly to harrow our feelings if their sufferings be inevitable. Are they inevitable? What do I propose as preventives?

Not that children-of the poor should be brought up by the State. If that could be done, it would do them great harm in depriving them of the home life which is so invaluable to children. There are some places utterly unworthy the name, mere dens; but these are few in proportion, and I am pleading for all the children of London who are born from preventible causes. Not that the poor should be taught that their children's health is not their concern; that lesson is taught abundantly quite enough. Not that the children should be sent to large rack-like schools, which would be country life only in name.

Not an increased expenditure, but a wiser, as a school rate is better than a prison rate. Not any formal change of any kind. Home life is the most precious form of education for children, and all I ask is that the waste food, the waste space, the waste beauty, of the country should be used for the poor town children, to supplement, not to displace, their own home life in their poor town dwellings. In the country houses of our wealthy people there is food, and beauty, and space enough wasted to provide for all the poor children even of a town like London. Only those who know the extent of this waste, often unconscious, always undesired, can realise what a grievous loss it is. I might ask, Why are our children hungry? and reply, Because

their food is thrown to the dogs. We might ask, Why are they cold and half-clothed? and reply, Because some waste what they need. There is food and clothing enough in the world for all, and it does not require communism or socialism, still less spoliation or plunder, to give back to the poor what is now wasted by the rich. It wants only kindness and thought, much more than money.

Mere permission for the children of the poor to play in the back yards of country mansions, to eat the food now simply wasted would be a step towards this restitution—for to my thinking it would be restitution. But much more than this can be done without opening one's purse. The children can be in some kind adopted as belonging to the place—may be taught to feel in some sense at home. A small colony of London poor children would look as well as a kennel of dogs, and cost much less; would give as much pleasure and enjoy life as much.

I am not asking rich people to deny themselves any pleasure, any extravagance even: I only ask them to let the children of the poor have what they do not want and do not use, and yet what is reserved for their use and wasted because they do not use it; to let these children have what they alone can give and what they can give without any self-denial.

But there are many who are willing to give more liberally than this; to give, not of their waste (for such people have none), but of their time, their labour, their care, as well as their money; to take these poor children into their homes as guests, not as mere squatters.

Nor am I desiring to speak of my own work in this direction. That I have for some years been able to do something for poor town children is my only justification for venturing to speak of their needs and their natures; but I speak of this only that I may be seen to have some basis for my arguments besides theory. Any who desire to know how easily, how cheaply, and with what great pleasure, such work may be done, can come (by appointment) to my house, a private dwelling, at Horsfrith Park, Ingatestone. Here my object is to speak of the whole body of poor London children, whose needs are far beyond the means of any one or two, but are very small as compared with the power of the nation to supply them.

Suppose it cost £20 yearly for each child to have the best bodily as well as the best mental training, would it not be worth while simply as a question of money, to incur that expenditure? The nation would exchange weakness for strength, sickness for health, and these things have a very appreciable money value. There is a vast number of people unable from physical weakness to do really good work; and it would be worth a large expenditure to convert these into sturdy workers able to do the State good service. This estimate of £20 assumes that the whole expenditure would be additional, and that the parents can bear no part of it.

But the whole cost is not required except in the case of actual paupers; a quarter the cost, £5 yearly, would in most cases suffice, and the gain would, probably, be more than this merely in actual expenditure for relief of sickness. All that is wanted is that each child shall have, according to its need, a few weeks or months of rural life, of good food and enough of it; the parents may fairly be expected to pay, each according to power, towards the cost. But the beginning should be made with the very poorest above the actual paupers (who are already provided for), and not with those best able to pay.

*Commercially*, the account would stand:—

ON ONE SIDE.	ON THE OTHER.
<p>The cost of giving a child plenty of food and a country home. Say, an average of £10 for 15 years . . . . . £150</p>	<p>The saving of the money now spent in relieving preventable sickness, say, £10 yearly for 25 years . . . . . £250</p> <p>The increased labour done, i.e. the amount now lost through illness, say £10 yearly for 25 years £250</p> <p>Increase of value of labour of healthy man over labour of unhealthy man, £10 yearly for 25 years . . . . . £250</p>

If these estimates be at all equitable the care of our children would seem to be a good investment, and a very large margin can be allowed without there being a probability of a loss.

*Morally*, what is the account?—

ON ONE SIDE.	ON THE OTHER.
<p>The danger of pauperising the whole body of poor people by relieving them of the responsibility of their children.</p>	<p>The improvement of the morals arising from healthy bodies. The gain in pleasure from health.</p>

The first is a matter not to be ignored or even lightly estimated, but we do ignore it in the case of curing illness. Why is it more important to be considered in its prevention? And as each generation became more healthy, there would be less need of this pauperisation and more strength of mind to resist its evil influence. The factors in this calculation have, to a certain extent, a money value, but it is quite impracticable to estimate it.

*Mentally*, what is the account?—

ON ONE SIDE.	ON THE OTHER.
<p>Nothing.</p>	<p>Healthy minds as compared with morbid ones.</p>

Here again money values cannot be even estimated, but in this case there will probably be little dispute that one side of the account is wholly good as far as it goes. It is not a balance of advantage, but a positive good against which there is nothing on the other side.

I give a few very brief statements of some of the very many children who have been my guests during the last five years, pur-

posely omitting all mention of lameness, cripples, &c., being appealing to reason, not to feeling ; to judgment, not to feeling. For this reason I have left out all mention of the very poor

"I am twelve years old. I have been to a hospital at intervals for years. My father is bedridden, my mother works at mangling and church clean, but is often ill and has to go to the hospital. We live in a parlour. I have never seen the sea or the fields."

"My father is a porter in the Borough Market. We live in a close by. I play in the street with the other girls. My mother is at school and often get tired."

"My sister and myself go to school in Seven Dials ; we live in the street. My father works in a shop and my mother goes to the hospital. I sometimes. We play in the streets, but once we went to the court for fortnight. We could not play there and cried to go home. We liked the wards when we got used to it, and wanted to stay, but other children took our place and we had to go home. We want to go again this year."

"I am fourteen years old. I work in a sewing-room all day, and my head aches dreadfully. I earn 3s. a week, and have to find my own thread. I am very tired at night, and my head is very bad."

"I am eleven years old. My father is a painter and goes to the hospital, my mother goes there too. My sister goes every Tuesday, and every week. The doctor says we want fresh air and more to eat."

"I am ten years old. My head aches every day after dinner. I am in the hospital, and the doctor says I am not to go to school."

I also append a brief account of the childhood of one not known in London, who considers his life a failure but not really begin till he was five-and-twenty.

"Born fifty years ago in the very heart of London, I spent my childhood and developed into manhood in the same neighbourhood, in the same house, playing in the same street, working in the same workshop, the same bed ; without any experience of rural life, any knowledge but that of town.

"Of my early life I remember scarce anything. I have a few memories of my mother, who died when I was but ten ; but my childhood was so monotonous, so entirely uneventful, that it has left no vivid memories. I can remember playing at church on a large organ for a pulpit, and we left off because we came to the conclusion that it was somehow a violation of the second commandment. I can remember the nightmare for the first time, and the joy with which I awoke in the arms of my father and mother when I awakened, and also have the accession of Queen Victoria, when I was about six ; but no other life-memories to the age of ten.

From ten to fifteen my life was spent under the same roof, and at that time I developed my love

ing was dreadful. The shop had most of its stock outside, and thieves often reduced the amount of this; so that a boy, usually myself, had to stand or sit at the door as a guard, and in the winter this was fearful work, from tea-time up to eight, nine, or ten o'clock, in rain or snow. I suffered much from cold and even more from despondency. I was not hard-worked, I was well treated, we had a large house all our own and always abundance of food; but my life was so dull, so unvarying, so utterly wanting in interest, that I was almost weary of life and, except in reading, knew not what real pleasure was. I was always provided with books; in every pocket was a *Family Herald*, a *London Journal*, or a *Reynolds' Miscellany*; beneath my pinafore, fastened precariously by my belt, was a volume of Bulwer, or Cooper, or Ainsworth, or it might be of Marryat, Mrs. Ratcliff, or Dickens; the first came from my very scanty pocket-money, the books from some of the lending libraries in the neighbourhood, all of which I soon exhausted, usually reading a volume a day. The bookstalls and old bookshops were also forced into service; I would stand for an hour reading an old book, and sometimes read big books through in daily instalments in this way. One shopkeeper was obliged to protest, but he did it kindly, 'You know, my boy, we sell books, and people can't see them if you stand in front of them all day.' I was very shy, and avoided that shop ever after as if it had the plague.

"In all this fifteen years I saw nothing of the country except by an excursion to Salisbury and back one Sunday in the early days of excursion trains, when they were pre-eminently slow and uncomfortable; and then I saw more of Londoners than of the country, for the greater part of the day was spent in the train. I saw the sea once going with my father in an East Indiaman down to Gravesend, where it was expected to stay, but it did not, and we were taken off by a fishing boat, and spent part of the night in the boat and the remainder on a fish cart coming to Billingsgate, before the days of fish trains. My mind was so dulled by long monotony that these adventures were of little value in exciting any interest. I was delighted with the novelty, but was afraid to ask any questions because I expected to be snubbed, and I was unable to observe for myself in any but the vaguest way. I have always been afraid to speak to a stranger, or to go down a strange road.

"The little schooling I had was of little use: its monotony dulled rather than excited my mind; and my weak body was wearied by the long hours and the enforced monotony of position. Arithmetic was the only work that interested me, and my interest was weakened because I was not allowed to go beyond the class, but was always doing what I could do perfectly."

"The poor you have always with you." Unfortunately, yes; but the statement of a fact is not a reason for its existence. I do not admit the necessity of poverty. I believe the greater number of poor people are poor only because they have never had anything like a fair opening in life. Weak bodies, imperfect education, sordid surroundings, all tend to keep alive this evil; let each poor child have bodily health and a clear mind, and they will grow up a strength, and not a weakness, to the nation. In every library there is a pile of old books, in every house a corner full of rubbish, in every town a quarter of poor children: let the books be fairly sorted out and ranged in order on the shelves, and there is no useless pile left; let the rubbish be fairly brought into the light and it will be found most probably only to be good material lying idle and rotting away. Let every poor child be brought out of its sordid den and properly nourished, and "the poor you have always with you" will soon cease to be a truism.

ELIZABETH ROSSITER.



## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It is my object in this article to bring together in as small a compass as possible such arguments in support of the House of Lords as grow naturally out of the circumstances and conditions of English life, and are calculated to commend themselves to men of the world and affairs. The subject may carry us sometimes a little farther afield but the headquarters, the domicile of my argument, will remain within those boundaries. The principal suggestions to which I am anxious to call attention are as follows: That the House of Lords when said to be opposing itself to the voice of the people,<sup>1</sup> is generally, if not always, in the discharge of a really popular function; that it is a representative assembly as well as the House of Commons; that the abolition of the Hereditary Chamber, unless followed by the confiscation of the property of its members, would still leave them so powerful that we are bound to believe that those who demand the first must also contemplate the second; and, finally, that the destruction of the social influence of the aristocracy, which we thus seem to be threatened, would be an evil incomparably greater than the one it is intended to remove.

The first thing to be done in disputations of every kind is to try to make ourselves sure of the meaning of the terms which we employ; and it will be necessary in this instance to begin with a few remarks on the meaning of the word people: not its etymological or historical meaning, but its political and social meaning as it is used in clubs, newspapers, and mechanics' institutes. It is a truism to say that it is a word used with great ambiguity, sometimes to mean one thing, and sometimes another, and that considerable confusion of ideas is the necessary consequence. It is sometimes coextensive with the word nation: we use the term the English people or the English nation indifferently. Sometimes, though more rarely, it seems to mean all classes, except the titled aristocracy; though it can never with safety be used in this sense in England where the aristocracy and the rest of the nation are so closely intermingled with each other. Finally, it is used to denote the great body of the working classes, including, perhaps, the lower stratum of the lower middle class: all those who either live by manual labor or by occupations raising them little above the level of those who do.

Now surely when we are speaking of representative government of a people which lives under representative institutions, one would

(1) This article was in the printer's hands before the delivery of Lord Salisbury's speech at Liverpool on the 13th of April, in which he says much the same as I have said, pp. 628—631.

**n**aturally suppose that the word people was to be used in the first of these significations, in the sense, that is, of the whole nation, and if it is, then the assertion that the House of Lords in disagreeing with the House of Commons is "setting itself against the declared will of the people," is seen to be nonsense. If representative institutions represent the whole nation, the House of Lords is part of that representation, and its disagreement with the Commons is no more to be described as an opposition to the declared will of the people, than is the disagreement of the minority with the majority in the House of Commons itself. If, however, we take the word people in the third sense we have assigned to it, and adopt the proposition that representative institutions mean institutions which represent the people according to that definition of it, the logical conclusion from this premise undoubtedly is that the people are entitled to the whole representation. We might, and we should, find it exceedingly difficult to determine for electoral purposes where the people ended and other classes begun. But we clearly ought to make the attempt. If Parliament is to represent the people in this sense of the word, let us have no nonsense about it. Let us find out who the people are, and then honestly hand over the representation of the country to them.

And this last, be it remembered, is the sense in which the word actually is used by those who tell us that the present House of Commons, the most Liberal which has ever existed, is out of harmony<sup>1</sup> with "the people." The assertion may not be true: that is nothing to the present purpose: what is meant is, that a House of Commons which is able to contradict the supposed will of the working classes does not represent the people. That, we say, is the theory. And it is evident that if it is to be acted on, the House of Commons must not only be reformed, but revolutionised. If it is to represent the working classes, and reflect only their convictions and opinions, the working classes must be the only electors. The people would then govern the nation on an intelligible principle: whether the principle could rightly be called self-government or not is another question. But it would be an intelligible system, and we should no longer be at cross purposes in discussing popular government and popular rights. We should no longer have a House of Commons "out of harmony with the people."

If the statement that the House of Lords is part of the representation of the country be called in question, I repeat that it is so, and in more senses than one. It represents the landed interest in its widest and most popular signification, which, without it, would be swamped in the House of Commons. It represents the Liberal professions more adequately than the House of Commons, and it repre-

(1) i.e. Mr. Bradlaugh, *Standard*, March 10th.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

sents something more too, which, if I mistake not, is almost as dear to the English nation as their material interests. It represents history and tradition; a chain of sentiments, sympathies, and associations which still possess a powerful hold upon the English mind, and constitute half its conservatism, which form a link between the past and the present, and make England and Englishmen what they both are. And here, perhaps, it may be necessary to point out that representation is not necessarily elective. Is not the Press representative? Is not the Church representative? What M. Renan says of monarchy is, as he asserts, equally applicable to aristocracy. Discarding the doctrine of Divine Right as a superstitious figment, he accepts in its place the principle of historic right as the true foundation of monarchy; a right derived, that is, from great services performed, and transmissible from father to son as long as the dynasty retains any of its original vitality. When that fails it will have to be replaced by another, which acquires in its turn, by the performance of the same great public service, the same rights as its predecessors. These rights are shared by the nobility, who, together with the sovereign, have created the State and the Realm, and, in common with him, are its historic representatives. The House of Lords, moreover, represents prescription, so dear to the heart of Edmund Burke; it represents the hereditary principle, if not the best, at least one of the best guarantees for that permanence of social conditions, the "confirmed tranquillity" of Wordsworth, which, say what men will, is one of the most potent elements of human happiness; it represents, under the Crown, whatever, in short, appeals is still left in our political constitution—whatever, in short, appeals to the imagination, that power by which mankind are more easily and more benignantly governed than by any other human agency. There is also another and more practical point of view from which the House of Lords appears in a representative capacity. Nearly forty years ago, in addressing his constituents at Shrewsbury, Lord Beaconsfield said:—

"What do you think, gentlemen, makes the people of England submit to have their fortunes, or it may be their lives, decided by the votes of such men as the Earl of Powis and Lord Forester, and other persons like them this country? Is it because they are individuals against whom no fault has ever been heard, for any single or isolated act, that you leave your character and your fortunes to be decided by them? Not at all; but it is the sympathy which proceeds from the fact that they have some stake in the result and which makes every one feel these men have Shropshire at their heart. Why, they represent Shropshire as much as I represent Shrewsbury. They are as much the representatives of Shropshire in the House of Lords as I am of Shropshire in the House of Commons; and it is because there is throughout our constituencies, sons, nephews, or friends may be the representatives of constituencies. If it were, a territorial bias, that there exists throughout the country a

(1) "Reforme intellectuelle et morale de la France," p. 68, &c. &c.

**bond** of sympathy. Two members are not sent up to a distant city, three hundred miles from the constituency they represent, for no purpose; on the contrary, we all feel that the members sent up represent the property, and by the property I mean the traditional rights and duties of the property, of this country."

**This** is perfectly true; it is an undoubted fact, which any one acquainted with English rural life will recognise at once, that the inhabitants of the English counties conceive themselves to be represented by the titled as well as by the untitled owners of property who sit in the High Court of Parliament. A Leicestershire man considers himself represented by the Duke of Rutland, a Gloucestershire man by the Duke of Beaufort, a Bedfordshire man by the Duke of Bedford, almost, if not quite, as fully as by the knights of the shire whose place is in the Lower House. Nor is this a mere sentiment. In many respects local interests<sup>1</sup> are better cared for in the House of Lords than they are in the House of Commons. Take the private bill legislation of the House of Lords, which concerns the happiness and prosperity of millions; ask any counsel who has practised before both which is the more efficient tribunal, a committee of the House of Lords or a committee of the House of Commons, and he will tell you, without pause, that there is hardly any comparison between the two—that the former is composed of men inured to business from their youth, accustomed to examine documents and to listen to complicated statements, and knowing the class of questions which it is necessary to ask in order to arrive at the truth; whereas the latter is often just the reverse of all this, seldom or never containing a majority of such men, while the other is entirely composed of them. An assembly of men of whom almost every one has twenty thousand a year has a guarantee for business talents than which a better could hardly be discovered. Finally, it represents the professions more effectively than they could ever be represented in the House of Commons. The law lords, the bishops, and the men who have been ennobled for military and naval services are the picked men of their professions, and constitute such a council of state as could hardly be got together in any other way. Many of these men have no popular talents, little or no local influence, and comparatively small private fortunes. How could they be sure of seats in the House of Commons?

**To** sum up, then: either the voice of the House of Lords, as well as the voice of the House of Commons, is a part of the voice of the people, or we must limit the word people to an extent which

(1) It is not meant, of course, that in committees of the House of Lords members are appointed on account of their connection with the locality to which the business of the committee relates. On the contrary, such connection is considered a sufficient reason for not appointing them. But take local interests as a whole, they are better served by the Upper House than by the Lower.

neither theory nor practice seems to justify, and which would land us in conclusions of the most embarrassing, not to say intolerable, character. In the second place, it seems capable of demonstration that the House of Lords is a representative institution, sitting where it does for the sake of many important public interests besides its own, and the embodiment of national ideas, which, in this the very age of ideas, should be no mean title to our respect. We must now proceed to another branch of the discussion.

Let us, in accordance with our second definition of the word people, assume that it means the whole mass of the population below the House of Lords, every one, in fact, under the degree of a Baron, and that such is the people to whose declared will the House of Lords opposes itself as often as it contradicts the House of Commons. Suppose, then, that in order to avert these collisions we simply suppress the House of Lords, and leave everything else as it is. What is the question which now immediately succeeds? It is this—What is to become of them? Are they to be excluded from public life altogether, or are they to be allowed to sit in the House of Commons, and to become for that purpose a part of the people? On the former hypothesis, how is their exclusion to be justified? On what principle could we cut off from all share in the management of the national affairs a body of men confessedly the flower of the nation, whether we regard their brains, their culture, their property, their extended knowledge of the world, or their early initiation into the practical business of life? With what face could we meet posterity after having robbed them of this inestimable element of greatness in the government of our common country? The madness of Atys would be nothing to the madness of England were she in a fit of frenzy to deprive herself of the services of an order famous through the whole world for the wisdom, energy, and patriotism which it has exhibited for years; to which we are indebted for our liberties in the past, and which may yet preserve them in the future; and which in our own generation has displayed on many great public questions a statesmanship, a breadth of view, and a loftiness of tone, confessedly not to be found in the House of Commons. Shall England, the mother of Parliamentary eloquence, just when all men are lamenting its decline, destroy the only stage on which it still lingers, where some faint echoes of the past may still be heard to tell us of its noonday glory, and bid us not despair of morning?

But suppose the thing done: suppose we did actually declare that the Peers of England should no longer sit either in their own House, or any other: in that case we must allow them to have votes for members of the House of Commons. If we disestablish them, we must at least enfranchise them. This would be inevitable. They

could not be the only class in the country, possessed of enormous property and bearing enormous public burdens, who possessed no voice in the representation. But the moment you give a Peer a vote you relieve him from the obligation not to use his influence at elections. And consider what that influence would be? Imagine a Duke of Bedford, or a Duke of Westminster, canvassing in person a metropolitan borough! Imagine his social influence! Let us picture to ourselves the whole body of the nobility free to exercise all the means at their disposal, personal, social, or territorial, to turn the scale at an election. Can anybody doubt the result? Would not the Radicals cry out that, after all, these men had been safer where they were?

If, on the other hand, we did see the folly and injustice of excluding the English nobility from all share in the government of the country, and allowed them to take their chance with other men of being returned to the House of Commons, the power and influence of which we have already spoken would, of course, be quadrupled. They would bring far greater strength to Conservatism than they are capable of imparting to it now. According to the present arrangement, the Conservative power of the country is cut in two. Then it would be united. Now it can be beaten in detail. Then it could not. Now the Conservative Peers often shrink from acting on their principles for fear of a collision with the Commons. Then they would not. All that we have said of the influence which a Peer could exercise in favour of candidates at elections would be doubly true when the Peer was the candidate himself. The "interest" which certain great families still possess is, no doubt, a most effective weapon. But add to this the direct and immediate influence of a great territorial magnate, the effect of his own presence and personal solicitations on the minds of neighbours and dependents, and we have a power in operation irresistible, except by another of the same description. Peers often have what country gentlemen have not—large possessions and influence in our great towns. Here would be another field for their exertions. In intellectual ability they need fear no comparison with the Commons; and, on the whole, there seems every reason to believe that if the House of Commons were thrown open to the Lords, the latter would secure a very large proportion of seats in it. The consequence is indisputable. Instead of fighting Radicalism at a disadvantage, dogged by the odium of privilege, and afraid to strike too hard, for fear the sword should shiver in its grasp, aristocracy would then meet its enemy on equal terms, free to use its own strength to the uttermost, side by side with its cousins and clansmen, from whom it is at present separated, and able to concentrate its whole force on the most vulnerable point of its antagonist. It is scarcely too much to

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

say that the admission of Peers to the House of Commons would ensure the permanent preponderance of Conservative principles in the government of this country as long as Parliament existed.

The Radicals may say, perhaps, We are not such fools as we look. All the influence and property and power that you mention will be taken care of. We have no intention of abolishing the House of Lords till we have cut the claws of the landowners. By the time we have carried our programme through the House of Commons we shall have nothing to fear from the aristocracy. That is to say, confiscation is to precede abolition, instead of *prevenient* plunder is to what is the process by which this system of following it. But now be carried out? It is sure to be rejected by the Lords themselves and then the House is to be abolished. But we fail to see how the Radicals are the forwarder for that, unless they could contrive so to manage things as to leave time for the carriage of their Land Act between the dissolution of the Upper House and the return of a new Parliament. But it is barely conceivable that measures of this magnitude should be completed within so short an interval. For owners to the extent required, in order to prevent them from exercising the influence on which I have relied, would involve revolution little short, in some respects, of what took place in France. And to suppose that this could be accomplished in England peaceably, legally, and thoroughly in the course of three or four years is almost an outrage on common sense. It certainly does not follow that such a thing is impossible. But it is so extremely improbable, that the Radicals, we should think, are trusting slower processes to bring about the consummation of their policy. Dissolve the House of Lords, they may reason; divorce the nobility from all political and Parliamentary duties; curtail their local jurisdiction within the narrowest possible limits, or annul it altogether; and time will do the rest. The anomaly of a territorial aristocracy without corresponding public duties may safely be left to work its own destruction. The influence of a Peer will diminish every day when he is no longer an hereditary senator or a provincial administrator. His power of averting a territorial revolution may last for a little while after the extinction of his House, but not for long. We will chance that; and if our calculations are mistaken, on us be the consequences.

There is considerable force in this reasoning. There can be doubt that the surest way of ruining any aristocracy is to reduce to enforced idleness. Local duties make resident landlords. Parliamentary duties make useful public servants. Both alike create a sense of responsibility. Popular on their own estates, and respected by the nation in general, the nobility and gentry have little to

from any partial discontent or disaffection fomented by a character of which England has always been suspicious—the town-bred demagogue, who knows no more of the system of English rural life than the tub on which he stands. But put it in his power to point to a large class of men in the possession of great estates, which have always hitherto entailed the gratuitous discharge of political and social functions, entirely released from their obligations, and doing nothing in return for their possessions, and the position of affairs is changed. I know it may be said that as nothing is expected of men who have inherited large fortunes in personal property or in business, there is no reason why anything more should be expected of men who have inherited the land. This is plausible; and perhaps the argument might be stated in a form which would also make it seem just. But we may say, in a different sense from that in which the phrase is commonly used, *noblesse oblige*. Whether founded in fact, or not, an ineradicable belief prevails in the popular mind that the tenure of land is part of a political system, and rests on the understanding that the holders of it shall be accountable for the performance of certain specific duties. All property, no doubt, has its duties as well as its rights. But personal property was amassed in days when this maxim had ceased to be enforced, and was regarded only as a moral obligation which it must be left to every man's conscience to recognise or not. The obligations of a great landholder are something more than this. There is undoubtedly something in the possession of land which confers a dignity on the owner not derivable from any other kind of property; and this comes from two sources, the historical associations connected with it, and the actual power which it conveys. It is something to occupy a position which has come down to us from crusaders and cavaliers; it is something to fulfil duties which can be described as follows:—

“The position which is happily held as a class by landlords in this country—position marked by residence, by personal familiarity, and by sympathy with the people among whom they live, by long traditional connection handed on from generation to generation, and marked by a constant discharge of duty in every form that can be suggested—be it as to the administration of justice, be it as to the defence of the country, be it as to the supply of social, or spiritual, or moral, or educational wants; be it for any purpose whatever that is recognised as good or beneficial in a civilised society.”<sup>1</sup>

On the practical power and influence which such a position carries with it it is needless to expatiate; as it is, also, to point out that it is impossible to sever from each other the various attributes of the territorial system which Mr. Gladstone here enumerates. They must stand or fall together. If we destroy or make impossible this “constant discharge of duty,” the “long traditional connection” will

(1) Mr. Gladstone; speech on Irish Land Bill, February 17, 1870.



surely follow in the wake of it. Englishmen know the value of landed property by the store which everybody sets upon it. They know that there is something which makes it precious over and above its material profits; and they feel that this something—may I call it the moral value of the land?—is to be paid for otherwise than in money, by the exercise, that is, of all those functions and those virtues which the Prime Minister has so felicitously described. The moral value of the soil may have declined, its pecuniary burdens may have increased, it may at present be an “unprofitable investment”; but what of that? Such considerations as these, deeply as they may affect the smaller gentry, are almost sickening in their pettiness to the men of large landed fortune. The position of an English nobleman at the present day, with an estate suitable to his rank, is still one of the most enviable and dignified which the civilised world has to show; and one which should make the holders of it cheerfully submit to many burdens which, if not absolutely equitable, do at all events reconcile the people to the privileges and power which he enjoys. In this sense I say *noblesse oblige*.

By the extinction of the House of Lords, however, the nobility being deprived of the power of performing one moiety of the duties which they have inherited from the past, and by the abridgment of their local functions being deprived in a measure of the other, would not, it is thought, be long able to retain the rest, and would have to listen to the question, “Why cumber they the ground?” Such is one process of reasoning which the Radicals may possibly adopt. They may think it impossible that, with all their advantages, the Peers could retain their influence if cut off from both Houses of Parliament.

Having examined so far the objection taken to the House of Lords that it constantly opposes itself to the declared will of the people, and also the probable consequences in which the suppression of it would involve us, I should like to take a further step, and inquire how far the House of Lords ever really does oppose itself to the declared will of the people. That it may postpone the fulfilment of that will is of course true. But what more can do? And it is clearly in the interest of the people themselves, whatever sense we may use the term, that it should do that much.

The “declared will of the people” is a phrase very glibly used, and it seems to be taken for granted that the Radical Party is the Divinely appointed interpreter of it. We need concern ourselves more with definitions of the word people; for what we are about to say will apply as well to one definition as another. And first of all it is necessary to point out that the “declared will of the people” cannot be the will of the majority of the House of Commons at any time existing, or on any point that may arise. First of all, because

if it were, the people would never turn out that majority in order to replace it by another of a totally different way of thinking. As, however, it does do this, it is clear that there does come a time when the House of Commons is not in unison with public feeling. But we have little need of argument to prove this: for we have Mr. Bradlaugh himself declaring that the present House of Commons, with a Liberal majority of a hundred and fifty, is "out of harmony with the people." But at all events, if the Commons are out of harmony with the people on one point, they may be on another. Disagreement between the two, then, on a single question is enough to negative the theory that the House of Lords, in disagreeing with the House of Commons, is necessarily opposing "the declared will of the people." We have no right to assume that, in protesting against the Irish Committee of the House of Lords, the Commons were more "in harmony with the people" than in refusing admission to Mr. Bradlaugh. We have some reasons, indeed, for thinking the reverse. When the Irish Land Act was under discussion last year, certain clauses were allowed to pass on the understanding that the Act would be administered in a different spirit from that which has been actually exhibited. We say allowed to pass, because enough Liberal members were opposed to them to have insured their rejection had not these assurances been given. Suppose, then, these assurances had not been given, and a majority of the newly returned House of Commons, fresh from the scrutiny of the platform, and redolent of the soil which gave them birth, had rejected these provisions, would they have been opposing "the declared will of the people"? If they would not have been doing so then, neither can the House of Lords be doing so now. If they *would* have been doing so then, it is plain that a majority of the House of Commons can never be taken as an infallible exponent of public opinion. If it is not so within a year of its election, it is less and less likely to be so with every successive year of its existence, giving birth, as it must, to new questions, new ideas, and new developments of policy.

We see, in the second place, by the result of particular elections, coming perhaps immediately after the verdict of a general election, how uncertain public opinion is, and how dangerous it must be to assert at any given moment that such and such is "the will of the people." Sometimes these bye-elections are the backward roll of the billow, sometimes the ebb of the tide. Who is to say which, till the knowledge of public opinion has been reduced to a science? During the administration of Lord Palmerston, from 1859 to 1865, the Conservatives, who were in a minority at the general election, won seat after seat at the bye-elections, till at the next dissolution of Parliament the two parties were very nearly equal. Yet these victories meant nothing; for the elections of 1865 returned a larger Liberal

majority than ever. During the first administration of Mr. Gladstone the same phenomena were exhibited, and this time they meant a great deal: a reaction which transferred the majority from the Liberals to the Conservatives. During Lord Beaconsfield's government very few changes occurred; but in this case the steadiness of the constituencies afforded no better clue to the real feeling of the nation than their fickleness in the days of Lord Palmerston had done then. Now, with these facts before us, is it not absurd to talk of the House of Lords running counter to the declared will of the people? But what the House of Lords can do, and does do, is to save the people, through the action of their nominal representatives, from running counter to their own will. The time has gone by when the Lords could do more than this, or think of doing more than this. But in doing this much they are performing not only a most useful and constitutional, but also a truly popular office.

Of course if the House of Lords, immediately after a general election in which an appeal had been made to the people on a particular question, threw out a measure sent up to them by the House of Commons in accordance with the popular verdict, they would be really flying in the face of the declared will of the people. But they have never done this since 1831; and there are no signs at present that they are likely to do so any more. They did not do so in 1848. They did not do so in 1869. They did not do so in 1870. Since the present Government has been in power Ireland has so nearly monopolised public attention that people have come to suppose it must have occupied a much larger share of it at the last general election than, to the best of my memory, it did. I have not read through the election speeches of the various members of the Ministry, and therefore on this point I am open to correction. But I have gone through the Midlothian addresses of Mr. Gladstone in the previous October; and nobody would infer from these that Ireland was the question of the day, or that if a dissolution was to occur within the next six months the appeal to the people would be for a "mandate" on the Irish question. I cannot find that the "will of the people" was either sought or declared on this subject during the great struggle of 1880. The House of Lords, therefore, had no reason to suppose that in rejecting the Compensation for Disturbance Bill it was resisting the will of the people; nor has anything occurred since to convey that impression to the mind of any impartial man. It is on questions of this nature that the House must exercise its discretion. If it makes a mistake it must take the consequences. But it is better that it should misinterpret public opinion a hundred times, when by so doing it merely delays a policy which the popular judgment would affirm, than that for fear of doing so it should allow a single bad measure to pass which the popular judgment would

**reject.** Let us suppose, for instance, that during Lord Beaconsfield's government the Liberals, and not the Conservatives, had been the majority in the House of Lords, and that the majority had thrown out, let us say, the Elementary Education Bill of 1876, a measure which was even passionately resisted at the time by the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. Should we have heard anything then of the House of Lords running counter to the "declared will of the people?" No; it would have been said then, and said very justly, that the House of Lords was holding over for the consideration of another Parliament a measure which had never been fairly before the constituencies. And this, in fact, is what the House of Lords does as often as it throws out Bills sent up to it by the House of Commons. The act is an appeal to the people, insuring them the opportunity of fully considering proposals which have not been submitted to them before. The Peers may legitimately refuse to be bound by the decision of the court below, and carry their case to the supreme appellate tribunal—the people of Great Britain.

It seems to me that so far from this being an anti-popular proceeding, it is one eminently calculated to maintain both the liberty and the power of the people, and thoroughly in harmony with the principle of self-government. It is the only thing, in fact, which stands between the people and a septennial dictatorship, and is, indeed, as I have elsewhere pointed out, a kind of substitute for triennial Parliaments. And Liberals will do well to remember that with a Conservative House of Commons they, too, have something to hope from a Conservative House of Lords, in which Party feeling never runs so high as it does in the Lower House. Had the Conservative Party, after the last election, come back, as it was generally supposed they would come back, with a small majority, the previous action of the House of Lords would almost certainly have paved the way for the adoption of the Burials Bill. Supposing the Radicals to have their way, they may yet live to exclaim, under another Conservative House of Commons, "Would to God we had the Lords back again!"

The House of Lords, being filled up by hereditary succession, testifies to the political obligations of landed property in the most emphatic manner. Its existence amounts to a declaration that the possession of a sufficient estate in land carries with it the constitutional duty of taking a part in the government of the country. There is no question of appointment. Every nobleman succeeds to these duties as an integral part and parcel of his inheritance. He is as much bound to engage in Parliamentary business as to look after his farms and woods. Destroy the one inheritance, and it is thought that it may be comparatively easy to destroy the other. We have still, therefore, to consider whether, if it is desirable to

maintain our territorial system for the sake of the House of Lords — it may not be equally desirable to maintain the House of Lords for the sake of our territorial system. If the latter has claims on our support, it will strengthen the case which I have here, however feebly, endeavoured to lay before the public in favour of the former. The landed interest, which finds its only perfect representation in the House of Lords, is a great deal more than either the Peerage or the squirearchy. As Lord Beaconsfield pointed out in the speech which I have already quoted, it includes the peasantry and the farmers in our villages, the population of our agricultural towns, the Church, the magistracy, and, indeed, the whole provincial administration of the country—whatever, in fact, either lives by or is connected with the land. I merely recall this passage for the sake of showing what a vast number of people are in one way or another interested in the conditions and tenure of landed property; and seems that all these ought rightly to be included in what, by a convenient ellipsis, we call the landed interest. And the question would ask is this: whether, if our present system works for the benefit of all these classes, it justifies itself or not? To plunge in to the whole controversy respecting the distribution of the soil, the value of peasant proprietors, and the relations between landlord and tenant, which now foams and frets on every side of us, is even further from my intention than it is from my present thesis. But there is a half-way house between those who would keep things as they are and those who would completely remodel us on the principle of equality, which suggests a remark or two more immediately connected with our subject.

Those reformers, if such there be—for sometimes their presence among us is denied—who are for abolishing large estates altogether, and leaving no man enough to raise him much above the level of his fellows: those who would destroy the character of the land as a source of social distinction: have a philosophy of their own, with which I shall not on this occasion meddle. We are a long way as yet from the acceptance of it: our political climate is against it, and many unlikely events must come to pass before it can begin even to bud. The patient enthusiast brooding over a bubble has in all ages of the world been an object of derision. But such is not my estimate of his merits. The self-sacrifice and self-denial which men exhibit in pursuit of phantoms would, if devoted to the cause of truth, change the face of the world. I would speak with all respect, therefore, of those who think that in the principle of territorial equality is to be found the philosopher's stone which would turn all the baser metal of society into gold. In this theory there is, at all events, a moral element which I respect. They do sincerely believe that it would increase the happiness and virtue of large masses of mankind.

But the other class of reformers to which I have referred proceed virtually on the very opposite principle, and would eliminate the moral element which now distinguishes the tenure of land altogether. As these last, however—those, that is, who have nothing to say to the size or distribution of estates, but object only to the hereditary devolution of them—really have what the others have not, some chance of reducing their theories to practice, it is with a view to these that the following observations are tendered.

Our contention is, that if the present system of large estates is to be maintained, it is much better that they should be as far as possible hereditary. The rolling stone gathers no moss; and property which is always changing hands gathers round itself no sentiment. Most of my readers are, I hope, acquainted with the beautiful lines of Tennyson in which he describes the effect of a stranger taking possession of his old home. The old familiar objects—the flower, the tree, the brook—shall all remain unnoted and unloved :

“Till from the garden and the wild  
A fresh association blow,  
And year by year the landscape grow  
Familiar to the stranger's child.”

For the tree, the flower, and the bush substitute the cottager and the farmer : the whole circle of dependents and neighbours linked by hereditary ties to the family which owns the soil, by relations of immemorial kindliness, and all those social charities which in rural life alone is there any opportunity of cultivating : and you have my meaning when I speak of the moral value of the hereditary principle. As the Laureate has stated it, where a property passes to strangers at the death of each successive owner, scarcely has the “fresh association” begun to blow ere it, too, is cut off. And, what is more, the temporary owners of such properties will in very many instances be men who do not care to cultivate the sentiment. Why should they, if their sons and grandsons are not to come after them, and inherit the sympathies and affections which themselves have planted ? The enormous loss which society would experience by the excision of all these elements from rural life, who can pretend to estimate ? The country poor would then become almost as the city poor ; if not absolutely unknown to those on whose property they resided, objects of no interest or affection to them, human chattels that passed with the estate, and no more. The poor, in turn, would see only the splendour of the rich, and none of their virtues. The sharpness of the contrast would be immeasurably aggravated, and I cannot but think that in this state of things would lurk a danger to social order infinitely more to be deprecated than any of the evils which are so freely imputed to feudalism. We have destroyed all, or almost all, the old ties between employers and employed in other walks of industry :

between master and servant in our own houses ; and would it be well, I ask, now to do away with the only form of property still left which maintains, between the rich and the poor, relations not exclusively commercial?

Of this description of property the House of Lords is *par excellence* the representative ; and though it is not meant that the existence of an hereditary House of Parliament is essential to the preservation of it, yet it will hardly be denied that it has a very important bearing on it, and that the deliberate abolition of the House of Lords would probably be undertaken by a Party whose ulterior object was the abolition of the territorial aristocracy.

If I have said nothing about the reform of the House of Lords, it is simply because I have no faith in a reformed House of Lords. In the foregoing pages I have answered certain objections to the Parliamentary action of the House of Lords, and I have endeavoured to sketch the embarrassments which would await us in dealing with a disestablished Peerage. But, to my mind, the principal value of the House of Lords is that it is the special embodiment of our ancient territorial constitution, with all those benignant influences which the present Prime Minister assigns to it. "This fixed and happy usage," says he, in the speech already noticed, "I take to be a just relic and true descendant of the feudal system." And of this fixed and happy usage the House of Lords is the centre and mainstay. I have heard of no reform which would not weaken its feudal foundation, and diminish its capacity for fulfilling this important object. In securing an appeal to the people on questions not previously submitted to them, the House of Lords performs another most useful and necessary duty, for by its action in this respect it largely contributes to the finality of our Parliamentary settlements. For the discharge of this duty its independence is above all things essential, and I know of no reform which would not tend to curtail its independence. The House of Lords is a representative assembly, and with the Bishops, the Law Lords, and the military and naval Peers, represents the *élite* of the professions, and enables the Government and the country to have the advice and assistance of a body of counsellors not very easily to be matched. If we could have more of these without impairing the character of the House as the representative and guardian of the hereditary principle, it might be well. But I presume that we cannot. For its knowledge of business the House is pre-eminently distinguished ; and the conclusion seems to be that those who are in earnest in talking of the reform of the House of Lords, are really contemplating the extinction of all those attributes through which it represents and preserves the nobler and more generous elements of English feudalism.

The House of Lords, as I have said, represents the ancient political

obligations of landed property, and is, at the same time, the pillar of the territorial system from which flow the social benefits so glowingly described by the great Liberal statesman of the day. To this it may be added that the possession of an hereditary estate gives a man an interest in his country which no other kind of property can give. There are, no doubt, a few great mercantile establishments which have descended in the same family from generation to generation, and for which the members of them doubtless feel a kind of attachment akin to that which is inspired by territorial patrimonies. But it cannot be the same in degree, and where it exists at all is an exception comparatively so rare that we hardly need take it into account. The owners of personal property can feel no sentiment about shares and consols. The owner of a landed estate bought only to be sold again can feel no pang at parting with it. All alike could turn their property into money, and carry it off to some remote land, without the rupture of any tie whatever. But the head of an old family estate cannot do this. I am not now referring to entails or any legal impediments, but to the moral ties which bind him to it; ties more weighty than a thousand settlements; to the poetry of antiquity; to the romance of that connection with the past which attaches to hereditary properties; to the love which he bears for it as the inheritance of his fathers, and the pride which he takes in it as the monument of their greatness. I need say nothing of the domestic and personal associations which cluster round a property of the kind. It is enough that rather than part with it or with the position which it gives, rather than see the dignity and prosperity of the order with which it connects him impaired or destroyed, there is no sacrifice that a man would not make, no privations which he would not cheerfully endure, provided they were efficient for the purpose. A merchant or banker might be as great a man at New York as in London. An English nobleman can nowhere be so great as in England, and the greatness of England, therefore, can be so precious to no one as to him. The patriotism which springs from such motives may be called selfishness; but the selfishness of an aristocracy may be the salvation of a community, if national independence and national greatness be considered worth saving. Perhaps they are not; perhaps all such things are idle superstitions, invented, as we are told religion was, by an interested class. To those who think differently, who are weak enough still to attach any value to an old wife's tale, we dedicate these pages, believing that among all shades of politicians such men are to be found, though all may not have equally considered the utility of the House of Lords in promoting the objects which are dear to them.

T. E. KEBBEL.



## WINTERING IN THE SNOW: A STUDY OF THE MOUNTAIN AIR CURE.

WHEN I first visited the Engadine and the Davos Valley in autumn vacation of 1869, the question of the cure of consumption a prolonged residence in these high mountain valleys was beginning to engage the attention of English physicians. wider general question whether consumptive patients gener should or should not be sent to elevated situations had already been the subject of much discussion, and the evidence in favour of affirmative answer to the question appeared to be unusually strong. But the evidence which has been collected on this point tends to prove that immunity from consumption does not follow any particular level of elevation as had at one time been suggested, and it would seem that the mere amount of elevation must be eliminated from discussion. It is admitted that the altitude of immunity from phthisis varies in different latitudes, descending in proportion as we pass from the equator to the poles. In the tropics it is necessary to ascend to an elevation of between 8,500 and 9,000 feet. In the Peruvian Andes, for instance, patients are sent to mountain valleys reaching an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet. In Mexico they ascend to valleys 6,500 and 7,000 feet above the sea-level. On the other hand, in the Pyrenees, we are assured that at elevations varying from 1,760 feet (Bagnères de Bigorre) to 4,580 feet (Gavarnie) phthisis is equally rare. In Switzerland some localities not more than 3,000 feet above the sea appear as free from phthisis as others of twice that elevation. In the Black Forest and in the Fichtel Mountains of Germany it is stated that consumption is extremely rare at the comparatively moderate height of 1,400 to 2,500 feet, while Dr. Brehmer asserts that in the neighbourhood of Görbersdorf in Silesia (1,700 feet), he has never seen phthisis amongst the inhabitants.

These statements seem to point clearly to the conclusion that the freedom which any particular locality may appear to enjoy from consumption is independent of its mere elevation, and due in part to other conditions. This view is further supported by the fact that at Andermatt and at Splügen, each about 4,700 feet above the sea, phthisis is known to occur, while at Klosters, which is 700 feet lower, it is unknown. Moreover, it has long been known that a sea voyage is, in some cases, one of the most effectual means at our disposal for arresting the progress of phthisis. It would seem, then, that under certain conditions, the sea-level is as curative of consumption as the highest inhabited valleys.

One of the conditions common to life during a sea voyage and to life in a high mountain valley is the mechanical purity of the air that is breathed, and its entire freedom from organic admixture. We know that the air of large densely populated cities and towns is filled with impurities, both organic and inorganic, and doubtless in many localities this floating dust is largely composed of filthy putrescent organic matters or infective particles capable, under certain circumstances, of exciting or conveying disease. It is amongst those who have to live in the worst parts of this unwholesome town atmosphere that phthisis is most rife and fatal, and therefore to the absence of these impurities in the air of elevated regions, as well as in that of the open sea, we may reasonably attribute their beneficial influence in preventing or arresting tubercular disease.

Most of the localities which have been mentioned above as enjoying an immunity from tuberculous disease of the lungs are characterized by a pure and dry atmosphere, a dry subsoil, and a scanty population, and it has been shown that in certain favoured localities in our own country, where these conditions of dryness of subsoil, thinness of population, and purity and dryness of the atmosphere do exist, there also the occurrence of cases of phthisis is very rare. Too much importance must not be attached to the statements made by medical men who reside in high *and very thinly populated* districts—such, for example, as the Upper Engadine or the Davos Valley—to the effect that cases of consumption are rarely observed there. These statements are, no doubt, perfectly true, but what is their value? If consumption be a disease engendered by city life, by malaria, by overcrowding, by breathing a damp contaminated atmosphere, we should expect it to disappear in localities where all these conditions are reversed.

It may be interesting to inquire briefly into the nature of the evidence upon which reliance is placed to support the view that elevated districts are those best suited to phthisical patients. Before we were in possession of all the evidence that has been derived from the results of the past ten years' experience at Davos, the strongest and the most unequivocal was that derived from the experience of medical practitioners resident in the large towns at the base of the Peruvian Andes, and in other similar tropical stations.

In these localities consumption is very rife, and it has long been the established mode of treatment there to remove the patients so afflicted, as early as possible, to one or other of those sheltered valleys at great elevations, which the slopes of the Andes afford in abundance. Dr. Archibald Smith, of Lima, was one of the first to call the attention of the medical profession to this method of treatment. He stated the fact that in the Peruvian Andes immunity from phthisis was commonly observed at an elevation of between

7,500 and 8,500 feet. No plan of treatment could be more rational than to remove the consumptive patient from the hot, damp, reeking malarious atmosphere of the densely populated town, in which he had been attacked, to the pure, clear, dry, invigorating air of the adjacent mountain valleys. There is no need to marvel at the efficacy of such a process, nor does it afford any reasonable ground for assuming that, *in every part of the world*, very elevated mountain valleys are the best localities for the treatment of phthisical case. It is very well known that, in temperate climates, some moderately elevated regions enjoy a greater immunity from tubercular disease than others of perhaps twice their altitude. Local conditions other than the single one of mere elevation determine the suitability or otherwise of each particular district.

When this discussion first commenced, the advocates of Davos and the Upper Engadine as winter sanatoria for consumptive patients who were not so numerous then as they are now, laid much stress on the statement that scrofulous disease was unknown amongst the natives of the Upper Engadine and of the Davos Valley; and that when the inhabitants of the lower districts of Switzerland became affected with scrofula, they were restored to health on migrating to these districts. We were further told, that although fatal cases of consumption had occurred there, the disease had invariably been imported. We had to place against this statement another which was also made on the authority of the medical men residing at these places, to the effect that deaths from inflammation of the lung from pleurisy, and from catarrhal fever were common; and we could not help associating this with another admitted fact, namely, that consumption is a common sequel in our own country to these inflammatory affections; and we were then compelled to ask the question would not many of these acute attacks which prove rapidly fatal in the Engadine have merged, in a warmer climate, into those chronic conditions which are never developed there because of the fatality or severity of the primary disease?

But when we had admitted the full significance of the fact that the natives of these localities are free from tubercular disease, it was met by another fact, viz. that such was also the case in many parts of Europe, at not more than half this elevation, where the population was sparse, and the atmosphere dry and pure. Many such places are known, and a diligent search would probably discover many more. One important fact appeared to come out of the inquiry so far as it had at that time advanced, viz. that a moderate elevation of 1,500 to 3,000 feet was as useful in some parts of the world as an altitude of from 7,000 to 10,000 feet in others.

So long ago as October 16th, 1869, I called attention, in an article in the *Medical Times and Gazette* of that date, to the reputation that

Davos was gaining as a winter resort for consumptive patients. St. Moritz has hitherto been quite unable to compete with Davos as a winter resort. While the number of winter visitors to Davos had increased from 70 in the year 1869-70 to 500 in the year 1875-6, we find a writer in a daily paper of the latter date stating of St. Moritz, "No one has had the hardihood to pass the winter either there or at the Berinakof, in Samaden, since 1872 until the present season, notwithstanding the favourable testimony as to climate, comforts, and amusements of the very few who stayed through that and the three preceding winters," and he very appropriately adds—

"Several proprietors of hotels and pensions at St. Moritz advertise that their establishments are open the whole year, inspired partly by the success of Davos (between the Unter-Engadin and the Prättigau) as a winter residence for consumptive patients, partly by the well-known inclination of some eminent doctors towards a dry-cold in preference to a damp-warm climate in certain stages of lung disease. They scarcely seem to realise, however, the extent to which provision must be made for delicate patients above the requirements of ordinary summer visitors, or even of themselves in winter. Double windows, adequate means of heating rooms and passages, carpets, arcades, and loggias for exercise in bad weather, indoor amusements, such as billiard-tables and pianos—all these the doctor recommending a novel and extreme treatment should be able to guarantee. Such provision has, doubtless, materially assisted the increasing success of Davos."

Writing on the 30th October, he says, "Already I have experienced the novel situation of being unable to sit out in the snow because of the heat, the sun's rays, intensified by the universal whiteness, being at times quite overpowering." He concludes by bearing testimony that the evil reputation the Engadine once had in the matter of food is no longer merited, and that the most exacting and fastidious need no longer complain against either the quality or the cooking of the food.

Since these letters were written the merits of Davos as a winter station have been repeatedly before the public and the medical profession; and the number of winter residents has increased to such an extent that one of its most distinguished literary supporters and advocates, Mr. J. A. Symonds, writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* from that place, in January of this year, says—

"The Nemesis which attends sudden prosperity already hovers over Davos, and if the place increases at its present rate the ruin will be as speedy as the rise."

"Four years' experience has not shaken my belief in the value of a high mountain climate for certain classes of pulmonary invalids; though I am bound to say that the hopes I entertained and publicly expressed after a few months' residence in Davos have been considerably damped by what I have since observed. At the same time this long experience convinces me that the principles upon which an Alpine cure can be expected have been steadily neglected here. When I first knew the place it was a little village, furnished with a few hotels for the reception of strangers. The life was primitively simple, the air quite pure, the houses far apart and of moderate dimensions. Since then it has

rapidly expanded, and the expansion has brought the following bad consequences:—1. There is now a perceptible cloud of smoke always hanging over the valley, shifting with the wind, but not escaping, and thickening the air to a considerable extent. This smoke arises mainly, doubtless, from chimneys but it reminds one of the breath of many hundreds of consumptive patients aggregated at close quarters. 2. The houses, which have sprung up like mushroom rooms, are built with so little attention to the requirements of a sanatorium that the main promenade is more than half in shadow. 3. The drainage of the whole place is infamous. One portion of the village carries its sewage down into a marsh where it stagnates. Another portion is drained into the stream, which in winter is a shallow, open, ice-clogged ditch, exhaling a frozen vapour. To walk the course of this river is now not only disagreeable but dangerous. The large hotel frequented by the English has a horrible effluvium arising from the cesspool beneath its windows. In the largest hotel frequented by the Germans a species of low fever has recently declared itself. 4. The social amusements and watering-place have been greatly developed. Dances, concerts, theatricals, bazaars, private theatricals, picnics, are multiplied. Some entertainments of the sort are no doubt not only necessary, but also beneficial. Yet it must be remembered that the peculiar severity of Alpine winter, the peculiar conditions under which consumptive people meet together here, crowded into rooms artificially heated with stoves, render all but the simplest forms of social gathering very dangerous."

"The only way of averting some serious catastrophe from a health-resort which has deserved popularity, and the principle of which is excellent—the only way of preventing Davos from being converted into an ill-drained, overcrowded, gas-lighted centre of cosmopolitan disease and second-rate gaiety—is to develop rival places of the same type. The valley of Davos proper, from Davos-Kulm or Wolfgang down to Frauenkirch, may be said to be already exhausted for building purposes. This valley is so narrow and so much enclosed with mountains that the further development of any one of its hamlets is certain to injure the whole neighbourhood. Its torrent is too thin and hampered in its course to act as a common conduit-pipe for drainage. Its boasted absence of wind causes the addition of smoke from chimneys or of exhalations from cesspools to be immediately felt in all parts of the district. If Davos is to remain what it calls itself—a Luft-Kur-Ort, or "Health resort of sun and air"—it must learn rather to contract than to expand. I have touched upon some of the obvious dangers which threaten Davos. I might have gone into more alarming problems, and have raised the question whether the accumulation of sick people in big hotels, which are really consumptive hospitals, though not subject to the precautions used in consumptive hospitals, is not attended with the gravest disadvantages. So long as the hotels remained small, and there were only a few of them in the place, the peril from this source was slight. But the tendency at Davos has been to enlarge each of the well-established *pensions*, to pack the patients together in as small a space as possible, and to build new inns at the doors of the old ones. All this is done in a climate where winter renders double windows and stove-heated buildings indispensable. All this is done for a society where the dying pass their days and nights in closest contiguity with those who have some chance of living! Within the last few weeks two cases have come under my notice, one that of a native of Davos attached to the service of the visitors, another that of an English girl, who have both contracted lung disease in the place itself, owing, as I believe, to the conditions of life as they have recently been developed here."

Mr. Symonds's former able advocacy has done so much for Davos that this timely warning of his ought to be laid to heart by those directly interested in the prosperity of the place, and by those who perhaps, somewhat too indiscriminately recommend its winter climate.

mate to consumptive patients; for the advocates of Davos, both in the medical profession and out of it, have become numerous and influential, and the cases which have undoubtedly derived great benefit by wintering there now amount to a considerable number. Personally I have long been fully convinced of its importance and value as a winter sanatorium in suitable and carefully selected cases. But it would be unfair and disingenuous to conceal the fact that my personal knowledge of the experience of winters at Davos is by no means unchequered by calamities, and some fatal occurrences there have been exceedingly sad and unexpected. The experience of different winters has varied also greatly as the seasons themselves have varied.

A writer who is most friendly to Davos<sup>1</sup> thus expresses himself on this point:—

“Another objectionable feature is the strong desire that exists among the local medical men and others financially interested in the place to suppress the number of deaths that annually occur, in order to give a false impression as to the marvellous powers of the climate to delay death. In fact, we do not hesitate to say that in not a few cases patients who were known to be hopelessly ill have been hurried elsewhere by order of the medical men, for no other reason than that the Davos death-rate might be kept low. We anticipate that this statement will lay us open to criticism, if it does not beget flat contradictions; but, fortunately, we are in possession of the most reliable data to prove what we have written.”

As I have already said, Davos is situated in a mountain valley in the Grisons which runs parallel with the upper valley of the Inn, at a distance of about twenty miles north of it. Dr. Frankland makes it 5,352 feet above the level of the sea, which is a somewhat higher estimate than the one hitherto current. It is, then, of just the same elevation as the village of Mürren, which is 5,348 feet above the sea, and only a little lower than Samaden, which is about 5,600 feet. But it is not its particular elevation alone which gives to Davos its special suitability as a winter resort; for, as we see, Mürren and Samaden, so far as mere elevation is concerned, ought to answer equally well. We must seek, then, in other local conditions for the characteristic qualities of the climate of Davos. So far as purity and rarefaction of the air are concerned, it is in almost precisely the same position as the adjacent Engadine valley. It is probably only in the greater stillness of the atmosphere and in protection from the prevailing local winds that Davos presents any special advantages in winter over such resorts as St. Moritz, Pontresina, and Samaden. And now that the outcry has been heard, and heard so distinctly, of the overcrowding of Davos and its consequent evils, it becomes a question of some interest to what extent and in what cases other Alpine resorts may be equally useful as winter sanatoria?

(1) “Davos Platz as an Alpine Winter Station,” by J. E. Muddock.

Dr. Frankland observes (*Proceedings of Royal Society*, vol. xxi—p. 317)—

“The summer climate of Davos is very similar to that of Pontresina and St. Moritz in the neighbouring high valley of the Engadine—cool and rather windy; but so soon as the Prättigau and surrounding mountains become thickly and, for the winter, permanently covered with snow, which usual happens in November, a new set of conditions come into play, and the winter climate becomes exceedingly remarkable. The sky is, as a rule, cloudless, nearly so; and as the solar rays, though very powerful, are incompetent to melt the snow, they have very little effect upon the temperature either of the valley or its enclosing mountains: consequently there are no currents of heated air, and as the valley is well sheltered from more general atmospheric movements, almost uniform calm prevails until the snow melts in spring.”

And Mr. Symonds, speaking from long personal experience, says of the winter climate of Davos—

“The position of great rocky masses to north and south is such that the most disagreeable winds, whether the keen north wind or the relaxing south, known by the dreaded name of *fohn*, are fairly excluded. Comparative stillness is a great merit of Davos; the best nights and days of winter present a cloudless sky, clear frost, and absolutely unstirred atmosphere. March is apt to be disturbed and stormy: and during the summer months there is a valley-wind, which rises regularly every morning, and blows for several hours.”

The valley is from ten to fifteen miles in length, and its direction is from north-east to south-west. It is only about half-a-mile broad, and protecting mountains rise on each side to the height of some 2,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the valley. About three-quarters of a mile above Davos Platz, to the north, is Davos Dörfli, a sunnier spot than Davos Platz, but perhaps not so well protected from wind. Still further north is the Davoser See—the Lake of Davos—which affords good skating until it becomes too thickly covered with snow. At the south-western extremity the valley is also well protected and closed in by high mountains. The Upper Engadine is, on the contrary, much exposed in this direction, and it has often been observed that storms and bad weather frequently reach the valley over the low pass of the Maloja. Then, again, there are no extensive glaciers and snow-fields in the immediate vicinity of the Davos Valley, as there are in the neighbourhood of the Engadine, and especially at Pontresina. The smaller size of the valley, both in length and breadth, and the nature and position of its mountain barriers, the absence in its immediate neighbourhood of great snow and ice fields, no doubt contribute to make the winter climate of the Davos Valley a milder one than that of the adjacent valley of the Inn, and therefore better suited to a large class of invalids. But it is a question whether the more vigorous classes of pulmonary patients, as well as those who have gained vigour and amendment at Davos, would not benefit as much, or perhaps more, in some of the Engadine resorts (and St. Moritz is, perhaps, the best

ated in that valley for winter residence), where they could escape from the evils attending the over-crowding of Davos, and be in a locality infinitely more attractive and picturesque in point of physical beauties and affording a far greater number of interesting excursions.

The winter snowfall in the Davos valley, as well as in the Engadine, begins usually early in November. An early and heavy snowfall of three or four feet is considered to promise a good winter. The snow continues to fall through November and through a part of December. In the roadways it gets beaten down to a depth of three or four feet. In good seasons, fine settled weather, with absence of snowfall, sets in before the end of December. The atmosphere becomes still and calm, the air intensely cold and dry, and absolutely clear. At night the brilliant starlight, or the cold silvery moonlight gleaming over the snow-mantled valley, gives it an aspect of singular beauty. The temperature at night often falls very low, frequently nine degrees below zero. The days are cloudless, with an intensely blue sky, and an amount of heat from solar radiation which enables invalids to pass many hours sitting in the open air; and the brilliancy of the sunshine in mid-winter makes umbrellas and sunshades essential for protection. The instant, however, the sun is withdrawn, the intense coldness of the air makes itself felt, and a fall of 50 or 60° F. is common immediately after sunset. Of course all delicate invalids should be indoors before this hour. Owing, however, to the great dryness of the atmosphere and the absence of wind, the extreme cold at night is by no means so much felt as might be expected. "There are no patients," says one of the local physicians, who cannot, if they are so inclined, sleep with safety with an open window during the winter." "I was recommended," says Mr. Tompkins, "to be in the open air from sunrise to sunset, to walk for two hours in the open air before going to bed, and to sleep with open windows. The invalid can take more liberties with open air in Davos than anywhere else."

Unfortunately weather at Davos is fickle and uncertain as it is elsewhere, and a remarkably fine winter may be preceded and followed by a remarkably bad one. The winter season 1879—80 was an exceptionally fine one, whereas the preceding winter, 1878—79, had been an unusually bad one, and had proved disastrous to many invalids here. The relaxing south wind, the *Föhn*, prevailed to a great extent; in consequence, the snow thawed at times in mid-winter, and colds, which are rarely caught at Davos, were common. The following winter, however, many cases did remarkably well, and "wonderful recoveries" were numerous. There was almost an entire absence of wind, the air was remarkably dry and bracing, and for three months there was almost uninterrupted sunshine and clear



unclouded skies. Then followed in 1880—81 another bad winter. "Davos Platz proved as capricious and fickle as our own dam and misty island. The snowfall did not set in until late, and then was singularly light, while a high temperature and fogs and wind were the rule and not the exception. Those people who derived a benefit were in a very small minority, while the death-rate among the visitors rose to an alarming extent." <sup>1</sup>

I have before me some records of the weather at Davos during three winter seasons. The first refers to the winter season of 1875—76. It is very brief, and divides the days into "clear and fine," "moderately fine," and "bad."

	Clear and Fine Days.	Moderately Fine.	Bad.
In November there were . . .	12	3	15
„ December „ „ . . .	19	10	2
„ January „ „ . . .	14	12	5
„ February „ „ . . .	12	11	6
„ March „ „ . . .	10	9	12

So that out of a total of 152 days there were 67 clear fine days, 45 moderately fine, and 40 bad days; the two worst months being November, when the snow begins to fall, and March, when it begins to melt. I take these figures from Mr. Holsboer's "Die Landschaft Davos," and I presume they are intended to represent a good specimen of winter weather there.

If we next take the winter 1879—80, "perhaps one of the most perfect ever known in the Alps," and include the month of October, we find the days may be divided into—

	Cloudless.	Fine but not Cloudless.	Cloudy.	Rain or Snow.
October had . .	18	4	3	6
November „ . .	5	4	7	14
December „ . .	14	6	6	5
January „ . .	15	7	5	4
February „ . .	8	7	8	6
March „ . .	16	5	3	7

The first column includes only absolutely cloudless days, and in the second column are included days that are described as "glorious, a few white clouds," while the fourth column includes all the days when snow or rain, however little, fell. Out of 183 days, thus, there were 109 fine days, 76 of which were cloudless, 32 days more or less overcast, and 42 days on which rain or snow fell, 14 of these being in November. October maintained its character for being one of the finest months in the Alps.

Let us now examine the records of the next winter, that of 1880—81.

(1) J. E. Muddock: "Davos Platz as an Alpine Winter Station."

		Cloudless.	Fine but not Cloudless.	Cloudy.	Rain or Snow.
October	had . .	6	2	15	8
November	„ . .	10	6	9	5
December	„ . .	8	7	6	10
January	„ . .	10	9	10	2
February	„ . .	7	7	6	8 <sup>1</sup>
March	„ . .	10	3	11	7

Mist or fog is mentioned as occurring four times during this winter, once in October, once in November, and twice in March. “No wind in the valley” is stated of no less than 134 days, and “no upper current” on 41 days, and a strong wind is only mentioned on 5 days in the whole winter. It has already been said that this was a very unfavourable specimen of a Davos winter; there were only 85 fine days against 109 in the preceding winter, and 51 against 76 cloudless days. And although there were actually fewer days (40 to 42) on which snow fell, the distribution of the snowfall was less advantageous. The heavy snowfall in November of the previous winter was followed by a continuation of magnificent weather, whereas the small snowfall in November of this season was followed by frequent snowfalls in December, and eight consecutive days on which snow fell in February. But perhaps the most remarkable and characteristic fact which comes out of this meteorological record is the singular absence of wind in the valley. It is this peculiar stillness of the air that enables the invalid to support so well its comparatively low temperature; so that he is not chilled and depressed by it, but, on the contrary, is braced and exhilarated. Owing to the absence of aqueous vapours in the clear dry air of this elevated region, the intensity of solar radiation on perfectly clear days is remarkable. According to Dr. Frankland, at Davos Dörfli, on the 21st December, 1873, at 2.50 p.m., the “mercurial thermometer, with the blackened bulb *in vacuo*,” recorded 113° F., and on the same day at Greenwich the maximum reading obtained by the same method was 71.5° F., giving a difference in favour of Davos of 41.5° F.! But a maximum of solar radiation amounting to 153° F. was obtained on the 31st of January, 1881, while on the same day the maximum temperature of the air in the shade was 42.5°, and the minimum 18° F. So that the difference between sun and shade temperature is enormous. The lowest temperature recorded during the winters 1879—80 and 1880—81 was 16.7° F., *i.e.* nearly 17° F. below zero, on 9th December, 1879. The mean daily minimum for the same month was 5.5° F., and the mean daily maximum 23.13° F.; the maximum sun temperature, 138° F. This was during a month of the finest Davos winter weather; the amount of aqueous vapour in the air being exceedingly small, and the readings of the hygrometer very low, as low as 3.0° (!) on one day, and never over 38.5°. Owing to over-crowding and to defective

(1) Snow fell on eight consecutive days.

sanitary arrangements, chemical examination of the air in Davos itself has shown that it is by no means so pure as it should be, or as free from admixture with organic impurities as has been imagined. This is much to be regretted, as many invalids may not be able to get away to breathe the purer air on the mountain side. The want of efficient drainage is reported to be very much felt.

"Of the drainage," says a recent writer, "we feel bound to say that it is about as bad as it can be; while heaps of offal, cow-dung from the cow chalets, and other indescribable filth are allowed to lie exposed near the road, thereby not only offending the sight, but the smell, as well as tainting the atmosphere. It is true that during the intensely cold winter months the low temperature and the snow prevent ill effects from this disgraceful sanitary neglect; but the evil is there, nevertheless, and it makes itself manifest in more ways than one as soon as any appreciable rise in the thermometer takes place. After this the reader will not be surprised to learn that typhoid and other fevers, if rare, are no strangers to the valley."

It would seem, then, to be incumbent on English physicians to consider whether there are not other resorts in the high mountain valleys of Switzerland to which invalids may be sent to winter, where they may escape the evils of over-crowding and over-building which appear so rapidly to have overtaken Davos Platz.

Of all the places at present known, St. Moritz seems to offer the greatest attractions. It has already been tried, and found to answer exceedingly well in a certain number and class of cases. No doubt it is not so well suited as Davos to the feeble class of pulmonary invalids who are also the victims of more advanced disease. But to many of the stronger patients, and to those in whom disease is in its earliest stage or only limited in extent, or to those who are suffering from general loss of tone, St. Moritz may prove as useful, or even more so, than Davos. Moreover, at the Klm Hotel at St. Moritz invalids will now find a winter sanatorium, furnished with appliances and provided with extensive appointments and other conveniences, which it would be difficult to find in many of the hotels at Davos.

After passing a winter in the snow, one of the difficulties always has been what to do when the transitional season of spring sets in and the snow begins to melt. Some boldly face the inconvenience and remain where they have wintered, and, so far as we can learn, without taking any particular harm. Still, no doubt there is a craving for a little change when spring, with its disagreeable and relaxing weather, reaches this snow-covered valley. To return to England at once seems scarcely advisable, knowing especially what our own spring weather is like. To seek some other intermediate mountain station of lower elevation for a few weeks before descending to the sea-level would perhaps be the best thing to do, if such suitable stations were easily found. But there are difficulties

(1) "Davos Platz as an Alpine Winter Station."

doing this. Many of the summer resorts between 2,500 and 500 feet above the sea are not open and available at this season, and in those that are available, the accommodation is perhaps not such as invalids require. Moreover, even if a suitable intermediate station is found, it will occasionally happen that pulmonary invalids find themselves worse for the change, and begin to think they have been ill directed in their choice, whereas they should bear in mind that the spring is a difficult season everywhere, especially for those who suffer as they do.

*Thusis*, 2,448 feet above the sea, is convenient and accessible, but little is known about its spring climate. Fair accommodation can be obtained there, and it has the advantage of being on the way homeward.

*Seewis*, nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, a village in the Prättigau, quite close to Landquart, is exceedingly conveniently situated in a picturesque position, and, we are assured by those who have spent a whole winter there, has excellent accommodation.

*Glion*, above Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, also about 3,000 feet above the sea, is a pleasant, sunny station, with very good accommodation and most picturesque and cheerful surroundings, but it is rather out of the way for those who are returning to England.

*Heiden*, 2,660 feet above the sea, near Rorschach, on the Lake of Constance, is also conveniently accessible and in a pleasant situation, but would probably be found dull and unprepared for spring visitors.

In conclusion, two questions must be briefly dealt with: first, what class of invalids may fairly expect to derive benefit from wintering in these high mountain valleys? and secondly, what are the curative agencies at work there?

It is of the first importance to remember that these mountain climates are by no means adapted to the treatment of many well-defined forms of consumption; that cases have to be selected with great care and discrimination, and that regard must be paid rather to the constitution and temperament of the individual than to the mere amount of local disease. Hereditary predisposition, other circumstances being favourable, offers no counter-indication to the suitability of these stations. But their remedial power is especially manifested in persons who have become accidentally the subjects of chronic lung disease, and who are the possessors of originally sound constitutions and have obvious reserve stores of physical vigour. The constitution must have the power of healthy reaction to the exciting stimulus here applied to it. The extent to which this reaction often occurs has occasionally led to grave and even fatal indiscretions. It is the universal experience of physicians that the phthisical constitution is the most difficult of all to control; consumptive patients

are for ever committing indiscretions which are perilous to themselves and in the last degree exasperating to their doctors! Caution against over-excitement and over-exertion are therefore specially needed in climates such as we have been considering. The following summary of cases suitable to these high mountain health resorts—founded on the published testimony of a physician whose practical experience in one of them has extended over twenty years; and the statements which follow, my own experience is in accordance with his:—

1. Where there is an obvious and well-ascertained predisposition to consumption, and when perhaps a slight hæmorrhage has occurred without the manifestation of any definite local disease; as a *preventive* measure a residence for two or three seasons in a high mountain station is to be recommended.

2. In catarrhal forms of consumption, in the early stage, without much constitutional disturbance, the best results may be looked for. But cases with much fever from the commencement, and of nervous and excitable temperament, must not be sent to high altitudes.

3. Chronic inflammatory indurations and infiltration of limited portions of the lung, often the result of acute congestions and inflammations, are especially suitable; not so, however, if a considerable extent of lung is the seat of tuberculous disease, or if, owing to the extent of lung involved, and consequent changes in the sound lung, there is much difficulty of breathing.

4. Cases of chronic bronchial catarrh in young people; that is to say, those cases of tendency to repeated attacks of "cold on the chest" often left behind in children after whooping-cough, measles, and other maladies.

But this does *not* apply to the chronic winter coughs of persons more or less advanced in life; or to cases where there is much *permanent* shortness of breath.

5. The results, in the shape of thickenings and adhesions, of former attacks of pleurisy, to which too often the development of serious subsequent lung disease can be traced. The pulmonary gymnastics excited by treatment in high altitudes prove of great value in these cases.

6. Many cases of purely nervous asthma have been cured in these resorts.

7. Apart from cases of pulmonary disease, many other ailments, such as general loss of power, not dependent upon organic disease—cases of nervous exhaustion, over-work, retarded convalescence, in otherwise vigorous constitutions, certain forms of dyspepsia and hypochondriasis, and other less strictly definable maladies—not seldom find restoration to health and strength from prolonged residence in the pure bracing air of these Alpine stations.

Next, as to the curative agencies at work in these resorts. This question is by no means an easy one to answer decisively. When we reflect that cases of consumption are arrested in their course and comparatively cured, as they certainly have been, in such a climate, for instance, as that of Arcachon, on the coast of the Atlantic, and also in such an apparently utterly different climate as that of Davos, we are led to the conclusion that we must seek for some *special relation* between the individual to be cured and the particular climate that will cure him. And it is sometimes only by actual trial that such a relation can be discovered.

Purity and stillness of atmosphere are two important, it may be the most important, conditions at work. Elevation in itself, as I have already said, may also be of some importance, but it cannot be essential; but it brings with it other conditions, such as dryness and purity of air, which are of great consequence. The Tartar Steppes, where the Russian physicians send their consumptive patients, and where we are told they are cured, are sometimes below and not above the sea-level! It is certainly not the low temperature that is the cause of immunity from phthisis in these mountain valleys, for in some of the coldest parts of Russia the mortality from phthisis is more than 50 per cent. of all deaths, against 12 per cent. in London.

It used to be thought that an equable temperature was of great importance in the treatment of consumption, and within certain limits, and if associated with certain other qualities, equability of temperature is an advantage to a climate; but unless dryness of the air is associated with it, equability of temperature is not of so much value. Indeed a too equable temperature may lead to loss of tonic property, and so diminish nutritive activity. We find, for example, that in Ceylon, which has a remarkably equable climate, consumption is exceedingly common. On the other hand, at Quito, in Ecuador, which is 10,000 feet above the sea, its immunity from phthisical disease is considered to be greatly due to its equable temperature, the mean temperature for the year being 60° F., and "in a large room with doors and windows open day and night the temperature varied between 57° and 60° only!" But it is obvious that the climate of Quito possesses also the other conditions dependent on great elevation. It has been suggested with much reason that the immunity from phthisis observed in certain places and at certain elevations may, perhaps, be due to the fact that the inhabitants are all agricultural or pastoral, and live out-of-door lives, and also to the relative scantiness of population.

But, as I pointed out some years ago, the chief curative agency at work in these elevated districts is probably the *antiseptic* quality of the air. It has been shown that there is an almost entire absence of these localities of those organic particles which play such an im-

portant part in promoting putrefaction. To this factor may be added the stimulating and tonic properties of the cold pure air, promoting the desire for muscular activity, as well as increasing the power for the same by inducing increased activity in the general forces of nutrition. Another valuable condition is the rarefaction of the air, which necessitates greater activity of the respiratory organs. The respirations are necessarily more frequent and more profound; the air breathed is relatively richer in active oxygen than the air of the plains; a more complete aeration of the blood is secured, all the regions of the lung which are capable of admitting air are called into full play and activity, the air cells are more completely dilated, the function of all the healthy portions of the lungs is roused and thoroughly engaged in the work of respiration. There is less stagnation of air in the lungs, and diffusion of the gases set free at the surface of the lung is premature.

We are not then surprised to find that the chest expands considerably during residence in these resorts, and that portions of lung ordinarily little used in breathing (and these are the parts specially liable to be attacked by phthisis) become actively engaged, and so a compensating activity in the sound parts makes up for the inactivity in parts which have become spoiled by disease. The increased rapidity in the circulating function, the more complete penetration of all the tissues of the lung by the more active blood currents, may also promote repair and recovery from the damage inflicted by disease. These may not be all the influences at work in the restoration of health to the pulmonary invalids who pass their winters in those snow-covered regions, but I doubt not that they are the chief.

J. BURNEY YEO.

## THE CHOICE OF CHURCHES.

To L. S.

I.

**A** CERTAIN man, by his pastors bred  
In the faith of his fathers, with holy dread  
Of aught that might minish the same one jot,  
Found in his heart he believed it not.  
He opened his grief to his friends and kin :  
They said, " You are fallen in deadly sin ;  
Therefrom to redeem you must be our care,  
With watching, and wrestling, and instant prayer ;  
And, to supple the stubborn soul again,  
You shall hear the counsels of godly men,  
Allowed, by witness of all who have heard,  
To be preachers of power and deep in the Word."

" It is well," he answered ; " it may be so ;  
It is well, at worst, that your love I know ;  
I will try their cunning, these men of your choice ;  
'Tis fit for your sakes I should hear their voice :  
Deeper, mayhap, are my doubts and my need  
Than ye deem—but your purpose is kind indeed."

But the friends who had spoken one general mind  
Now seemed unto divers ways inclined :  
Some showed in the Gospel simple and pure—  
As Puritans read it—the only cure ;  
But others declared the sole resting-place  
Was in Catholic majesty, Catholic grace.  
No marvel, they said, if a cultured man  
Reject the coarse anarchist Low Church plan  
Of a faction who put for Theology's rule  
The text-capping cant of each brawling fool,  
Bedraggle the Church in a slattern's dress,  
And whitewash the beauty of holiness.  
And then another was much distressed  
At the Church's division thus confessed  
In the wrangle of dogmatists who lacked  
Largeness of vision, niceness of tact ;  
Whose terms and formulas, harsh and crude,  
To the modern thinker were stones, not food ;  
Who would drive the guest to the wilderness  
For a fold of the wedding-garment amiss ;



Who saw not, in short, that judicious divines,  
 Rebuilding the creed on Broad Church lines,  
 Were the only shepherds the flock to keep  
 And gently win back the Agnostic sheep.

## II.

The doubter thanked them, Broad, High, and Low.  
 "Your counsel is good, and the ways ye show.  
 But amid such abundance how to chose?  
 So, lest any virtue thereof I lose,  
 You shall all in my healing take a share,  
 One after other, equal and fair."

And first in a chapel of lofty pews,  
 By a preacher of soundest Protestant views,  
 Of the pink of the Clapham persuasion quite,  
 Whose gown was black and whose bands were white,  
 Face florid, and whiskers choicely curled,  
 He heard the sins of this naughty world  
 Denounced full grievously, such, to wit,  
 As well-to-do church-goers never commit:  
 And the preacher showed how man's inborn vice  
 Was purged by an innocent sacrifice;  
 Nor failed with his richest voice to tell  
 Gracious and comforting news of hell,  
 Where sinners with devils in flames must dwell.

The doubter muttered, too low to be heard,  
 Something that scarce was a blessing-word;  
 Then aloud, "Is this your salvation-way?  
 Show me some other and better, I pray."

And his High Church and Broad Church friends ~~agreed~~  
 That such preaching was very perverse indeed.

## III.

In the church of S. Ethelpege light scarce broke  
 Through a mist of perennial incense-smoke,  
 And ever there sounded the doleful drone  
 Of a neo-archaic Gregorian tone.  
 Our doubter looked up from the western door,  
 And there lay a curate all flat on the floor,  
 Which grovelling chanted, and mowed and mopped.  
 He abode perforce till this litany stopped,  
 Then departed, and never a word said he  
 But "This makes an Englishman sick to see."

And his Low Church and Broad Church friends ~~agreed~~  
 That this was the wrong sort of prayer indeed.

## IV.

The next was a church of discreeter kind,  
 Framed for the tasteful and liberal mind ;  
 Nothing too pompous, nothing too bare,  
 Sweetness and reason the watchwords there ;  
 Flowers arrayed with delicate art,  
 Preludes and anthems of Bach and Mozart ;  
 And the preacher explained how the text was meant  
 As mere veil and symbol of argument  
 Vaster than schoolmen's competence,  
 Finer than vulgar human sense ;  
 Councils and Articles all in vain  
 Strove to bind it with formula's chain ;  
 Scandals and doubts of the letter were such  
 Just because we must know too much :  
 Yet the text was precious, nay, there we sought  
 A joy far deeper than formalists thought ;  
 Always in spirit living and new,  
 For us the words had a meaning true,  
 In their literal coarseness—why, certainly not !  
 But, certainly, something—he never said what.

And the doubter said, " If a man can stay  
 Poised on this edge of a middle way,  
 So let it be with him, well if it can ;  
 Surely I blame not nor judge the man :  
 This garment of faith on the body of doubt  
 Is pretty—but truth bids me go without."

And the High Church and Low Church friends agreed  
 There was little salvation in this, indeed.

## V.

And so, being nothing satisfied,  
 The rest of the churches he left untried.

And one Sunday morning, while pious folk  
 Waited the worshipping-hour's last stroke,  
 Just as the church-going stir was done,  
 Forth he walked in the warm spring sun,  
 Into never a church or a chapel door,  
 But across the fields to the hill and the moor.  
 The breeze was fresh, the streams were bright,  
 The air was full of a tender light ;  
 Primroses glowed on the sunny turf,  
 Cresting the banks with a golden surf ;  
 And the lark in the sky and the thrush on the tree,  
 Which knew no manner divinity,  
 Sang out their anthems and shook with glee.

The doubter came home with cheerful eyes ;  
 His friends made marvel in what strange wise  
 At length he had gotten saving grace.  
 Then he spake and answered before their face :  
 " Your lords be many, and many your creeds ;  
 One is the kinship of men's good deeds,  
 Of true men's work that remains on earth,  
 Of truth and love that give life its worth.  
 Here is our good, and our treasure store,  
 This let us gather, and crave no more.  
 This world is lovely, whate'er befall ;  
 I know not the Power behind it all,  
 But the wealth of sunshine in field and wood  
 Fills me with joyful trust in the good :  
 And who comes not thence with a lighter heart,  
 And a mind attuned to the better part,  
 Loving the better his fellow-men,  
 Must, I think, be a pedant or dull of ken.  
 So perhaps 'tis a thought not all unblest  
 That God Almighty's church is the best."  
 And the Churchmen, High, Low, and Broad, agreed  
 His soul was in desperate case indeed.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

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### THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY PARTY.

DURING the last half-dozen years the Russian Revolutionary Party, improperly called "Nihilist," has continually attracted the attention of the public and of the political writers and thinkers of Western Europe. A good-sized library might be filled with what has been written on the subject, including, with the hasty and superficial stuff produced for the daily press, not a little work that shows a studious perusal of Russian history and literature. But still we meet daily, both in the press and in society, with opinions so varied, with statements so erroneous, and with such fantastic hypotheses about what are called "the fanatics, the Nihilists," that it might be supposed we were dealing with some religious upheaval in the remote highlands of Central Asia, rather than with a political crisis in a country whose capitals are but four or five days' journey from the capitals of Western Europe.

Many causes have contributed to this effect; the want of knowledge of Russian language, the secret character of the movement, and a variety of prejudices, political, social, and national, certainly

must be mentioned among them. But the chief cause is, that the origin of the movement and the explanation of those features which distinguish it from former revolutionary movements in Europe, have been sought either in the action of circumstances of little moment (such, for instance, as the condition of higher schools in Russia), or in influences too vague and ineffective. Thus, for explaining "Nihilism" there has been much talk about Hegel and Schopenhauer, and the writings of a few Russian authors. But the conditions, social and political, of Russian life were too little, or not at all, taken into account. Of course philosophical schemes and the writings of able men exercise a certain influence on the development of political parties. But even if we admit that the Russian Revolutionary Party was influenced by the philosophy of Hegel or Schopenhauer (the truth is that the works of J. S. Mill, Comte, Buckle, Darwin, and Spencer are far better known among the Russian youth than either Schopenhauer or Hegel), we should have to ask why these schemes of philosophy were preferred to others? Again, each scheme of philosophy having followers who belong to quite different political schools, we should have to ask why the Russian revolutionists have drawn such extremely practical conclusions from a given school of philosophy, and not conclusions the very reverse? And with regard to Russian political writers, ought we not to inquire, before all else, what circumstances have determined the appearance of works of a given kind—these works being themselves the product of the medium which the author lives in, and which he is able to modify but to a very slight extent? To answer such questions would have been to begin with a thorough study of social conditions and political life in Russia, and that study was never undertaken.

Another very common cause of errors is the confusion often made between distinct periods of development of the Russian revolutionary movement. The Nihilism of 1861—a philosophical system especially dealing with what Mr. Herbert Spencer would call religious, governmental, and social fetishism—is confounded with the peaceful Socialism of 1872 and with the Terrorism of to-day. In this way we get that mythical and psychologically impossible personage, the "Nihilist" of the European press, who, chancing to become discontented with the dean of his University, takes to making bombs and killing the Tsar. Life and evolution move quickly during revolutionary times; and the Russian Revolutionary Party, young as it is, already has a whole history. Of course each phase of its development has had its influence on, and has bequeathed some of its features to, the following phase. But to confound them one with another is necessarily to arrive at erroneous conclusions. To direct attention to these two subjects, and especially to the second (for the first is too large and important to be adequately dealt with in an article), is the purpose of this paper.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY PARTY.

The whole reign of Alexander II., the first five years alone excepted, presents an uninterrupted series of revolutionary conspiracies. From the moment when, on the eve of the Emancipation, Alexander II. surrendered to the Reactionary Party, neutralised the effects of the Emancipation Act by intrusting with its application in life its very enemies, and condemned beforehand to sterility all reforms which were in way of elaboration at that time—since the end of 1860, in fact—secret societies have begun to appear, and have operated until now. Not prosecutions, not deportations, nor executions have arrested their development. Hardly have wholesale arrests destroyed one society ere another has already appeared and begun to spread its ramifications all over Russia. The development of them all is the same. At the outset the programme of the young society is theoretical, wide, but at the same time moderate as to its means of action. Theoretical propaganda of reforming principles, persuasion, but no direct action against Government, no revolutionary proceedings characterize the nascent secret society. But, as it develops, as it comes into contact with new and varied elements, as it tries to apply to life its principles, its programme becomes more definite and receives a decidedly political bent. The direct struggle against Government by revolutionary means becomes an important part of the programme; and in proportion as the prosecutions directed against the society increase in violence, its means of action are modified accordingly. Immediately after the dispersion of those which led in 1861 and 1862 to the condemnation of Tchernyshevsky and Mikhailoff, a new group of secret societies, those of Karakozoff and Ishoutin, made their appearance. They were broken up after Karakozoff's attempt against the Tsar in 1866, but were soon followed by the circles of Netchaïeff. And as soon as these last have been destroyed in 1871—1873, appearance of very numerous "circles" instituted in 1871—1873, either in the shape of one vast organism, or in the shape of several separate, but friendly, societies. These last were the common source from which arose all the numerous societies which have stood at the bar since 1873 in the trials of Dolgoushin, of the Fifty at Moscow, of the Hundred-and-Ninety-Three, of the Eighteen, of the Twenty-One, of Kieff, of Odessa, of Kharkoff, and so forth, until the last trial of the twenty-two Terrorists. Of course the great bulk of those who joined the secret societies of 1871—1873 have either died in prison and on the gallows, or are languishing in Siberia or in central prison. But among those who appeared before the courts during the trials the last four or five years we continually met with men and women whose names have been well known in the revolutionary circles since ten years. Vera Zassoulitch, Sophie Perovakaya, Tatiana Lebede

**Hesse Helfman, Kviatkovsky, Solovieff, Morozoff, and many others, were active members of the "circles" started at that time. If, therefore, we wish to have a correct idea of the present movement, we must necessarily revert to the circles of 1871—1873, and consider the conditions under which they came into being and the evolution they have undergone.**

**Their character was determined by the miserable circumstances of the country. Serfdom was abolished; peasants had acquired a certain amount of personal liberty which certainly will not be underrated by those who have themselves witnessed, as the author of these lines has, the horrors of serfdom. But it was easy to foresee, what subsequent facts have proved, that a heavy redemption of "the souls" of serfs having been admitted in the shape of a redemption of allotments of land—these last being quite insufficient for the peasant's support, and taxed to twice and thrice their value—the peasantry must, of necessity, be speedily brought to the verge of starvation. The famine of 1867, with all the shortcomings and administrative bribery that it unveiled, was a solemn advertisement; and in 1870 it was already obvious that the Russian peasantry would soon be brought to such despair that a peaceful issue would be very difficult, if not impossible. The so-called "self-government" of peasants had already become a word without any real meaning, the authority of the landlord having been replaced by the authority of a horde of brutal officials (each village-commune being under no less than forty-one different authorities) who brought again to life the worst reminiscences of the reign of Nicholas I. The provincial "self-government," or *zemstvo*, had been converted into a simple additional branch of the St. Petersburg chancelleries for levying additional taxes, and was deprived of all means of doing anything for the welfare of the provinces. To quote one Conservative's opinion, M. Souvorin confesses in his *Almanack* for 1882 that "the meaning of all reforms was modified by subsequent Ministerial circulars," that "the *zemstvo* was being undermined in all directions," that "its requests were never taken into account," and that "it was only tolerated."<sup>1</sup> Public instruction was in the hands of Count Tolstoi—"the most despised man in Russia," say the Russian newspapers—whose whole system, briefly and accurately described, was to render superior, secondary, and primary education as inaccessible as possible, and to obstruct by all imaginable means the establishment of schools by private persons and by *zemstvos*. The reform of the Courts was proclaimed; the new Code of Criminal Procedure was, perhaps, the**

(1) The paper which contains these appreciations, entitled "The Statesmen of the Last Reign" (pp. 273—288 of the *Almanack*), was cut out by the Censorship, but a few copies of it are in circulation in St. Petersburg, and one of them has reached London.

The arbitrariness of the Executive had no limits. The g  
provinces were all-powerful. They simply robbed peasant  
lands; they prevented the few well-intentioned men  
remained in the *zemstvos* from doing anything useful;  
induce the Ministry of Interior to deport to Siberia men of  
low social standing, to "more or less remote provinces of the  
Empire," under the mere pretext that they were "dangerous  
persons."<sup>1</sup>

The worst was that there remained no hope of improvement  
Alexander II. was alive. He was completely in the hands of the  
Reactionary Party. Eternally haunted by the fear of a revolution  
which was cleverly worked on by his advisers, he had  
renounced Liberalism and reforms. Several reforms, at the  
beginning of his reign, received the shape of law; but a few  
or weeks later he yielded to the influence of Count Shchegolev  
General Trepoff, and by one stroke of his pen he destroyed

(1) I am aware that these statements will be considered by many of  
one-sided, if not untrue. But to these I shall merely recommend the pub-  
lications published in Russia itself, either by the Government or by men who  
to do with revolution or with Nihilism (especially during the Dictatorship  
Loris Melikoff, when a little liberty was given to the press). Prof.  
statistical work on the economical conditions of peasantry (analyzed in  
*Review*, April, 1881, and perfectly true with regard to the facts, whatever  
visions drawn out of them by the author), and the "Works" of Count Va-  
Commission, will give an adequate idea of the steady impoverishment of  
of how they are ruined by taxes. The stenographic reports of the  
Senate of MM. Tokareff and Loshkareff, both members of the Council of  
of the Interior, convicted of having illegally deprived peasants of their  
afterwards flogged them to death for refusing to pay rents arbitrarily  
them for the land they were robbed of, as well as the information published  
daily papers with regard to the wholesale robbery of peasant lands.

good which might have been expected from the new law. The most necessary reforms, as, for instance, that of the taxation, were refused, notwithstanding the unanimous representations of the *zemstros*, under the pretext that they would imply an appeal to the nation for the control of State expenses. In Western Europe, when the Reactionary Party takes the upper hand, there is always the hope that in a few years the country, having become enlightened, will refuse to submit to its guidance. But nothing of the kind was to be expected in Russia. We have not a Liberal *Party*, for anything like political action in common is considered conspiracy, and that is a peril that Russian Liberals were not, and are not until now, bold enough to risk. Most of them preferred to take the various opportunities of money-making that were offered by the rapid development of trade and manufactures in Russia during the last twenty years. They tried their fortunes as speculators in stocks, railways, and banks, or as lawyers. A new generation of men, absorbed exclusively by their own mercantile interests, which the Russian satirist, M. Schedrin, has so perfectly well described under the name of "Heroes of Tashkent," replaced the sincere Liberals of 1861. What, in such an atmosphere as this, was left for the young men and women who were inspired by an earnest wish to work for the improvement of their country?

The whole period from 1861 to 1870 was characterized by a series of attempts to achieve this end in every way that was lawful. Public education, attempts at co-operation, public service as Justices of Peace or in the new courts, medical work in villages, public service in the peasants' "self-government," all were tried; and in every case the conclusion was forced that nothing could be done while the form of government remained unchanged. A Crown prosecutor, that is, an official of high and independent position, M. Silvansky, published a few years ago a narrative of his own experience—an awful story of the struggle in which he engaged for defending his right not to be compelled to act against his conscience. The same story is true of many of those who afterwards became revolutionists. Ossinsky and Kviatkovsky (hung in 1880), ere they joined the Revolutionary Party, served in the *zemstro*; Voinarsky was a Justice of the Peace; Kravtchinsky, Doubrovine, Schishko, Soukhanoff, Emelianoff, were officers; Weimar was a distinguished surgeon; and the present writer was for several years a public official naively believing in the good intentions of his Government. And how many of us have left the scientific career, after opening our eyes to the fact that nothing could be done in this way for the welfare of the people! Nay, nearly all those who have taken an active part in the revolutionary agitation, before joining the Revolutionary Party, have tried to work in peaceful and law-abiding ways. "When



the history of the last fifteen years becomes possible," said, a few months ago, Professor Stasulevitch in the *Herald of Europe*, "it was to show a long series of individual efforts which have all broken again insuperable obstacles, which have been killed in their germs, deadened by the steady and abiding pressure of a heavy, a suffocating atmosphere. The brutal arbitrariness of the subordinate agents of the Government, together with the suspicious fears of their superiors, poisoned even residence in a village or provincial town, and made it downright impossible."

Many—very many, indeed—have found an issue. They have retired from public life, and, folding their hands, they have waited themselves to wait for "some improvement," without troubling themselves how and whence it might come. But theirs were not the feelings which inspired the majority of our young men and women. The doctrine, "Everybody for himself, and God for all," they found little favour among them. There are periods when whole generations are penetrated with the noblest feelings of altruism and self-sacrifice; when life becomes utterly impossible—morally and physically impossible—for the man (or woman) who feels that he is not doing his duty; and so it was with young Russia. It undertook the enormous task of awakening society from its deadly sleep and of diffusing among the masses the principles of freedom and Socialism, no matter what terrible sacrifices the effort might entail upon it.

The circles originated at that epoch proceeded with the utmost caution. They began by founding societies for mutual instruction and the education and development of character. Together with their scientific studies, they pursued the mutual development of self-sacrifice, of an unlimited devotion to the cause of the people, and of such qualities as are necessary for a successful action in common—sincerity, perfect morality, and no eagerness for personal pre-eminence. Numerical strength was considered as far less important than the moral qualities of members; and this carefulness in selection explains the universal equality of members, the unanimity in the circles, and the good faith by which these circles are distinguished. It is obvious that women have taken an important part in all recent Russian revolutionary action, and that they were always the firmest and most devoted members of Russian secret organizations. A special study should one day be written of their share in the movement. Here it must suffice to say that the guiding principles of the Russian revolutionary movement—that is, the welfare of the masses and the need of an absolute self-sacrifice in those who pursue the end, the perfect equality of men and women in the circles, and the thorough respect towards women with which the relations with them were imbued—have persuaded the noblest women of young

Russia heart and soul to devote themselves to the revolutionary cause.

Education being considered a most important item in the programme, the circles which afterwards became the most important (in Russia they are usually called "circles of Tchaykovsky") began their work by helping the education of young men. They bought directly from publishers whole editions of certain books, and distributed them either gratuitously or at cost price. The books thus circulated were all published in Russia, and all authorized by censorship. They were the works of Flerovsky and Scheller, on the situation of the working classes in Russia and Europe; those of Tchernyshevsky, Dobroluboff, Lassalle, Marx, J. S. Mill, and so forth. In this way, the circles established wide and deep relations in the provinces. But the Government counted these proceedings criminal. Arrests were made, publishers suspected of doing business with the propagandists were ruined, and the censorship prohibited and completely stopped the sale of all such books. This peaceful undertaking had thus to be abandoned and recourse to be had to other means.

The three foregoing groups of secret societies, viz. those of Tchernyshevsky, of Ishoutin, and of Netchaieff, already had understood that the chief aim of any political party in Russia ought to be to get into close relations with the great mass of the people. Their attempts had failed. But the idea remained, and about the end of 1873 the attempts to form closer relations with working people were renewed in several parts of Russia by men sufficiently prepared for that difficult task. They were successful, and by-and-by begins this remarkable movement, the watchword of which was *V narod!* ("Be the People!"), and which has imparted to the Socialistic movement in Russia those peculiar features that mark it as radically different from all that has been known in Western Europe. Hundreds and thousands of young men and women break with all their past—with rank, education, family, customs—and inspired by the watchword *V narod!* go forth as artisans to artisans, as peasants to peasants, to live the life of the poorest, to work side by side with them, to feel in their own persons their misery and suffering, and to teach them, to help them, to give them courage and strength, to awaken them from their apathy, and to bring them to a better understanding of their place in society and their duty towards themselves and their neighbours.

All former attempts from above to wrest concessions from our absolute Government had failed because of the inertia of the masses. On the other hand, the popular movements of other times have failed likewise, as the people were unorganized and had no definite political idea. It was only natural, therefore, to seek to establish

an intimate connection between the two movements, that from above and that from below, and to achieve a fusion between the several elements concerned. To awaken the conscience of the people, and to help them to express their wants, seemed the party's first duty. Further, the ambition of the party being the improvement of the condition of the poor and oppressed—which is so bad in Russia that Western Europe cannot even imagine the like of it—it was quite natural that the propagandist should live with the poorest and the most cruelly oppressed, and there endeavour to increase the knowledge, to awake the sentiment of self-respect, and teach the hope for a better state of things. But nowhere in the West is the chasm between the upper and lower classes so wide as in Russia. They are two different worlds, ruled by different laws (written law and common law); with different conceptions of property (Roman law and communistic customs of Indo-Germanic races), of the State (Byzantine law and Slavonic communalistic and federative principles), of self-government, of taxes, of commercial relations, of marriage, of inheritance. That being the case, was it not necessary to begin by knowing the peasant, his ideals, his conceptions, and his wishes, and not by imposing on him schemes elaborated on purely theoretic bases? Until of late, however, the Russian peasant has always regarded the man who wears broadcloth, and neither ploughs nor hews, neither hammers nor digs, side by side with him, as an enemy. We wanted faith and love from him; and to obtain them it was necessary to live their life. It was hard, of course. The peasant feeds on rye-bread and water,—when he is lucky enough to have rye-bread, which he often lacks; his home is a miserable hovel; the vile official can beat and ill-use him with impunity. The workman labours fourteen and sixteen hours a day at the factory, earning but twelve to twenty shillings a month; he dwells, with twelve or fifteen of his kind, both male and female, in a single room. It was hard to live a life of this sort; but hundreds of the party did live it, for all that. Young men left their class-rooms, their regiments, and their desks, learned the smith's trade, or the cobbler's, or the ploughman's, and went out to work and to teach among the villages. High-born and wealthy ladies betook themselves to the factories, worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day at the machine, slept in dog-holes with peasants, went bare-foot, as our working women go, bringing water from the river for the house. Vulgar souls may sneer at this; but fifty years hence the women of Russia will animate and inspire their children with the story of these lives.

The ideal of the circles was mainly Socialistic. But, although it was staunchly and ardently upheld, the majority were of the opinion that a preconceived ideal was premature while the mass of the people had had no opportunity of expressing its wishes. Our final aim was

the same as that of the Socialists of Western Europe, and a few of us warmly advocated the achievement of a violent Social revolution. But the great bulk of the party were decidedly opposed to strong measures, and shrank from the possibility of a peasants' uprising. Later on, when it became obvious that Government would not permit even a peaceful propaganda, the idea of a general revolution gained ground. But it is certain that, could it have developed freely from the outset, the development of this party would have been pacific, as has been the development of the Socialistic party in Western Europe, or of the Peasants' Party in Norway. But the Government thought fit to make this impossible.

At this time the Reactionary Party had no more moral force in Russia. Its influence depended mainly upon the support it received from the Emperor, and this support might fail it any day. To maintain itself in power it was compelled to play on the Emperor's terror of revolution, and to keep him persuaded that his life and his dynasty were in danger. But in reality the life of the Tsar was never safer than then. The party was quite opposed to any idea of violence, and I can say now that when one young man came to St. Petersburg from a remote province with the firm resolution of making an attempt against the Tsar, the Socialists used all their might to prevent him from achieving his object. Crowded gaols and incessant prosecutions, however, were necessary to the Reactionary Party to maintain its influence at the Court; and 1874, 1875, and 1876 were years of domiciliary search and arrest by wholesale. According to official figures, more than a thousand persons were arrested in connection with the "Trial of the Hundred-and-Ninety-Three," not to speak about those arrested in connection with another dozen of trials; and the majority of the arrested passed three and four years in prison before they were tried—three years of cellular detention in the damp casemate of the fortress of St. Peter and Paul, or in the cells of other prisons, without ever speaking a human sentence, without paper, without news from kinsfolk, with nothing but the few books of the prison library, read over and over again in the twilight of the blinded windows.<sup>1</sup> Of some three hundred men and women who were kept thus for several years, eleven died of consumption and scurvy, four cut their throats with broken glass, many attempted suicide, and nine went mad. To prove the general quality of the charges, it may be added that of the Hundred-and-Ninety-three, ninety were positively acquitted, as there were no charges against them, and this by a court so bent upon severity that it condemned all those who were considered as most active in the propaganda to

(1) I was the only one to whom paper and ink were allowed in the fortress until sunset daily. This was at the special request of the Geographical Society, as I was finishing for it a book on the Glacial Period.

seven, nine, and twelve years of hard labour, with loss of civil rights and transportation for life to Siberia. In other trials of the same epoch the sentences were so harsh that women were condemned to nine years' hard labour for having given a single Socialistic pamphlet to a workman. I hardly need add that nearly all acquitted were immediately exiled "to less remote provinces" of Russia—such as the peninsula of Kola or Northern Ural; and that they are there until now, literally starving in hamlets where no skilled labour is wanted, receiving only five shillings per month from the Government.

The proceedings of the Government in the prosecution it started with against our party are so extravagant, and so little known in England, that the thick volume which would be necessary to tell them in would probably be a popular book. The treatment in central prisons—where prisoners remain year after year without any occupation in their cells—is so bad that, according to the public statement of the priest of one of these prisons, the mortality one year exceeded twenty per cent. The famine-insurrections in the Kharkoff prison and in the St. Petersburg fortress; the employment of Administrative banishment (without trying the exiles) on such a scale that there is hardly a hamlet in the north of Russia and Siberia, from Kola to Nijne-Kolymsk, that has not its exiles;<sup>1</sup> such sentences as that imposed on Miss Goukovskaya, who was but fourteen years old at the moment of her "crime" (exciting the crowd to deliver Kovaloky), and was condemned for life to exile to Siberia, where she drowned herself in the Yenissei; the practice of imprisoning by wholesale on simple denunciations of paid spies, who can prove themselves useful only by denouncing somebody; all this ought to be told with all the awful details, but in the present article I can only refer to these facts. The reader may judge for himself what a part they have played in the ulterior development of the party.

The typical case is that of Vera Zassoulitch. Everybody knows now what had brought her to attack the Chief of the St. Petersburg Police, General Trepoff. What she wished to do was simply to direct the attention of public opinion in Russia in Europe on what is done in Russian prisons; to make known how Bogoluboff, one of the prisoners of the House of Detention (a prison for those who wait trial), was outrageously and cruelly flogged in the prison

(1) As to Administrative exile I cannot do better than quote the following words of E. A. Shakeeff, pronounced at the sitting of the Assembly of the St. Petersburg nobility on March 1, 1881. He said:—"Often for a simple acquaintance, or for being relation of a compromised person, for belonging to a school which was dialiked by Administration, for an imprudent expression used in a letter, or for a photography, young men were sent to exile. The *Courts Herald* formerly published the number thus exiled on a simple order of Administration, and this number varied from 250 to 2,500 per year; but if we take into account the number of exiled by the Executive during these last years—a number which we can only suppose—this exile will appear as a hecatomb of human beings." (*Golos*, March 3, 1881.)

for not having greeted the almighty Chief of the St. Petersburg Police, and how all other political prisoners who protested with cries and groans against the punishment executed at the very doors of their cells, were beaten and kicked by dozens of policemen ordered for that purpose by General Trepoff. The fact that she could bring these proceedings to public knowledge only by pistolling the powerful general, is of itself enough to exemplify the situation in which the party was placed. The Bogoluboff affair was common talk in St. Petersburg, but not a single journal dared say a word of it. And when we told and published the story in pamphlet form, and sent it to the more important European papers, expecting that, not interested in concealing the truth, they would publish the whole evil business, not one of them took any notice of the communication. Then it was that Vera Zassoulitch took a revolver, and, without saying a word of her purpose to any one, did what we know. "I did so because I saw that it was otherwise impossible to bring the fact to the knowledge of the public," she said before the court; and she added: "I was very glad to learn that Trepoff was not killed, as it was not my intention." So announced itself in Russia the first act of "Terrorism." Public opinion, in the persons of the jury, acquitted Zassoulitch; but it is known that the Government ordered her re-arrest at the very doors of the court, and re-arrested she would have been if the crowd had not rescued her.

In the development of the movement, the case of Vera Zassoulitch was decisive. Ever since, Russian revolutionists, seeing that they are outlaws whom nobody defends, have taken to defending themselves. The first result of this recognition and the necessities entailed thereby was to protect themselves against spies who delivered men to a sure death in prisons and in Siberia merely to earn a little money; and the second was to defend the homes from the raids of the secret police. I say "raids," for no milder expression can be applied to the descents of the secret police in Russia. At two or three in the morning the door-bell is rung, and no sooner is it answered than a dozen officers, soldiers, and porters swarm into the rooms. The women are ordered out of bed and made to dress before a gendarme; if they protest, they are dragged out bodily. If they happen to be dressed, they are made to undress before the raiders, or they are undressed by them, and searched for papers and letters. The children are moved from their beds; the beds themselves are examined, and so forth. I speak with full knowledge of the facts, and not on mere hearsay, as every one of my relations who has a weakness for liberal opinions has been subjected to one or more such experiences. One was bold enough to tell the raiders what he thought of them. He was arrested there, and lay five months in gaol. Thence he was sent straight to a miserable hamlet in Eastern Siberia. His exile began

in May, 1875; it is not ended yet. Is it necessary to add the scores and scores of like cases could be produced?

It was quite natural, I think, to reason in some such terms as these:—"In other countries men have courage enough to defend their homes. An Englishman or an American would not permit such proceedings; and why should we? Let us have, at least, as much courage as this. Of course, we shall sacrifice ourselves; but we will try to make such misdeeds impossible." This argument was put into practice at Odessa by Kovalsky and his friends, and afterwards by others at Kieff and St. Petersburg. How the Government answered this new manifestation of the party is matter of history. It proclaimed the state of siege and began to hang revolutionists by scores.

It is obvious that the movement has ever since been growing more and more militant and aggressive. The watchword becomes self-defence against the spies who denounce; against the officials who hang (even boys of nineteen, and on simple suspicion); against governors of provinces who cruelly ill-use the prisoners; against those who induce the Tsar to double the severity of sentences pronounced in his courts. The secret organ of the party developed the idea, and the new tactics were approved even by moderate Liberals. Even those who repudiate the principle of attack, the policy of offence, as they call it, approve the policy of defence. It may seem strange in this country; but to one familiar with police-raids, arrests on suspicion, and official brutality; to one who knows what a military court, with its ready-made verdicts, really is; to one made desperate by stories of women going mad after outrages of the police, or tramping for three months through ice and snow on the march to Nijne-Kolymsk (now the prison of Tchernyshevsky, the well-known Russian economist and critic); to one knowing what is sojourning in Northern Siberia in the huts of aborigines, poisoned by the most disgusting diseases; to one who has witnessed the doings of an army of spies; to one, in a word, who has lived the life that we Russians have to live, it is not strange at all.

I cannot linger more on this phase of the movement. It must suffice to say that "Nihilists" killed five spies and three officials, and that, in return, seventeen young men were hanged. But it is worth notice that until 1879 the person of the Tsar remained inviolable. It was only when the reign of the "White Terror" was established that the idea of attacking absolutism in the person of the Tsar became popular among the Revolutionary Party, and grew by-and-by to a conviction. The various incidents which characterize this third phase of the movement are common property; the daily press in all countries has made much of them. Therefore I shall say

nothing of them, but endeavour to elucidate the far less known tendencies, aims, and prospects of the party.

The popular notion is, that Russian Nihilists do not themselves know what they are fighting for. "They have never said what they want," is the cry, the cuckoo-cry, of the press; and the current opinion was summed up in the caricature which showed two dreadful "Nihilists," laden with dynamite, meditating among heaps of ruins. "Is there anything left?" asks one of them. "The great globe itself? Well, more dynamite, and spring it!" But a few quotations from the publications of the Executive Committee will show how far removed from true the conception is.

It must clearly be understood, of course, that the party of the Executive, or the Terrorist Party Committee, whose organ is the *Will of the People*, does not represent all aspirations of all Russian revolutionists. There is, besides, the party of the *Tchorniy Peredel* ("Black Partition"), which is known also as the *Narodniki*, or People's Party, and which differs from the former by its giving more importance to the Socialistic propaganda in villages and to the economical struggle, and intending rather to institute an organization like the Irish Land League before taking a direct part in the struggle against Government. This party, however, though it has many sympathizers among the youth of Russia, has no strong organization, and is not to be compared for energy and daring activity with the *Will of the People* section. Again, there are the Little-Russian, or Ukrainian groups, as well as several other groups which advocate the liberation and federation of all Little-Russian speaking provinces of Russia and Austria (Eastern Galicia), as well as the independence of all major ethnographical subdivisions of the Russian Empire, or represent the principles of Federated Socialistic Communes. Up to the present time their impulse has been inconsiderable, and their action of little moment; but in no great while, I think, the principles of Federalism advocated by them will become a factor of great and lasting importance in the Russian and Slavonic problem. For the moment, though, they have had but little influence on the course of events. The *Will of the People* Party is thus the strongest and most influential of all Russian revolutionary organizations, and it has done almost all the fighting that has been done during the last five years; it is therefore to its aspirations and aims that we must give the chief attention. The secret organ of the party, in its first number, exposed its tendencies as follows:—

"A party which looks forward to a practical future must, before all, have a clear conception of life. The loftiest ideal is not useless only, but dangerous, if it is incapable of actual realization and diverts the forces from the pursuit of less grand, but realizable ameliorations.—A party of action must aim at the production of definite, tangible, and immediately useful effects, and to that end it must choose such means alone as are immediately applicable to existing cir-



circumstances. For the moment, the most important practical question is that of the form of government. The Anarchist doctrines have too commonly diverted our attention therefrom; but for Russia it is of the greatest importance. We have no body of representatives chosen from the governing classes, as is the case in Europe. Our Government is but a potent, independent organization, existing for itself alone,—a compact and well-disciplined hierarchy which keeps the people in a state of economical and political slavery, and would keep it so, even had we no exploiting classes at all.”——“While engaged on the attainment of this object, we shall acquire a certain influence on the coming revolution; and although we should not achieve the complete emancipation of the people, at least we shall have established the fact of its sovereignty; we shall have given it a voice in the government; we shall have assured its friends the right of existence; and to serve the nation will no longer be a crime.”

In another number of the same periodical the Executive Committee goes on to foreshadow its course of action in the event of this consummation being achieved:—

“As to ourselves,” it says, “we are popular Socialists. We hold that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the economical welfare of all, and true Progress can be established only on a Socialistic basis. And we hold that all forms of Society must receive their sanction from the will of the people, and that the development of the nation will only be assured when the people’s conscience and the people’s will shall become the common law of life.” . . . . “As popular Socialists, therefore, our first ambition must be: (1) To relieve the people of the burden of the present Government, and to bring about a political revolution which shall give power to the people. . . . (2) We believe that the people’s will might be adequately expressed by an *Assemblée Constituante* composed of delegates elected by universal suffrage, and receiving instructions from their electors. Such Assembly is not, of course, an ideal representation of the popular will, but it is the only one possible in our time; and, therefore, we think it necessary to advocate its convocation.” . . . . “Whilst ready absolutely to obey the national will, thus expressed, we shall nevertheless, as a party, submit our own programme to the consideration of the nation. This we shall preach before the revolution, and we shall advocate its adoption at the elections and before the Assembly. It is:—(1) The permanent representation of the people on the principles already formulated (universal suffrage and complete freedom of elections), and its sovereignty in all State affairs. (2) A large self-government for the provinces, guaranteed by the application of election to the appointment of all officials, by the autonomy of rural communes, and by the economical independence of the people. (3) The autonomy of the rural Assembly (*Mir*) as an economical and administrative unity. (4) The right of the people to the land (nationalisation of land). (5) The introduction of a system of measures tending towards the transfer of manufactures to the working classes. (6) Absolute liberty of religion, of thought, of association, of meeting, and of electoral agitation. (7) Universal suffrage. (8) The substitution for the standing army of a system of territorial defence.” (*Narodnaya Volya*, No. 3, January 1, 1880.)

It is seen from these quotations that, whilst boldly advocating as political reform, the Executive Committee is very cautious as to social reforms, and submits them completely to the will of a freely elected Constituent Assembly. The political change is considered thus as a first step, and the economical change as a second step which may follow the former after a certain period of time. This point of

view is still better set forth in a recent number of the secret organ of the Executive Committee.

"It cannot be too clearly understood," the Executive Committee says, "that it is impossible to apply to Russian parties such names as are in vogue in Western Europe—as 'Political Radicals,' 'Socialists,' and so forth. In our programme are included the elements of both political radicalism and of socialism, intimately connected one with another . . . The sovereignty of the people is everywhere a necessary thing. But in Europe it already exists, if not in so complete a form as might be desired, but to such an extent, at least, that *de facto* it is only for economical causes that the people is unable to make a complete use of its political rights. Economical independence is therefore the question of the day in Western Europe; and the social question appears there chiefly under an economical aspect. But in Russia, things are otherwise. For us, the solution of the political question is as important as the solution of the economical question . . . Not only do we consider the achievement of a political change to be our first duty; we also affirm that a party which does not understand the necessity of such a change would not be capable of effecting any practical improvements. Our first need is to break the chains of slavery which bind the hands of the people, to the end that it may become its own master, at least as regards the main conditions of life. Unless we do this, we shall have, in our economical spheres, not Owens, but Araktcheeffs. Of course, we do not think that political liberty can be consolidated without economical independence. But in any case, this last could only be a second step, closely following on the first, but utterly impossible while the present form of government remains unchanged." (*Narodnaya Volya*, No. 7, January, 1882.)

The tendencies of the Terrorist Party are still better laid down in the letter of the Executive Committee to the Tsar Alexander III., published a few days after his accession to the throne. It gives a complete idea of the practical programme of the Executive Committee, and I may add that if its voice had only been heard *at that time*, many sections of the Russian Revolutionary Party would have joined the Executive Committee in its promises to work for the peaceful development of the political institutions of Russia. After discussing the situation generally, and proving that the revolutionary agitation, far from being the result of the ill-will of a few, is a natural effect of general causes, the Executive Committee says:—

"To this situation there are but two issues: either revolution which cannot be put back by executions, or appeal from the Emperor to the nation. In the interests of our country, to avoid the useless waste of strength and the dreadful calamities inseparable from revolution, the Executive Committee advises YOUR MAJESTY to choose the second. Be sure that as soon as the Supreme Power shall cease from being despotic; as soon as it shall take a firm resolution to accomplish the wishes of the conscience of the people, You may safely dismiss the spies—the shame of Government—send your escorts quietly to the barracks, and burn the gallows. The Executive Committee itself will stop its task, and the forces organized about it will scatter for peaceful civilising work throughout the country. Peaceful discussion will take the place of brute force, the use of which is even more hateful to us than to Your officials, and is only resorted to by us out of a miserable necessity.

"We address ourselves directly to YOU, putting aside prejudices that are the growth of centuries. We forget that You are the representative of that power which has so long deceived and wronged the people. We speak to you

as a citizen and an honest man. We hope that no feeling of personal anger will stifle in You the sentiment of moral obligations and the desire to know the truth. We, too, have the right of being angry. You have lost your father. We have lost, not our fathers only, but our brothers, our wives, our children, and our best friends. But we will not take our personal feelings into account, if it is necessary for the welfare of our country. And we expect the same from You.

"We are not imposing conditions on you. Do not, we pray, be shocked by our proposals. The conditions which must be fulfilled to put an end to the revolutionary agitation, and make peaceful development possible, are not of our dictating. We do not impose conditions; we only remember them.

"These conditions we see to be two:

"(1) A general amnesty for all past political crimes, inasmuch as they were not crimes, but performance of civil duties.

"(2) The convocation of delegates representing the whole Russian people, for the revision of all fundamental laws in conformity with the people's will."

The Executive Committee adds that a national sanction of the Supreme Power will be valid only if the elections are free; which cannot be realised unless they are brought about by means of universal suffrage, and accompanied by absolute liberty of the press, by freedom of speech and meeting, and of electoral programmes.

"By no other means," it says, "can a process of natural and peaceful development be initiated. We solemnly declare before our country and the world that our party will unconditionally submit to the conditions of a national assembly thus elected, and will never allow itself unlawfully to oppose a Government thereby sanctioned."

Such were, one year ago, the aims and tendencies of the "Terrorists," supported by many Russian revolutionary organizations, and, in fact, by the majority of the educated men of wealthy classes, with the exception of the reactionaries, represented by the *Moscow Gazette* of Mr. Katkoff. If a National Assembly had been convoked in the above-said conditions, the representatives of the peasantry, who constitute ninety per cent. of our population, would form an influential part of it. And to every one who knows the Russian peasant, with his eminently practical mind and with his many centuries' experience of the difficult questions that are debated before the assemblies of the rural communes—it is obvious that, were the elections fair, and were the autonomistic and federalistic tendencies of the great natural subdivisions of the Russian Empire to have free play, such peasant delegates would be elected as, for practical ability and business qualities, would put most lawyers and newspaper men to shame. The hope that the new Tsar would understand that, and make the concessions asked, was maintained until the last. But there is now no room for doubt that Alexander III. has chosen the other way, and has elected to stake the existence of the principle of hereditary absolutism on the governmental capacities of the same party whose counsels have provoked the desperate struggle now going on in Russia, and prepared the violent death of his father.

One year ago there was an easy way of escape from the difficulty. But now the difficulty is intensified by the intervention of a new and important element. During the first ten years after the Emancipation the peasants have remained quiet. But the famines of the two last years have fully revealed to them their miserable fate, and they have begun to protest once more. The outbreaks against Jews in the south-west, and against the Russian *bourgeoisie* in the south-east, as well as the incendiarism and "no-rent" movement in the central provinces, are but a foreshadowing of far more intense movements which are growing in the villages. The people already talk of the general partition of land, of "the great war and bloodshed" which are to begin some time in the spring. Until now the Revolutionary Party has scarcely applied its forces at all to a serious agrarian agitation; but it is easy to foresee the quality and momentum of forces that will rise ready to their hands among the peasantry, if Russian revolutionists should only apply to agrarian agitation the determination and the capacities of organization they have shown in their struggle against Government; and this will be done—the *Will of the People* says—if the necessary improvements cannot be obtained otherwise. Of course there are plenty among the Tsar's advisers to hint that, the whole agitation being the work of a few men, nothing would be easier than to hang and to banish it into nothingness. But the fact is that the Revolutionary Party cannot be hanged out of existence. Its ramifications are too wide and too deep; its objects are too popular; it has everywhere too many sympathizers ever to be in want of men ready to fill up the thinned ranks of the active group. Men may change, but the idea will remain. The party has been too steadily and bitterly prosecuted not to attract in shoals the most devoted, the most self-denying, and the most intelligent of the young men and women of the generation. It will not be destroyed until it has fulfilled its historical mission; and even the men in power understand this so perfectly well that they are ready to expose Russia to all the perils of a desperate war in order to maintain for a few years more the Absolutism which they cherish for base personal and egotistic reasons.

P. KROPOTKIN.

## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE month has been singularly devoid of political interest. It opened on the morrow of a decisive ministerial victory. The principle of the closure, after a prolonged debate, extending over five nights, was accepted by the House of Commons by a majority of 399. The general body of Liberals voted with the Government with few exceptions. Mr. Cowen, Mr. Walter, and Sir Edward Watkin can hardly be classed among the regular supporters of the Ministry. The only other malcontents who voted against them were Mr. Marriott and Mr. P. A. Taylor. The division merely accepted the closure in principle; the details of its application have still to be settled by the House. Thirty-nine amendments have been placed on the paper to a rule occupying only eleven lines of print, but as yet, owing to the Budget and the exigencies of Supply, no further progress has been made with the New Rules. Ministers have announced morning sittings for Tuesday, but Whitsuntide will not see the First Rule added to the Standing Orders, unless much more vigorous measures are adopted to secure the exclusion of other business until the question of procedure is disposed of. In other legislation no progress whatever has been made.

Before Parliament rose for the Easter recess, Mr. Gladstone referred to the state of Ireland in terms which almost bordered upon despair. He reminded the House that the Government was faced with a social revolution in Ireland; a revolution which defied the remedies usually employed with success against political disaffection; and although he expressed confidence in the ultimate result of the operations of the Land Act, the tone of his speech was by no means calculated to encourage hopeful views as to the speedy settlement of the Irish difficulty. His speech sounded the keynote of the debates of the recess. These debates were confined almost exclusively to the press. On the platform the Conservatives were allowed to have everything their own way. Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Richard Cross and Mr. Gibson, Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Lowther, had the field to themselves. With the exception of the last-named speaker, their discourses were comparatively restrained. The gravity of the crisis sobered even Lord Salisbury, and for the first time the Conservative chiefs have ventured to propound a policy for Ireland. That policy, foreshadowed in Mr. W. H. Smith's proposal to facilitate the operation of the Purchase Clauses, was formally adopted by the leaders of the Opposition.

during the recess. On the subject of Coercion Lord Salisbury was reserved. "I am not pressing," he said, "for an increase or decrease of Coercion." He only insisted that "by whatever means this system of murder shall be arrested." Others were less prudent. Mr. Lowther promised to support the abolition of trial by jury in agrarian cases. Mr. Gibson suggested nothing more than the imposition of a fine on localities where outrages occurred. While the Opposition leaders propounded alternative policies from the platform, the Ministerialists preserved a profound silence, broken only by vehement polemics in the press. Mr. Charles Russell published in a timely pamphlet a vigorous and searching impeachment of the system of administration in Ireland, but the chief topic of discussion during the recess was the suggestion that it would be wise to take a new departure in Ireland, to adopt a fresh policy, and intrust its execution to a new Chief Secretary. The country at large, not realising the imminent necessity for deciding for or against the renewal of the Coercion Act, which expires in September, was somewhat taken by surprise, but there is no reason to believe that Ministers were unprepared for the consideration of the question. Even the *Conservative Quarterly Review* ridiculed the policy of keeping "suspects by the cart-load" untried in gaol, and the repeated recurrence of murder in Ireland emphasized the necessity for the adoption of a new policy on the expiry of the Coercion Act.

In the middle of the discussion a momentary sensation was produced by the unexpected release of Mr. Parnell. As a matter of fact, the leader of the Irish party was released on parole in order to attend the funeral of a relative, but the news of his release was at first unaccompanied by any explanation of its circumstances. Immediate preparations were being made for demonstrations of delight in every part of Ireland, when the explanation of his temporary deliverance dashed the rising joy. But the few hours which elapsed before the truth was known sufficed to show that, while Ireland would welcome the release of the suspects with enthusiasm, England and Scotland were, to say the least, by no means anxious to press the Government to let the prisoners go free. The Conservatives, who had been expressing their horror at the imprisonment of untried men, wheeled round the moment the Government seemed to contemplate their release, and few of the Liberals showed any disposition to urge the Government to persevere in the new path. When Parliament reassembled members came back from their holidays in no cheerful mood. An uneasy consciousness of failure oppressed the Liberals, while the Conservatives had already discovered that the difficulties attending their alternative policy were nearly insuperable. Mr. Forster's reappearance in the House was the signal for an outburst of dissatisfaction, which testified how

deep was the feeling of impatience excited by the situation in Ireland. An inspector of constabulary had issued a foolish circular to the police guardians of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, directing to shoot down any one whom they suspected of a design on the life of that unpopular but zealous magistrate. If they obeyed instructions he would accept all responsibility for their act. Mr. Forster knew nothing about it, although it had been issued for weeks, and his admission led to a fierce attack on the Irish administration for which hardly a single apology was tendered. It was an inauspicious beginning. Mr. Forster, wearied and worn with the cares of a most uncongenial office, the duties of which he has conscientiously and laboriously endeavoured to discharge, would do well to seek a haven of repose, while a new man devotes himself to the arduous task of the pacification of Ireland.

The American Government is pressing somewhat impatiently for the release or trial of the imprisoned suspects in Kilmainham, being impelled thereto by pressure from behind applied by Democrats and a section of the Republicans who are bidding eagerly for the Irish vote. In Ireland more rent is being paid—as much, it is said, on an average as in England—but outrages of the worst kind increase and multiply. Evictions for arrears continue, and in the first quarter of this year, 3,892 persons were turned out of house and home, exclusive of those who were readmitted as care-takers. The Catholic priests of the dioceses of Cashel and Emly have declared there can be no peace for Ireland until evictions for arrears are stayed, and the suspects are released. It will be odd, indeed, but by no means impossible, that the House of Lords may again have an opportunity of rendering the Government of Ireland impossible by treating a measure staying evictions, as they treated the Compensation for Disturbance Bill in 1880.

There is not much that calls for notice abroad. The French Chamber have adjourned for the month. The air is full of angry polemics about the new Education Act, concerning which M. Ferry has made a conciliatory speech; but opportunity has not yet been afforded us of seeing how far the clerical party can command the support of the electors. M. Gambetta's effacement continues, and the De Freycinet Cabinet seems to have strengthened its position in the country, both by what it has done and what it has abstained from doing. In Algeria the notorious Bou Amema has been overtaken by a French column and severely defeated. His escape, however, renders it impossible to speak as yet of the pacification of Southern Algeria. Affairs in Tunis remain *in statu quo*. The Italians, who refuse to recognise the Bardo Treaty, have nevertheless succeeded in commemorating the sixth hundredth anniversary of the Sicilian vespers at Palermo without exciting ill-feeling in France—a rather

notable achievement in its way. Austria continues to find occupation for 70,000 soldiers in the Herzegovina, although the insurrection has been stamped out for the twentieth time—in official telegrams; and as Mr. Evans was only released on the 23rd inst. the facts are unknown. It would seem, however, that superior force is telling, and that the armed resistance of the Crivoscians is being overcome.

In Egypt affairs are steadily going from bad to worse. A plot to assassinate Arabi Pasha, although it has attracted much attention, is of less importance than the steady drift of the Government of Egypt into collision with the International Courts. When that point is reached, intervention by a Turkish force with European mandate appears to be inevitable. It is a *pis aller*, but as such it seems to be accepted as inevitable by all the Powers.

The political lull occasioned by the Easter recess enables the contemporary chronicler to vary his usual retrospect by glancing at the social movement in the great Republics of our time, which although less noticed, is not less noteworthy than any of the political movements of the day. In England the subject is attracting little attention. With us trades unions have come to be as much a recognised institution of society as town councils or boards of guardians. Their leaders sit in Parliament, their delegates dine with the lord mayor. Labour, for a time contented, is urging no fresh claims, and capital, having learned to respect the strength of its co-partner, refrains from pressing demands calculated to provoke resistance. But although our workmen have attained most of the objects for which their fellows are contending elsewhere, apart from all sonorous phrases about the "solidarity of labour," there can be few more profitable subjects for study than the struggle which the wage-earning classes, that is to say the great mass of every community, is making to improve its position both in the Old World and the New.

In the United States this spring has witnessed a most remarkable and unexpected development of trades unionism. Trades unionism in that country almost died out except in isolated districts in the hard times which set in after 1873. Its decline began in 1869. In 1874 it was almost extinct. Its leaders were suspected of using their position for political and personal ends, and a series of bad years, when work was scarce and labour redundant, gave the unions a blow from which they have only recently begun to recover. With the revival of trade, the industrial classes recovered confidence. Wages did not rise much, but work was steadier. The labour market was quiet. The good harvests cheapened food and gave a stimulus to trade, which enabled the country to absorb without difficulty the constant and ever-increasing flood of immigrants. Last year, however, the excessive heat partially spoiled the harvest, with the result



among others, of producing a plentiful crop of strikes all over the Union. Last year the industrial classes—who by the way are both more numerous and more united than they were ten years ago—had begun to reorganize their forces and to feel their strength. The bad harvest affected them in two ways. It raised the price of their food and it diminished the demand for their labour. Confronted by a rise in rent and in the cost of living, which in New York is said to average 12 per cent. on the prices of last year, they were simultaneously threatened with a reduction of wages. No wonder that the ranks of the unions were filled and that a vigorous effort was made to preserve, at least, the *status quo*. Not content with standing on the defensive, a combined move was made for higher wages.

It is never a very hopeful undertaking to strike for increased wages in face of a falling market, but the unwisdom of the movement is of less importance than the fact of its existence. American unionists hold that so far, although they have not secured much increase of wages, they have prevented many reductions. The industrial movement has, however, gone far beyond a mere resistance to reductions. The American suffers many things from his employer from which the Englishman is protected by Act of Parliament. Each State has its own laws, and many of the States have omitted to legislate in favour of labour. Truck flourishes unchecked by legislation; the hours of labour are longer, and the supervision of factories, mines and workshops generally much more lax than in this country. The power of great capitalists and of still more influential companies has been too great to be overcome by the spasmodic exertions of isolated unions, and even when an Eight-hours Bill has been placed on the Statute Book it has been ignored with impunity. To enable labour to meet capital on equal footing, an American International has been founded, of which, under its somewhat fantastic title of the "Knights of Labour," a good deal is likely to be heard, even if it does not, as is contemplated, enrol 5,000,000 members in the next five years. The organization of the Knights of Labour was founded in 1870 by seven cutters of Philadelphia for the purpose of federating the trade societies of that city. Its central idea was the removal of trade and craft distinctions in order to unite all classes of workmen in defence of the common interests of their order. The organization is simple. Each trade society in a town or village can, if it is sufficiently numerous, form itself into a local assembly or lodge of the Knights of Labour, or it can unite with other local societies in order to form such an assembly. Each of these local assemblies sends delegates to the district assembly, which elects and controls the executive board. Local assemblies meet once a week, district assemblies once a month, or, if need be, once a fortnight. The grand

assembly meets once a year. Each local assembly devotes 20 per cent. of its net income to a resistance or strike fund, which is at the disposal of the executive board. Women are admitted to the organization as freely as men. Nor is it confined to the wage-earning class. All professional men but doctors and lawyers are freely admitted. Saloon keepers and bankers are excluded. At present the Knights of Labour boast of 2,000 branches scattered over the nation, and their number is daily increasing. Before entering into any industrial conflict the executive board propose arbitration to the employers, and in many cases they succeed in averting a strike. When, however, their mediation fails, they support the strikers with contributions drawn from every local assembly in the association. It is not only by subsidies from strike funds that they seek to defend the workman. Boycotting, the familiar weapon of the Land League, is employed with effect against the obnoxious employer. A Mr. Duryea, a starch manufacturer at Glencove, in New York, having been accused of despotic dealings with his workpeople, Local Assembly No. 1,562 asked the Grand Secretary of the Order to notify all assemblies in the United States not to trade with any store where Duryea's starch is sold." If the executive board complied with that request, every member of the two thousand local assemblies would be bound to Boycott every store which displayed Duryea's starch. This tremendous weapon, however, does not appear to be frequently brought into operation, nor would the executive committee be well advised to establish an industrial counterpart to the decree of excommunication which was the last resource of the Popes of Rome. The head-quarters of the Knights of Labour are at Pittsburg; their chief strength lies in the mining regions of Pennsylvania and in the Western States. In the East, owing to the prevalence of the truck system—such at least is the explanation of the secretary of the order—and the keen competition of French-Canadian labour, the Knights count but few members. The following is a summary of the leading points in their programme:—"The passage of a lien law, the abolition of the prison-contract system, the prohibition of the employment of children under fourteen years of age, compulsory education, the passage of an employer's liability law, cash payment of wages at the end of each week, reduction of the hours of labour, legislation for the preservation of the public lands, the use of greenback currency, anti-Chinese laws and a government bureau of labour statistics." They are also against National Banks. The programme is too wide, and includes much disputable matter, but it embodies most of the demands which the working-classes are everywhere pressing upon their employers.

Another remarkable social movement in America is that which,

under the title of the Anti-Monopoly League, has upwards of one hundred branch leagues in the State of New York alone. At present it may perhaps be regarded as nothing more than "a vague, despairing cry going up from all parts of the land" against the tyrannical power of the railway and telegraph companies and the autocrats who control them; but the Anti-Monopoly cry has a substance and a justification which cannot fail to make themselves felt in the future political development of the United States.

The social movement in France has been gradually attracting an increasing amount of attention ever since the year began. There have been strikes at Bessèges, St. Etienne, and Roanne, nor has the movement been confined to these centres. In the coal districts the object of the strike was an increase in wages; in the iron-works, a ten-hours' day; at Nantes, the right to insure against accident where they pleased; and at Roanne, the right of the workmen to have a voice in fixing the tariff by which they are paid, and the rules governing the factory in which they work. In most cases the result of the strike has not resulted favourably for the men. In the colliery districts the strikers threatened to use violence, the military were called in and the leaders of the strike arrested. Over-production in the iron trade with a glut of stock, enabled the ironmasters to view with composure the strike of their workmen. The question as to insurance was settled by a compromise. At Roanne, the employers, by making common cause and locking out all their hands, succeeded in compelling them to surrender at discretion. The strike or lock-out lasted six weeks. One hundred and twenty of the leading strikers were refused employment when the lock-out ceased, and although some concessions were made to the men as to the measurement of their work, the bitterest feeling has been excited between employers and employed. The latter, sullenly acquiescing in their defeat, are diligently preparing for another encounter, when they hope to turn the tables on the present victors.

The story of the French strikes is very interesting, as it is almost the first occasion in which French workmen were allowed freely to organize in their own defence. The Napoleonic law of 1864, which permitted in theory *droit de coalition* to workmen, effectually deprived them of all the opportunity of exercising that liberty. It was not until the recent laws extended to the French workmen a free press and the right of public meeting that they ventured to make use of the right of union, which even now is but partially secured, the law establishing the liberty of association not yet having been voted by the Senate. As was to be expected, their first attempts to employ their new rights were mainly unsuccessful. But they achieved at least one success. They taught the employers that the Government would no longer interfere to suppress strikes, and the lesson has excited in

some quarters as much amazement and indignation as that which was expressed in this country because the Government did not stifle the Land League at its birth. Nor can it be regarded as otherwise than a gain that at Bessèges an outbreak of violence on the part of the strikers was sternly and summarily suppressed. The advanced left made a great outcry against the use of the soldiery, but in the end the workmen profit most by the administration of a severe lesson as to the necessity of keeping their agitation strictly within legal limits. A salient feature in these French strikes, to which there is no counterpart in English industrial movements, was the part taken by the Socialists in making party capital out of the discontent of the workmen. The windy phrase-makers of Paris, however, do not seem to have profited much by their propagandism among the workmen, who dealt not in phrases but in fact. "We can understand an advance of 10 per cent.," said one group of miners, "but what is this 'collectivism'?" We see no sense in such words." An even more curious instance of the difference between the French and English habit of mind was furnished by the indignation expressed by the advanced politicians who visited the scene of the strikes at what they called the "feudalism" of the masters. Such a captain of industry as the late Sir Titus Salt would have excited M. Clémenceau to unutterable wrath.

Both parties in the French strikes appealed to the local authorities for support. Five thousand Lyons silk-weavers demanded a million francs from the municipal funds to enable them to strike against their employers. This was regarded as a little premature by their fellows, who prudently decided that it would be better to reconstitute the municipal council before making so large a demand upon its exchequer. They resolved that "the sole means of improving the lamentable condition of the operatives was to conquer the municipal power." The conquest has, however, not yet been achieved, although at several places, notably at Bessèges, Socialist candidates have been returned this month to the municipal councils. French ratepayers look askance at a programme which converts the municipal exchequer into a strike fund. The idea, however, has taken root among French artisans as among the Land Leaguers in Ireland, that by a skilful use of the voting power of numbers in local elections, it may be possible to use the rates to supply the sinews of war in the campaign against the propertied classes. Even the out-and-out Socialists are beginning to declare that the social revolution must be brought about in the way of legality. By conquering the municipal power and winning communal liberties for the furtherance of social ends they declare they will achieve that social transformation which they have hitherto been in the habit of declaring could only come through bloody revolution. This change of tone is very significant. "The

period of 'proclamative' socialism is ending," declared recently a fervent Socialist, "the work of realisation is about to begin. Socialism is no longer theoretical, it is political." When the masters at Roanne locked out their weavers, a cry was raised that the State should subsidize the sufferers, and the refusal of the authorities to employ public funds in relieving the distress was regarded as another proof of the inhumanity of the bourgeoisie and the capitalist. The wiser heads among the social democracy rebuked this extravagance, and in time the idea of State neutrality in trade disputes will be recognised in France as it has long been in England.

While the professed Socialists are arranging for their third National Congress on the 7th of May, at which they intend to proclaim once more the formula of their party, "the socialisation of all the means of production for the profit of all," to attain the ideal of a society based on justice in which "every one will give according to his might and receive according to his needs," the practical leaders of the working classes are making great progress in the realisation of their aspirations. In Paris conferences on subjects of mutual interest are taking place between the National Union of Employers Association and the Trades Union Congress, at which substantial agreement has been arrived at on the much-debated questions of employers' liability and the official inspection of work-shops. Bills establishing the principle of employers' liability from accidents occurring to workmen in their employ are now before the legislature and there is little doubt that they will pass into law. Another Bill awaits discussion which abolishes the exceptional law against such trade offences as intimidation, and leaves workmen like all other classes to the control of the common law. The Bill establishing the right of association has been passed by the Chamber and awaits the assent of the Senate. A still more important measure, that of founding a *Chambre de Travail*, or workmen's parliament, has been favourably reported to the Chamber of Deputies. Its object is to constitute a central representative assembly elected exclusively by French workmen—unionist and non-unionist—which the Government would have to consult on all questions relating to labour, as it has now to consult the Chamber of Commerce on commercial questions, and which would also act as a valuable intermediary in all industrial disputes. What the Knights of Labour are trying to do independently, the French seek to do under the eyes of the State. By the Bill the non-unionist workmen would vote at the *Mairie*, and the expense of constituting and maintaining the labour parliament would be thrown upon the State. Unionist workmen would vote in their own halls without the supervision of the Mayor, an infraction of the principle of equality to which exception is duly taken by the reporter and which will probably be expunged from the Bill.

The most important advances have, however, been gained through the Municipal Council of Paris. It has accorded to associations of workmen the right to compete for the execution of public works in Paris, and has decided to establish a Labour Exchange—a Bourse de Travail. In the good time that is coming, according to the socialists, the employer or "patron" will be improved off the face of the earth. All work will be undertaken either by individual workmen or by associations of workmen without the intermediary of capitalist or captain of industry. A step was taken towards the realisation of this ideal by the admission of co-operative associations of workmen as competitors for municipal contracts. It is noteworthy, however, that the thorough-going Socialists sneer at the concession as practically worthless. The Municipality, they say, could not merely open the door to co-operative competition; it could furnish the associations with funds necessary to enable them to compete advantageously with individual capitalists. But not even the most uncompromising Socialist ventures to carp at the proposal to establish in Paris a Bourse de Travail—that is to say, a similar institution to that which the Knights of Labour demand in America under the title of a Government Bureau of Labour Statistics. The Parisian Municipality has decided to spend nearly £500,000 (twelve million francs) in erecting a Labour Exchange in the heart of the city near to the Hôtel de Ville. It will contain one enormous central hiring hall where workmen in want of engagements can repair, five large halls as meeting-places for the general assemblies of the trade societies, and five smaller halls for the use of their employers. In addition, there will be empty rooms set apart as offices for trade unions of Paris, which are to be divided into five sections, each of which has the use of one of the large halls. Each section will have its officials, who will register all applications for employment by workmen belonging to the different sections, and bring out every week a statistical statement as to the state of the labour market. The staff of the Bourse de Travail will be in communication with trade societies, chambers of commerce, municipalities, and all the great centres of production in France and in other countries, and will collect and publish statistics as to the wages of labour, cost of living, &c., at home and abroad. Nor is the Labour Exchange of Paris destined merely as a great hiring market and a highly organized system for the redistribution of surplus labour. Its promoters hope that by furnishing workmen at first hand with prompt and trustworthy information as to the cost of raw materials, the price of labour, and all the other vital questions affecting alike the producer and the consumer, they may give a stimulus to co-operative enterprise among the working classes and so prepare for the abolition of the "salaried" and the emancipation of labour.

Whether these expectations will be realised or not, in their entirety, may reasonably be doubted; but there can be no dispute that the tendency of each of the measures for which the working classes in France and the United States are striving is on the whole in the right direction. Whatever may be thought as to the feasibility of any particular scheme, or of the possibility of attaining the objects at which they aim, their general effect will be to increase the independence of the industrial community, and to widen the distance between the wage-earning classes and the semi-servile condition from which in some countries they have but recently escaped. Nor is that their only advantage. In addition to increasing the sense of independence among the labouring classes, they will tend to equalise the distribution of wealth, and if not to remove, at least to soften, those startling contrasts between excessive luxury and squalid misery which form so painful a feature of our civilization. There is little danger that their work will proceed too rapidly. The danger lies on the other side. A wise Conservatism would indeed seek to hasten rather than retard a process which, by ameliorating the condition of the masses of the people, removes that which has in every age been the greatest incentive to revolutionary violence. Some glimmering of that truth seems to have made its way into the most reactionary quarter, and the Social movement in the despotic Empires of Germany and Russia is not less noteworthy than that in the free Republic of the West.

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AN ETON BOY.

becoming a mania with him," people will say; "he has gone mad!" Yes, I have certainly made secondary education a very often, and for the public ear the attractive theme are not inexhaustible. Perhaps it is time that I should take leave, but I should like the leave-taking to be a kind one. I do not see a great deal of harm of English secondary instruction. It is all the blame that I have cast upon it, and I could wish it to grow more and more impatient of its present condition. Necessarily, as I wished to make people dissatisfied with the thing, I have insisted upon its faults; I have insisted upon the faults of the civilisation which goes along with it, and which is in a considerable measure the product of it. But our actual secondary schools like our actual civilisation, have the merit of existing. They are not, like all projects for recasting them, an ideal; they have the merit of existing. They are the *modus vivendi*, as the phrase now is, of the schools and the civilisation are the *modus vivendi* found by our country and its wants, and brought into fact, and shape, and actual existence.

The good which our nation has in it, it has put into them, and the bad. They live by the good in them rather than by the bad. In any rate, it is to the good which dwells in them, and in the high which made them, that we have to appeal in all our projects for improving them, and for bringing them nearer to the ideal which is the perfection frame for them.

So we take that figure we know so well, the earnest and non-conformist Liberal of our middle classes, as his schools and his civilisation made him. He is for disestablishment; he is for temperance; he is for eye to his wife's sister; he is a member of his local caucus; he is going to go up to Birmingham every year to the feast of Mr. Gladstone. His inadequacy is but too visible. Take him, even, as he is, as he is, as he is, as we see him in Dr. Alexander Duff, the late well-known Nonconformist minister of Stamford Hill,



whose memoir has recently been published. Take Dr. Raleigh, as he himself would have desired to be taken, dilating on a theme infinitely precious to him—the world to come. "My hope of that world seems to be my religion. If I were to lose it, this whole life would be overcast in a moment with a gloom which nothing could disperse. Yet a little while, and we shall be sorrowless and sinless, like the angels, like God, and, looking back on the struggles and sorrows of earth, astonished that things so slight and transient could have so much discomposed us." This transference of our ideal from earth to the sky—this recourse, for the fulfilment of our hopes and for the realisation of the kingdom of God, to a supernatural, future, angelic, fantastic world—is, indeed, to our popular religion the most familiar and favourite conception possible. Yet it is contrary to the very central thought and aim of Jesus; it is a conception which, whether in the form of the new Jerusalem of popular Judaism, or in the form of the glorified and unending tea-meeting of popular Protestantism, Jesus passed his life in striving to transform, and in collision with which he met his death. And so long as our main stock and force of serious people have their minds imprisoned in this conception, so long will "things so slight and transient" as their politics, their culture, their civilisation, be in the state in which we see them now: they will be narrowed and perverted. Nevertheless, what a store of virtue there is in our main body of serious people even now, with their minds imprisoned in this Judaic conception; what qualities of character and energy are in such leaders of them as Dr. Raleigh! Nay, what a store of virtue there is even in their civilisation itself, narrowed and stunted though it be! Imperfect as it is, it has founded itself, it has made its way, it exists; the good which is in it, it has succeeded in bringing forth and establishing against a thousand hindrances, a thousand difficulties. We see its faults, we contrast it with our ideal; but our ideal has not yet done as much. And for making itself fact, this civilisation has found in its Judaic conceptions the requisite guidance and stimulus, and probably only in conceptions of this kind could it have done so.

Take, again, that other type which we have accustomed ourselves to call, for shortness, the Barbarian. Take it first in its adult and rigid stage, devoid of openness of mind, devoid of flexibility, with little culture and with no ideas, considerably materialised, staunch for "our traditional, existing social arrangements," fiercely ready with the reproach of "revolution" and "atheism" against all its disturbers. Evidently this is the very type of personage for which Jesus declared entrance to the kingdom of God to be well-nigh impossible. Take this type in its far more amiable stage, with the beauty and freshness of youth investing it; take it unspoiled, gay, brave, spirited, generous; take it as the Eton boy. "As Master of the Beagles," so testifies the admiring record of such a boy in the

*Eton College Chronicle*, "he showed himself to possess all the qualities of a keen sportsman, with an instinctive knowledge of the craft." The aged Barbarian will, upon this, admiringly mumble to us his story how the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton. Alas! disasters have been prepared in those playing-fields as well as victories; disasters due to inadequate mental training—to want of application, knowledge, intelligence, lucidity. The Eton playing-fields have their great charms, notwithstanding; but with what felicity of unconscious satire does that stroke of "the Master of the Beagles" hit off our whole system of provision of public secondary schools; a provision for the fortunate and privileged few, but for the many, for the nation, ridiculously impossible! And yet, as we said of the Philistine and his civilisation, so we may say of the Barbarian and his civilisation also: What merits they have, what a store of virtue! First of all, they have the grand merit of existing, of having—unlike our ideal society of the future—advanced out of the state of prospectus into the state of fact. They have in great part created the *modus vivendi* by which our life is actually carried forward, and by which England is what it is. In the second place, they have intrinsic merits of nature and character; and by these, indeed, have mainly done their work in the world. Even the adult and rigid Barbarian has often invaluable qualities. It is hard for him, no doubt, to enter into the kingdom of God—hard for him to believe in the sentiment of the ideal life transforming the life which now is, to believe in it and come to serve it—hard, but not impossible. And in the young the qualities take a brighter colour, and the rich and magical time of youth adds graces of its own to them; and then, in happy natures, they are irresistible. In a nature of this kind I propose now to show them.

The letters and diary of an Eton boy, a young lieutenant in the army who died of dysentery in South Africa, came the other day into my hands. They have not been published, but they were printed as a record of him for his family and his friends. He had been with his regiment little more than a year; the letters and diary extend over a space of less than two months. I fell in, by chance, with the slight volume which is his memorial, and his name made me look through the pages; for the name awakened reminiscences of distant Oxford days, when I had known it in another generation. The passing attention which his name at first drew was presently fixed and charmed by what I read. I have received permission to give to the public some notice of the slight and unpretending record which thus captivated my interest.

Arthur Clynton Baskerville Mynors was born in 1856, of a Herefordshire family. His bringing-up was that of an English boy in an English country house. In January, 1870, he went to Eton, and left at

Election, 1875. "His life here," says the short record of him in the *Eton College Chronicle*, "was always joyous, a fearless keen boyhood, spent *sans peur et sans reproche*. Many will remember him as fleet of foot and of lasting powers, winning the mile and the steeplechase in 1874, and the walking race in 1875. As Master of the *Beagle* in 1875 he showed himself to possess all the qualities of a keen sportsman, with an instinctive knowledge of the craft." After leaving Eton he joined the Oxford militia, and at the beginning of 1878 obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles. He had been just a year with his battalion when it was sent to South Africa. He sailed on the 19th of February, and on the 25th of April he died of dysentery at Fort Pearson, Natal. For these two months we have his letters and diary, written to his father and mother at home. I wish to let him tell his own story as far as possible, and we will begin with his first letter.

"DUBLIN CASTLE,' February 20th 1878.

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"We were all safe on board last night, and steamed down the Thames, and anchored for the night. The boat is a beautiful one, it goes very smoothly as yet; we have passed Dover and Folkestone, and are now off Dungeness. To-night we reach Dartmouth at twelve, and wait till twelve next day. There is an *oudacious* crowd on board with all the men, and nothing to do. The cabins we sleep in are the most extraordinary, two of us, bed and all, in a place about as big as the dining-room table at home, and when it's rough, as far as I can see, we must tumble out; still, it is rather fun. The skipper is a first-rate fellow, lets us do what we like on board. He expects we shall get to Natal about the 18th or 19th of next month; we are sailing about eleven knots an hour, I wish we were going faster. It is very windy and cold on deck; the band played, which enlivened us a little. We have mess as usual, only at six o'clock. I have fitted all my things on your belt, and they do capitally. Please give my love to mamma and everybody that is staying at Durrant's, especially Aunt Ellen, and thank them all for everything they have given me. We stop at Madeira, when I will write to you again; so good-bye till then.

"Ever your most affectionate son,

"ARTHUR."

The next letter is written four days later.

"DUBLIN CASTLE,' February 24th 1878.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,

"Many thanks for your letters, which I found waiting at Dartmouth, where we arrived after rather a rough voyage. There were no end of people there assembled to see us off, and when we started we were lustily cheered by crowds on the shore; the band played 'Should old acquaintance,' &c., and we soon lost sight of England. Friday night everybody was ill, as the sea was rough. Saturday, in the Bay of Biscay, it was awful; the waves were mountains high—a grand sight—so much so, that the upper decks were washed over by the sea all day. I was awfully ill; in fact, so was everybody. On Saturday morning at 4 A.M. I was on watch; luckily for me it was much calmer. I found two of the horses had died in the night, and that several hammocks and other things had been washed overboard. I was awfully glad when we got out of the Bay. I'll never go to sea again if I can help it. Sunday was bright and sunny; everybody came up on deck after the bad weather, and we had quite a jolly

lay, steaming with a strong wind behind at about twelve and a half miles, or knots I should say, an hour. I was on duty that day. We consigned the poor horses to the deep. This morning was lovely, and we had a regular tropical shower, the weather, by-the-bye, getting much warmer. It's most absurd, since we started none of us have shaved; we are (not myself) all growing beards. It is awfully slow, nothing to do but read. The men also have nothing to do. I wish we were at Natal, I do so detest the sea. It keeps very rough all the time, and the ship rolls horribly. The men have an awfully bad time of it; packed so close, they have scarcely room to breathe. All the officers and passengers have dinner, &c., together, down-stairs, in a stuffy place, not so bad to look at, but when it is full of sickly females, and no one in the best of humours, it's perfectly unbearable. Still we live in hopes of getting to Natal soon, where I hope we shall have some better fun. We get to Madeira to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and wait for about three hours for stores and the mails. I sent you a picture of the vessel. I hope you got it safe. I hope you were none the worse for waiting in the cold and seeing me off at Tilbury. I have no more to say, but, with best love to papa and all,

"I am ever, dear Mamma,

"Your affectionate son,

"ARTHUR."

Madeira is reached and left; they have a week "awfully hot," during which "I have been learning signalling, which will probably come in useful in the bush." The line has now been crossed, they are approaching Cape Town.

"It has been getting much cooler the last few days, and to-day quite a breeze and rather rough; the ship is getting lighter, and consequently rolls more. We had some pistol practising yesterday, and a nigger entertainment last night, which was great fun. I spend the day mostly in reading, but it is awfully slow, nothing to do. . . . So far, we have had a capital passage, but the trade winds are dead against us now. I wonder how you are all getting on; you will soon begin fishing at Aberedw. Have the hounds had any sport, and how are grandpapa and grandmamma? Please let granny have my letter, and tell her I would write, only one letter answers the purpose as there is so little to say; but I want lots of letters, to hear what is going on at home and at Bosbury. We are all ready to land at Natal; all our weapons are as sharp as needles. I wish we were there. You will hear plenty of news (even if I don't write often, as there may be no way of conveying the letters), as there are three correspondents going up to the front. The *Graphic* correspondent has taken one or two drawings of our men on board ship, so you may see them; I advise you to take it in. I have written very badly, but must make excuse that the sea is rough to-day. Remind Charles about planting the gorse in the cock-shoots, where the trees are bitten off by the rabbits. I don't fancy the mosquitoes in Natal. I believe there are swarms of them there, so I am going to buy a mosquito net at Cape Town. My next letter will probably be from Durban, in a week's time or so."

"For something to do," he copies out, to send with this letter, the verses written by a passenger on the burial of a private soldier who died on board. Then comes Cape Town, "a horrid place, very hot and dirty," but with the Table Mountain to make amends; "the rocks were rather like the Craigy rocks, only much larger and bolder." Then Cape Town is left, and they are in the last stage of their voyage.

"On Sunday morning I went to church at the cathedral, rather a fine building for Cape Town. Had to go on board at one o'clock, and we sailed at two o'clock. We passed the Cape of Good Hope about six o'clock in the afternoon. The coast all along looked rugged and bare, very mountainous in the background, and rocks jutting boldly out. Rounding the point, the sea became very rough, and has been ever since. At dinner nothing can stand up, knives, forks, tumblers, bottles, everything sent flying about. There are no end of porpoises and dolphins all along the coast; they come swimming and jumping by the side of the vessel. Rounded Cape D'Agulhas about three in the morning; only saw the lighthouse. Monday was still rough, and we kept in sight of shore all day. We practised revolver-shooting most of the afternoon. To-day it rained all the morning . . . the country opposite us looks much flatter, and is quite green on the slopes of the hills. We amuse ourselves by looking through our field-glasses at the shore—we are now about three miles from it; enormous great sand-hills along the beach, and woody at the back. We have seen a few houses and some cattle, otherwise the country looks uninhabited. We passed Algoa Bay this morning. . . . I shall be very glad when we have landed, as this is the slowest work I ever went through in my life; we sail along pretty fast, do about two hundred and seventy to three hundred miles in twenty-four hours. Another of the horses is very ill from the rough weather; I expect he will die before he gets on shore. The men and officers are none the worse for the journey, but I expect we shall get very foot-sore at first. We are awfully bad training, as we can't get any exercise. How is poor old Martha? Give her my love. I suppose you are just beginning summer; here the winter is beginning. I believe in the winter-time there is no rain at all."

On Friday, the 21st of March, they are at Durban, and in ten minutes; "the country looks beautiful; like Wales, only all the hills are bush." On Saturday they start to relieve Colonel Pearson, surrounded by the Zulus at Fort Ekowe. On Saturday, the 22nd, "went by train twelve miles, encamped, had dinner in dark; slept four hours, up at two o'clock in the dark." Then a diary gives a record of the march.

"Sunday morning.—Started at 4 A.M., to march in utter darkness; — unpitched camp, packed up and off; marched six miles on awful bad roads to Verulam; the hilliest and prettiest country I ever saw; forded two rivers; stopped eight hours at Verulam; bathed, washed my clothes, and started at three o'clock P.M., our baggage drawn by oxen, sixteen to twenty oxen in each waggon. Went to church at Verulam. Niggers awful-looking beasts, tall, strong, and active; wear no clothes at all, except very few round the waist. The battalion bathed in the Umhloti River. No more news about the war. Weather very hot from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M. The march to Victoria was fearful, dreadfully hot; the sun right on our heads; and carrying our ammunition and arms, almost heart-breaking. We got there just in time to see to pitch our tents and tumble into bed for a few hours, and on

"Monday morning—Up at 2.20 in the dark, see nothing and find nothing; started, crossed and bathed in the Tongaat, up to our waists crossing, so wet and wretched. One halt for mid-day in Compensation Flat in the sun, no shade to be found and no rest; waited till 2.30 and marched nine miles, the longest and weariest I ever marched; the men were almost dead with heat. Had only coffee and tea twice a day, and nothing else, unless we passed a public-house or shed, which were few and far between; and then what we bought was awfully dear. Still we scrape along; and at last at seven o'clock we got to our camping-place; put tents up in the dark; had some salt tinned beef and muddy water, and went to bed. Up next morning at 2.30 to a minute; lowered and

packed our tents and off at 4 A.M.; crossed and bathed in the Umhali, which, being pretty dirty from heat, refreshed us much; and then encamped at half o'clock at the Umvoti River, up to our knees. Very, very hot; we washed some of our clothes, and this time a native who owned a mill was very kind and gave us some beer. We boiled our tinned meat and made soup; started much refreshed, and in much better spirits. The country very hilly and hot; Indian men up to one's head in the fields. Some plantations of sugar-cane also in the country, which, when picked, was sweet and juicy. The Zulus or niggers here, scarcely human beings; naked and their skins like leather; awful beasts to look at and very hideous. This afternoon we passed Stanger Camp, and halted a mile and a half from the camp. The men just beginning to get into condition again; since they left the ship they had been in very bad training for marching, owing to no exercise on board ship. Next morning we got up at 2.45, and down the river, and crossed a river (shoes and stockings off), and marched by New Gelderdrift about seven or eight miles by seven o'clock, and encamped by the Mounoti River, where alligators and hippopotami are numerous; we bathed notwithstanding. It was hotter than ever; the country beautiful and hilly; no fences; tall grass about as high as your thigh. We heard yesterday that the column sent to relieve Pearson had crossed the Tugela, and was waiting for us before starting. . . . We shall cross the Tugela to-morrow.

*Thursday, 27th.*—A spy was caught yesterday at Fort Pearson in the camp. No one knows where the Zulu armies are; one day they are seen at one place, another at another; one meal lasts them for three days, and the way they can creep through like snakes. Being nothing but Zulus (natives) about the country here, they come and watch us; in fact, they know everything that goes on. They are awfully wily; they are never to be caught in an open country, and never will be unless at Undini; the only time they will attack our enemy is before daybreak, and at night when we encamp, and then they don't attack a very big force.

"My dear papa and mamma, I send you my diary."

Finding that they have still to wait a day at Fort Pearson, he writes a letter to accompany his diary, and gives an account of the military situation.

"We shall cross the river to-morrow or next day, and then we relieve Pearson. They can signal from here to them. Pearson says he is pretty well, but has nine officers and one hundred and fifty men ill with dysentery. When Pearson is relieved, we by ourselves stay here; the other regiments return and make a depot between Fort Pearson and Ekowe, where Pearson is encamped, and carry stores and provisions there; then we shall march to Undini, the king's kraal. At first it is a pretty clear road to Pearson, but afterwards there is a large bush which we have to get through to get at him. We shall be at Ekowe for about three weeks. We are about four miles from the sea, and the river is about a quarter of a mile across. Everything looks all right for business. Colonel Hopton, when we march up, remains in command here, and at Fort Tenedos, the other side of the river. I saw him this morning; he is well after everybody at home. It is very jolly getting here, and having a good rest, and some bread and fresh meat. All in very good spirits. Everything I have, and the rest of us, is washing and drying. My camp equipage is in first rate—everything I want. The Zulus are very fine men, use assegais and rifles of some sort. They treat the wounded fearfully; spear them through the head—at least, their women do. I enclose my diary of the month as I have no time to copy it."

On Friday, the 28th of March, the Tugela is crossed, and the march recommences.

"We crossed the Tugela, being towed across. The men bivouacked and spent an awful night in pouring rain. Colonel Hopton gave me a bed in his tent. Most of the officers stood up in the rain all night. Next day,

"*Saturday, March 29th*—We started for Ekowe and marched about twelve miles. The column was five to six miles long, and we went awfully slow. There we laagered with shelter-trench outside. It would have taken 100,000 Zulus to take it. I and Keith (Turnour) on outpost duty all night (blue funk), and both tired and wet. Luckily no enemy came. Returned to camp tired, after the column had marched off.

"*Sunday, March 30th*—Started at ten. Much delay caused by waggon crossing a brook. Warm march. Burnt a lot of kraals on the way. Enemy flying in small detachments. Arrived at Amatakula River, one mile from river on Natal side. Great bother about laager being put up, and much confusion. Early to bed. Bright moonlight till twelve.

"*Monday, March 31st*—Under arms at four, expecting attack early. Enemy moving. Very hot; no wind; no shade. A buck ran into camp this morning and was assegaied, after much sport amongst the natives. Rumour of Cetewayo having offered peace; not believed, one word of it. Got into camp about 5.30, where we bivouacked.

"*Tuesday, April 1st*—Under arms at four. Marched about eight o'clock with great care, Zulus having been seen by scouts hovering about. This morning the order of advance was—

"57th.

"The sailors with a Gatling and rocket.

"Ourselves.

"Our train.

"Rear Guard, 99th.

"Marines and 91st.

"Two Regiments of Natives,

protecting our waggon on the flanks. We were drawn up ready to receive the enemy twice, but they retreated. We reached our camping-place about four o'clock; laagered as usual, and made entrenchments round it, only making them nearly double the height. About one hour after we got in, it began to thunder, and the rain came down in torrents, wetting us through. Our feet had been wet for the last two days; in fact, we are never dry. No clothes to change, or anything, as now we have only got with us what we have got on, a mackintosh sheet, and a great-coat. We slept as well as we could. Had the sentries doubled, the enemy being expected to attack us next morning.

"*Wednesday, April 2nd*—Under arms at four; and just as day was beginning to break, our pickets reported the enemy advancing. Everything was got into readiness; the trenches manned; the pickets recalled. We saw the enemy coming out of a dingle in files, and, opening out, they surrounded us in most splendid skirmishing order. The bravest fellows I ever saw. Our face was attacked first, as they had not had time to get round to the other side. At about 6.20 the first shot was fired, and soon all our men were blazing away; shots whizzing over our heads, the Gatling at the corner pounding it into them. They advanced at the double, creeping in shelter of the grass. We were so strong they could do nothing. Still they advanced within twenty yards, where afterwards some were picked up dead. Our men were awfully frightened and nervous at first, could not even speak, and shivered from funk; so we, the officers, had enough to do to keep the men cool. We repulsed them in about twenty minutes; whilst on our flanks and rear, where the other regiments were, the battle was still going on. Two of our companies were then taken round to relieve the other side, one of which was mine, so we marched under their fire to the rear face, and acted as a support. It was soon all over. We repulsed them on all sides. The native cavalry and native contingent were then let loose to pursue them; which they did, assegaiing most of the wounded.

their way and not doing much damage to the enemy. There ought to have been a great many more killed, but all the men were nervous and excited, and I not been under fire before. We counted and buried four hundred and twenty-six, but a great many were found the same day by our scouts, wounded and hiding in bushes some miles off. We finished at about 7.10, and the rest of the day we were burying them, and our own five poor fellows, and one officer, Johnson, of the 99th. I think we had thirty wounded. In our regiment one man was killed; he was in my company—shot right through the head; and Colonel Northey badly wounded, the shot entering at the shoulder and lodging itself in his back. It was got out. He is very weak; I only hope he may recover. Three other men in the regiment were wounded. It was a fearful sight—so many of these brave chaps lying about, dead and covered with blood and gore. They must have had a great many more wounded, whom I took away with them. I myself did not quite like the first few shots as they whizzed about over our heads, but found I had such a lot to do to keep them in order and telling them when to shoot, that I did not mind it a bit."

This was the affair, or "battle," of Ginghilovo; and surely never was such an affair described with a more prepossessing simplicity, modesty, and humanity. The next day, the 3rd of April, Ekowe was reached and Pearson relieved. On the 5th of April young Wynors with his battalion marched back to the scene of their recent action, Ginghilovo, where a fort was to be established for a base of operations. And now, with the common mention of bad weather and a trying climate, comes the ominous mention of sickness also.

"*Saturday, April 5th.*—We left Ekowe quite empty, having burnt the king's other's kraal the day before. We halted for two hours, as our line of waggons behind Pearson's was so long. It was awfully hot. The country is perfectly lovely; such grass and woods, hills, most beautiful flowers and trees; if only inhabited, it would be one of the most charming countries in the world. The climate is bad. So hot in the day-time and cold at night. Dew like rain. I was, on our route to-day, after halting in the sun for a couple of hours, six or seven fellows fall out from sunstroke.

"*Sunday, April 6th.*—Poor Colonel Northey died. We had a scare, or rather false alarm, at about 3.30 in the morning. Colonel Pemberton has got dysentery. We began half-rations to-day. Men not in good health."

That night the second instalment of diary is sent off by the courier from Ginghilovo, with a letter of a few lines, written by moonlight. I hope this will find you all well at home. Here there is nothing but hard work, and very little to eat from morning till night. I am afraid it will be a long affair." The same Sunday night the diary is resumed.

"*GINGHILOVO.*—We came back here in the morning, after leaving Pearson to our right, who was going straight back to the Tugela to recruit his troops. We encamped about three-quarters of a mile from where we had had our battle. Passing the ground the stench was fearful, owing to natives who had dragged themselves off and died.

"*Monday, April 7th.*—Colonel Pemberton still remains on the sick list; and several of the officers have been suffering more or less from diarrhoea, caused by bad water. In my last letter I said we were on half-rations; but it only lasted for about two days, as we have got some more sent us. In the afternoon we moved up a small hill into a first-rate position, but water bad and a



mile off, and even that not likely to last long. We have also on the next hill another laager for the natives and bullocks. It is, of course, a necessity to keep them out of the camp, because they make the place smell so. In the day-time it is awfully hot, the sun having such power; and at night cool, and very heavy dews wet you through if you did not wear a mackintosh. The men begin to improve in spirits, but it will be awfully slow here for a fortnight on the saltiest of pork and hard biscuit, pork unfit to eat.

"Wednesday, April 9th.—I was on duty from 3 to 4 A.M. Another scorching-hot day. A great deal of long grass has been burnt about the country, of course by the Zulus. Captain Tufnell—who was assuming command of the regiment, as we had no other officers—also very ill. We sit in the shade under the waggons out of the sun. Of course we cannot go much more than a couple of hundred yards from the camp, except in small parties, so we find it rather dull. I got your letter from Mereworth, and was very glad to get it; always like having as much news as possible, as we seldom see a paper. . . . I walked round our new fort this afternoon. It is very strong, so to say, and would keep any Zulu army in the world off.

"Thursday, April 10th.—My company was on outpost duty, so I was out all day long, and did not do much but keep a look-out. Most of the troops suffering from dysentery and want of sustenance. We expect a convoy soon, as we have only six days' more provisions. Awfully hot again to-day. The country all round our fort is more or less plain to the N., S., and E., where the King feeds his cattle. To the W. it is very mountainous, very like Scotland, only hills, I should say, higher. We see the Zulu fires at night in the distance. I wish we could get from here, but I believe we have to wait until all the forces are ready to advance. I don't know whether I told you about the native contingent. They are all black like niggers, and awful-looking beasts; have scarcely any clothes on at all. They are armed with rifles, but are very bad shots; the only good they are is after a victory to pursue the enemy, as they are very active; also they do not make bad scouts; they are very sharp-sighted and can hear very quickly. We must in the end give the Zulus a thrashing but the hard thing is to find them. We can never attack them, because we don't know where they are, and they will take good care only to attack us when we are in the bush or crossing rivers, and perhaps at night. When they advance at close quarters, they come like cavalry; but of course any English army can stop them if properly handled.

"Now, my dear papa and mamma, I must finish off. I hope this will catch the mail on Tuesday. I hope all the farms, &c., are doing well. With very best love to all, Martha, Jubber, and Pussy.

"I am, ever your affectionate son,

"ARTHUR."

On the night of Saturday, the 12th of April, poor boy, after being on duty all the previous day, Good Friday, "in the other laager where the niggers live," he was himself seized by sickness. On the 13th he writes home:—

"I was taken awfully seedy in the night with diarrhoea, and to-day, Easter Sunday, I was obliged to go on the sick list, as my complaint had turned more to dysentery. The bad water and lowering food and bad climate are enough to kill anybody; still we struggle on, the same for everybody. Our native runners who take the post were yesterday chased on their way to the Tugela and had to return here. A convoy with provisions has arrived here all safe so far so good, as long as it lasts. We expect to be here a month or six weeks doing nothing, unless we have to alter the position of our fort owing to the scarcity of water. The nights get colder, and the sun is hotter than an English sun in the day-time. . . . When we left England we were 70

strong, and now we figure about 628, caused mostly by men gone to hospital. Some two or three of our cattle die every night, also a horse or two; consequently, being only just covered with earth for burial, there are numerous unhealthy smells. I tried to get leave with Hutton to go shooting some buck which had been seen, but was refused as not being safe. We got our first English papers on Thursday, and very glad we were to get them. By-the-bye, have you been fishing, and what sport? Please tell me everything. How are grandmamma and grandpapa? I have not heard of or from them. I hope you send them my scribbles; I daresay they are very hard to make out, but having only a blanket and sheet (waterproof) with us, there is very little paper to be got. What I write with now is a pen I bought, which you dip in water and it writes as you see. How is Jubber, and how is Edmund Carew? The Zulus around us amuse themselves by burning grass, I suppose with the idea to starve our cattle. Lord Chelmsford has gone back to Durban. All the troops have arrived safe, the 17th only losing three horses on their journey. The niggers brought us in some sweet potatoes yesterday which are horrible things, still they are of the vegetable description . . . The Colonel is still suffering from dysentery, also Tufnell; so Cramer, the second captain, is in command of us. I should very much like to have the *Hereford Times* forwarded to me, as it would give me all the county news. We had service this morning for the first time since we left the 'Dublin Castle;' every other Sunday we have been marching. We killed an enormous snake the other day, about five or six feet long. Two rhinoceroses have been seen near here feeding; I wish I could get a shot at them, but can't get leave to get out. Has Colonel Price had much sport with the hounds, and how are all the horses, colts, mares, &c.? How does the Cwm get on; I wish I was there; also the ravens, everything? Colonel Northey is a great loss; he was married, too, and his wife a very nice person. Tell grandpapa I find the little book he gave me very useful; also your Bible, which I always carry with me. To-day is Easter Sunday, and a convoy has just been sighted; they say we shall get the mail. I know I am writing great bosh, but have nothing else to do. If you happen to see Mr. Walsh, please thank him for my revolver; I find it very useful, and it shoots first rate, also remember me to Aunt Ellen, and tell her she does not know how much I am indebted to her . . . Several fellows have followed my idea of writing a diary and posting it; it seems very lazy and undutiful of me, but it is perhaps better than nothing. I do wish you could be here for a day or two to see the country, and the trees and shrubs that grow wild, just like a flower garden. I should say the grass here is better for feeding than any in England, one could easily mow three or four crops of hay in the year. The only thing, or one of the few things, the Zulus cultivate is Indian corn, what they call mealies; also a few fields of sugar-cane here and there. We are not many miles from the sea, as we can hear it when the wind is the right way, from six to ten miles I daresay.

"Monday.—Convoy arrived all safe last night. By the mail poor Keith Turnour heard he had lost his father. I was awfully sorry, as I could not do any work, being still on the sick list. My dysentery still sticks to me with bad pain in my inside, but I feel otherwise well in myself. I slept under a cart last night—quite a luxury, as it keeps the dew off. To-day we are burning the grass round our laager, so that the Zulus cannot set fire to it and attack us at the same time. The men have had fresh meat the last two days, as several bullocks have come up from Tugela. They are killed at eight in the morning, and eaten at one. We got some jam up last night, so we are doing pretty well now. The only thing I wish is that the Zulus would attack us again. It is getting quite slow doing nothing. Captain Tufnell is off the sick list to-day, and takes command of the regiment. How are Uncle Tom and Aunt Conty getting on? Having no end of fun, I'll be bound. Our laager is about twenty miles from Fort Pearson on the Tugela, and sixteen miles from the now aban-

doned Ekowe, which we can see with our telescopes. We are all becoming very learned cooks, as we cook all our meat, salt meat, &c., make soup and different things of them. The worst of it is we have very few materials to cook in, mostly provided by the waggon conductors. We made some mealie cakes of Indian corn, which were first rate at the time, but awfully indigestible afterwards; I'm afraid the fault of the cooking; I wish I had taken less from Miles before I left.

"Tuesday, April 15th.—The convoy of empty waggons left at six to go to Tugela. Spent a very bad night, suffering from diarrhoea, and felt much weaker to-day; still I hope I shall get over it soon. Some of the fellows got leave to shoot, and they shot five golden plovers, or grey kind of plovers, which are very acceptable to our larder. I felt awfully dull, nothing to do but sit under a cart out of the sun and try to sleep. The scouts went out some six or seven miles to-day and burnt several kraals. Four Zulu women and a boy were brought in yesterday, the most hideous creatures I ever saw, more like wild animals. I am going to post my letter to-night, so as to be certain to catch the mail. I hope you are all well, and love to everybody.

"Ever your most affectionate son,

"ARTHUR"

P.S.—I was very glad to get a letter from you and papa last night, of March 11th. I am exceedingly sorry to hear of grandmamma's attack. It must indeed have been very serious. I only hope she may recover for some time, and be well when I get home again. I had rather a better night last night, but am still very weak. Sorry to hear 'Masquerade' is a roarer. Have not had grandpapa's and Elinor's letters yet: must have missed the mail."

He never got home, and he wrote no more; the cold nights, and heavy dews, and suns "hotter than any English sun," had done their work. On the 24th of April he was sent to the hospital at Fort Pearson, where Colonel Hopton, a Herefordshire neighbour, was in command; the poor boy died on the day following, and in a letter to his father Colonel Hopton relates the end.

"Yesterday morning I got a note from an officer of the 60th, Gunning, who appears to have been told by Arthur that he knew me, informing me that he, Arthur, was very ill with dysentery, and that the doctor had sent him to Fort Pearson in hopes that the change of air would do him good, and asking me to meet the convoy on arrival here and get Arthur at once into the hospital. I met the empty convoy of waggons last evening, as they approached our camp, and got the one with Arthur in it over the river (Tugela) as soon as I could, and sent it up to hospital. This morning early I went to see him, having first asked the doctor in charge about him. He at once told me he feared the worst. When I saw him I did not think he would recover. His servant was with him, who was very attentive to him. We gave him what medical comforts could be got, such as beef-tea and champagne. I stayed with him all the morning, until 2 P.M., and at his request I read and prayed by his stretcher side; he was then quite sensible and followed all I said, and repeated some of the prayers after me. All this time he was very weak, and hardly able to raise himself up, although his servant told me that yesterday he was able to stand and walk. The disease for some days seems to have taken hold of him. He passed nothing but pure blood, and when I first saw him was reduced almost to a skeleton. About 2 P.M., having changed his shirt and made him as comfortable as I could, I left him, telling him I would come back soon. Some time afterwards I got a message from him asking me to go back, which I did, about 5.30 P.M. I found a Captain Cardew, one of the staff officers, with him. He

just read the fourteenth chapter of St. John to him, which he listened to, asked Cardew to read slowly, so that he might follow. A doctor was also with him. They told me that the end was approaching. We all stayed with him till about 7 P.M., when he gave a little sigh and passed away; he was not able for the last hour, but appeared not to suffer any pain. When I was with him in the morning, I said: 'Arthur, I shall write by the post to-night, tell your mother how ill you are.' He said: 'Yes, please, Colonel, write mamma.' It was at this time that he asked me to read to him and repeated 'me the Lord's Prayer.'

A little more is added by a friend and brother officer, Lieutenant Barton, a corporal from whose company had helped the dying boy's servant in his attendance on his master.

The corporal at the boy's request had on several occasions read to him from the Bible and Prayer Book, and as the corporal expressed himself to him he seemed always more peaceful and happy afterwards. His servant man was most struck by the heroic and resigned way in which his master bore the pain of his disease shortly before his death. Knowing the end was nigh, and seeing his master inclined to move, Starman got up and was able to smooth his pillow for him, when the boy, with a smile that as he said he will never forget, turned and whispered: 'Hush, don't touch me, I am going to heaven;' and so fell asleep."

On the 26th of April, the day after his death, Arthur Mynors was buried under a mimosa-tree, on a grassy slope looking down to the river over the lovely valley of the Tugela. On the 2nd of May some officers of his regiment, the 60th, put a small rough wooden cross over his grave, with this inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF  
LIEUT. MYNORS,  
3/60,  
WHO DIED APRIL 25, 1879,  
AGED 22 YEARS.

It was a happy nature that, by the banks of the Tugela, passed thus away—a happy and beautiful nature. His simple letters and his life, which we have been following, show him to us better than any verbal description. They show a nature fresh, wholesome, gay; an English boy with the tastes of his age and bringing up, with a love of sport, with a genuine love for the country, a genuine love for it—Greek in his simplicity and truth of feeling, Greek in his simplicity and truth of touch. We see him full of natural affection, and not ashamed of manifesting it; bred in habits of religion, not ashamed of retaining them; without a speck of affectation, without a shadow of pretension, unsullied, brave, true, kind, cheerful, grateful, uncensorious, uncomplaining; in the time to be cheerfully active; in the time to suffer, cheerfully enduring. So his friends he seemed, and so their testimony shows him—testi-

mony which by its affectionate warmth proves the character which could inspire it to have been no ordinary one. "I am sure you and anybody who knew him," writes a brother officer, "will be grieved beyond measure to hear of the death of our dear Bunny Mynors, of dysentery. I can't tell you what a loss he is to us, as he was such a favourite with us all. He had endeared himself in his short stay of a year with men and officers alike, more than is given to the lot of most of us." "He had all the qualities," says another, "of a good soldier and a leader of men, combined with a perfect temper, thorough unselfishness, and a genial cheery manner." "The life and soul of the mess," writes the adjutant of his battalion, himself an Etonian, "keen at all sports and games, and a universal favourite wherever we have been quartered—it seems hard to lose him. But when I add that in all professional matters he was most earnest, and so keen to be well up in his work, strict and yet with a perfect manner, a favourite with his men, and, as all admit, the most promising boy Eton has sent to our ranks for many a day—when I add this, I feel that not only we who knew him, but all the battalion, must grieve, and will do so for the loss of one who promised to be such a credit to his regiment. . . . The old school may well grieve for so fine a character as his who has just been taken from us. I know no finer fellows, or those who do their work so well, as those like Mynors, who never said an unkind word of any one, and consequently no one ever said any word except of praise or love for them." "Such as they," to the same effect says his tutor, Mr. Warre, who has gained and kept the loving regard and trust of so many generations of his Eton pupils, as he gained and kept those of young Mynors; "such as *they* have from others the love that they deserve."

Natures so beautiful are not common; and those who have seen and possessed the bright presence of such a boy, while they mourn their irreparable loss, cannot but think most of his rareness, his uniqueness. For me, a stranger, and speaking not to his friends but to the wide public, I confess that when I have paid my tribute of sympathy to a beautiful character and to a profound sorrow, it is rather to what he has in common with others that my thoughts are drawn, than to what is unique in him. The order of things in which he was brought up, the school system in which he was educated, produce, not indeed many natures so sweet as his, but in all good natures many of his virtues. That school system is a close and narrow one; that order of things is changing, and will surely pass away. Vain are endeavours to keep it fixed for ever, impotent are regrets for it; it will pass away. The received ideas which furnished the mind of Arthur Mynors, as they in general furnish the minds of English boys of his class, and which determine his and their

intellectual vision, will change. But under the old order of things, and with its received ideas, there were bred great and precious virtues; it is good for us to rest our eyes upon them, to feel their value, to resolve amid all chances and changes to save and nourish them, as saved and nourished they can be. Our slowness of development in England has its excellent uses in enabling indispensable virtues to take root, and to make themselves felt by us to be indispensable. Our French neighbours have moved faster than we; they have more lucidity, in several important respects, than we have; they have fewer illusions. But a modern French school-boy, Voltairian and emancipated, reading *La Fille Elisa* and *Nana*, making it his pastime to play tricks on his chaplain, to mock and flout him and his teaching—the production of a race of lucid school-boys of this kind is a dangerous privilege. When I lay down the memoir of Dr. Raleigh I feel that, crude and faulty as is the type of religion offered by Puritanism, narrow and false as is its conception of human life, materialistic and impossible as is its world to come, yet the seriousness, soberness, and devout energy of Puritanism are a prize, once won, never to be lost; they are a possession to our race for ever. And in taking leave of the letters and diary of Arthur Mynors, I feel that this natural and charming boy, too, has virtues, he and others like him, which are part of the very tradition and life of England; which have gone to make “the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humour of the English people,”<sup>1</sup> and which can no more perish than that ideal.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(1) Burke.

# HISTORY OF THE LAW OF TREASON.

## PART II.

WHEN Hallam discussed the Law of Treason in the fifteenth chapter of his *Constitutional History*, he told us that the Acts of George III. would henceforth become our standard of law instead of the statutes of Edward III. Unfortunately, he added the hope, "that so ample a legislative declaration on the law of treason will put an end to the preposterous interpretations which have found too much countenance on some not very distant occasions." But, as we saw in our last paper, an Act of the present reign has, for practical purposes, repealed the statutes of George III.; and consequently the "preposterous interpretations" of which Hallam complained will have to be dealt with in the future. The history of the development of the Law of Treason into a double and concurrent system of crime is so exceedingly intricate, it is so much bound up with the history of England, that it may be of interest to sketch the entire course of the law, which has gradually extended over a period of a thousand years.

Strangely enough a highly complex society has come back to speak of treason very much as we find it in a vague form at the dawn of our history. Enormous accretions of interpretation, in the course of many centuries, have left the law on this subject in a curiously involved and doubtful condition; but the essential notion remains unaltered. The idea of treason comes in the laws of Alfred in the following terms: "If any man plot against the King's life, of himself or by harbouring of exiles, or of his men, let him be liable in his life and all that he has." About the middle of the thirteenth century, our first great lawyer, Bracton, makes treason consist (1) in any machination (or contrivance) of the death of the King; (2) the doing or procuring the doing of anything that tends to sedition against the Lord King, or his army, or giving aid, counsel or consent to any who procures it, although he expressly says he did not succeed in effecting the intention he had.<sup>1</sup>

Here we have the main elements of treason: (1) any sort of conspiracy to disorganize the civil or military government of the Crown; (2) any kind of aid or consent to such a conspiracy, establishing the rule that in treason there are no accessories: all who in any degree

(1) "Si quis ausu temerario machinatus sit in mortem Domini Regis, vel aliquid egerit, vel agi procuraverit ad seditionem Domini Regis, vel exercitus sui, vel procurantibus auxilium et consilium præbuerit vel consensum, licet id quod in voluntate habuerit non perduxerit ad effectum."—Bracton iii. 3.

participate, even by their presence, are principals; (3) the remarkable anomaly that treason lies in intention just as much as in execution.

A century later was passed the famous Act which for five hundred and thirty years has been the magna charta of treason. This Act (25 Edward III., stat. 5, c. 2) did not create the Law of Treason, it simply defined it. We may put aside the minor sections of the statute as having a technical or merely antiquarian interest. The three main forms of treason were thus expressed:—

“When a man doth compass or imagine the death of our Lord the King, or my Lady, his Queen, or of their eldest son and heir, etc. etc. : or if a man do levy war against our Lord the King in his realm, or be adhering to the King’s enemies in his realm, giving to them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere, and thereof be provably attainted of open deed by people of their condition.”<sup>1</sup>

Here then we have (to omit the minor offences) three main forms of high treason:—

1. If a man compass or imagine the death of the King, &c.
  2. If a man levy war against the King in his kingdom.
  3. Or be adhering to his enemies in the kingdom, giving them aid or assistance in his kingdom or elsewhere.
- And to constitute the crime one of these must be proved by overt act to the satisfaction of his peers.

The first offence lies in mere thought; the second only in act in the kingdom; the third in act in any place. The ideas are as inartificial as the language.

As early as Coke’s time it was settled that *compasser ou ymager* were the same thing, and both meant intend. It is, no doubt, too late now to reconsider the words of the Act, but, according to Littré, in the fourteenth century *compasser* meant to construct or to contrive, as a house or a ship; so that the proper meaning would be not imagine but contrive, conspire—Bracton’s *machinari*. Again, the phrase is not *compasser*, but *fait compasser ou ymager*; which ought to mean, “is the author of some contrivance or project for the death of the King.” Be this as it may, it is settled that the first clause of the statute covers the mere intention (in the absence of any plot,

(1) “The French form of the Act is the only authoritative reading. The translations have no real legislative authority. The original roll in the Tower runs thus:—

“Quant home fait compasser ou ymager la mort nre Seignr. le Roi, &c., &c., et si home leve de guerre contre nre dit Seignr. le Roi en son Roialme, ou soit adherant as enemys nre Seignr. le Roi en son Roialme, donant a eux aid ou confort en son roialme ou p. aillours, & de ceo pvablement soit atteint de ovt. faite p. gentz de leur condicion.”

These quaint words are hardly ever given accurately in the books. It is a curious illustration of English history that the greatest of all crimes is to this day dependent on this phonetic version of a French jargon.



attempt, or conspiracy); whilst the second head of treason—*levying war*—lies not in intention, nor even in conspiracy, or preparation, but in act alone. The effect of this is that a man was executed who came to England, simply saying that he intended to kill the King, whilst a formidable conspiracy to levy war, with full preparation to carry it into effect, could not be treated either as the treason of levying war or of adhering to the King's enemies.

Adhering to the King's enemies (for the *aherdant* of the original roll is clearly a dialectic variant of *adhérant*, and is so given by Littré) is the common phrase of traitorous practice. Nearly four centuries later we have Fénelon writing, "C'est un crime de haute trahison de prendre les armes contre le roi, ou d'adhérer à ses ennemis." It is strange to find the foundations of English constitutional law sending us back to quotations from Fénelon and Littré. Edward's French statutes have survived the lilies that for four hundred and fifty years he stamped upon the royal arms.

The statute was a rude and imperfect definition of crime. It left open the following *lacune* :—

1. It does not include the crime of killing the King, apart from intending it.
2. It does not include the intention, or a conspiracy, or even the attempt to depose the King.
3. Levying war must be an actual levying of war, and not a conspiracy to levy war.
4. It does not include any act or plotting against the Government.
5. Neither does it specify inciting foreigners to attack the King.
6. Nothing is said in the Act generally as to attempts on any department of the State.

Now all these are offences which every civilised Government must punish, and hence the necessity arises for some judicial interpretation in the absence of new legislation.

From the date of the statute began the judicial interpretation along the lines of the two chief heads—(1) of imagining the King's death; (2) of levying war. It was early resolved by the judges to extend the first head of compassing the King's death to all formal attempts to overthrow the Government. In 1387 the questions put to the judges at Nottingham by Richard II. are mainly valuable as showing the tendency of opinion. They ruled that to put force on the King to influence his course of government is treason. The judges were impeached, and the special statutes of treason that mark this troubled reign were all repealed in the first year of Henry IV., returning thereby to the law of Edward III. The singular case of Sir J. Oldcastle (1413) shows the elasticity which the judges had already given to the first head of the old Act. For Oldcastle was indicted for his seditious outbreak at St. Giles', not as levying war,

or even conspiracy to levy war, but on the ground that the seditious conspiracy was itself a compassing the King's death. Throughout the reign of Henry VI. and Edward IV. we have distinct cases which constitute a rebellious resistance to government as constructive compassing the King's death. Under Henry VII. the crime was extended in Sir W. Stanley's case (1495) to words expressing doubt of the King's title; and the same reign gives us the important Act 2 Henry VII., c. 1), which exempts from the crime of treason acts of allegiance to the King *de facto*.

The reign of Henry VIII. is so completely exceptional that we may almost drop it out in reviewing the development of the law of treason. Here begins the epoch of the religious struggle between the Churches, which disturbed the statute law of treason from the Reformation to the Revolution. Some thirty statutes of that reign relating to treason have all been abrogated. Two only (28 Henry VIII., c. 15, and 35 Henry VIII., c. 2) remain in force, and they refer to the trial of treason committed abroad. Scores of attainders have been reversed, and no reliance can be placed on the trials of that reign, not one of which was decently legal in matters of evidence and procedure. The trials, impeachments, and attainders of the reign were mostly administrative murders, of which the Privy Council, Parliament, and especially the House of Lords, were the instruments rather than the judges; and the statute-book became the record of tyranny in a panic establishing a systematic reign of terror. Poisoning was made treason punishable by boiling; to express discontent, nay, to feel discontent, was made treason. It was treason not only to violate, but to marry any of the King's children, legitimate or illegitimate, or to refuse to take an oath, or to refuse to give an opinion as to the succession. It was treason to think Mary illegitimate, or not to think Elizabeth legitimate, and then not to think both illegitimate, or to think either entitled to succeed; and again, not to think both entitled to succeed. To think about the Mass differently from the King was treason. Lunatics even were punishable as traitors. But all these will not detain us, nor indeed need we farther refer to the ecclesiastical statutes of any of the three succeeding Tudors. They were being repeatedly repealed and recast, and have none of them left any permanent traces on the Chapter of Treason.

The first of Edward VI., c. 12, repealed the whole of the new treason laws of his father, and, with exceptions that need not detain us, restored the Law of Treason to what it had been at the accession of Henry VIII., throwing back all treason on the law as it stood in the reign of Edward III. It contained the highly important provision as to procedure (§ 22), requiring in every proceeding of treason two sufficient and lawful witnesses, and this was carried further by 5 & 8

Ed. VI., c. 11, which required these witnesses to be *confronted* with the accused. And this cardinal rule of evidence in treason was re-enacted and extended by the statute of William III. (7 & 8 Will. III., c. 3). The statutes of treason in matters ecclesiastical under Mary and Elizabeth were entirely exceptional. They have long since expired or have been repealed, and have left no permanent effect on the law.

Under Elizabeth the judicial construction of the Law of Treason was somewhat extended and consolidated, especially in the cases of Norfolk and Essex. But the greatest blot upon the reign in this respect was the reckless perversion of procedure, the use of torture, the non-confronting of witnesses, and the loose resort to hearsay and irregular documentary evidence—especially in the trials of Mary Stuart, the Jesuit cases, and the Babbington plot. It is very probable that the progress made in the reign of Elizabeth in treating almost every form of disaffection as treason, under the head of compassing the King's death, arose from this, that during the whole reign of Elizabeth all disaffection was really mixed up with unrelenting conspiracies against the Queen's life. But the multiplication of special statutes of treason in this Queen's reign and the habitual perversion of justice deprive the cases of any value as precedents. They were exceptional acts of a government fighting for existence, in a most exceptional time.

The judicial cases of James I. introduce the new element of making spoken words treason, and also, in Williams's and Peacham's cases, written expressions of opinion, in the latter (Peacham's) not even published. But in the next reign both these were disposed of; and Pyne's case (1628) decided that mere words, however wicked, are not treason, whilst Felton's case (same year) finally abolished the judicial use of torture. The reign of Charles I. is, indeed, singularly enough, distinguished rather for real improvement in the law of treason than its arbitrary extension. The trial of Charles I., interesting as it is, is so completely exceptional that we can hardly place it in the history of development. But that trial, and the other trials for treason under the Commonwealth, are instructive in this, that the old doctrines and the judicial glosses of the law of Edward were solemnly appropriated by Cromwell and the Parliament. A law, the words and entire scope of which in the fourteenth century turned on the personal allegiance between subject and sovereign, was converted in the seventeenth into a law for protecting a republican government from conspiracy and sedition with the object of restoring the King *de jure*, nay, it even was used for the indictment and execution of the King himself by a Parliament. The consequences of this were curious. As it was practically impossible to convict the King of compassing his own death, or to convict royalist conspirators

of imagining the death of the ruler they were plotting to restore, the Parliamentary lawyers were thrown back on the second head of treason, that of levying war; and thus from the date of the great rebellion we have an increased mass of judicial construction on the crime of levying war.

From the Commonwealth dates the mitigation of the penalty and also the tendency to include in treason any insurrectionary violence offered to the Houses of Parliament. It is true that in earlier times a wide sense had been allowed to "levying war." In the reign of Elizabeth leading cases are found to the effect, that conspiring to any general insurrection, or even a riot for a general purpose, was treason, as levying war. These cases are that of the Apprentices, of Bradshaw and Burton, and of Lords Essex and Southampton. But then all these cases were complicated by the temporary Act of 13 Elizabeth, which expressly made conspiring to levy war high treason. In any case, by the beginning of the seventeenth century the judicial interpretation of "levying war" had become so elastic that Coke could write (3 Inst. 9), "If any levy war to expulse strangers, to deliver men out of prison, to remove counsellors, or against any statute, or to any other end, pretending reformation of their own heads without warrant, this is levying war against the King, because they take upon them royal authority which is against the King."

But although there are indications of a general tendency (as in Bensted's case, 1640) to treat political riots as high treason, the doctrine does not seem to be reduced to system until the fall of the Commonwealth. The great reaction of the reign of Charles II., as was to be expected, furnished a mass of construction on both heads of treason, and in particular developed that of "levying war." The leading case is that of the rising at Farmleigh wood, in Yorkshire, 1663, when Kelyng tells us how the judges resolved that, where a meeting is held to resist the Government, and it is agreed to resort to arms, and some afterwards actually take up arms, all who were present in the meeting are guilty of the treason of levying war.

Then come such cases as those of Messenger and others, the Weavers, and the like, wherein the view of the Stuart lawyers was carried to this point—that high treason would be committed by any kind of violent attempt by a multitude to effect any general public object, to resist any law, or to carry any law, to force the Government to any particular course, or to accomplish any particular purpose in which the public was concerned generally. A disturbance, however violent, would still be only "a great riot," if directed against private persons, for personal objects. Any general public object would convert a riot into treason. This view was carried to its farthest point in the reign of Queen Anne (Damaree and Purchase, 1710),

when a waterman was convicted of treason for inciting a mob to burn some chapels during the Sacheverell riots.

The whole of these decisions, though many of the cases themselves would hardly now be relied on, were consolidated and codified, as it were, in the last century, by the works on Crown law of Hawkins and Sir M. Foster. The result is that levying war was judicially held to apply to every form of actual force for the purpose of:—

1. Resisting the authority of the Government.
2. Coercing the Privy Council, legislature, or executive.
3. Effecting by insurrection any general public object.

Any of these constituted the treason of "levying war." Under this view of the law, frame-breaking, and almost all riotous strikes, as well as most political riots, would be high treason. And so the second head of treason, or "levying war," came to include the same offences as the first head, and one more. Both heads included every form of insurrection against the royal authority, or the executive and the second (levying war) was held to cover also every riotous or seditious attempt to reform the law, or to resist a statute, or violently to remove a public abuse, or effect a public general object. There remains this difference. The first head lay in intention, the second only in act. So that the indictment might be, either for actual war, *i.e.* force, or for conspiracy, *i.e.* intention, to use force. Only, of course, there was no indictment for intention to effect a public object by force. So stood the law at the opening of the eighteenth century, at the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty. So the law had been codified by Coke and Hale, in the seventeenth century; nor did it gain anything material, it was only arranged and consolidated, when Hawkins and Foster and Blackstone wrote in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The reign of William III., the elaborate review of the Stuart cases by Sir J. Hawles, and the proceedings in Parliament which reversed the illegalities of Jefferies and Scroggs, and the 7 & 8 Will. III., c. 3, dealt with irregularities, chiefly in procedure, but they did not materially affect the law as it has been stated by Hale, nor was any new element of any importance added in the post-revolutionary history of treason.

The conspiracies and rebellions against the Hanoverian dynasty, together with the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, naturally added something to the full harvest of judicial constructions, even when they did not materially alter the law. These were all codified by Sir M. Foster, one of the judges of the rebels of 1745, whose valuable discourse on High Treason is an appendix to his volume of cases on Crown law. A fresh group of cases resulted from the violent popular struggles of the latter part of the reign of George III., from the riots of Lord G. Gordon, 1780, and the political trials of 1794-6 in

England, Ireland, and Scotland. These strained the law to the furthest point.

Here we reach the point of modern systematic legislation. It will be remembered that Sir H. Maine selects the epoch of Lord Eldon as that when the spontaneous development of law ceases and recourse to legislation becomes systematic. In the law of treason this change became apparent even earlier than in the rest of the law.

In 1795, one of the stormiest epochs of our domestic history, the 36 Geo. III., c. 7, was passed, making high treason every compassing or imagining to kill the King, or to imprison and restrain him, and also any conspiracy to depose the King, or to put any restraint on the King, his advisers, or either House of Parliament; and this was made perpetual by 57 Geo. III., c. 6 (1817). Here we have, with one exception, that as to political riots, the whole of the judicial glosses which had been grafted on the Act of Edward III. enacted by statute; and in addition, for the first time, conspiracy, or intention to put force on the King or either House of Parliament, was included in the conspiracy of levying war. Thus the law remained until our own day, when, in the great year of European revolution and threatened rebellion in England and in Ireland, the 1 & 12 Vict., c. 12, was passed (1848), the law under which we now live.

This repealed the Acts of George III., except as to the treason of killing or personal violence to the King. Then having repealed the Acts which made these offences treason, the new Act re-enacted them as crimes, but it made them felonies punishable with penal servitude. At the same time it provided that nothing should in any manner affect the Act of Edward III.

The effect of repealing the statutory definition of treason, according to the best authority, appears to be to revive the judicial or constructive definition of treason: in point of fact to leave the subject much as it was, and merely a little more indefinite. To the unlearned it may seem a little strange that the formal repeal of a very precise Act of Parliament, inflicting capital punishment, should leave the law practically unaltered. But so it would seem to be. The law of treason in four hundred and fifty years had been developed by the constructions given by the judges to the Act of Edward III. into an elaborate system of crime. Acts of Parliament had for some fifty years given those constructions statutory authority. The result of repealing these statutes whilst confirming the Act of 1352, was simply to leave the constructions to rest on their own authority.

Now it must be observed that the judges, at least for more than a century past, expounded the law of treason very much in the same words: before the Acts of George III., during their continuance, and

after their partial repeal; before the Riot Act, and after it; before the Treason-felony Act, and after it; and quite as much since the modern criticisms of the "constructive" treasons as before they were made. One of these judicial constructions, force directed to effect some public general object, was most distinctly omitted from the treasons in the Acts of George III.; but it has been reasserted during the existence of those Acts as well as since their repeal.

A few citations (and this is a matter of political rather than legal interest) will show the continuity of the judicial constructions.

Sir M. Hale (temp. Car. II.), following Coke, says, "If persons levy a force of multitude of men to pull down all enclosures, or to expulse strangers, or to remove counsellors, or against any statute, as the Statute of Labourers, or for enhancing salaries and wages, this is levying war against the King;" and accordingly treason.

Chief Justice Holt (1696) said, "If persons do assemble themselves together, and act with force in opposition to some law, which they think inconvenient, and hope thereby to get it repealed, this is levying war and treason. So when they endeavour in great numbers with force to make some reformation of their own heads, without pursuing the methods of the law, that is levying war, and treason."

Chief Justice Parker (1710) said, "Assembling to pull down meeting-houses, if the intention be general, is levying war, and is assuming royal authority."

Sir M. Foster (1763) says, "All risings in order to effect these innovations of a public and general concern by an armed force, are in construction of law high treason." Any rising "for the reformation of real or imaginary evils of a public nature, and in which the insurgents have no special interest, are by construction of law within the clause of levying war."

Chief Justice Mansfield (1781) said, "When a multitude rise and assemble, and attempt by force or violence to attain any object of a public general nature, that is levying war." "The question is, whether the intent is, by force and violence to attain any object of a general and public nature, by any instruments, or by dint of their numbers. Whoever incites, advises, encourages, or is in any way aiding to such a multitude so assembled with such intent, though he does not personally appear among them, or with his own hands commit any violence whatever, yet he is equally a principal with those who act, and guilty of high treason."

These opinions were usually cited, and the same language was held by the Court, after the Act of 1795. Thus Mr. Justice Bailey (1817) laid it down, "If persons intended to effect by force and violence any general reform of any description whatever, or if they had any other general public purpose, it will amount to the offence of levying war."

Chief Justice Abbott (1820) said, "Insurrections and risings for the purpose of effecting by force and numbers—however ill-arranged, provided, or organized—any innovation of a public nature, for redress of supposed public grievances, in which the parties had no special or political interest or concern, have been deemed instances of the actual levying of war."

Mr. Justice Stephen, in his *Digest*, gives as one of the modes of levying war, "Attempting by an insurrection of whatever kind to effect any general public object." In the notes to his *Digest* he states the criticism which this particular judicial construction has met with, and in the *Draft Criminal Code* it is entirely omitted. It is no part of the business of these papers to argue for one view of this question or for another; nor, on the other hand, either to justify or criticise any one of the constructive versions of treason. The sole business in hand is to draw attention to the present state of the crime, in view of any future consolidation of the criminal law.

The present state of the law may be thus described:—

1. A series of offences are high treason by 25 Edward III.
2. A series of offences have been declared to be high treason by judicial construction: some of which constructions are certainly law (*e.g.* an intention to depose the King)—some are probably law (*e.g.* attempting to overawe Parliament)—and at least one is probably not law (attempting to effect any public general object by the use of force).
3. A series of offences against the person of the King are high treason by 11 Vict.
4. A series of offences are felony (and not capital) by 11 Vict. These offences are some of those included by judicial construction in the crime of high treason—but not all of them.
5. Treason-felony, accordingly, covers some of the ground of high treason, but not the whole of it; and it adds some new ground which is not included in high treason. Thus, some treasonable offences are high treason only; some are both high treason and treason-felony; and some are treason-felony only.
6. The exact authority of the whole series of judicial constructions (which have been little heard of during the present reign) is not at all settled.

The complications and cross-divisions of the law might possibly be illustrated by a coloured diagram in the form of a map. But short of this, the only way of stating the case is to draw up a list of treasonable offences.

They are the following:—

- (a.) Intending to kill the King. (High treason by 25 Ed. III., and also by 11 Vict.)



(b.) Intending to do the King any personal injury or violence (High treason by judicial construction of 25 Ed. III., and also 11 Vict.)

(c.) Levying war, *i.e.* resorting to any force against the King with intent to depose him, or to constrain him to change his measures. (High Treason by judicial construction of 25 Ed. III., and also Treason-felony, but not High Treason, by 11 Vict.)

(d.) Levying war in like manner with intent to overawe either House of Parliament. (High Treason by judicial construction of 25 Ed. III., and also Treason-felony, but not High Treason, by 11 Vict.)

(e.) Conspiring to levy war with such intent as is mentioned in c and d. (High Treason by judicial construction of 25 Ed. III., and also Treason-felony by 11 Vict.)

(f.) Intending to levy war with such intent as is mentioned in c and d. (Treason-felony by 11 Vict.)

(g.) Levying war as before with intent to effect any public general object. (High Treason by judicial constructions of 25 Ed. III., which are now of doubtful authority.)

(h.) Assisting a public enemy at war with the King. (High Treason by 25 Ed. III.)

(i.) Instigating any foreigner to invade the dominions of the King. (High Treason by judicial constructions of 25 Ed. III., and Treason-felony by 11 Vict.)

(j.) Intending so to instigate any foreigner. (Treason-felony by 11 Vict.)

To sum up these results, the offences specified above as (a, b, c, d, e, i,) are high treason.

The following are treason-felony—(c, d, e, f, i, j).

The following are high treason by judicial constructions that have been criticised—(f, g, j).

Where complications exist so great as those stated above, and where the old judicial constructions are exceedingly subtle and their authority decidedly open to argument, it would seem that a complete review of the whole of this constitutional problem is one of those questions the solution of which is urgent. It has been no part of our immediate purpose to argue for one construction of the law of high treason rather than another. Enough has been said to show that there is abundant room for argument. It is a very serious blot on the constitution of a country to keep its law of treason as it were *in petto*. As Mr. Hallam so justly reminds us, no confidence in the integrity of a Government, or in that of its lawyers, much less any belief in the guilt of an accused person, ought ever to beguile us into relaxing our vigilance in all that concerns the laws of treason. The

present is not a moment apt for reopening this complicated question. But in any consolidation of the criminal law it will have to be done, and it ought to be the work of politicians and the public as well as of lawyers and draftsmen.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

For the sake of comparison, and to show the concurrent effect of treason and treason-felony, the following sections are given from the Criminal Code Bill (1880), prepared by Lord Blackburn, Lord Justice Lush, and Mr. Justice Stephen, and brought in by the law officers :—

#### TREASON DEFINED.

Treason is—

(a) The act of killing Her Majesty, or doing her any bodily harm tending to death or destruction, maim or wounding, and the act of imprisoning or restraining her; or

(b) The forming and manifesting by an overt act an intention to kill Her Majesty, or to do her any bodily harm tending to death or destruction, maim or wounding, or to imprison or to restrain her; or

(c) The act of killing the eldest son and heir apparent of Her Majesty, or the Queen consort of any King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; or

(d) The forming and manifesting by an overt act an intention to kill the eldest son and heir apparent of her Majesty, or the Queen consort of any King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; or

(e) Conspiring with any person to kill Her Majesty, or to do her any bodily harm tending to death or destruction, maim or wounding, or conspiring with any person to imprison or restrain her; or

(f) Levying war against Her Majesty either with intent to depose Her Majesty from the style, honour, and royal name of the Imperial crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of any other of Her Majesty's dominions or countries; or

In order by force or constraint to compel Her Majesty to change her measures or counsels, or in order to intimidate or overawe both Houses or either House of Parliament; or

(g) Conspiring to levy war against Her Majesty with any such intent, or for any such purpose as aforesaid; or

(h) Instigating any foreigner with force to invade this realm or any other of the dominions of Her Majesty; or

(i) Assisting any public enemy at war with Her Majesty; or

(j) Violating, whether with her consent or not, a Queen consort, or the wife of the eldest son and heir apparent for the time of the King or Queen regnant.

Every one who commits treason is guilty of a crime, and liable to suffer death as in other cases; provided that Her Majesty may, if she think fit, direct by warrant under her sign manual, countersigned by one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, that the head of such person shall be severed from his body whilst alive. The head and body of every such offender shall be disposed of in the manner provided for by the Capital Punishment Amendment Act, 1868.

—77—

#### RULE OF EVIDENCE.

No one shall be convicted of treason (unless he pleads guilty) except upon the evidence of two witnesses to one overt act of the kind of treason with which he is charged, or upon the evidence of one witness to one such act and one other witness to another such act.

No one shall be liable to be indicted or tried for treason unless the indictment be found within *three years* next after the offence committed.

Provided that nothing in this section shall apply to treason by killing Her Majesty, or to cases where the overt act alleged is any attempt to injure her person in any manner whatever, but every such offence may be proved by the same evidence as any other offence.

—78—

#### CONSPIRACY.

In every case in which it is treason to conspire with any person for any purpose, the act of so conspiring, and every overt act of any such conspiracy, is an overt act of treason.

—80—

#### TREASONABLE CRIMES.

Everyone is guilty of a crime, and liable to penal servitude for life, who forms any of the intentions hereinafter mentioned, and manifests any such intention by conspiring with any person to carry it into effect, or by any other overt act, or by publishing any printing or writing; that is to say,

(a) An intention to depose Her Majesty from the style, honour, and royal name of the Imperial crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of any other of Her Majesty's dominions or countries;

(b) An intention to levy war against Her Majesty within any part of the said United Kingdom, in order by force or constraint to compel her to change her measures or counsels, or in order to put any force or constraint upon, or in order to intimidate or overawe both Houses or either House of Parliament.

(c) An intention to move or stir any foreigner or stranger with force to invade the said United Kingdom or any other of Her Majesty's dominions or countries under the obeisance of Her Majesty.

No one charged with any crime punishable under this section shall be entitled to be acquitted on the ground that any act proved against him amounts to treason, but no person acquitted or convicted for any such crime shall afterwards be prosecuted for treason on the same facts.

## TROUBLES IN THE PACIFIC.

MORE than ordinary attention has been paid of late by the Imperial Parliament and the British press to the chronic hostility between white men and the natives of the multitudinous Pacific islands. Troubles in this quarter are, indeed, rapidly rising to the proportions of "a little war." The outrages upon whites by blacks have greatly increased in number, and reprisals are becoming proportionately common. The deaths of white visitors are constantly reported from the Solomon group and adjacent islands; and the Pacific squadron finds regular employment in shelling villages. So far these acts of war have done nothing towards reducing the natives to order. On the contrary, the operations of her Majesty's ships only seem to arouse increased irritation and to provoke fresh murders. If merely on account of the immense area covered by this section of England's ever-green native embroglions, permanent effects cannot in any case be expected from isolated examples. The inhabitants of one village cannot take warning from the fate of another, situated on a separate and perhaps distant island. The Polynesians appreciate the hostility and return it. The motives which actuate British officers they can seldom understand; and, as they are by no means always (or even generally) in the wrong, they are the more likely to measure the situation by their own rude standards. It is certain that the original provocation to hostilities often proceeds from whites; and in these cases reprisals are but the addition of one injury to another. Competent authorities affirm that the blacks labour under serious grievances, and that punishment of their offences without redress of the injuries whereby they are provoked is calculated only to make matters worse. The state of affairs, indeed, is evidently and rapidly becoming worse. Setting aside the question of primary wrong, the response of indiscriminate shelling to indiscriminate murder is merely the employment of one barbarism to counteract another. The operations of the Pacific squadron as at present conducted can only have one end, and that of a very undesirable kind—another needless, wholesale, and most troublesome addition to the British Empire.

This difficult and confused subject has received much attention at the Australian centres of civilisation as well as in England. Almost for the first time the matter has been considered from the black as well as from the white point of view. The investigation has not proved an easy task, old as is the subject. No evidence has been directly obtainable from one side; almost the whole body of available witnesses were whites pecuniarily interested in representing the

deeds of the respective parties as being typified by the colour of their skins. This obstacle, however, has been overcome. Conclusions of a definite kind may now be formed ; and if these are in no case very favourable to the whites, the latter cannot deny that they have had every advantage in the inquiry.

It may be expedient to notice that in addition to this butchering and shelling amongst the Pacific archipelagoes, "a little war," about which scarcely anything seems to be known in England, is being waged on the continent of Australia. In the north-east corner of that great island the blacks and the whites are also in a state of chronic hostility ; and in this quarter also no present prospect can be observed of a change for the better. This branch of Capricornian warfare is at least as important as that waged amongst the islands, though it makes much less noise. On the continent the blacks and the whites must come in contact ; they must either live together in peace, or one party must subdue the other. Among the Polynesian islands the European or colonist is not an aspirant for possession, but a trader or a labour agent. In the one case the white is a neighbour to the black, in the other only a visitor. However, the considerations that arise out of these unfortunate relationships between the races are identical in many respects ; and the two feuds may well be regarded as branches of one subject. In each case the crucial question at issue is of much the same kind. As regards the mainland, that question is whether the aboriginal is not too commonly looked upon rather as a noxious animal than as a neighbour with rights that ought to be respected ; as regards the islands, whether that which is pleasantly called trade is not really spoliation, and whether what is known as free labour is not slavery. Obviously the solution of these two problems may place in a very different light the narratives of outrage and massacre which are echoed from time to time through Australia to England.

### I.

To begin with the native difficulty on the Australian continent. This is confined to the extreme north-east. In every other portion of the great island the aboriginals, where they exist at all, are either insignificant in numbers, or entirely remote from civilised haunts. Wherever they come in contact with the white man they acknowledge his superiority and accept whatever terms he offers them. The only difficulties that arise in respect of this unfortunate people are those of keeping them alive and of protecting them from the cupidity of their white neighbours. The last black has been buried in Tasmania. In Victoria, the remnant of 1,380 counted at the census of 1871, was found by the census of 1881 to have dwindled to 768. Even these few are not allowed to decay in peace. Many of them

dwell at a station specially granted for their use at a place called Coranderok ; and it seems that for years past this solitary possession of the race that once owned the whole colony has been the subject of contention—one party pronouncing the station unsuitable, the other declaring that the design of removing the blacks simply arose from a desire to get possession of the property. In New South Wales the state of affairs is similar ; there is no room even in that large colony for the dispossessed natives. The tribes situated in one corner of Riverina (the south-west of New South Wales) have recently presented to Lord Loftus a pathetic petition, in which they beg for the assignment of a reserve, in order that they may keep themselves from “extreme want and semi-starvation.” Though New South Wales is as large as France and the United Kingdom conjoined, and its inhabitants number but three-quarters of a million, so furious has been the strife among the colonists for possession of the soil, that not a patch remains whereon the aborigines can raise a few cattle.

Turning northwards, we find a peculiar race inhabiting the peninsula known as Cape York—the one great projection so conspicuous on the map of Australia—and the country to the immediate south. Hereabouts the natives are very athletic, warlike, and different in many characteristics from the rest of Australian aborigines. They more nearly resemble the natives of the great equatorial islands, especially New Guinea. The peninsula of Cape York itself has been little trodden by whites, and there the black ranges undisturbed. Just where the neck of Cape York widens and joins the body of the continent is a debateable land, where is considerable white settlement. Cooktown, on the coast, 1,250 miles north-east of Brisbane, is well into the peninsula, and is the Ultima Thule of Australian colonisation. Townsville, nearly 400 miles to the south, is a more important place. Two or three smaller ports intervene. About 100 miles inland is the gold-field of the Palmer River. Nearer the Gulf of Carpentaria are other auriferous districts. Over all this region the natives are numerous ; and it is here that an intermittent warfare between the blacks and the whites has been waged for years past. The conflict has been disastrous to both parties ; it has reflected no little discredit upon colonial civilisation ; and there is small prospect of its ending differently from most other conflicts of the kind. According to the story of interested whites, the natives rob and murder whenever they see an opportunity, and only through stern repression and punishment can settlement become permanently safe. According to the story of disinterested whites, rough pioneers and worse characters often maltreat the blacks and insult their women ; the natives in retaliating are unable to distinguish between the just and the unjust ; thus many an innocent colonist suffers for the misdeeds of vile compatriots ; the police (of whom more presently) are sent

out to punish the black marauders ; and so the process of attack and counter-attack is kept up.

It is not doubtful that many innocent whites have lost their lives in Northern Queensland. Sometimes the murders by the blacks are marked by circumstances so shocking that it is difficult, even after the lapse of years, to consider them in a judicial spirit. Nevertheless, as there exists a very serious second side to the question, a judicial spirit must be aimed at. If the aborigines kill at all, they cannot be expected to display refinement in the process. The important question is, are they provoked to excesses ? On this issue the evidence, unfortunately, will not permit of a decision exculpatory of the whites. The population of these frontier regions always includes an exceptionally large proportion of rude humanity. The qualities that make a man a successful pioneer are not such as fit him for the busier haunts of men. Love of adventure leads some restless spirits to these outlying districts. Others are professional diggers, not seldom endowed with a rude sense of justice and honour, such as is portrayed in several of the dramatic creations of Bret Harte. A third class have left the more populous parts of the British Empire because unpleasant conditions were likely to be imposed upon their continued residence there. The scum of the earth finds its way to all new countries. Men of the last-mentioned class will lightly value the life of a black, and in the almost total absence of white women they will commit that offence which amongst all races provokes the fiercest exasperation. A revolver may be emptied at the natives for mere amusement, just as a shot is taken at a wild duck ; and remonstrance will elicit the unconcerned reply, "It's only a —— nigger." Hands may be laid on a black woman : the representation that she is another man's wife will only provoke a scornful denial of the possibility of such relationships among "niggers." The aborigines watch their chance to retort upon the unwary ; and it generally happens that those whites whom they catch off their guard are those who have never done or contemplated any wrong. But the blacks cannot make this distinction, nor is it likely under any circumstances that an untutored race will be guided in its actions by the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. Yet their white rivals treat them as inferior beings on the one hand, and on the other raise a cry of indignation when the despised natives fail to display a spirit of forgiveness and forbearance which is the hallmark of the highest morality. Even the humane inhabitants of these regions, such as would not injure the blacks themselves, tacitly rank them with the beasts of the field. Not one settler in a hundred can be brought to admit that an injured native is an object of consideration, or that a wrong done to a black is at the worst more than an unpleasant incident. And when the natives turn and spear cattle

or kill a colonist, the cry for extermination becomes general. The minority who believe that the natives can be improved otherwise than off the face of the earth maintain a discreet silence.

The cynical doctrine of annihilation is not upheld merely by verbal exclamations uttered in the heat of anger and excitement. The newspapers of the north preach this brutal crusade in the most open and deliberate manner. It is an unfortunate characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race that wherever a few score of its members are gathered together they must have a newspaper. Generally speaking they are much the worse for it; indeed the evil influence of those pestiferous off-shoots of civilisation, petty newspapers, is a serious matter that philosophers ought not to overlook. A journal becomes a mere reservoir of mischief when it does not appeal to a sufficiently large circle to elevate it above private scandal or local pettifoggery. In these days of rapid communication Little Pedlington, even when situated on the desolate shore of an immense colony, can readily obtain reading in which great subjects are dealt with in a broad spirit. There is no real need for small prints whose mission is to make some journeyman printer his own master, and whose policy is a concentrated essence of uncharitableness. In England are plainly visible the ill effects of transferring to all the glory of actual print the tattle of tea-tables and the vapourings of public-house parlours. In Australia the nuisance is worse still. The centres of population are much smaller, and they are animated by a far more intense spirit of localism. In the colonies Government is in great measure paternal: it is the largest landowner and the largest employer of labour; it constructs all manner of public works, from lock-ups to railways. The apportionment of the sums annually raised in the shape of revenue, and periodically in the shape of loans, is the one object of general solicitude. A Ministry is esteemed according to its success in this distribution of manna from the local custom-house and the London money market; a member in proportion to the dexterity on behalf of his electorate he displays in the general scramble; a newspaper according to the vigour of its voice in the interests of the township where it is published. Almost every collection of two or three hundred people in Australia has its newspaper. A weekly sheet about the size of an English halfpenny paper is published at sixpence. Even at this charge the owner of a country journal in such a thinly populated region as Queensland can make a living only through coarse flattery and unscrupulous advocacy. Every subscriber is a personage, every advertisement a consideration. Each old woman expects to see her views as to the management of the universe appear in print. If any dissatisfaction be given, straightway issues the dreaded mandate, "Stop my paper," or, "Take out that advertisement." The course of an editor in such a narrow channel requires



very careful steering. To condemn a local abuse is equivalent to laying the axe to the root of the subscription list. Beyond instructing the British Government as to the management of the Eastern Question, reviling other districts where public money is being spent, and clamouring for greater outlay upon his own, his choice of subjects is very limited. Hence in the north of Queensland he seizes with avidity upon this native difficulty, which serves more ends than one. It is a safe subject. It appeals to the passions of the lowest colonist; it is always in accord with "public opinion;" and it tends to promote the expenditure of money in places where the blacks are troublesome. To argue that the world contains too many newspapers may seem wandering far from the belligerents of Northern Queensland, yet it is certain that the blacks would receive better treatment if the angry passions of the whites were not habitually reflected in cold-blooded print. To the same cause may be ascribed other features of colonial life which cannot be regarded with unmixed satisfaction.

In connection with this native difficulty there exists a cause of mischief even more potent than the newspapers. This—must it be written?—is the police! A century has elapsed since Lord Chatham entered his eloquent protest against the employment of Indians in the American war; yet the Englishman learns with amazement that the force delegated to keep in order the aborigines of Northern Queensland is composed of black troopers officered by whites. These native police differ from their nomad brethren in being clothed, carrying firearms, and in adding to native cunning the resources of civilised duplicity. It is the old story. Of the "three R's" that civilisation offers to the heathen—rum, rifles, and religion—the Queensland black takes the first and second and leaves the third. The trooper's position gives him the sense of authority; sense of responsibility he has none. In a word, he becomes that most hideous of human creatures—a thinly veneered savage. The tacit understanding among colonists to draw a veil as much as possible over the doings of these breeched and buttoned wretches is itself sufficiently significant. When a body of black police attack their naked brethren the proceeding is spoken of as "a dispersal." To a stranger this expression would imply a mere act of driving away. Queenslanders interpret the phrase very differently. A "dispersal" is really a butchery. The troopers shoot every unclad brother they can aim at, and their proceedings afterwards, notably in respect of female prisoners, are regulated very much according to their own inclinations. The aboriginal finds discipline irksome, his varnish of civilisation notwithstanding. Accordingly, as a compensation for obeying orders before and during the act of dispersal, the black trooper does what he pleases afterwards. It is certain that he frequently commits the most abominable deeds. Nauseous details, many of which are

scarcely fit for print, need not be reproduced, since the main facts are not seriously disputed. The authorities may extenuate, but they do not deny. The subject has been investigated by journals, published for the most part in Brisbane, which are not under "obligations" to conceal the truth. The *Queenslander*, in particular, deserves credit for an inquiry that was only calculated to bring it into unpopularity, and that could only benefit a number of unfortunates who possess neither votes nor political influence. The evidence thus collected is much more than sufficient to establish the conclusion which might not rashly be formed without evidence—that one set of savages ought never to be employed to protect whites against another. This question of common humanity really needed no inquiry; nevertheless the investigation has been made, and all cavil is foreclosed by the facts.

As the Queensland Legislature is not devoid of conscientious men, such a crying scandal has not escaped the notice of Parliament. On the contrary, it has come under discussion almost every session since the colony was separated from New South Wales. The result will not surprise Englishmen, who are acquainted with Ministerial ways of postponing reforms that are at once urgently needed and practically inconvenient. The black police force is a disgrace to the colony, but it is cheap. The parliamentary question, in short, is purely one of money. The purchase of political support by the distribution of expenditure on public works is the first business of a Queensland Government. Success in this task is a prime condition of existence. It follows that the particular triumphs over the general; local clamour consigns to the background such vague abstractions as the public welfare and the common interest. Ministers must be lavish in the wrong place and economical in the wrong place, or they will speedily give way to another set. They must satisfy the greed of constituencies, or these will send representatives to oust them. Indeed in many cases the task must be accomplished of soothing both the member and his electorate. In consequence of this system of indirect bribery—the local term is "log-rolling"—colonial Governments can with difficulty find money for the discharge of those duties which ought to have the first claim upon them. In spite of unlimited command of land, a growing population, and freedom from naval, military, and foreign burdens, Australian treasurers are always in difficulties. A balanced budget is as rare a phenomenon as a comet. And when a fit of economy does seize a Minister, or is imposed upon him, he generally turns his attention to reducing the police department, or to starving the miserable apology for a defence force which each colony now professes to maintain. In practice, indeed, it is easier to lower the police strength beneath security point than it is to withhold from an obscure township a new lock-up. The

lock-up means so much money spent in the township. The police force is everybody's business.

This peculiarity of Australian politics may seriously affect the future of these colonies; for the present we are concerned with it as explaining the maintenance of the black police abomination. The prospect of a change—which to be useful must be thorough—is not very hopeful. The press and private members of Parliament may declaim against the scandal, but the outlay that would put an end to it is wanted for other purposes. Justice to the aborigines of the north could not secure an accession of political influence; justice, therefore, is tacitly withheld when it is not openly pooh-poohed. It is only fair to Ministers to say that as regards expenditure they are much less masters of the situation than their contemporaries in England. The power of a Premier over his followers is not always sufficient to restrain them from voting money for local purposes or for purposes of downright jobbery. In such cases the state of the Treasury is always a matter of indifference. In the Queensland Legislature has often been witnessed the strange spectacle of Ministers and the Leader of the Opposition voting against a money job and the rest of the House voting for it. And if the Government cannot prevent jobbery it is even less potent to promote philanthropy—or whatever justice to the blacks may be called. The outcry against “fanciful,” “Quixotic,” and “useless” expenditure would be irresistible, even pre-supposing (which is pre-supposing much) that Ministers were induced to tender such a vote and saw their way to finding the money. The black of the north, in fact, differs from the aboriginal of the south and centre in being a belligerent; but in the matter of being destitute of friends with the exception of the benevolent few whose influence scarcely extends beyond their own pockets, the natives of Australia who have made submission and those who resist are in much the same plight. Speaking of the unsatisfactory condition of the black station at Coranderok, Victoria, the *Melbourne Leader* says: “To the frequent applications made to him (Mr. Berry, the late Premier) on behalf of the poor natives during the past four years he has been prodigal in promises, but nothing has been done. The aborigines, we fear, are at a disadvantage, owing to their case not having a party politics bearing. Had a parliamentary vote been at stake probably . . . the redress of the Coranderok grievance would have been attended to long ago.” As the *Leader* is itself a partisan paper of a very pronounced type, and Mr. Berry's principal organ at the present time, some weight may be attached to this admission.

The Queensland Government have refused to propose the vote necessary for the establishment of a white police force in the north. Aroused by the latest outcry against the treatment of the blacks, they have, indeed, taken some remedial measures. But whilst this

movement involves the admission that they have hitherto been in the wrong, it is not nearly enough to put them in the right. Peaceful overtures have been made to certain tribes around Cooktown, and a supply of food has been given them. No doubt many of the native depredations are instigated by hunger; and it is highly probable that the unfortunates are satisfied as to the hopelessness of the warfare, and are willing to make peace. These measures, then, are good in themselves, but not good as a beginning. The first step towards reform must be the disbandment of the black troopers. These remain. The Government express a hope that the establishment of better relations between the two races will enable them to dispense with the services of their depraved retainers; but this is absurd. The proof is indisputable that the troopers are a prime cause of the present evil state of things. In his wild state the black is not a creature of a high order; but even from his original state he steadily declines as soon as he discovers that he can live most comfortably by means of servility and trickery, and as soon as a new joy is revealed to him in the rum-bottle.

What is wanted is that the aboriginal should be left to gain his living in his own way on a reserve set apart for him, and that he should conclude a peace with the white man on the basis of justice. But justice implies that the black should be protected from the white, as much as it implies the converse. The savage cannot be permitted, even when provoked, to murder settlers; but on the other hand he must be shielded from the pot-shots, and his wife from the insults, of heedless or brutal colonists. True, the infliction of a very heavy punishment upon a white who offended in either of these ways would be practically impossible. Nevertheless a wrong done to a black should be unmistakably regarded as a crime. This would be a great advance in the right direction, even if, as a local humourist grimly put it, the comparatively small charge of five pounds were imposed for killing a man. That to compass such ends as these the lightly lacquered black rascals would be worse than useless is a self-evident proposition. For one thing, they could be bribed or suborned on the largest scale at the cheapest rate. The troopers possess a knowledge of Australian woodcraft such as white men cannot hope to rival; but this is an argument for employing a few as trackers or guides, not for forming the rank and file of the force out of such material. Only to a disciplined body of white men can we look for that forbearance and moderation in trying circumstances which are everywhere the first qualities of a police force. Such a body could alone mediate between the two races, restraining the white from excesses and assuring quietude to the blacks so long, though only so long, as they refrained from depredation.

In addition to being exposed to molestation, the blacks are in danger of starving. The spreading occupancy of the whites tends to destroy

the food supply of the less fortunate race. This is a difficulty which could not be overcome at first by the mere grant of a reserve. That the black should be assured of a meal when he needs one in return for the appropriation of his hunting grounds is obviously bare justice. Nor could this mulct be a severe one in a country where cattle are a drug. The establishment of a few depôts where the aborigines could seek safety from starvation would remove a principal cause of these troubles. Here again the assistance of a disciplined white force would be needed; for such work must not be done spasmodically, and the charitably disposed cannot be expected to betake themselves to the wilderness. The matter of reserves ought to cause no difficulty, though the Queensland Government seems indisposed to make any concession even of this kind. For many years to come the north of Queensland must remain a thinly populated country. Areas practically boundless might be assigned to the aborigines. There would be no reason or excuse for invading these reserves if care were taken beforehand to ascertain that they did not contain any gold deposits. Where gold is the miner will be; and the whole of Eastern Australia is auriferous. But in these vast regions it is not difficult to mark out whole provinces which experts would pronounce to be destitute of gold. Having thus given the native race a start, and guaranteed them from violence, the colony of Queensland might repose in the assurance that it had done everything in its power for the future of this unfortunate people. In no case can that future be regarded with very hopeful feelings. Nevertheless it is the plain duty of the dominant race to avoid everything calculated to precipitate the end, to prevent as far as possible the addition of another disgraceful chapter to the history of the British Empire—a chapter akin to that wherein is written the fate of the red races of America; a hideous tragedy of fire, blood, and the rum-bottle, brought out in stronger relief by the Christianity burlesques contemporaneously enacted.

## II.

We now come to the insular difficulties. These are scarcely more important than the unhappy warfare on the mainland; but they make much more noise. Any acts of war on Queensland territory are conducted by the Queensland Government, which is not proud of the agents it employs. Thus, not only are butcheries toned down to "dispersals," but even "dispersals" are spoken of as little as possible. Acts of war among the islands, on the other hand, are conducted by the British Admiralty, and every cannon-shot fired in the Pacific is re-echoed in London. Nevertheless, between these two "little wars" there is all the difference that exists between the inevitable and the incidental. The fray between the colonists and the aborigines in Northern Queensland must be determined by peace

or the extermination of the weaker party; amongst the Pacific islands there is really no necessity for whites and blacks coming into contact at all. Traders visit the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands only for profit. Christianity and civilisation would gain credit if they stayed away. The trade is of course spoken of as important by those who conduct it. Whether it is worth the trouble, scandal, and loss of life it involves is much more than questionable. The "unexampled prosperities" so scorned by Carlyle would not sensibly diminish if trade were unknown in these regions, whilst prosperity of a different kind, and of more consequence to the well-being of mankind, would be materially promoted. As there is no present question of annexing the islands, and therefore no need of diplomatic subterfuge, it might be worth while to consider that these territories are the property of the natives, who have a right to enjoy their own in their own way. Enforced happiness is acute misery. But this very obvious phase of the question is never even looked at. All reasoning in respect of native races proceeds from the axiom that the ubiquitous Englishman, with his missionaries and his multiplication tables playing at cross purposes, has an inherent right to invade every square mile of the earth's surface held by coloured races. In theory the black is introduced to the whole of the sublime morality of the Scriptures. In practice he is only made acquainted with the methods described in the book of Joshua. If he fail to appreciate this mixed Christianity, the inevitable gun-boat is called up. The sweet simplicity of letting people alone never has any charms for Europeans who come in contact with uncivilised races. The whole question at issue is begged by the assumption that the natives must be punished if they refuse to do something or other that *we* think will be for their benefit.

Trade in the South Pacific is mostly carried on with the groups known as the Solomons and the New Hebrides. These islands lie off the coast of Queensland at a distance of about fourteen hundred miles, and follow the trend of that coast to the north-west. They form, indeed, a sort of rampart between Australia and the remainder of the vast Pacific archipelago. Their comparative propinquity is the reason why these groups are selected for commercial operations. Some of the islands are large, and they spread over a great range of ocean. At present they are sufficient for the wants or capabilities of the whites who visit them. That the so-called trade is the prime cause of the troubles of which the British public has recently heard so much is not a matter of dispute. Missionaries and scientific men can deal with the natives without bloodshed. The Polynesians have, indeed, killed others besides traders, but they labour under the same difficulties as the Queensland blacks: if provoked to reprisals they cannot make distinctions. The issue, then, turns upon the nature of this trade. The answer to this question may now be made with

confidence. A good deal of the intercourse of whites with the Polynesians is downright spoliation and outrage. There may be honest traders; but many, if not the majority, follow a calling which can be made most profitable by means of violence, and, in addition to robbery, they respect no principles in the gratification of their cruelty and lust. The case of the islands, in fact, is much the same as the case of the continent. Men who get their living in the outlying places of the earth are not remarkable for studying the amenities of life; and even when they are not brutal, they proceed in a spirit of domineering and with an assumption of superiority that are scarcely less disastrous. Trade in the South Seas very often fails to rise above the level of buccaneering. The flag which the British Admiralty is called upon to protect is not seldom the rag of a semi-piratical adventurer.

*A priori* considerations are not encouraging. When we see the lengths to which the love of money will carry men in England, though surrounded by jealous eyes and with a position in society to maintain, what confidence can we feel in the operations of men the majority of whom never had and never will have a position in society, and who act in a wild and desolate region where no civilised eye can watch them? The local name given to these traders is significant. They are termed "beach-combers." They never, for the best possible reasons, penetrate into the interior of the islands they visit. They descend upon the beach, "comb" up whatever they can lay hands on, and then make all sail again. There is too much reason for believing that beach-combing has involved some of the foulest deeds of which man is capable; but there is no necessity for endeavouring to prove these men to be monsters of iniquity. It is sufficient for the purpose to show that the whites have been guilty of provocation, and that serious wrong has been done in the name of civilisation. And, unfortunately, these propositions are true. The traders themselves, though they have enjoyed well-nigh a monopoly of the manufacture of this kind of history, have allowed some awkward facts to leak out. Independent witnesses have come forward and have furnished evidence which cannot be gainsaid.

Of this testimony the most important is that given by the Baron Miklouho-Maclay. This gentleman occupies a peculiarly unassailable position as a witness. He is neither a trader nor a missionary, but a Russian savant who has spent ten years amongst the Papuan and Polynesian races. M. de Miklouho-Maclay is thus well qualified to give testimony as to wrong done by whites in these regions. He is also a living example of the effects of doing right, for he has frequently carried his life in his hand amongst the most ferocious of the black tribes. He lived for four years on that wild portion of the New Guinea Coast now known as the Maclay Coast. Here, though constantly mixing with dangerous blacks, he had no

protection save his own personal courage and his belief in the legitimate influence of a cultivated European acting on the principles of justice. This is M. de Miklouho-Maclay's view of the Polynesian difficulty, extracted from a letter addressed by him to the Commdore of the Australian squadron :—

“The conduct of many whites towards the aborigines of the South Sea Islands is in no way justifiable, and of the truth of this I have many instances at my command, and I am not surprised that reprisals on the part of the natives take place. Impartial observation of the South Sea Islanders teaches that they are assuredly not more cruel and more revengeful than the whites (skippers and traders) who visit them, and that they know how to value and understand just and equitable treatment. Cases occur in which the natives kill the whites simply for the sake of killing, but such deplorable abnormalities are not confined to the blacks alone; besides, the apparently wanton character of the massacres depends not unfrequently simply on the difficulty of ascertaining the causes and details of the transaction. Ignorance of the customs and language of the blacks makes it difficult for the whites to find out the rights of the matter. It is certain that so long as such institutions as kidnapping, slave trade, and slavery are suffered or even (under the name ‘free labour trade’) sanctioned by the Government, and shameless spoliation, which goes by the name of ‘trading,’ continues on the islands, these results—the massacres—will constantly recur.”

This is a very complete summary of the situation; and nothing need be added to it except that the Baron's testimony by no means stands alone. Other impartial whites who have visited the islands have come forward with statements which are all of the same purport. Sometimes, indeed, the European's ineradicable conviction of his superiority will lead an interested white to ludicrously blurt out the truth. Occasionally the overpowering weight of facts will overcome, in the mind of a conscientious witness, a prejudice so deep-rooted that he may not be aware of its existence. A little while ago the Rev. B. Chapman, General Secretary of the Wesleyan Mission, forwarded to the *Weekly Advocate*, a denominational paper, an account of the “murders” of a Mr. Klinesmith and two other whites in the neighbourhood of New Britain. The reverend gentleman opens his narrative with a formula of the usual kind. “This atrocious deed has excited great indignation against the perpetrators, and very naturally,” &c. But by the time he has jotted down the facts he is constrained, as a Christian and a clergyman, to review the situation, and to observe at the end of his communication: “I leave your readers to say whether there is any cause for surprise that the natives should act as they did in the circumstances.” There is not, indeed, any cause for surprise. Mr. Klinesmith “bought an island.” The transaction looks imposing in print, but the purchase of an island in the South Seas amounts to little more than the purchase of a quarter of beef in Smithfield Market. Mr. Klinesmith seems to have been of opinion that when he bought the island he bought the natives who resided upon it. “We know,” says Mr. Chapman,



"that in such cases complications frequently arise when the purchaser enforces all the rights of purchase as understood by Europeans." It will be consoling for Englishmen who have sacrificed so much since the days of Wilberforce with the object of putting an end to the buying and selling of human beings, to learn that slavery is still amongst "the rights of purchase, as understood by Europeans." Mr. Klinesmith lived at Meoko, Duke of York's Island. When some of the natives from "his island" visited his place of residence he ordered them as a right to go with him to New Britain. At first they consented; but upon discovering that they would probably be absent several weeks, they withdrew their consent. Mr. Klinesmith forthwith lodged a charge of small shot in the shoulder of the black who had instigated the refusal. "This outrage naturally provoked" the natives, and they set out for their island. Mr. Klinesmith and two men followed them. The rest of the story is somewhat obscure, but it is certain that more small shot flew about, and that the three whites were eventually killed. It only remains to supplement the Rev. B. Chapman's narrative with the obvious inference that Mr. Klinesmith and his two men fell victims to his unbounded greed and wanton brutality.

It would be idle to encumber the pages of the Fortnightly Review with additional examples which in nearly all cases would only tend to demonstrate the same proposition. We may proceed to consider the part played in this miserable business by her Majesty's Government and forces. This part may be succinctly defined as a constant groping in the dark after justice, with the certainty of floundering through a vast amount of injustice in the course of the search. The natives have no means of securing redress; they can only indulge in revenge; and on the other hand naval commanders must inflict punishment for the murders of white men, though it may be impossible to determine whether these have brought death upon themselves or have suffered for the misdeeds of others. One of the most deplorable incidents in connection with these Pacific troubles was the massacre of Lieutenant Bower and four seamen of the *Sandfly*. This party landed on a small island named Mandoliana, near a larger island named Florida. The natives rushed out of the bush and killed the four seamen. Lieutenant Bower escaped into the thicket, but was found in a high tree the next day and shot. A seaman named Savage was the only survivor. He took to the water and was rescued by a canoe. Whether the blacks had been provoked to this outrage by some other whites is an unsolved and now insoluble problem. Obviously the naval authorities could not trouble themselves with the first causes of such an incident. Prompt measures were taken, and the ringleaders of the murderous blacks forfeited their lives. Sometimes these procedures are termed acts of war, sometimes the term punishment is used. Mr. Grant Duff sustains

the former definition. Some months ago, whilst he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies, he informed the House of Commons that the Colonial Department had no control over the Solomons or other groups of islands inhabited by wild races. Any reprisals upon such races were acts of war, and were conducted by the Admiralty. This of course is correct as a statement of fact, but it leads to some curious logical complications. An act of war implies a state of war, declared or understood. If England be at war with the Solomon Islands, Lieutenant Bower was guilty of unjustifiable rashness in landing upon one. The natives only committed an act of war in attacking the officer and his party—unless we are to fall back upon one of the favourite European assumptions, and take it for granted that war between whites and blacks begins and ends whenever the former think proper. The game is one in which we cry, "Heads we win, tails you lose: we are warriors, but you are murderers." Again, if a state of war prevail in these regions, the attempts to carry on trade are absurd. There is no commerce between belligerents; the very acts of war which result from trading ought, according to all rules, to put an end to trading. If it be urged that the attempt to apply the rules of civilised warfare to these island troubles would be foolish, the reply is simple. The present state of things is worse than foolish. Our Pacific expeditions are an illogical jumble of commerce, war, and judicial procedure; it is always a mere matter of chance whether the natives are in the right or in the wrong; and at the best our expenditure of labour, money, and human life only serves to smooth the path of a set of scoundrelly traders. The fact that such men as missionaries and naturalists do not require the help of the British tar is decisive.

As to the nature and effects of these naval operations in the Pacific, they for the most part deserve the epithet farcical. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. As soon as a war ship manifests any signs of hostility, the natives take to the hills and the dense woods which fill the interior of most of these islands. They know very well what is going to happen. The fact that some of them were seen a short time ago fishing with dynamite shows that they have made material progress in one branch of civilisation. The war ship opens fire. The cocoa-nut trees suffer, and so also, perhaps, do some of those curious dwellings with low walls and enormous roofs, like extinguishers, which have been familiar to English readers since the days of Captain Cook. These tenements are dear to the islanders, who will not, if they can help it, live in any other. On some Queensland plantations comfortable wooden huts were built for Polynesians who came to cultivate the canes, but the dark-skinned labourers deserted the huts and left them empty in favour of these stifling dens of reeds and strong straw. But much as is the islander attached to his indigenous piggeries, he is not greatly inconve-

nieniced by their destruction. They are easily built; indeed, a Polynesian hut and an overgrown system of government may be classed together as the two human structures that are more readily set up than knocked down. Plainly this exchange of expensive explosives for odds and ends of vegetable substances is all to the disadvantage of England. Such acts of war are so obviously impotent that complaints were recently made in Australia as to the insufficiency of the mischief. The decay of the British tar and the decline of England as a naval power were hinted at. But when a French captain undertook a similar enterprise he found himself unable to improve upon the performances of his English brethren.

To the rule of bootless destruction there have been some exceptions. British commanders have occasionally, and especially of late, succeeded in coming to close quarters with the blacks, and divers murderers, or supposed murderers, have been slain. It is claimed that some of the murderers of Lieutenant Bower and his party, and also of Captain Schwartz, have been taken and executed. Narratives of these punishments (they are not termed acts of war in Australia) have appeared in the Sydney papers, the editors expressing confidence that the details would be found "interesting." They are, indeed, very interesting, and much better calculated to evoke astonishment than admiration. The war ship *Cormorant* and the schooner *Renard* proceeded to Florida, one of the Solomon Islands, where, mainly through the influence of Bishop Selwyn, one Holambosa, who was amongst the assailants of Lieutenant Bower and party, was given up and shot. Another prisoner was deemed too young to be shot. This happened in May, 1881. In June the *Cormorant* returned to Florida, and another native, named Otamate, was given up. He, like the first captive, was tried on board the *Cormorant*, and then taken on shore and put to death. According to the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, "the blue jackets got everything in readiness, when they compelled the natives to put the rope round Otamate's neck and hang him." We are not informed as to the nature of the procedure whereby the officers of the *Cormorant* satisfied themselves of these men's guilt. It is said that Otamate confessed. Even so, we have yet to learn under what rule of war or judicial proceedings the countrymen of even a confessedly guilty culprit are compelled to act as his executioners. We have also to be enlightened as to the principle which guides British officers in first making war upon blacks as if they were aliens, and afterwards trying them as if they were subjects.

Further doings of the *Cormorant* are thus described in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* of July 30:—

"The *Cormorant* next proceeded to Cape Marsh, the scene of Captain Schwartz's murder. Landing there, Captain Bruce met 'Paddy' Sambooleo, the king of Japwoma—a village at Cape Marsh—who offered to act as guide. Captain Walsh, of the *Venture*, had, however, been there, and, it is stated,

burnt one of the adjacent villages, and Kookie, the chief, had gone into the bush. A large number of marines and blue jackets were then landed, and proceeding some distance inland, burnt several other villages. For a long time no natives were seen, but as they returned to the coast a canoe was seen with three men in it. 'Paddy' and Captain Schwartz's boy, Jimtoli, recognised one of the men in it as one of Captain Schwartz's murderers. Orders were immediately given to fire, and though seven hundred yards away, two of the men were killed. The third jumped into the water and swam on shore before he could be caught, and he escaped into the bush."

This paragraph affords us some insight into the style of justice favoured by naval officers on the Pacific station. "One of the men" was recognised, and straightway *two* were killed. The witnesses whose recognition led to the summary process were "Paddy" and "Jimtoli." All that can be said is that the white man who will kill a black on the unsupported testimony of other blacks must be destitute alike of mother wit and of Pacific experience. The natives have not the smallest notion of the obligations of truth or even of its nature. Generally speaking, a Polynesian's knowledge of English is comprised in the word "yes." If his acquirements proceed further, they are nearly always applied to expressing ideas equivalent to "yes." In other words, the black strives to frame answers which will please his interrogator, regardless alike of fact and consequences. Very likely "Paddy" and "Jimtoli" would have been as ready to affirm that the savages in the boat were angels as to mark them as murderers.

To sum up: England's operations in the Pacific are at once injurious and ridiculous. They add one more to the list of examples which mark the evil consequences of ill-directed good intentions. Starting with the noble ambition of maintaining police on the high seas and insuring peaceable intercourse with savage races, Great Britain has ended by becoming the champion of a knot of white filibusters. On the authority of a responsible statesman we make war upon these Islanders, and yet we expect trade to be carried on contemporaneously with war. The fighting, moreover, must be all on one side. The islanders cannot be belligerents; if they indulge in hostilities they become criminals. War ceases *pro tem.*, and judicial proceedings begin. These also are of a purely one-sided kind. *Cormorant* courts of justice only redress the wrongs of white men. The evidence that the blacks are often in the right is overwhelming, but there is no provision for giving any kind of satisfaction to them. Nobody benefits by this expenditure of labour, treasure, and blood except the "trader." Our performances are sufficiently condemned by the rapid spread, both as regards extent and bitterness, of this miserable warfare.

### III.

There yet remains another branch of this subject—one that has recently given rise to an extraordinary and indeed a horrible scandal

We allude to what is facetiously known as the "free labour" trade; in other words, the engagement of the natives of the New Hebrides group to work in Queensland, mostly on the sugar plantations. Some twelve or fourteen years ago this kind of South Sea traffic excited a good deal of attention at home, and formed the subject of divers blue-books. It was more than suspected that the Polynesians were kidnapped, and that "free labour" was thinly disguised slavery. Eventually the Queensland Legislature passed an Act to regulate this traffic. It was provided that the Islander was to be engaged for the term of three years at the rate of six pounds a year; certain conditions as to food and clothing were imposed; and the employer was bound to restore the Islander to his native land at the end of his term of service. This Act appears to have satisfied the British Government. For years the question slept. It does not appear to have received any further attention at the Colonial Office; and in Queensland the only objection raised to Polynesian labour was that it took the bread out of the mouths of white workmen. The comfort or otherwise of the Islander himself was not thought of. About five years ago, however, unpleasant rumours began to get about. It was said that the Act afforded no real protection to the Islanders, and was in fact merely devised as a blind to the Imperial Government. The Kanakas were often cruelly treated, and any official who dared to interfere on their behalf did so at the risk of losing his appointment. The Islander, in short, was looked upon as a machine for the enrichment of his employer, and this latter consideration was the only one that need receive, or did receive, any attention. Reports of this kind soon assumed consistency. The case of Mr. Sheridan attracted some attention, and was noticed in two or three of the newspapers. This gentleman was Polynesian inspector at Maryborough, a port some 200 miles north of Brisbane, and the centre of a large sugar-growing district. Being an inspector, Mr. Sheridan thought it was his duty to inspect. He not only persisted in seeing that the Act was carried out, but he did not hesitate to bring before the magistrates any planter who was guilty of brutal conduct towards his black assistants. Other inspectors, wiser in their generation, confined their labours mostly to the agreeable occupation of drawing their salaries, speedily discovering that the less work they did the better they were appreciated. Mr. Sheridan was both energetic and upright, and he paid the penalty of these defects of character. He was assailed in Parliament in the most truculent manner by the very legislators who had passed the Act which he was striving to enforce. No Minister durst give him due promotion or a proper increase of salary, though he was one of the oldest officers in the service. In 1877 he was actually receiving less pay than was given him ten years previously. This sort of persecution did not, however, attract more than a languid attention, for unfortunately it

is an everyday occurrence throughout Australia for legislators to prostitute their position in order to fill their pockets or gratify their malice. But the majority in the Queensland Parliament were not satisfied with a moderate amount of revenge. They did not rest until Mr. Sheridan was removed from his inspectorship. A Mr. Horrocks was substituted, but only to be speedily removed, since he proved just as scrupulous as Mr. Sheridan. The employers and their friends then pitched upon Mr. Buttanshaw, the police magistrate at Maryborough, this choice being justified by the argument that the duties of magistrate in a considerable town would prevent Mr. Buttanshaw from becoming troublesome as an inspector. The pleasant delusion was soon dissipated. Mr. Buttanshaw proved a very Rehoboam as contrasted with either of the preceding Solomons. He not only inspected, but as the result of his observations he forwarded to the Colonial Secretary a report which left that Minister no alternative to immediate action. The most noteworthy portion of this document is contained in the subjoined paragraph, which relates specially to the firm of Tooth and Cran, cane-growers and sugar manufacturers in the vicinity of Maryborough. Alluding to the excessive mortality amongst the Islanders employed by Messrs. Tooth and Cran, Mr. Buttanshaw observes—

“Inquiries are useless, but an intimation from the Government that until the death-rate has been reduced to a reasonable limit, and kept so, no further Islanders should be indented to the firm, would, I believe, check the evil. It is not fair to the other planters and dishonourable to the colony that the lives of the Kanakas should be so wasted. I should recommend that the wages of Islanders dying before the three years have expired shall be claimed by the Government. No person having power over the Islanders should be gainers by their death. The more the masters lose by the death of their servants, the more expense they will incur in keeping them in health. At present there is a gain on the death of those near the end of their time, which is balanced against the loss caused by the death of those newly arrived.”

Surely a more horrible statement was never penned by one white man of his fellows. English readers will comprehend Mr. Buttanshaw's drift more clearly when it is explained that the Polynesian's wages are paid in one sum (£18) at the end of the three years' term of service. If he die before the term expires, the firm employing him save the whole amount. Mr. Buttanshaw plainly represents that if Messrs. Tooth and Cran do not actively bring about the deaths of their Polynesians in order to save their wages, the same end is indirectly attained by the withholding of medical aid when the unhappy blacks fall sick. Consequently the “lives of the Kanakas are wasted,” and the death-rate is not kept within what Mr. Buttanshaw grimly terms “a reasonable limit.” The limit is, indeed, the very reverse of “reasonable.” In England the average death-rate amongst the male population between the ages of 16 and 32 is 9 per thousand per annum. Amongst the Polynesians employed in Queensland it is from nine to eleven times as great.

Upon the receipt of Mr. Buttanshaw's report in February, 1880, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Palmer (now Sir A. H. Palmer), instructed Dr. Thompson and Dr. Wray, two leading medical men of Brisbane, to inquire into the condition of the Polynesians. Ill-luck again befell the unscrupulous section of the Queensland legislators. The two doctors proved to be as conscientious as the inspectors. They not only inquired into the condition of the Polynesians on Messrs. Tooth and Cran's plantations, but they examined all the principal estates around Maryborough. The result of their investigation was a report in which Mr. Buttanshaw's serious statements were substantially borne out. On a few plantations the Islanders were fairly well treated; but these cases were exceptional. For the most part the Islanders were found to suffer from poor feeding, bad water, over-work, and the absence of proper care when sick. Say the two medical men, "The owners or managers as a rule seem chary of calling in medical aid—it is expensive." On the Yarra-Yarra plantations the blacks were required to do a morning turn of five hours on a ration of bread and tea. Drs. Wray and Thompson pronounced the bread to be uneatable. The "tea" was brewed in the exhilarating proportion of seven ounces of leaf to fifteen gallons of water!

The position admits of no argument. The British Government has but one course open to it—this Polynesian labour traffic ought to be abolished utterly and without delay, all hypocritical Acts of the Queensland Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding. The traffic is slavery. England is at present in the humiliating position of tolerating within her own borders that trade in human beings to abolish which in other quarters of the world she has expended countless millions of treasure. If the slavery of to-day in Queensland differs from the slavery of sixty years ago in the West Indies the difference is not in essentials. Indeed, in one important particular, the comparison is against the Queensland planter. It was to the interest of the West Indian to keep his slaves alive—at least until they reached decrepitude. It is the interest of the Queensland planter to kill off his Polynesians towards the end of their term; and we have the plainest official evidence to the effect that he does not hesitate to consult his interest.

Attempts to regulate this labour trade, and to compel the planters to conform in some measure to the principles of humanity, must assuredly prove abortive. The force of law has never yet, in any age or country, succeeded in restraining a stronger race from preying upon a weaker one, whenever the second has happened to be in the power of the first. In this case, however, it is not necessary to rely upon general arguments. Regulation is impossible in Queensland because the ultimate power rests with the Legislature, which is largely composed of traders and other employers who profit by this

te of human life. Other members of Parliament who do not  
 loy Polynesians would much like to do so, and are sympathisers  
 rdingly. The few legislators who are guided by principles of  
 ice and humanity may be described as *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*  
 n expression all the more appropriate since they must either  
 n with the current of corruption or be carried along with it.  
 r officials who might be appointed to carry out further regula-  
 s for the welfare of the Islanders would soon find themselves in  
 position of the inspectors. The majority do not inspect. The  
 e who did got into trouble through their honesty. Indeed, but  
 he accident of three conscientious men springing up at Mary-  
 ough in succession, the world would have known nothing of this  
 ninable scandal. Long before the Maryborough exposure, a few  
 lligent Queenslanders more than suspected the truth, but they  
 no means of making an authoritative accusation. It requires ne  
 e nerve and the strongest sense of duty for an official in the  
 noon of life to quarrel with the repositories of power, more  
 cially when that power is dispensed by men who never allow  
 r consciences to be pitted against their cash.

Months have elapsed since Drs. Wray and Thompson made their  
 rt, yet the Queensland Government have not moved in the  
 ter. The tendency at present seems quite in the opposite direc-  
 . The class of colonists who supply the majority of legislators  
 continually agitating for the extension of this labour traffic.  
 y would bring the Polynesian into every department of industry,  
 leave to starvation the unskilled labourers who have been  
 ght from England in thousands. But the interference of the  
 ish Government is not sought on these grounds. If Polynesian  
 ur were consistent with the laws of humanity and justice, the  
 e authorities would doubtless hold aloof, even if Queensland  
 ultimately peopled by hordes of Kanakas officered by white  
 talists. But Polynesian labour is slavery indifferently disguised ;  
 if it be allowed to continue after our vaunted exertions in the  
 e of freedom, a lasting stigma will be left on the British name.  
 here remains only to consider the means of improving our other  
 ions with the Pacific archipelagoes. Evidently British police-  
 rvision in the South Pacific is of the most unsatisfactory kind—  
 resent, indeed, accomplishing much more harm than good. Our  
 y is condemned by the simple fact that attacks upon whites are  
 tly on the increase ; and as reprisals increase in proportion, the  
 ress of these troubles is best represented by the familiar example  
 e circles made by a stone thrown into water. The best possible  
 dy is that which will probably be pronounced the least prac-  
 le. The British Admiralty should abandon these senseless attacks  
 the islands, should cease to administer a species of "justice"  
 h in reality amounts to the grossest injustice. The traders and

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## TROUBLES IN THE PACIFIC.

customers or victims (the proper appellation depends upon the point of view from which this business is regarded) should be left to settle their differences between themselves. The fact is established that missionaries and such men as Baron de Miklouho-Maclay do not or never need protection. The traders seldom or never serve any. If they were made aware that war-ships would no longer be forthcoming to support their nefarious deeds, they would doubtless begin to consider the advantages of good behaviour. All the evidence points to the conclusion that good treatment would be reciprocated, with occasional exceptions. Such exceptions, when fully substantiated, would justify the interference of the naval authorities, but in all other cases British captains would best consult the interests of humanity by holding aloof. One great objection to the system of reprisals is that, from the nature of the case, it cannot act as a deterrent. The ocean effectually prevents the rapid transmission of news. Punishment inflicted upon the natives of one island is only known to their immediate neighbours. The Polynesians who live a hundred miles off will pursue their way in complete ignorance of the doings of British seamen. A still stronger objection to the task undertaken by Great Britain is the impossibility of carrying it to completion. Though the effort to keep the peace in these wild regions is one of which the nation may be proud, those efforts must be limited to the extent of our powers. As long as the "beach-combers" and that ilk feel sure that there is a British cruiser behind them, they will gradually but unceasingly extend the sphere of their operations. At present their hunting grounds are confined to the Solomons and the New Hebrides; but under the kind protection of the British fleet they will assuredly go farther afield in search of game. Can the most ardent philanthropist expect England to maintain police supervision over the myriad islands of the Pacific? Is the British taxpayer to bear the burden of such supervision? The task is simply impossible. All ethical questions may be left out of consideration. The work cannot be done; and the sooner we cease these spasmodic, bungling, and mischievous attempts to bring about the impossible, the better for our reputation and the interests of humanity.

To this plea that the best solution of the problem is to leave the Polynesian in undisturbed enjoyment of his freedom the reply commonly made in Australia is the phrase "quite impossible." The Polynesian's labour "is required for the development of the sugar and other promising tropical industries of Queensland and Fiji, and the prosecution of the lucrative pearl-shell and *bêche-de-mer* fisheries in Torres Straits, and for many other purposes." No doubt what termed trade between Australia and the Pacific is considerable and is growing. New South Wales alone imports from the island commodities to the value of over £200,000 a year; and her exports

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thither exceed £300,000 a year. But certain considerations greatly lessen the importance of these figures. In the first place, commerce of whatsoever kind, that can only be carried on under the guns of a cruiser is not worth upholding and ought not to be upheld. Buying and selling are not the only ends of existence. Better a shilling's worth of barter effected in peace than a pound's worth enforced at the cannon's mouth. In the second place, great part of this traffic, as we have seen, is not legitimate trade at all, but simply plunder and kidnapping varied by rapine. Police supervision in the interests of burglars would not be more absurd than police supervision on behalf of "beach-combers." In the third place, this South Sea trade, even at its best, is demoralising to the natives, for the simple reason that almost the only goods they receive in exchange for their own are fire-arms and strong drink. The *Melbourne Argus* (December 10, 1881) terms the trade "semi-illegitimate," and adds: "Arms, ammunition, and liquor constituted no inconsiderable portion of this large export trade, and to this cause may be partly attributed the growing love of the savage for square gin and rifle-shooting." It is unfortunately too true that now the black has fairly appreciated the convenience of powder and shot, and has cultivated an appetite for "square gin," he is not likely to be deprived of supplies of either. These are always the first consequences of intercourse between whites and blacks, and they are likewise the most permanent. But it is one thing to admit that this miserable trade will inevitably progress, and another thing to allow her Majesty's forces to aid and abet the purveyors of bad spirits and deadly weapons. The commerce is such as ought to have no official recognition whatever; and, setting aside the question of trade, it is no more incumbent upon Englishmen to act as the police of the Pacific than as the police of Central Africa. If the yearly transfer to white men's pockets of so many thousand pounds be a sufficient justification for the maintenance of wrong, then slaves ought still to be cutting canes in the West Indies and picking cotton in Carolina.

It is understood that Great Britain favours the establishment of an international system of control, and that negotiations have been opened to the end with the continental powers interested in the Pacific. An international tribunal dealing out justice to whites and blacks alike would be a great advance upon the existing application of indiscriminate fire and sword. Common agreement amongst the states having a stake in the Pacific is indispensable, since any attempt at present to bring a white adventurer to account would lead to his claiming the protection of some other flag. But it is more than doubtful whether an international tribunal, though it would be an improvement, would be able to effectually remedy these Pacific grievances. The "free labour" scandal, "a system," according to

the *Argus*, "in many respects worse than slavery of the old type," would not be affected by any such change. When the blacks once land in Queensland they pass under the control of the Brisbane Government, which, as we have seen, troubles itself very little about them. The evils of this kind of slave-trade can be removed only by unconditionally forbidding the importation of Kanakas. As regards the other relations between the two races, it is certain that neither an international nor any other description of tribunal can prove satisfactory unless it mete out equal justice to all offenders without regard to the colour of their skins. And it does not seem at all probable that the new court will be able to get over the difficulty which now renders the efforts of the authorities quite ineffectual—the difficulty of deciding which of the two parties is in the wrong. At present we hear all about the misdeeds of the blacks; evidence against the whites only reaches us by chance and generally long after the event. There is every reason to believe that many dastardly deeds perpetrated by whites are hidden for ever from civilised sight and hearing in the vast solitudes of the Pacific. The area is far too great to be effectively watched, and the attempt to obtain legal evidence from Polynesians must be regarded beforehand as well-nigh hopeless. The justice of the new tribunal will, like the apology for justice administered now, tend to become more and more one-sided, and therefore more and more worse than worthless. Moreover, the permanent recognition of a traffic which is admitted by its apologists to be "semi-illegitimate" is itself an evil which ought to receive serious consideration. All things considered, the plan of international control may be worth a trial, but the slighter the expectation of success the smaller the chance of disappointment. In all probability the British Government will in the end adopt the rational system of leaving traders who make money by the islands to do so at their own risk, as men go tiger-hunting (the difference between the two occupations is all in favour of the latter); or if armed interference be insisted upon, the cost thereof should be borne by the communities that profit by the trade. It would soon be discovered that the cost of protecting the trade would increase much more rapidly than the trade itself. Most real progress is in the direction of simplicity. Politics and diplomacy are, indeed, the least progressive branches of human affairs, but we may hope that even these arts move forward somewhat, though, like glaciers, their advance may be imperceptible. A great and humanising triumph is possibly reserved for the next age. It may witness a general recognition of the principle that races who do not interfere with their neighbours ought themselves to be secure from interference.

JOHN WISKER.

Melbourne, 1882.

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## THE SALON OF 1882.

THE French consider the Salon of the present year excellent, and there are many reasons why a foreigner, even if he has followed the progress of their recent painting somewhat closely, should hesitate to differ from them. The contemporary art of another country cannot possibly be viewed with the same impartiality which we give to the study of the foreign art of the past. We see our rival in the act of building a house after a very extraordinary fashion of his own, and we can hardly trust ourselves to say whether it will turn out another St. Mark's or another Brighton Pavilion. Moreover, in the special instance of France, we find ourselves watching a neighbour who is certainly better educated than we are, whose technical ambition is wider, whose training is more thorough, and who tries to accomplish more things than we have dreamed of. It behoves us, before we condemn an effect as extraordinary and absurd, to ask ourselves whether this is not a masterly experiment in rendering some condition of the atmosphere, some peculiarity of form in movement, which we have not so much as observed. The French themselves, in their best efforts to comprehend contemporary art foreign to them, may well induce us to walk the paths of criticism with circumspection. None of us have ever read a purely French notice of the chief English exhibitions without a comical feeling of bewilderment at this tempered eulogy of "Sir Leighton" and "M. Qorcharson," this total ignorance of the direction of our native art, and this radical failure to seize the meaning of the whole matter. The Parisian visits Burlington House without knowing the language which the artists speak; the Royal Academy is dark to him and silent "as the moon, hid in her vacant interlunar cave." And if this is true of our comparatively simple art-world, what are we to say of the infinitely complex and turbulent republic of painters which sends its works in thousands to the Salon?

With all modesty, however, and in spite of the native conviction, I venture to think that the Salon of 1882 is by no means excellent, if we take it as a whole, and consider it as an expression of the living art of France. The sculpture is alive and vigorous as ever, and this is the true representative art of the French people, if the critics would only see it; but painting, the great popular art which appeals in a thousand forms to the general public, surely that is languishing more and more every year under a variety of complaints, which in a smaller and weaker organism might perhaps be mortal.

A generation ago the grand danger for French painting was the official tradition of the Académie. It cannot be said that this is quite gone yet; but side by side with it has grown up a rival force which threatens to be no less destructive and a great deal more active. Idealism and realism, or rather realistic experiment, make an extraordinary discord on the walls of the Salon; here we find a piece of unintelligent manipulation carried to its last excess of refinement, and there a canvas splashed over with all the rudest pigments on the palette of an impressionist. Some sort of craving for refinement in the midst of realism is no doubt the healthiest sign which the Salon gives us, and the existence of this need among the younger painters is proved by the extraordinary influence which Bastien-Lepage and Puvis de Chavannes are exercising at the present moment. In this class or school of painting there is probably health for the future, and in the school of military art strangely absent in its finest forms this year, there is health for the present; but these are the only two strong currents which, so far as a foreigner can judge, are leading French art on the right path. In other places we find splendid instances of individual talent, or even genius, but not an influence which is bearing in any particular direction. Two predominant errors in practice seem growing in France; the one a tendency towards panorama, the other a pleasure in painting on a large scale subjects properly fitted only to be treated in black and white, and that on a small scale. It appears, moreover, though the system of rewarding talent by a shower of medals led to an unwholesome greed and struggle among the young painters. There are a great number of huge canvases illustrative of small themes which can hardly be supposed to own their existence to any impulse save the desire to attract the eyes of the jury. Still more to be deprecated is the choice of violent and infamous incidents for the same purpose of enforcing notoriety. There is nothing this year conceived in quite such appalling taste as the "Suicide on the Railway" of last year; but the walls are simply crowded with presentments of death in all its most horrible forms. This gentle and amiable nation, with its feline softness and its feline thirst for blood, seems to revel in these enormous pictures of murder and suicide, dismemberment and decomposition. It is a national feature, and no more to be accounted for than is the English "culte du bébé;" but without criticising it, we must record the fact that blood and torture are more rampant at the Salon this year than we ever saw them before.

The honours of the year, it seems, are due to M. Puvis de Chavannes. No critic who is worthy of the name will venture to desire to question the quality of this great man's art. Certainly no modern painter, in any country, has approached him in his treat-

t of mural painting in relation to architecture. At the Panthéon a of the first men in France have been his rivals, and yet his k simply overpowers theirs by the force of its originality and ity. We have not the slightest doubt that when his "Pro ria Ludus" passes from the Salon to the Museum at Amiens, it be found to comply with all the requirements of its position, to be a triumph of decorative colour. But as a picture, surely great work has extraordinary shortcomings. The left-hand of the composition, where the interest is purely idyllic, is almost out fault; how sweet the action of the children, how noble the ale heads, how exquisite and true the village buildings! But right-hand side, to which the attention is naturally most called, as which gives its name to the whole, is very faulty. The group itting personages is in the way between the lance-thrower and target; the man himself is a weak and irresolute figure, whose as are feebly drawn together; and everywhere the story is buried onflicting detail. We turn from the subject to the treatment of background, and have to confess that nothing can be more ly. The brimming Picard river, crystal from the chalk, the ne blue sky full of floating cloud, the low knolls covered with c foliage, all these are beautiful indeed, and painted with the t loving observation of nature aided by a perfect instinct for rative effect. M. Puvis de Chavannes's other picture is much rior to this, harsh in colour, and affected in composition.

he art of M. Bastien-Lepage is full of sympathetic qualities to a ern mind. It is the finest expression which the new school of inching realism has found in any of the arts, because, with all severity, it never becomes brutal or cynical. We have no fear : M. Bastien-Lepage will ever commit a *Pot-Bouille*; and we are sure that when we are far enough removed from the present to things into their perspective, we may not find him nearer to rdsworth than to Zola. He paints this year an old woodman, ering under a load of faggots, who comes downwards and almost dlong upon us through a sparse wood, and whose little grand-ghter runs a step ahead of him to pluck a flower. There is no e of painting in the whole Salon so exquisite as this fresh young d in profile; and little that is more perfect than the thin stems inst the sky, the fallen leaves of the underwood, or the tone of pale shadows. Where so much is carried to its full extent, we fess to a perplexity at finding the feet of the figures hardly icated; this is part of the painter's system; he only accentuates it is of cardinal importance, yet surely no part of his canvas dld sink below a certain point of definiteness.

o many single figures, mere studies from the atelier, were, perhaps, er before seen together at an exhibition of the Salon. M. Henner's

discovery of the luminosity of flesh and his happy mannerism in treating it give a character to his work which betrays it instantly as soon as it is within the range of vision. His "Bara" is a naked figure of a dead youth, shining out of the darkness like a lamp; very clever, very charmingly painted, and yet a little uninteresting. Not so his noble, full-length portrait of a lady, painted against a ground of that radiant blue so dear to the heart of M. Henner. The bare arm of this figure shows at once the method and the charm of the potent magician, who needs, however, to be protected against his growing flock of imitators. M. Baudry, resting on his laurels of last year, sends nothing but a nude study of Truth, sitting beside her well, into which she seems about to plunge, having deposited her clothes in the hands of a very attentive Cupid. *Noblesse oblige*, and we call for something more serious, and something more carefully composed and painted than this, from M. Baudry.

A few days before the Salon opened, M. Jules Breton printed the poem which holds the same relation to his picture of "Evening in a Hamlet of Finistère," which the sonnets of the late Mr. Gabriel Rossetti used to bear to his paintings of women. It is difficult in these cases to judge whether it is the poet or the painter in a man on which the heavenly spark first descends. The picture of M. Breton scarcely responds to the poem; the former is a grave and solemn idyl, the evening repose which comes even to extreme poverty; the latter deals with the ancient Celtic superstitions of the Bretons, of which the picture tells us nothing.

" D'aller, la nuit, se mêler aux sorcières  
 Qui dans l'ardente horreur du satanique hymen,  
 Font tourner leur ronde autour du vieux dolmen,"

might form the subject of a magnificent picture, but Jules Breton is hardly the man to paint it. M. Feyen-Perrin is another careful student of peasant life on the sea-coast, but one of Mr. Hook's good canvases outweighs a dozen such compositions as the huge peasant-woman, on her donkey, taking her vegetables along "Le chemin de la Corniche." This is the sort of art before which an Englishman has to confess himself hopelessly insular. M. Gervex, on the contrary, has painted a very popular work in a kind which has not been worked so successfully in England as in France. He calls it "Bassins de La Villette," and it represents a file of porters, naked to the waist, engaged in emptying a collier, which lies along a Parisian quay. Themes taken from the sturdy employments of the people are by no means beneath the notice of artists; they give admirable opportunities of drawing the figure in action, and they will be of historical value before a century has elapsed.

This enormous picture of M. Gervex is one of many of which each

is destined to adorn a *mairie*. The Republic is distributing its commissions so lavishly that it is difficult to understand what it will find for the painters of the twentieth century to execute. These public orders for enormous pictures lead to results of very dubious excellence. M. Roll's "14 Juillet, 1880," is one of the most popular and the most detestable of these. There is a crowd every day in front of this coarse, confused, and gigantic work, which combines all that makes us tremble for the future of Parisian art. All selection, all composition, even all characterisation is studiously avoided and set at nought by M. Roll, whose sole object seems to have been to paint as much chaos, life-size, as the Salon could possibly be expected to admit. He is, however, surpassed in point of bulk by M. Dubufe, whose "Sacred and Secular Music" is like the side of a house painted to resemble a box of bonbons, and consists of two parts, a voluptuous side in which nothing is serious or classical, and a devout side in which there is not a trace of religion or elevation. But throughout the exhibition the failure of the artists who deal with sacred subjects was never more extraordinary. M. Carolus Duran exhibits an "Entombment," which is utterly empty and meaningless; M. Ferrier a "Hail! King of the Jews," which is as brilliant in texture and light as it is void of religious sentiment; and M. Benjamin Constant a "Christ in the Tomb," which is quite vain and poor. The very skill of these mundane artists seems to betray them when they approach these themes, of which a Byzantine monk knows more of the real essence than they do.

Last year saw the much-debated M. Manet received at last into the haven of exemption, and decorated with the magical H.C. By a moderation which deserves handsome acknowledgment, M. Manet has not taken advantage of his privilege to send this year a composition as large as the end of a barn. His two contributions, indeed, are of very modest proportions, and seem intended to outrage the Philistine as little as possible. One of them represents a young woman in blue velvet serving at a bar; we see her face to face, and in the mirror behind her we see her back, and the man who talks to her, and the whole of the café. M. Manet, who is a sort of Walt Whitman in painting, would be extremely interesting if he were a little more thoroughly sincere; his ghostly "impression" of the café in the looking-glass would really be worth examining if it were drawn accurately. To criticise the perspective it would be necessary to make careful measurements, but the impression left on the eye of the spectator is one of actual error. The other work by M. Manet is a really charming head, and we wish there were no worse paintings in the galleries than these by the terrible master of the "Impressionistes."

A certain class of semi-official and historical painting, which only



exists in France, is apt to be tedious to the spectator, because it has so evidently tired the painter. M. Tony Robert Fleury took, we are sure, no manner of interest in "Vauban presenting the plans of the fortifications of Belfort," and his ennui is contagious. M. J. P. Laurens was not exactly indifferent when he painted his hard, black, and violent "Last Moments of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico," but he was not very deeply moved by the sentiment of the scene. It is well to compare with these and other callous presentments of moving incidents of life that touching picture by a Finn, which the French themselves confess to be one of the striking works in this year's Salon. M. Edelfeldt paints a simple Lutheran service by the shore of one of the many-islanded gulfs of Finland. The serious groups of peasant-people around the table, the grave figure of the priest silhouetted against a shining sea, the beautiful Sunday-morning repose and harmony, these unite to form a picture which is powerfully and truly painted, and none the less permeated by that tender sentiment which the French refuse to admit or consider.

Some illustrious names may be dismissed in a line. Of M. Cabanel and M. Boulanger the past prestige demands silence in the present. M. Chaplin, who has exhibited so little lately, might well have omitted to exhibit this year, though his "Portrait de Femme" has brilliant technical qualities. M. Lumenais, with his giant daughters of the plough and his Gaulish Sabines, is exceedingly Academic and tiresome. Of M. Bouguereau, on the contrary, though with certain critics to have a good word to say for M. Bouguereau is to prove one's self to be in the gall of bitterness, something agreeable may be admitted. Without disrespect to the President of the Royal Academy, he and M. Bouguereau have certain technical relations. "Twilight," a female figure partly swathed in a cold blue muslin, and rising lightly from the sea, is a waxy piece of painting in sneering at which we may easily be led to overlook the exquisite draughtsmanship and knowledge of the human form. The curves of the neck and shoulder of this figure are wonderfully true to nature, and modelled with the science of a sculptor. Indeed, if M. Bouguereau had only been trained to the sister-art, with its passion for pure form, he might have been a less successful and a much greater artist than he is. At present he has much to answer for among minor offences, for such a silly, pretty, irreligiously fantastic and funny composition as "The Slumber of Fra Angelico," by M. Albert Maignan, with which it is impossible to be angry or to be serious. The apprehension of the lesser angel that the saint will wake before her gauzy sister has completed her practical joke, is an admirable example of the temper of French religious art.

The present Salon is far from being very strong in portraits. A selection from the heads of Messrs. Millais, Holl, and Oules would,

unless we are very much mistaken, hold their own here against all comers. M. Bonnat paints M. Puvis de Chavannes in a suit of black, at a table with a glass of water on it, as though he were a lecturer; this is very fine, in M. Bonnat's mannered way, with the head violently projected against a black ground. M. Paul Dubois, the great sculptor, who is hardly less illustrious as a painter, gives us a full-length of a lady in a black dress, with a profusion of lace, painted superbly and with less excitement than M. Bonnat. Very noticeable is M. Emile Lévy's portrait of M. Barbey d'Aureville, with his grand Hidalgo air. Certainly the most popular work of the year is Mdlle. Abbema's series of portraits of four eminent actresses, as the "Four Seasons," a wretched production, which owes its favour with the public to its personality. MM. Debat-Ponsan, Stauffer, and Yvon distinguish themselves by striking portraits, soundly and learnedly executed.

We must now rapidly indicate a few pictures by less-known artists which attract the eye in a general survey of the walls. An Austrian artist, whose name is not familiar to us, M. Edouard Charlemont, has painted one of the most original and accomplished pictures of the year in his "A la Salle des Gardes," a party of imperial pages playing at dice in a tapestried antechamber. Of purely French work of the lighter sort the contributions of MM. Collin and Léon Comerre should not be passed by; the "Baya-dère" of M. Courtois is a wonderful piece of painting in a somewhat similar style. Among the innumerable nude studies which testify to that earnest discipline in the figure of which we have far too little in England, "L'Abeille" of M. Delécluse has perhaps the most meaning and charm; the nymph reclines in a green sloping landscape, very tenderly painted. Emile Friant is a new name which must be looked for in future; his "Prodigal Son" is a work of real strength and imagination. Lalaing's "Courier Intercepted" is doubtless the best military picture of the year; it tells a profoundly moving incident in the least sensational way, and frames it in a very solemn and appropriate landscape. M. Léon Lhermitte has made an extraordinary advance this year; his "Payment of the Reapers," a composition of seven figures in an old Norman courtyard, is carried as far as painting can be carried in force of characterisation and fidelity to nature. To a foreigner there seems more of the essence of French provincial life in this masterpiece of observation than in any other contribution to this year's Salon. The studies of southern life by Marius Michel and by Adrian Moreau command admiration. M. Robert paints an exquisite spring landscape, in which the delicate warm colour of young oak-bark is marvellously rendered. The best of the bloody pictures, on the whole, seems to be M. Georges Rochegrosse's "Vitellius dragged

through the Streets of Rome," a very dramatic composition. The names of Truffant, Watelin, Ravaut, Pelez, Olive, and Leloir must merely be mentioned in a survey which does not pretend to do justice to the talent displayed.

One word must be said before quitting the pictures with regard to the prominence this year of works by Anglo-Saxon artists trained in France. It would seem as though this combination was one highly favourable to the healthy development of art. There are three or four young painters of our race who have distinctly come to the front lately, with work at least as good as any produced by the youngest Frenchmen. Mr. Stott, whose landscapes this year are masterpieces, and who seems certain of a medal, is English by birth, and so is Miss Bertha Newcombe, whose pictures owe something to Jules Breton, but are painted with great force and breadth. Mr. Sargent, again, who was put *hors concours* last year, is an American, and his portrait of a lady in black satin holding a white rose, no less than his more eccentric "Gipsy Dancer," proves him to be one of the most promising artists now at work in France. Again, the strongest talent hitherto set in motion by Bastien-Lepage is that of Mr. Welden Hawkins, a young Englishman, whose two subject-pictures this year are highly remarkable. As the visitor goes round the walls of the Salon of 1882 for the first time, he constantly finds that a picture of which the freshness or vigour has struck his attention is by an American or an Englishman trained in Paris; and if the exhibition were denuded of all work not strictly native—if everything Dutch, Swedish, Austrian, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon were removed from it, it would be shorn of no small part of what is strong and characteristic.

As we pass from the paintings in the Salon to the sculpture we exchange the dubious commendation of certain individual works for hearty admiration of a vital and consistent school. Here France is indeed easily first, as she has been, without a rival in Europe, since the days of Rude and Pradier. An excellent discipline, a wholesome tradition, seems to run through the whole school of French sculpture from the veterans of the class of M. Guillaume down to the last medallist who sends his diploma work from the Villa Medici. The statues are irregularly distributed, and the visitor needs to be reminded that by custom the works of accredited masters are placed in the centre of the great *salle*, and those of young men of high promise along the further wall, by the buffet. Elsewhere, with a few exceptions, mediocrity reigns supreme, and not merely mediocrity is to be found among these nine hundred works, but eccentricity also, and vulgarity. We need not trouble ourselves here with anything that is not of the best.

What, perhaps, strikes a critic first in reviewing French sculpture

is the extraordinary knowledge shown of the principles of monumental work. No one has denied the quality of vigour to French art, and this is a quality which is particularly useful to sculptors. We find a limited number of Frenchmen with sufficient genius to carry out a cabinet statue of an imaginative kind, but there seems no limit to their cleverness in designing and executing colossal work. Their intimate knowledge of anatomy, their speed and strength as workmen, and their traditional discipline, give them the power to model a huge statue with as much spirit as they would make a sketch. This year there are exhibited in the Salon eight or ten colossal statues, destined for public sites, not one of which is devoid of those vivid qualities which have been so lamentably wanting in almost all English public sculpture. We note generally that these groups are boldly conceived, intelligible all round, vigorous in their *silhouette* against the sky, and modelled with a true and modern science. The most eminent artist, strangely enough, does not appear to most advantage. The "Quand même!" of M. Mercié, though of course very able, is not quite simple enough, and lacks interest; on the other hand, M. Barrias' group commemorating the "Defence of St. Quentin," though perhaps too elaborate, is a very noble and heroic monument. No less than four huge statues of Camille Desmoulins invite comparison. Of these there can be little doubt that that by a comparatively unknown man, M. Doublemard, is the best; it is severe, and modelled without exaggeration; M. Cornu's treatment of the same subject would demand equal praise if the statue were equally effective from all points. The third, which is by M. Dumaige, shows Camille with his mouth wide open; but the only failure is the statue by M. Carrier-Belleuse, who has been accustomed to work on a smaller scale, and who has not been content to be natural. A very powerful and declamatory "Danton," by M. Laoust, is still more huge than these, but shows no hint of fatigue or difficulty on the part of the sculptor. It is enough to make an Englishman envious to regard this fertility of grand design, and to reflect on the monuments of our London streets. But there are already signs that the revival of sculpture has fairly begun even among us.

M. Frémiet sends a colossal equestrian statue of "Prince Stefan al Mare," which is to adorn the town of Jassy, in Moldavia. In the action of the horse in this fine work M. Frémiet has allowed himself to repeat, perhaps in a justifiable way, that of his celebrated statue of Jeanne d'Arc in the Place de Rivoli. M. Hébert has executed in bronze for the town of Chinon a colossal "Rabelais," which has a certain dignity, but nothing specially characteristic of the great Canon of Chimay. M. Roulleau has been very happy in treating the great "Carnot;" but even in France not every monument is successful, and we cannot congratulate M. Oudiné on a

"Horace Vernet," who looks like a sort of decayed professional cricketer. In purely decorative sculpture the Salon contains nothing more successful than M. Gauthier's rich, elaborate, and refined pediment of the clock-tower for the new Hôtel de Ville in Paris. Finally, it is with real regret that we find ourselves for once unable to pay the customary homage to the great genius of M. Chapu. His "Genius of Immortality," a nude figure in extremely high relief, starting from a slab on which is carved a portion of the zodiac, is pictorial, and disappointing as sculpture, and in spite of the very careful work expended on it, fails to please. It is very odd to see one of the leaders of modern sculpture returning to a mode which was in vogue in the days of Roubillac. We persist in regarding this monument as one of M. Chapu's experiments.

Last year most of the very eminent French sculptors were not represented at the Salon, but this year every one seems to contribute, M. Schoenewerk being the only considerable absentee. M. Falguière, who divides his attention too much between painting and sculpture, is by no means worthy of himself this year. His statue called "Diana," which must surely be a misprint for "Nana," has nothing divine or chaste about it. It is simply a rather hasty study in the nude from a not very graceful model; it is lamentable to see so distinguished an artist, surrounded by work so severe and reserved, sink to this vulgarity. It is not less lamentable to see this statue obtain attention from the Parisian public such as M. Falguière's earlier and truly noble sculpture has never attracted. He is reproved by the dignified and exquisite statue in marble which almost faces him, the "Salammbô" of M. Idrac, the plaster of which was a feature of last year's Salon. This is not merely one of the best modelled, but one of the best carved groups in the exhibition: as a rule the French work is much more attractive in plaster or in bronze, with every touch of the master's hand upon it, than in marble, partly because it seems the fashion in Paris to finish with the rasp, and partly because much too much is left to inferior hands. In fact, the beauty of French marble sculpture depends on the arrangement of masses, and not at all on texture. M. Allar surprises us this year by being positively a little rococo; his "Thetis carrying the Arms of Achilles" is very finely modelled from nature, but lacks all divine dignity. The mode in which her nudity is relieved against the detail of drapery and armour is perhaps too pictorial; it suggests, at all events, relief rather than treatment in the round. Two of the very finest works of the year, strangely enough, deal with woman as the bread-giver. M. Albert-Lefeuve exhibits a group to the beauty of which words can scarcely do justice. A young woman, in peasant costume, is cutting a slice of bread from a great loaf for two children who press against her skirts. It is

difficult to make the reader understand how it has been possible to clothe so simple a domestic subject with the very quintessence of dignity and poetry. This is as plain and homely a theme as can be thought of, yet it is treated with so much of the finest instinct of sculpture, so much gravity and strength and sweetness, that it seems to reveal to us a world of possibilities for sculptors in modern life. M. Coutan's "Bread Bearer" is similar to this in sentiment, a little less brilliant, but very stately and simple, and full of the best modern feeling. The secret of the success of these sculptors seems to be their devotion to what is grand and plastic in nature as they see it around them; they are saved by the limitations of the material in which they work from the superficialities and jejune experiments of the realistic painters, but they secure whatever is wholesome in their view of art and life.

A figure of remarkable force and style is "An Ancestor," by M. Massoule; we know this Gaulois only too well in the work of the academic painters, but he seems a new acquaintance when presented to us so vigorously. He is nude, except that a skin is folded round his loins, and that his long hair is carefully plaited; he tries the edge of a sword with his thumb. This is an admirable statue by a new man. M. Escoula, who made a considerable success a year or two ago, has thrown a great deal of careful modelling into his group of an old woman supported by a girl; the head of the latter is exquisite. M. Hiolin is good this year, as usual; his "Serenity" is a beautiful and dignified statue in marble, very carefully wrought. M. Lanson's "Iron Age" would make a sensation at the Royal Academy, whereas here in its quiet force and skill it is not greatly superior to much that stands around it; still, even here, the sculptor's large treatment of form, which recalls Alfred Stevens, demands recognition. An ideal statue of extraordinary beauty is M. Hector Lemaire's "Morning," a nude figure of a woman, seated, pressing her knees together and lifting her wet locks; the outlines exquisitely drawn, and the whole inspired by a delicate chastity of sentiment. M. Gustave Michel has contrived to model a "Love Sleeping," the front movement of the torso of which is very true and pretty, and the pose graceful, but the statue is not equally good all round; nor has it the audacity of M. Injalbert's "Love presiding over Marriage," a spiteful boy teasing two doves with a stick, a statue in which the technical qualities are admirable, but the limit of what is permissible in sculptural effect is overstepped. Finally, we must not forget to praise M. Moreau-Vautherin's "Young Faun," holding a couple of buffalo's horns to his ears, in a fine, strained action, or a "Cinderella," by a Belgian sculptor, M. Emile Namur, whose name seems unknown at present, but will undoubtedly become famous enough, if he continues

to produce work so learned, and lovely, and distinguished as this little statue.

M. Paul Dubois has produced a bronze bust of Baudry, the painter, which is the gem of the Salon. We have no hesitation in saying that, personally, no work has left so strong an impression upon us this year as this little masterpiece. It is easy to say that no one now alive in Europe could surpass it, but it may be doubtful whether M. Dubois himself has done anything better. Such work as this is not open to criticism; the only attitude which the critic can profitably take before it is one of profound study, making it a type from which to attempt to learn what things are and what are not proper to iconic sculpture. By the side of the precision and vivid realism of this bronze, M. Dubois's marble bust of "Cabanel" is slightly less interesting, the touch of the master's hand not being felt at every point. The central series of busts, of which these two form the starting-point, are almost all of them of great interest. So ~~one~~ of veil must certainly have fallen for the moment over the genius of M. Chapu, for his marble bust of M. Barbedienne is as little satisfactory as his monument in relief. It is a disappointment to find no statue by M. Mathurin Moreau, but we console ourselves with two masterly busts, one in bronze, one in marble. M. Thomas, besides a good statue of La Bruyère, contributes a capital bronze head of M. Bouguereau; it is to be presumed that all these admirable portraits of artists are destined to adorn the Institute. M. Rodin, whose statue of St. John attracted a good deal of notice last year, sends two busts, one of which, at least, is far above the average; it is a head of M. Carrier-Belleuse: the danger of M. Rodin's manner is, it seems to us, to attempt to do with the modelling-tool all that the painter does with his brush. The limitation of sculpture is one of its principal charms, and we should like to see this picturesque manner, these broken lines and exaggerated forms, tempered by sobriety, although of the talent of the sculptor there is no doubt. We should like to confront M. Rodin with M. Saint-Marceaux, whose head of a girl gives us much more pleasure, because it is so much more simple, unaffected, and sculptural.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

On the 30th day of April Ralph Waldo Emerson was "gathered to fathers" at Concord, Massachusetts. The simple Hebrew phrase never more appropriate, for his ancestors had founded the town been foremost at every period of its remarkable history. Two hundred and fifty years ago John Eliot, who had gone from the University of Cambridge, England, to be the "Apostle of the Indians," found on the banks of the Musketaquid a settlement of Indians, into whose language he translated the New Testament. In 1636, the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, of Bedfordshire, whose Puritan proclivities brought him under the ban of Laud, migrated with a number of his parishioners to New England; these settled themselves at Musketaquid, which they named Concord. In the next year went, from County Durham probably, Thomas Emerson, whose son married Bulkeley, and his grandson Rebecca Waldo, descendant of a family of Waldenses. It was at Concord that the soldiers of George III. met with resistance. Along the road where many Englishmen walked with Emerson and Hawthorne the retreat took place, wounded soldiers were taken into homes they had invaded to learn the meaning of love to enemies. Some of these brave men never again left the village where they were so kindly nursed. Concord with its 1,300 inhabitants supplied Washington's army with wood and food and suffering Boston with grain and money, with a generosity that shines in American annals. Washington's headquarters were at the Red House, so long the home of Longfellow, and the Harvard buildings being used as barracks, the University was transferred to Cambridge.

In 1835 the town celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, and invited Emerson, the lineal descendant of its founder, to give an oration on the occasion. Though born in Boston (April 25th, 1803) Emerson had come to reside in Concord. The flower to which the orator referred in the subjoined extract is *Epigea repens*, a tiny pink-white and fragrant wild flower sometimes found amid the snow, and called Mayflower after the Pilgrims' ship.

Emerson gave this touching picture of the founders of the town:—

"I seem to see them with their pious pastor addressing themselves to the task of clearing the land. Natives of another hemisphere they beheld with curiosity all the pleasing features of the American forest. The landscape to them was fair, if it was strange and rude. The little flower, which at this season stirs our woods and roadsides with its profuse blossoms, might



attract even eyes as stern as theirs with its humble beauty. The useful pine lifted its cone into the frosty air. The maple, which is already making the forest gay with its autumn hues, reddened over those houseless men. The majestic summits of Wachusett and Monadnoc, towering in the horizon, invited the steps of adventure westward. As the season grew later they felt its inconveniences. Many were forced to go barefoot and bareleg, and some in time of frost and snow, yet 'were they more healthy than they now are.' . . . Many were their wants, but more their privileges. The light struggled in through windows of oiled paper, but they read the word of God by it. They were fain to make use of their knees for a table, but their limbs were their own. Hard labour and spare diet they had, and off wooden trenchers, but they had peace and freedom, and the wailing of the tempest in the woods sounded kindlier in the ear than the smooth voice of the prelates at home in England. 'There is no people,' said their pastor to his little flock of exiles, 'but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in, if not in holiness?' . . . Here are no ridiculous laws, no eavesdropping legislators, no hanging of witches, no ghosts, no whipping of Quakers, no unnatural crimes. The tone of the records rises with the dignity of the event. These soiled and musty books are luminous and electric within. The old town clerks did not spell very correctly, but they contrive to make pretty intelligible the will of a free and just community."

Some five or six years after this oration was given, when its author's first works had begun a new revolution and crowded the village with new pilgrims from all parts of the country, Hawthorne was living in the Old Manse, at Concord, and there probably wrote his tale, "The Great Stone Face." The suggestion, no doubt, came from the famous Profile Mountain of New Hampshire, but the idea had a subtle application to the scene before him. The boy gazes on the Face, loves and almost worships it, longs for the "Coming Man" who shall resemble it; is disappointed as he scans the applauded general, or president, visiting the neighbourhood; at last is astounded to find himself hailed, despite his protestations, as antitype of the Great Stone Face. Hawthorne's tale, if this is its sense, told truer than he could then have imagined. On the great stone face of New England Puritanism Emerson had gazed till he saw the pathos in it, and the world-pain, and the prophecy in its look toward the far horizon: its mountain risen from volcanic depths now cold, its summit clouded with scepticism, commanded yet this one vision of a new faith, real as that which drew scholars from their English homes and universities to the savage shores of New England; and Emerson, who had sought the new word near and far, from the lecture-room of Everett and church of Channing to the hermitage of Wordsworth and Carlyle, had been surprised in his own solitude by the youth of America hailing him as their prophet.

No mere literary estimate of Emerson's writings can adequately report the man or his work. The value placed upon him by Americans appears strangely exaggerated beside contemporary English criticism. It were, indeed, easy to cite from European thinkers—Carlyle, Quinet, John Sterling, Arthur Clough, Tyndall, Herman Grimm—words concerning Emerson glowing as those of

Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Curtis, Lowell, and other American authors; but if such tributes from individual minds are universally felt in America alone to be simplest truth and soberness, it is because Emerson cannot be seen detached from the cumulative tendencies summed up in him, and from the indefinable revolution in which they found, and still find, expression. Dean Stanley learned something of this when he visited America. In an article in *Macmillan* (June, 1879) he recognises the fact that religious development in America has been from Jonathan Edwards to Emerson. He speaks of the early power of Unitarianism, and the eloquence of Channing; he notes the decline of its fervour, and the larger spirit of Theodore Parker; he says, "The rigid Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards has almost ceased to exist. 'The pale Unitarianism of Boston,' which Emerson condemned, is becoming suffused with the genial atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote, and which is shared by the higher minds of all the Churches equally;" and, finally, the late Dean warns the American Churches, "They must receive as an article of the covenant, both of American and European Christianity, that, in the words of their own latest intellectual oracle,

' Even the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host.'

They will know that

' The word unto the Prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken.'

They will know that—

' One accent of the Holy Ghost,  
The heedless world hath never lost.' "

These words concerning Emerson's influence in America cautiously hint the facts. Because of these facts the best literary sketch of Emerson would but present Talbot's shadow.

" Were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it."

The "substance, sinews, arms, strength" of Emerson are distributed in America in innumerable moral and intellectual activities; in schools, colleges, pulpits, journals; in extinction of pre-Emersonian controversies; in the recognition by leaders of the people of a higher moral standard—such as that of human equality, which he found trampled on, and was the first scholar to uphold until he saw slavery go down before it.

The father of Emerson was a Unitarian preacher of fine culture, melodious voice, handsome person, and especially noted for his para-

mount interest in the ethical and universal elements of religion. He died in 1811, at the age of forty-two, leaving his five sons, of whom Waldo, then eight years old, was the second, to the care of his young wife, who had been Ruth Haskins, of Boston. Emerson's early growth was under the fostering care of good and refined women. His mother has been described by one who knew her, the late Dr. Frothingham, as "of a discerning spirit, and a most courteous bearing; one who knew how to guide the affairs of her own house, as long as she was responsible for that, with the sweetest authority. Both her mind and her character were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity." She was assisted in bringing up her family by her sister-in-law, Mary Emerson, a scholarly woman, well read in theology and philosophy, whose original ideas and sayings marked her as "a character." Another woman who exercised a great influence upon him was Sarah Bradford, afterwards married to his relative Samuel Ripley. She was as thorough a Greek scholar as any person in America, a good mathematician, and a diligent student of science. Many a Harvard student has she coached in that Old Manse where she resided until her death (1867), and where the writer of this has often listened with admiration to her extraordinary conversation. At the same time nothing could have exceeded the practical wisdom and tact with which her household was regulated. "She was absolutely without pedantry," said Emerson. "Nobody ever heard of her learning until a necessity came for its use, and then nothing could be more simple than her solution of the problem proposed to her." At eleven years of age, when Emerson was in the Latin School at Boston, he used to send his translations, generally poetic, to Sarah Bradford for criticism. The "Fates of Michel Angelo," a large copy of which hung in Emerson's study, must sometimes have softened to the faces of the Ruth and Mary and Sarah, who spun for him the fine golden thread of destiny. Mrs. Emerson had the happiness of seeing four of her sons distinguished for their ability; indeed, it seemed for a time doubtful whether William, Waldo, Edward, or Charles promised the more brilliant career. When the two elder had graduated at Harvard University they taught at school in order to aid the two younger in completing their course; but these two died prematurely. William was to have been the preacher of the family, but, while pursuing his studies in Germany, he found that he could not honestly follow his father's profession—albeit Goethe, whom he knew, sought to persuade him otherwise. He afterwards became an eminent lawyer. His mother's disappointment at this probably led to Emerson's adoption of the profession that his brother had declined. He graduated at eighteen, with a reputation for classical knowledge, general literary culture, and elocution. He had won the Boylston

prize for "declamation," and was chosen by his class to deliver the usual poem at graduation. I have heard him say that it was then his ambition to become a teacher of elocution, and that he still regarded it as a less humble aspiration than it might seem. Those who have sat under the spell of Emerson's discourse would certainly never associate anything commonly called rhetoric with him; but I derived, from conversation with him, that his discontent with conventionalisms of thought first took this form of dissatisfaction with the conventional oratory. He thought there might be taught an art of putting things so that they could not be gainsaid. But a man must really hold that which he is to state successfully. He startled me by saying, "I believe that a really eloquent man, though an atheist, or whatever his opinions, would be listened to by any educated congregation in Boston." No one, he said, could discover the charm of Channing's preaching by reading his sermons; there was the heart that rose up to meet him: here was something sufficient, and the multitude went off radiant, fed, satisfied. But Emerson was to teach the new art of eloquence by example.

In 1823, now twenty years of age, Emerson began his studies in theology. Though often attending lectures in Harvard Divinity College he never regularly entered there, but still sat at the feet of Channing, who took a deep personal interest in him. He was "approved" by the Ministers' Association in 1826. His health having suffered by overwork he passed a winter in the South, and in the following year preached several Sundays at New Bedford, Massachusetts, where he found some friends among the Quakers. He also preached for a time in Concord. In 1829 he was chosen minister of a large congregation in Boston. A venerable minister gave me an account of a sermon he heard from Emerson in those days, impressed on his memory by the vitality it infused in an old theme, and the simplicity with which it was delivered. The text was, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The emphasis was on the word "own;" and the general theme was that to every man the great end of existence was the preservation and culture of his individual mind and character. Each man must be saved by his own inward redeemer; and the whole world was for each but a plastic material through which the individual spirit was to realise itself. Aspiration and thought become clear and real only by action and life. If knowledge lead not to action, it passes away, being preserved only on the condition of being used. "The last thing," said my informant, "that any of us who heard him would have predicted of the youth whose quiet simplicity and piety captivated all, was that he would become the religious revolutionist of America."

And indeed so softly did the old religious forms slip away from

Emerson, that when he informed his congregation that he could not longer administer the sacrament to them, they could not associate any formidable heresy with his position. They were loth to part with him. In the three years of his ministry he had reflected honour upon their pulpit. He had been active in the philanthropic work of Boston, was chaplain of the legislature, and on the School Board. But the spirit of the Quaker, whose only sacrament was in blood shed on Boston Common, was now heard in the Church. Jesus, he urged, was sent to a world full of idols and forms, to teach men they must serve God with the heart; that sacrifice was smoke, and forms shadows. "This man lived and died true to this purpose; and now, with his blessed word and life before us, Christians must contend that it is a matter of vital importance—really a duty—to commemorate him by a certain form, whether that form be agreeable to their understandings or not! Is not this to make vain the gift of God? Is not this to turn back the hand on the dial?" He declared that the fact that Jesus had instituted this form among Eastern people, to whom such symbols might be of importance, was not enough to recommend it to him unless it were agreeable to his feelings. This position led to his resignation of his pulpit (September, 1832). A few months after his settlement in Boston he had married Ellen Louisa Tucker, and a few months before he gave up his pulpit she died. Under these circumstances of depression Emerson came on his first visit to Europe. The record of his pilgrimages to Coleridge's house at Highgate, to Rydal Mount, and to Craigenputtock, is given in Emerson's *English Traits*. He came hoping to find light upon more serious questions than any that had arisen between him and his Boston congregation; he returned with but one thing made clearer, namely, that he had begun an ascent which each must climb alone.

Before entering the ministry he wrote the little poem beginning, "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home," with a theme so strange for a young student not yet fairly on the first step of his career that it is generally ascribed to a later period.

"O when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;  
For what are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet."

Six or seven years after this was written the dream was to become reality. When, after his few months in Europe in 1833, Emerson returned, all efforts to induce him to unite himself with a congrega-

tion were in vain ; even the Quakers of New Bedford, who largely composed the Unitarian Church there, and desired no sacraments, could not move him from his determination to seek solitude. And where should he seek it but in Concord? Where but in the Old Manse at Concord, where he was still near Sarah Ripley, who, as Sarah Bradford, had been so intimately associated with his early culture? Here, then, in that house since made familiar to many by the genius of Hawthorne, Emerson retired. He had little money, but the mechanics of Boston, who had an Institute, had somehow found that he had something to say which they wished to hear, and paid him well for lectures. It was only twenty miles from Concord, and he could easily return to his work. The range of his reading and his industry are well shown in the lectures he gave in 1834 and 1835, twenty-two in number, the subjects being *Water*, *The Relations of Man to the Globe*, *Italy* (2), *The Means of Inspiring a Taste for English Literature*, *Biography*, *Burke*, *Michel Angelo*, *Luther*, *George Fox*, *English Literature* (10), and the Concord Historical Address already quoted. The Rev. G. W. Cooke, in his valuable book on Emerson, has patiently searched out the dates of these lectures, and states that at this period some of his best poems were written.

The Old Manse was built in 1767 for Emerson's grandfather, who had become minister of Concord church. Emerson's father was the first child born in it, and used to claim that he was "in arms" on the field when the British were repulsed—being six years old when the fight occurred close to the windows. In this house we now find Emerson, at the age of thirty-one, studying Plato and Plotinus and the English mystics, but also, with Sarah Ripley, studying Goethe and *savants* of the new school like Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. Here was conceived his first book, *Nature*. This essay was published in 1836, the same year in which he wrote the Concord hymn, since annually sung, with its line about "the shot heard round the world." The little book was not at once heard so far, but it proved also the first shot of a revolution. A writer in the *Saturday Review* speaks of "the great men whom America and England have jointly lost"—Emerson and Darwin—and remarks that "some of those who have been forward in taking up and advancing the impulse given by Darwin, not only on the general ground where it started, but as a source of energy in the wider application of scientific thought, have once and again openly declared that they owe not a little to Emerson." This just remark may be illustrated by Dr. Tyndall's words, in 1873: "The first time I ever knew Waldo Emerson was when, years ago, I picked up at a stall a copy of his *Nature*: I read it with such delight, and I have never ceased to read it; and if any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind it is Emerson;

whatever I have done the world owes to him." But there is still more significance in this matter. In 1836, when Darwin returned from his voyage round the world, Emerson's *Nature* appeared, in which the new world discovered by the Englishman was ideally recognised by the American. The essay was preceded by six lines:—

" A subtle chain of countless rings  
The next unto the farthest brings;  
The eye reads omens where it goes,  
And speaks all languages the rose;  
And, striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form."

This is the key-note of generalisations not less scientific than poetic. "The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them." "Each creature is only a modification of the other; the likeness in them is more than the difference, and their radical law is one and the same." "If the reason be stimulated to more earnest vision, outlines and surfaces become transparent, and are no longer seen; causes and spirits are seen through them." "In a cabinet of natural history we become sensible of a certain occult recognition and sympathy in regard to the most unwieldy and eccentric forms of beast, fish, and insect." We find this young thinker so early translating into a new religion and ethical law the progressions suggested by "every chemical change from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life, every change of vegetation from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf to the tropical forest and the antediluvian coal-mine, every animal function from the sponge up to Hercules," and he perceives that, "In God every end is converted into a new means."

"In God." Here begins the new prophecy. The idea of evolution, first published by Erasmus Darwin in 1794, awakened devout emotions in that theorist. He cries, in *Zoonomia*, "What a magnificent idea of the infinite power of the Great Architect! The Cause of Causes! Parent of Parents! Ens entium!" But when his speculation found its first interpreter in the American scholar, it was unsheathed from the conception of a mechanical creation. Emerson does not speak of "Great Architect." All now is "in God." "Nor," he says, "has science sufficient humanity, so long as the naturalist overlooks that wonderful congruity which subsists between man and the world, of which he is lord, not because he is the most subtle inhabitant, but because he is its head and heart, and finds something of himself in every great and small thing, in every mountain stratum, in every new law of colour, fact of astronomy, or atmospheric influence which observation or analysis lays open. . . . But when

a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation." "Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and Nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in Nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply to action proportioned to Nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship."

The sentences just quoted make the first page of Emerson's first book. It is still the voice of a preacher, and Emerson's style to the last will be best understood by readers who can place themselves in an audience, and feel that they are looking into the eye of a man and listening to a voice. This little book found its way into the hands of those who had begun to feel the famine of minds wandering amid ruins of distant lands and ages while their home and task lay in the new world. New England Puritanism had intertwined its theology with every-day life. Its perpetual round of biblical duties gave the week seven sabbaths. The children bore scriptural names, and a text was cited for everything, whether shooting an Indian, executing a witch, or planting peas and beans. When this severe strain on human nature began to give way, and a generation came that could venture to smile, the jokes were textual, such as those in Lowell's *Biglow Papers* which have been charged to American irreverence. Corresponding to this was that outcome of the Puritan measure which now, by the voice of Emerson, insisted upon an actual and every-day application of the principles which had superseded the dogmas. They should not be shelved for Sunday use. Whatever was affirmed must be religiously applied. The typical old lady of Boston who, when asked her opinion of the doctrine, observed that "Total depravity is a good thing if only lived up to," found an unexpected supporter in the new thinker. Every doctrine which had faintly "survived" in the Unitarian movement, every theory it affirmed, was now to be tested as to its applicability to the existing time and place, and its harmony with the highest aims that men and women could set before themselves. There was danger in this doctrine when enunciated by one who had found even



the creedless Church of Channing too narrow, whose pale of communion had widened to include science and art, and the secular work of the world. *Nature* was a soft foot-fall in the solitude of Concord, but readjusters of the terms of their religious inheritance, with the keen sense of a threatened race, laid their ear to the ground and heard the tread of battalions behind the unsuspecting writer. "It is a suggestive book," admits *The Christian Examiner* (1837). "But the effort of perusal is often painful, the thoughts excited are frequently bewildering, and the results to which they lead us uncertain and obscure." Some near results, however, developed themselves speedily; in less than a year from the publication of *Nature*, the Phi Beta Kappa Society invited Emerson to deliver their oration for the year 1837, at Harvard University. Lowell has described it as "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of eager approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!" The theme, as named, was "The American Scholar." Emerson began by defining the scholar as man thinking. He touched again on the theme of unity in nature: "Science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts." The thinker under the bending dome of day discovers that "he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein." He dispersed the illusions of antiquity. "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon, were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." "But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead; man hopes, genius creates." It is his own life transmuted to truth which rightly reads books. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig tree looking on a fig tree becometh fruitful." He spoke more of action—and what citrons of gold in figured work of silver were these words! "Only so much do I know, as I have lived." "Life is our dictionary." "Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the workshop made." "The scholar loses no hour which the man lives." From the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action, the orator passed to the duties of the scholar, to which a third of his address was given. These duties are such as belong to the world's eye, and the world's heart, which must be raised above private considerations to breathe and live on public and illustrious thoughts. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road he takes the cross of making his own, and is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature.

"In self-trust, all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom 'without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution.' Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him." The art of Emerson in these utterances can best be appreciated by those who know how completely slavery had bound fast the conscience of the North with cotton cords, and that the pulpits and professions generally were occupied by casuists retained to justify compliance with the national wrong. Even the salient exceptions, like Channing, were still apologetic when claiming their right to speak. The example of slave-holding patriarchs had given a fresh lease of doctrinal infallibility to the Bible. Longfellow's "Slave singing at Midnight," one of the first signs of compassion coming from influential quarters, might represent the darkness corresponding to that which surrounded the negro—that shadow fallen upon the scholarship and literary ability of the land which Emerson was the first to feel and to dispel. Preservation of the existing order being the main factor of moral selection—Compromise alone able to pay high price for brains—the literary tendency was toward clever imitation of foreign models. The intellect of the country required diversion to questions other than those which concerned the United States, and while pulpits fulminated against stiff-necked Israelites, literature was actively engaged with Greeks and Romans. Emerson was not one-sided. While he said, "Give me insight in to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds," he reminded the scholars that the near explains the far, and that Goethe, "the most modern of moderns, has shown us as none ever did the genius of the ancients." "The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future." Neither in this address, nor in any of his works did Emerson ever suggest the aim of an American Literature; his concern was that the American thinker or preacher should bring his genius into harmony with the principles of his country, and do justice to the trust which human history had placed in his hands. "The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant." The tragic consequence was stated by Emerson a little later when he had received from many young men their response to his first appeals. In a sort of letter, printed in the *Dial*, he speaks of some of the finest spirits in the country as stricken by a mental malady and melancholy which "strips them of all manly aims, and bereaves them of animal spirits. The noblest youths are in a few years converted into pale caryatides to uphold the temple of conventions. They are in the

state of the young Persians when that mighty Yezdan prophet addressed them and said, 'Behold the signs of evil days are come; there is now no longer any right course of action, nor any self-devotion left among the Iraniz.' As soon as they have arrived at this turn there are no employments to satisfy them, they are educated above the work of their time and country, and disdain it." These young men had now found a Yezdan prophet who proclaimed the remedy. "Patience, patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace, the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work, the study and communication of principles, the making these instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world." "We will walk with our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men."

These are the final words of this powerful Phi Beta Kappa address. The wedding-guest was not held more fast by the glittering eye of the ancient mariner than were the Harvard youth by the new master. Despite the uneasiness of professors the senior class of Divinity College invited him to deliver the address at their graduation (1838), and again the edifice was crowded. Never to be forgotten was the fatal melody which startled the summer air of that morning. The opening of it was as the outburst of some magically gorgeous season. "In thi refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers. The air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm of Gilead, and the new hay. Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays. Man under them seems a young child, and his huge globe a toy. The cool night bathes the world as with a river, and prepares his eyes again for the crimson dawn. The mystery of nature was never displayed more happily. The corn and wine have been freely dealt to all creatures, and the never-broken silence with which the old bounty goes forward has not yielded yet one word of explanation. . . . But when the mind opens and reveals the laws which traverse the universe, and make things what they are, then shrinks the great world into a mere illustration and fable of this mind. . . . A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue." The audience sat breathless, expectant. What strange star was to follow these auroral flushes on the horizon?

It rose; and beneath its beams a new life was born on earth. Supernatural authority of the Bible, authenticity of its miracles, the superhuman character of Jesus, were still Unitarian tenets carefully taught the young theologians then graduating, when sentences like these were uttered. "The priest's Sabbath has lost the splendour of nature; it is unlovely; we are glad when it is done; we can make, we do make, even sitting in our pews, a far better, holier, sweeter for ourselves." "I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snowstorm was falling around us. The snowstorm was real; the preacher merely spectral; and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window behind him into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession—namely, to convert life into truth—he had not learned." "The prayers and even the dogmas of our Church are, like the Zodiac of Denderah and the astronomical monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people." "Christianity became a Mythus, as the poetic teaching of Greece and of Egypt before." "The word Miracle, as pronounced by Christian Churches, gives a false impression: it is Monster." "By this eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man." "The stationariness of religion; the assumption that the age of inspiration is past, that the Bible is closed; the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man, indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology." "What hinders that now, everywhere, in pulpits, in lecture-rooms, in houses, in fields, wherever the invitation of men or your own occasions lead you, you speak the very truth, as your life and conscience teach it, and cheer the waiting fainting hearts of men with new hope and new revelation?" "The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher, that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding and complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with science, with beauty, and with joy."

So shone the star, and the shepherds were sore afraid. The

Faculty disowned the Address, and resolved to assume the right of veto in future on selections of orators. In reply to one of the many remonstrances addressed to him by a friend, Emerson said, at the end of a pleasant letter, "In the present posture of affairs, when I see myself suddenly raised to the importance of a heretic, I am very uneasy when I advert to the supposed duties of such a personage, who is to make good his thesis against all comers. I certainly shall do no such thing."

When Emerson was carrying his Address through the press, his friend, Elizabeth Peabody, suggested that in the phrase "the friend of man is made the injurer of man" he should write "friend" with a capital F. "No," answered Emerson; "directly I put that large F in they will all go to sleep." There was to be no more sleep among those whom this new word reached. Sermons were preached, but, as a far-seeing divine said, "It is of no use; henceforth these young men will have a fifth gospel in their Testaments." Among the listeners had been Theodore Parker, then an obscure preacher, who is found to have entered in his journal that same night, "My soul is roused, and this week I shall write the long-meditated sermons on the Church and the duties of these times." Dr. Frothingham preached on the text, "Some said that it thundered, others that an angel spoke," and his own cautiously favourable interpretation gained full expression in the career of his son, sometime President of the Free Religious Association and historian of "Transcendentalism in New England." For this was the way of the revolution. Neutral or opposing ministers adjourned espousal of the new views to their sons. Theodore Parker's resolution, above mentioned, was followed by an effort to introduce the lessons he had learned into the Unitarian Church, and he was at once fastened upon as a scapegoat of what the President of Divinity College denounced in a pamphlet entitled "The Latest Form of Infidelity." Parker was never so sweeping in his statements as Emerson; indeed, various entries in Parker's diary show how he stumbled over Emerson's phrases which would not harmonize with his definite theism. But none ventured to attack Emerson. For one thing, he could never be found entrenched behind any assailable "system;" no system was his system; indeed, he found the existing forms in America, whether the creedless congregationalism or the republican constitution, for the most part far ahead of the spirit that breathed through them. But there was more in this phenomenon of the arch-heretic remaining unscathed among the martyrs of his cause, and I believe it lay in the perfection of his art as a public speaker and writer. The soothsayer who prophesied to the Eastern monarch that he would lose all his family and friends then die himself, and he who said, "Your Majesty will outlive all your relations," were types of the different ways in which the same fact

was sometimes put; and as in the fable one soothsayer was beheaded and the other rewarded, so in this religious controversy in America some suffered hatred and abuse for a radicalism far less perilous than that of Emerson. In truth, Emerson never spoke but with the human race behind him, and the flowers of all devout culture around him; he so took to heart the teachings of all sages, poets, prophets, that they beamed in his face; the great seemed near him as one reaffirming the truth of their lives. His negations seemed to be the rescue of things eternal from ruins. The eye never lost sight of the star that rose above them. Where shrill polemics and scoffing denials had hidden this or that new-born truth as behind uncouth forms of the stable, here appeared the human infant, haloed, and all the gold, frankincense, and myrrh around it. Reverence, art, poetry, literature, all the fair hopes of the home and of society, shone now on the side of ideal right and the religion of reason, while the unreformed institutions were placed on the side of denial, and appeared as if they had put up their shutters and turned into grey fortresses.

The evening when I first heard Emerson is the most vivid experience of my life, and yet I find it nearly impossible to transcribe it. I recall no gesture, only an occasional swaying forward of the body by the impulse of earnestness. Though every word, as I found when the lecture was printed, had been written down, the manuscript did not hold his eye, which kept its magnetic play upon the audience. At one time, indeed, he searched his memory for a quotation from Plato which he wished to introduce, his hand going to his chin and his face turning aside from us as if he would find the words written on the wall. The sentence found was well worth the pause. As he proceeded it was as if genial sunbeams dialled themselves on the mind in unfolding buds of beautiful reasons, and the closing of errors. Now and then fell the sunstroke, softly consuming, upon some reptilian baseness of the time coiled in the garden that grew around his thought. One was not the same man after such an experience. There had been a fall and a redemption, vanishings from us, but no blank misgivings,—rather a new courage of hearts thenceforth moving about in a realisable new world.

Emerson's humour as read has lost some of the flavour it possessed when spoken. Indeed, now and then I have noted the omission from a printed essay of some sally which when it was spoken elicited much mirth. He was inclined to suspect any passage which excited much laughter. There was omitted from his lecture on "Superlatives," when recently printed in *The Century*, a remark about oaths. The oath, he said, could only be used by a thinking man in some great moral emergency: in such rare case it might be the solemn verdict of the universe; but—he presently added in a

low tone, as if thinking to himself as he turned his page—"but sham damns disgust." I remember, too, how quietly a little drama was mounted on his face when he described a pedant pedagogue questioning a little maid about Fabius,—whether he was victorious or defeated in a certain battle. Susan, in distress, says he was defeated, and is reproved for her mistake before the school and the visitors. "Fabius was victorious. But Fabius is of no importance: Susan's feelings are of a great deal of importance. Fabius, if he had a particle of the gentleman about him, would rather be defeated a hundred times than that Susan's feelings should be hurt." These humorous passages came from Emerson gently, little wayside surprises, and without any air of an intention to cause laughter. On one occasion he was lecturing on the French,—a lecture, by the way, full of racy anecdotes derived from his sojourn in Paris,—and he instituted a comparison of the theatrical habit of that people with English love of reality. "A Frenchman and an Englishman fought a duel in the dark; they were to be let out of the room after two pistol-reports had been heard. The Englishman, to avoid wounding his antagonist, crept round to the fire-place; he fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman." After the mirth that followed this was over, and Emerson had passed on to grave discourse, some individual tardily caught the joke about the duel, and his solitary explosion set the house in a roar that made the lecturer pause.

Emerson had withdrawn from the Unitarian pulpit only to a larger pulpit, and his power was always greatest when he was speaking directly for the moral sentiment. I record my impressions of a discourse given on a Sunday morning from the desk of Theodore Parker, to five thousand people. He began by calling attention to the tendency to simplification. The inventor knows that a machine is new and improvable when it has many parts. The chemists find the infinite variety of things contained in a few elements. Faraday declares his belief that all things will be reduced to one element with two polarities. Religious progress has similarly been in the direction of simplification. Every great religion, in its ultimate development, has told its whole secret, concentrated its force, in some simple maxims. In our youth we talk of the various virtues, the many dangers and trials of life; as we grow older, we find ourselves returning to the proverbs of the nursery. In religion one book serves many lands, ages, and varieties of character; nay, one or two golden rules out of the book are enough. The many teachers and scriptures are at last but various routes by which we always come to the simple law of obedience to the light in the soul. "Seek nothing outside thyself," says one, "Believe nothing against thine own spirit," echoes another part of the word. Jesus said, "Be lowly;

hunger and thirst after justice; of your own minds judge what is right." Swedenborg teaches that heaven and hell are loves of the soul. George Fox removes the bushel from the light within. The substance of all morals is, that a man should adhere to the path which the inner light has marked out for him. The great waste in the world comes of the misapplication of energy. The great tragedies of the soul are strung on those threads not spun out of our own hearts. One records of Michel Angelo that he found him working with a lamp stuck in his cap, and it might symbolise the holier light of patient devotion to his art. No matter what your work is, let it be yours; no matter if you are a tinker or a preacher, blacksmith or president, let what you are doing be organic, let it be in your bones, and you open the door by which the affluence of heaven and earth shall stream into you. You shall have the hidden joy, and shall carry success with you. Look to yourself rather than to materials; nothing is unmanageable to a good hand, no place slippery to a sure foot; all things are clear to a good head. The sin of dogmatism, of creeds and catechisms, is that they destroy mental character. Intellect without character is mere fidgetiness. The youth says he believes thus and so, when he is only browbeaten; he says he thinks so and so, when the so and so are the denial of any right to think. Simplicity and self-trust are thus lost, and with them the sentiment of obligation to a principle of life and honour. In the legends of the Round Table it is told that a witch, wishing to make her son supremely wise, prepared certain herbs and put them into a pot to boil, intending to bathe the child's eyes with the decoction. She set a shepherd boy to stir the pot while she went away. Whilst he stirred it, a raven dropped a twig into the pot, which splattered three drops of the liquid into the shepherd's eyes. Immediately all the future became as if passing before his eyes; and seeing that when the witch returned she meant to kill him, he fled into the woods. Now, if three drops of that all-revealing decoction should get into the eyes of every human being crowding our streets some day, how many of them would go on with the affair they are pursuing? Probably they would nearly all come to a dead stand. But there would, let us hope, be here and there a happy child of the Most High who had taken hold of his life's thread by sacred appointment. Such would move on without pause or misgiving. The unveiled future would show the futility of many schemes, the idleness of many labours; but every congenial aim would only be exalted, shown in eternal and necessary relations. Humility is essential. It is the element to which all virtues are reducible. "It was revealed to me," said the old Quaker, "that what other men trample on must be thy food." It is the spirit that accepts our trust, the creator of character and guide to power. Dante apostrophises Mary, "O virgin mother,



daughter of thy son! surpassing all in lowliness, as in height thou art above them all!" In conclusion the speaker related the story from Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi* of the nobleman who slew another in a brawl, in penitence for which he became a friar. When the slain man's brother demanded this Fra Cristoforo's humiliation before the proud family, the friar, frank and fearless, was eager so to atone for his deed. There was no attempt at effect in Emerson's description, no gesture, yet an actor could not have more moved the vast audience than his simple words as he brought before us the kneeling Cristoforo, his victory through humility, the servants kissing the hem of his coarse garment, the master hastening to raise him, to disown anger, and presently saying, "That devil of a monk, if he had knelt there longer I believe I should have asked his pardon for killing my own brother." A smile beamed from the speaker's face and played on the faces before him at these last words, but tears followed close. Emerson had ceased, but the audience remained still, loth to depart.

In 1835 Emerson was married to Lidian Jackson, sister of the late Dr. C. T. Jackson, well known in connection with the discovery of anæsthetics. The Concord house and farm were now purchased, and Emerson's mother came to reside with him. The first works of Emerson brought to his doors those strange pilgrims whom Hawthorne has described in his *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Lover of solitude as he was, the new teacher had never the heart to send empty from his door any one of those dejected people groping for the light who sought him out. Mrs. Emerson, a lady of refined sensibilities and profoundly religious nature, must often have been severely tried by these throngs, but not even delicate health prevented her from exercising a large and beautiful hospitality to these spiritually lame, halt, and heart-sick who came to receive a healing touch. Though never ruffled, Emerson was not defenceless before boorish intruders. On one occasion a boisterous declaimer against "the conventionalities," who kept on his hat in the drawing-room after invitation to lay it aside, was told, "We will continue the conversation in the garden," and was genially taken out of doors to enter them no more. Few were the sane, as he told me, who visited him in those earlier days, but the unsane were pretty generally those whose first instinct under any new light is to get it into a tabernacle. Fortunately for Emerson and his household, some of his ablest friends conceived the idea of founding a new society on his principles at Brook Farm, near Boston; but, unfortunately for that community, the unsane folk flocked to it, and it was speedily brought to nought. Some able men, like George Ripley, George Curtis, and Charles Dana, belonged to that community in their youth, but probably Hawthorne wrote the experience of all of them when, just after leaving it, he entered in

his Note-Book (1841), "Really I should judge it to be twenty years since I left Brook Farm. . . . It already looks like a dream behind me. The real Me was never a member of the community ; there had been a spectral Appearance there, sounding the horn at daybreak, and milking the cows, and hoeing the potatoes, and raking hay, toiling in the sun, and doing me the honour to assume my name. But this spectre was not myself." The Transcendental Club, too, which preceded this, and which met a few times at the house of Dr. Channing (who tried to comprehend the new ideas, and was always the friend of Emerson), failed. The quarterly magazine that was started, the *Dial*, did more. Four volumes of it appeared, and to this day they are so interesting that it is a wonder they have not been reprinted ; but the serene hours thereon marked were speedily succeeded by days of strife and storm, in which the writers of that periodical were summoned to be leaders. Emerson remained in his home. He now and then visited Brook Farm, but was shrewd enough to foresee its catastrophe from the first. The child who sought her lost butterfly with tears, not knowing that it was softly perched upon her head, had a counterpart in the many enthusiasts who continued to seek in communities or new sects the beauty which had floated before their eyes ; but some there were who made the happier discovery that a quiet New England village, with its cultivated families, in whose Town Hall Emerson taught, was ideal enough. Gradually Prospero drew around him the spirits to which he was related, and Concord became the intellectual centre of the country.

Emerson, as has been stated, at the beginning of his career had assumed the truth of evolution in nature. More and more this idea became fruitful to him. His friend Agassiz, on the appearance of *The Vestiges of Creation*, had committed himself warmly against it, but Emerson felt certain that the future of science belonged to that principle which he had reached by his poetic intuition. Nearly thirty years ago, when I was a member of Divinity College, the theology taught was still a slightly rationalistic Unitarianism and the science qualified by it (though Agassiz would not admit miracle). Some of the students were finding their real professor in Concord. On one evening we went out, travelling the seventeen miles in sleighs, to hear a lecture that was to have been given by him : it had been unavoidably postponed, but Emerson, hearing of our arrival, invited us to his house, and we had no reason to feel any disappointment. Nevertheless, Emerson wrote me that if I would make the preparations he would read an essay in my room. On that occasion Emerson read a paper on "Poetry," in which he stated fully and clearly the doctrine of evolution. This was five years before the appearance of the papers of Darwin and Wallace in the journal of the Linnæan Society (1858), though I

find in Emerson's essay as published (*Letters and Social Aims*, Chatto and Windus, 1876) that Darwin is mentioned; otherwise that essay is precisely the same that was read to us in 1853. I well remember how we were startled that afternoon by Emerson's emphatic declaration—"There is one animal, one plant, one matter, and one force." He said also: "Science does not know its debt to imagination. Goethe did not believe that a great naturalist could exist without this faculty. He was himself conscious of that help, which made him a prophet among doctors. From this vision he gave grave hints to the geologist, the botanist, and the optician." The name of Emerson would now be set beside that of Goethe by every man of science in America. While as yet *The Vestiges of Creation* was trampled on by preachers and professors, Emerson affirmed its principle to be true, and during some years in which no recognised man of science ventured to accept Darwin's hypothesis, he sustained its claim by references to the scientific authorities of Europe. For the rest, this essay read to us at Divinity College did for some who heard it very much the same that the generalisation of Darwin has done for vast numbers of minds. The harmony of nature and thought was in it, clouds floated into light, and though poets were present, it appeared the truest New World poem that we were gathered there around the seer in whose vision the central identity in nature flowed through man's reason, gently did away with discords through their promise of larger harmonies. That which the Brahmins found in the far East our little company there in the West knew also—"From the poisonous tree of the world two species of fruit are produced, sweet as the waters of life: Love, or the society of beautiful souls, and Poetry, whose taste is like the immortal juice Vishnu." When Emerson had finished there was a hush of silence, the usual applause of his listeners: it seemed hardly broken when Otto Dresel performed some "songs without words."

Emerson was the first man of high social position in America who openly took the anti-slavery position. On May 29th, 1831, he admitted an abolitionist to lecture on the subject in his church six years before even Channing had committed himself to that side. Garrison was at that time regarded as a vulgar street-preacher of notions too wild to excite more than a smile. The despised grocer on Boston Common was first sheltered by Emerson, and this act was more significant because Emerson was chaplain of the Massachusetts Legislature. Emerson first drew the sympathy of scholars to that side. The voices of the two popular orators, Channing and Phillips, soon followed, and Longfellow began to write the slavery poems collected in 1842. Emerson could not throw himself into any organization, nor did he encourage the scholars around him to do so; he believed that to elevate character, to raise the

standard, to inspire courage in the intellect of the country would speedily make its atmosphere too pure for a slave to breathe. Fearless in vindicating those whose convictions led them to enlist for this particular struggle, Emerson saw in slavery one among many symptoms of the moral disease of the time. "The timidity of our public opinion," he said, "is our disease, or, shall I say, the absence of private opinion. Good nature is plentiful, but we want justice, with heart of steel to fight down the proud. The private mind has the access to the totality of goodness and truth, that it may be a balance to a corrupt society; and to stand for the private verdict against popular clamour is the office of the noble. If a humane measure is propounded in behalf of the slave, or of the Irishman, or the Catholic, or for the succour of the poor, that sentiment, that project, will have the homage of the hero. That is his nobility, his oath of knighthood, to succour the helpless and oppressed: always to throw himself on the side of weakness, of youth, of hope, on the liberal, on the expansive side, never on the conserving, the timorous, the lock-and-bolt system. More than our good will we may not be able to give. We have our own affairs, our own genius, which chains us to our proper work. We cannot give our life to the cause of the debtor, of the slave, or the pauper, as another is doing; but to one thing we are bound, not to blaspheme the sentiment and the work of that man, not to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of the abolitionist, the philanthropist, as the organs of influence and opinion are swift to do." Emerson had as much practical sagacity as genius; when he spoke these words (in a lecture on "The Young American," in Boston, 1844), he had reached a commanding position, carrying with it gravest responsibilities: the destinies of hundreds of young men and women were determined by his lectures. But with reference to the anti-slavery movement he did more than he exacted from others, and recognised it as a far more important reform than others. When, in 1835, Harriet Martineau was nearly mobbed in Boston, personal violence being threatened, and no prominent citizen ventured to her side, Emerson and his brother Charles hastened to her defence. "At the time of the hubbub against me in Boston," she writes in her Autobiography, "Charles Emerson stood alone in a large company in defence of the right of free thought and speech, and declared that he had rather see Boston in ashes than that I or anybody else should be debarred in any way from perfectly free speech. His brother Waldo invited me to be his guest in the midst of my unpopularity."

In 1844, when Massachusetts citizen negroes had been taken to prison from ships in Southern ports, Emerson delivered an oration on the anniversary of West Indian emancipation, and spoke sternly on the matter. "If such a damnable outrage can be committed on the

# RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

of a citizen with impunity, let the Governor break the broad  
the State; he bears the sword in vain. The Governor of  
Massachusetts is a trifier; the State-house in Boston is a play-house;  
General Court is a dishonoured body, if they make laws which  
cannot execute. The great-hearted Puritans have left no pos-  
sibility. He demanded that the representatives of the State should  
and of Congress the instant release, by force if necessary, of the  
prisoned negro seamen and their indemnification. "As for  
others to the Union from such demands!—the Union is already at  
end when the first citizen of Massachusetts is thus outraged."  
his address was a bugle, and it filled the anti-slavery ranks with  
fresh courage. The *Herald of Freedom*, reporting it at the time, says  
their eyes were filled with tears as this leader of New England  
literature came from his poetic solitude to join hands with them. As  
time went on, and the darling senator of Massachusetts, Daniel  
Webster, gave his weight to enact the Fugitive Slave Law, demoral-  
ising the political sentiment of the young men who worshipped  
him, Emerson—always sure to appear at the exact moment of need  
—went to Cambridge to support Mr. Palfrey for Governor, a man  
who had lost his seat in Congress by opposing slavery very strongly.  
The hall was crowded, chiefly by students, when Emerson gave his  
address, in the course of which he pictured the car of slavery and  
its abominations, with Webster as the leading horse straining to drag  
it. A storm of hisses, perhaps the first severe sentence. Emerson  
paused, but stood with face unmoved, as if it were an outside wind,  
then serenely continued with the very next word of the sentence as if  
there had been no uproar. With the grave, calm tone of a judge  
pronouncing sentence, he said, still looking downward. Emerson  
drop of his blood has eyes that look downward. He knows the  
heroes of 1776, but cannot see those of 1851 when he meets them on  
the street." After that first hiss the audience remained silently  
attentive. The service which students and literary men could  
render in those days was often the subject of anxious consultation,  
and Emerson never failed to counsel sacrifices for the public duty.  
"When the ship is in a storm," he used to say, "the passengers  
must lend a hand, and even women tug at the ropes." When the  
Southern States began to recede, some frightened compromisers in  
the North hoped to soothe them by silencing the abolitionists:  
roughs were employed to fill the anti-slavery halls and drown every  
voice. Sometimes there was personal violence. Emerson would  
share this danger, and on one occasion a striking incident occurred.  
The well-known anti-slavery orators had vainly tried to address a  
vast yelling throng of roughs, who had taken possession of Boston  
Music Hall. Even by those near the platform no word could be  
heard, and the speakers had retired. Wendell Phillips caught sight

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of Emerson, looking calmly on the wild scene, and went to him. Emerson advanced: the roughs did not know this man, and there was a break in their roar, through which was now heard the voice of Emerson, beginning: "Christopher North, you have all heard of Christopher North,"—there was perfect silence, as if the name had paralyzed every man; not one had heard of Christopher North, but this assumption of their intelligence by the gentle stranger disarmed them. Emerson told his anecdote of Christopher North, and went on to show that under the circumstances abolitionists had shown moderation. The power of mind over matter was rarely more happily displayed than in the attention with which that mad crowd listened to Emerson, who spoke without note or preparation. During the war, in which many of his friends were slain, and his only son wounded, no man did better service than Emerson with voice, pen, and means; and when it ended his counsels were of the utmost importance. With what feeling and hope Emerson regarded the Civil War, and what great results he foresaw from the victory nearly achieved, may be gathered from a letter to Carlyle, hitherto unpublished.

"Concord, 26 Sept. 1864. Dear Carlyle,—Your friend, young S., brought me your letter now too many days ago. It contained heavy news of your household—yet such as in these our autumnal days we must await with what firmness we can. I hear with pain that your wife, whom I have only seen beaming goodness and intelligence, has suffered and suffers so severely. I recall my first visit to your house, when I pronounced you wise and fortunate in relations wherein best men are often neither wise nor fortunate. I had already heard rumours of her serious illness. Send me word, I pray you, that there is better health and hope. For the rest the Colonna motto would fit your letter—'Though sad I am strong.'

"I had received in July, forwarded by S. in his flight through Boston, the fourth volume of *Friedrich*, and it was my best reading in the summer, and for weeks my only reading. One fact was paramount in all the good I drew from it, that whomsoever many years had used and worn, they had not yet broken any fibre of your force; a pure joy to me who abhor the inroads which time makes on me and my friends. . . . But this book will excuse you from any unseemly haste to make your accounts, nay, hold you to fulfil your career with all amplitude and calmness. I found joy and pride in it, and discerned a golden chain of continuity not often seen in the works of men, apprising me that one good head and great heart remained in England immovable, superior to his own eccentricities and perversities, nay, wearing these, I can well believe, as a jaunty coat or red cockade to defy or mislead idlers, for the better securing his own peace and the very ends which the idlers fancy he resists. England's lease of power is good during his days.

"I have in these last years lamented that you had not made the visit to America which in earlier years you projected and favoured. It would have made it impossible that your name should be cited for one moment on the side of the enemies of mankind. Ten days' residence in this country would have made you the organ of the sanity of England and Europe to us and to them, and have shown you the necessities and aspirations which struggle up in our free States which, as yet, have no organ to others, and are ill and unsteadily articulated here. In our to-day's division of Republican and Democrat, it is certain that the American nationality lies in the Republican party (mixed and multiform though that party be), and I hold it not less certain that, viewing

all the nationalities of the world, the battle of humanity is at this hour in America. A few days here would show you the disgusting composition of the other party which within the Union resists the national action. Take from it the wild Irish element, imported in the last twenty-five years into this country, and led by Romish priests, who sympathise of course with despotism, and you would bereave it of its numerical strength. A man intelligent and virtuous is not to be found on that side. Ah, how glad would I enlist you with your thunderbolt on our part! How gladly enlist the wise, thoughtful, efficient pens and voices of England! We want England and Europe to hold our people staunch to their best tendency. Are English of this day incapable of a great sentiment? Can they not leave cavilling at petty failures and bad manners, and at the dunce part (always the largest part in human affairs), and leap to the suggestions and finger-pointings of the gods, which, above the understanding, feed the hopes and guide the wills of men? This war has been conducted over the heads of all the actors in it: and the foolish terrors—"What shall we do with the negro?" "The entire black population is coming north to be fed," &c.—have strangely ended in the fact that the black refuses to leave his climate; gets his living *and* the living of his employer there, as he has always done; is the natural ally and soldier of the Republic in that climate; now takes the place of 200,000 white soldiers; and will be, as the conquest of the country proceeds, its garrison, till peace without slavery returns. Slaveholders in London have filled English ears with their wishes, and perhaps beliefs: and our people, generals and politicians, have carried the like, at first to the war, until corrected by irresistible experience. . . . Our census of 1860, and the war, are poems which will, in the next age, inspire a genius like your own.

"I hate to write you a newspaper, but, in these times, 'tis wonderful what sublime lessons I have once and again read on the bulletin-boards in the street. Everybody has been wrong in his guess, except good women, who never despair of an ideal right."

In conclusion Emerson says, "Forgive this long writing, and keep the old kindness, which I prize above words."

Emerson had a happy old age, and lived to see his golden sheaves around him. In the Address (1837), now historical, which brought the fulminations of the Unitarian pulpit and university upon him, in his thirty-fourth year, he admonished the American scholar that "if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." And now America has in his own history the impressive confirmation of his faith. In just twenty-nine years from the time that sentence was uttered the university which repudiated him made him an Overseer and a Doctor of Laws, and a lecturer to the students, and he was the most universally beloved and honoured man in America. Where he singly opened his church to abolitionists he lived to see all churches anti-slavery and the slave set free. The white-robed sage lay in the church founded by his Puritan ancestors, enlarged by his own thought, above whose pulpit was a harp made of golden flowers, and on it an open book made of pinks, pansies, roses, with the word "Finis." Flowers were never more truly symbolical. His effective weapons against error and wrong were like those roses with which the angels, in Goethe's *Faust*, drove away the demons, and his sceptre was made known by blossoming in his hand.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

## MR. MORRIS'S HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART.<sup>1</sup>

ALL who wish to take a hopeful view of the possibilities and future of English art will hail the publication of Mr. Morris's little volume of Lectures as in itself the most hopeful symptom which has shown itself for many years. The poet of the "Earthly Paradise" has been an employer of labour and a seller of divers articles of manufacture quite long enough for him to speak with the authority of experience, if experience had unhappily impelled him towards Carlylesque generalisations about the folly and roguery of the world beneath him. But Mr. Morris does not stand aloof, in finely descriptive indignation, from the common herd of makers and sellers. Intimacy with the manifold shortcomings of both classes has produced an uncommonly keen and circumstantial sympathy with their difficulties; but the sympathetic sense of difficulty stops short of despair, even when conjoined with the personal discouragements of the artist.

Mr. Morris speaks with generous warmth of his obligations to Mr. Ruskin, and it would therefore be ungracious to make his praises cast a reflected shadow on the elder writer. But it is allowable to suggest that the despairing tone of Mr. Ruskin, and the qualified but unextinguished hopefulness of Mr. Morris, are both justified by the social and political preconceptions which determine their attitude towards the practical problems of art and industry. Mr. Ruskin preaches and illustrates by his own practice the duty of paying for every article purchased the equivalent of its real worth. When a collection of minerals was offered to him for two-thirds of its value, as he did not care to spend as much as they were worth, he bought two-thirds of the collection for the price at which the necessitous dealer offered the whole (*Arrous of the Chase*, ii. 84). But a man of the world may be excused for despairing of the possibility of making the mass of purchasers as scrupulous as Mr. Ruskin. It requires more virtue to surrender voluntarily an unjust advantage than merely to put forward the claim for a just one. Mr. Morris begins, so to speak, at the other end. In view of "the danger that the present course of civilisation will destroy the beauty of life," he does not appeal to artists or connoisseurs for higher aims or more enlightened patronage. He appeals direct to the mass of the people, urging them to do the thing which they must naturally most desire to be able to do, namely, take pleasure in their daily work.

He is severe upon the notion that there might be one art for the

(1) Five Lectures delivered in Birmingham, London, and Nottingham, 1878—1881. By William Morris. Ellis and White, 1882.



rich and another for the poor. "Art is not so accommodating as the justice or religion of society, and she won't have it." And in the Second Lecture, called "The Art of the People," he propounds a definition which supplies the reason why. "*That thing which I understand by real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labour.*" This is the "art made by the people and for the people, as a happiness to the maker and the user" which may grow up here or in any other community which first attains to the two virtues, love of justice and simplicity of life.

"For those of us that are employers of labour, how can we bear to give any man less money than he can live decently on, less leisure than his education and self-respect demand? Or those of us who are workmen, how can we bear to fail in the contract we have undertaken, or to make it necessary for a foreman to go up and down spying out our mean tricks and evasions? Or we, the shopkeepers—can we endure to lie about our wares that we may shuffle off our losses on someone else's shoulders? Or we, the public—how can we bear to pay a price for a piece of goods which will help to trouble one man, to ruin another, and starve a third? Or still more, I think, how can we bear to use, how can we enjoy something which has been a pain and grief for the maker to make?"

"I say all classes are to blame in this matter, but also I say that the remedy lies with the handicraftsmen, who are not ignorant of these things like the public, and who have no call to be greedy and isolated like the manufacturers or middlemen; the duty and honour of educating the public lies with them, and they have in them the seeds of order and organisation which make that duty the easier."

No theme recurs more frequently throughout the Lectures than this: that labour is normally pleasurable; that there must be something radically wrong, either in the work itself or in the conditions under which it is done, if it is impossible for a reasonable man to take pleasure in doing it. Mr. Morris recognises three possible categories of work—mechanical work, intelligent work, and imaginative work, of which the two latter differ more in degree than kind. Those to whom his definition of real art appears paradoxical will no doubt think it Utopian to contend that all human work should be either intelligent or imaginative, or both; to them perhaps masons or bricklayers are but base mechanical churls at best. They have never seen or thought about the difference between a Roman brick wall, a piece of honest English brickwork (say like the chancel of St. Mary's, Crown Street, in St. Giles's), and the last house wall run up by a speculative builder in the last invented London suburb; and yet from the workman's point of view the difference is as marked as from the artist's. Over and above the pleasure of laying every brick exactly in its place; over and above the carnal "lust of finishing," as John Wesley called it, which makes every finished yard of brickwork a pleasure to its author, every perfect piece of workmanship in this or any other line brings

with it something of intelligent and imaginative delight in its fitness and perfection as a part of the larger whole to which it belongs.

We remember how, when old Kester, whose *spécialité* was thatching ricks, found himself condemned to cease from thatching on the seventh day, his most spiritual exercise was an admiring pilgrimage round and about the ricks of his own admirable thatching. Even in the case of work which affords little or no scope for ornamentation or the production of supererogatory beauty, because the form of the thing to be made is strictly conditioned by its purpose, the workman has a rightful claim to the double pleasure of contributing to make a perfect tool and of knowing the purposes to which it will be put. The making of scientific instruments, for example, if done without understanding or good-will, may be as mechanical as the running of a plaster cornice, but it may also be as intelligent and imaginative as the chisel strokes of a working artist allowed to finish a capital his own way, if the instrument maker knows what *savant* has ordered the new tool and what problem it will be employed in solving.

Notwithstanding his lawful preference for handwork, Mr. Morris refrains from any general denunciation of machinery, and it is obvious that the general emancipation of a numerous race from the burden of overmuch mechanical toil can best be effected by the help of what weavers, picturesquely elliptical, used to call "power." No skilled work—and there is skill in the guidance of machinery—can be called wholly mechanical, in which the mind and senses are free to aim at excellence.

"Many a grin of pleasure," Mr. Morris avers, "must have gone to the invention of the quaint designs of anonymous artists in the ancient days. While they were at work, at least, these men were not unhappy, and I suppose they worked most days, and the most part of the day, as we do." And the wholesome happiness of their daily labour had its fruit in the abundant production of works of art such as we are now glad to hoard in museums. The ideal of the British workman at the present day is to be well paid for leisurely, careful, excellent workmanship, but he is not disposed to take the leisure and give the care at the expense of his payment. The ideal of the employer or overlooker of the British workman is to get passable work done as fast as possible, and if either the pay or the quality has to be sacrificed, it is his interest to sacrifice quality rather than not turn over his capital the desired number of times per annum. Unfortunately there are plenty of mechanics whose dexterity can take the form of pace instead of excellence, and these men have not yet taken the lofty view of their social mission suggested by Mr. Morris. They are able, maybe, owing to the vast demand for the evil thing, to earn as much by doing slovenly work fast as they could earn by doing thoroughly good work at leisure. It is true they don't enjoy

doing the bad work, but they cannot afford to indulge a sentimental preference when out of employ. And so they supply us, their customers, with the scamped work of which we all complain, when we have bought what we asked for at its market price;—with a result to the workman not very different from that imagined by Mr. Morris: “If I were to work ten hours a day at work I despised and hated, I should spend my leisure I hope in political agitation, but I fear—in drinking.”

Then again there are commodities, invented only that some dealer may make a profit by persuading people to buy them, though they are tiresome to make and useless to possess. All such labour is pure waste, and the gratuitous disagreeableness of this useless work, together with the mass of unnecessarily bad work, has led even reasonable and humane people to the rash conclusion that all work is naturally disagreeable, a necessary evil, to be endured, as an enlightened manufacturer tells his workpeople, because men “hope by working to earn leisure.” In other words, it is assumed that all the work of the world is done against the grain, whereas Mr. Morris has been lecturing us all the time upon the opposite text—that no work which cannot be done with pleasure in the doing is worth doing at all. To explain the puzzle he turns to his own experience:—

“For I tried to think what would happen to me if I was forbidden my ordinary daily work; and I knew that I should die of despair and weariness unless I could straightway take to something else which I could make my daily work; and it was clear to me that I worked not in the least in the world for the sake of earning leisure by it, but partly driven by the fear of starvation or disgrace, and partly, and even a very great deal, because I love the work itself; and as for my leisure, well I had to confess that part of it I do indeed spend as a dog does—in contemplation, let us say—and like it well enough; but part of it also I spend in work: which work gives me just as much pleasure as my bread-earning work—neither more nor less—and therefore could be no bribe or hope for my work-a-day hours.

“Then next I turned my thoughts to my friends: mere artists, and therefore, you know, lazy people by prescriptive right. I found that the one thing they enjoyed was their work, and that their only idea of happy leisure was other work, just as valuable to the world as their work-a-day work; they only differed from me in liking the dog-like leisure less and the man-like labour more than I do.

“I got no further when I turned from mere artists to important men—public men. I could see no signs of their working merely to earn leisure. They all worked for the work and the deed's sake. Do rich gentlemen sit up all night in the House of Commons for the sake of earning leisure? if so, 'tis a sad waste of labour. Or Mr. Gladstone? he doesn't succeed in winning much leisure by tolerably strenuous work; what he does get he might have got on much easier terms, I am sure.”

It must not be supposed that because Mr. Morris recognises the close connection between morals, politics, and art, these lectures are taken up exclusively with the burning problems of social economy. The little volume, it is true, has a rare and admirable breadth of view

and firmness of grasp. Every artist and artisan, every liberal politician or social reformer, will be the better for reading it. Dealing ostensibly with a comparatively narrow subject, it shirks, as we have seen, no point of contact between this subject and the many others naturally connected with it; but all these subsidiary subjects are treated in the selfsame spirit as the main theme. Art is to be popular, imaginative, and delightful as well as, or rather in consequence of, its being serviceable, intelligent, and moral. What more than this can Utilitarians demand from science, industry, and politics? But to the Utilitarians who think science, industry, and politics enough without any imaginative delight in beauty for its own sake, and who would see with indifference "the faculty of design itself gradually fade from the race of man," Mr. Morris may suggest a doubt: "Sirs, shall we approach nearer to perfection by casting away so large a part of that intelligence which makes us *men*?"

It is a shame to take a book so delightfully free from all kinds of arrogant self-righteousness as a text for preaching; but the reflection cannot but suggest itself to a disinterested reader: If all advocacy of the special claims of science, politics, and industry were as careful of the claims of the rest, and all as careful of the claims of art as Mr. Morris is to give due place and weight to other than artistic considerations, with how much less waste and friction than at present all the good intentions of the world would work together. Similar appeals, pointing to the same goal of simplicity and justice, might be made on exactly parallel lines, from the social point of view: the right of the workman to ease and leisure (available both for canine "contemplation" and a refreshing change of labour), and that of the public at large to a chance of buying good work;—from the political point of view: that all classes must have a share in government to secure justice for themselves, and that all who have a share in governing must have reached a high level of intelligence and morality, so that they may render justice also to each other;—and from the industrial point of view: that labour may not be wasted through the miscalculations which allow a larger reward to enterprise wasted in exploitation than to enterprise expended on production.

We cannot help hoping that, as a consequence of his digressions into adjacent fields of thought, Mr. Morris's words will have weight with some of the many worthy people at home therein, who, as he admits, think of art as trifling, and renounce contentedly whatever pleasures it might give. "Art for art's sake," art as a refined and subtle pleasure for the favoured few, art as a fashion for the rich, or a cheap charity for the poor, are the objects of his confirmed distrust and disbelief. Mr. Morris is as sure that such art is impossible as that it would be worthless if it were possible. He rejoices in knowing that it is impossible; that art must either be popular, a source

of genuine pleasure to the men employed in handicrafts, or it must cease to exist. He distrusts—and surely no one has a better right—the sincerity and earnestness of the so-called “artistic movement” mainly associated with his name, because of the share which fashion has had in its success as well as in its fallings short of success. A social clique may bring blue plates and grey papers into vogue, just as an inconspicuous youth may be quizzed into celebrity by a comic paper, but the vogue will be as short-lived in the one case as in the other, unless the mass of householders attain to a sincere and spontaneous preference for harmony, beauty, and—we might add—elbow-room. Mr. Morris frankly informs the rich buyers of pictures and patrons of the arts in general that if they really knew or cared anything about art, they would refuse to live in ugly ill-built dwellings, crowded up with superfluous upholstery; if they really enjoyed the beauty, they would really suffer from and rebel against the ugliness, and tradesmen would have to defer to an authoritative demand for wares few and good instead of many, cheap and nasty.

Even in the minor matter of house furnishing it is by no means clear that the reformation of the national taste may not have to originate with the class of artisans. Here is Mr. Morris's list of the fittings necessary to the sitting-room of a healthy person; a room, he explains, which the owner “would not have to cook in much, or sleep in generally, or in which he would not have to do any very litter-making manual work.” These necessities are—“First, a bookcase with a great many books in it; next, a table that will keep steady when you write or work at it; then several chairs that you can move, and a bench that you can sit or lie upon; next, a cupboard with drawers; a vase or two to put flowers in,” and unless bookcase or cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carving, there should be added some real works of art on the walls. Now, as the majority of Britons cannot expect to live in houses that are fit to be seen until the expiry, let us say, of all the building leases granted in the last half-century, rich and poor start at an equal disadvantage in the pursuit of beautiful simplicity indoors. In fact, with things as they are now, good work being so artificially scarce as to command almost more than its considerable real value, the advantage is really in the hands of any one *who can make these necessities for himself*.

Every one knows the pathetic idiom of modern townsfolk, according to which the “home” does not mean the house or dwelling-place, but the bits of sticks and “things” which accompany the family in its wanderings from one rack-rented chamber to another. It would be a happy fruit of Mr. Morris's teaching if workmen, who are paid to spend unhappy days in making tables that *won't* keep steady on their legs, chose to solace themselves in leisure hours by making for their future “home” tables and the rest that would fulfil

this modest condition. The cost of plain seasoned wood to a workman in the trade might be a little more than the price of such ready-made furniture as a thriving mechanic can afford. But the seven years' apprenticeship which there is room for between school and marriage will leave leisure enough to finish most of the necessities of a "home" in a style that will outlast many generations, and maybe tempt collectors in dark ages yet to come. If this plan were to be tried, middle-class drawing-rooms would soon learn to be ashamed of faring worse than workmen's parlours, and the men who had cultivated their craft for love of it for themselves, would find their own example create a class of customers for such work as they might do with pride and pleasure.

Mr. Morris's belief that "the general education that makes men think, will one day make them think rightly about art," suffers some shock (as we gather from a note to the Third Lecture) from the indifference shown at such educational centres as Westminster School and the University of Oxford to the threatened destruction of Ashburnham House and Magdalen Bridge. But it would be at least as fair to quote such cases of artistic vandalism in high places to prove the incompleteness even of our highest forms of education. The builder who cuts down a cedar rather than make one villa in a row, a shade less hideous than its neighbours, and the academic authorities who defer helplessly to the dicta of those "whose business it is to know" about such mysterious things as bridges, show exactly the same intellectual defect; a defect only to be remedied by education, enabling them to form an independent judgment as to the proportionate force of considerations belonging to different genera. Any education must be incomplete that does not include some exercise of practical intercourse with things and a glimpse at least of "that kindly struggle with nature, to which all true craftsmen are born." This kind of knowledge, if it came to be rated at its true value, might be taught in school to those whose destiny lies away from workshops as easily as book learning is taught to tiny imps with a wide experience in the traffic of City streets and markets.

Of course Mr. Morris would have every craftsman taught to draw, and to draw from the human figure; but when it is a question of applying such elementary knowledge of drawing as is to be gained under the auspices of South Kensington, we are compelled to ask, as in the cognate problem of technical instruction, "Who is to instruct our instructors, so that they may not, like blind leaders of the blind, land their scholars in a ditch, or *impasse* of laborious bad taste?" As yet, no doubt, South Kensington has done no appreciable harm in England, whatever abominations its spirit may have been accessory to in India. But it is evident that art teaching cannot be evolved for ever from the inner consciousness of a Government department;

unless schools of art-workmanship grow up from which such a department can learn, it will soon be able to teach nothing, except middling drawing-masters like itself. The danger signalled by Mr. Morris, of imagining that trees can grow from the top downwards, is very real and present here. Probably, if we wished to know the best way of giving technical instruction to the men in a given trade, our safest course would be to ask a score of the most intelligent workmen employed in it to tell us everything that they had at any time wished to know in relation to their work. But technical instruction, excogitated *de haut en bas*, is at worst useless, and will be neglected. Until the custom of using *some* kind of decorations for buildings, clothes, and furniture is absolutely extinct, the workman is compelled to use such decoration as he can—in other words, which he has been taught to use; and bad teaching is consequently much worse than useless, for it cannot remain inoperative. To take a small instance of the dangers which beset an official system: hundreds of thousands of children and young people “pass” annually in free-hand drawing at the examinations of the Science and Art Department. The copies set them consist mostly of some vase, conventionalized leaf, or scroll work, in outline, the two sides of which most often are alike. Now of course the precedent of Giotto’s **O** may be cited to prove that a true artist can draw freely with mechanical accuracy, but according to the legend, Giotto began with sheep, not with circles, and it is almost self-evident that the last thing a young draughtsman will be able to accomplish with a really free stroke is to make two sides of a leaf “balance,” as it is called in the jargon of the schools, *i.e.* correspond exactly as nothing in nature and few things in real art do. When freedom of stroke has been acquired there is no harm in adding this superfluous dexterity, but it would clearly be disastrous to train the rising generation of artificers in the belief that ornamentation can display no higher merit than that of having two sides alike.

For the present, at any rate, we need wish for no better antidote to weak or faulty teaching in these matters than the spirited, picturesque, and magnanimous discourse of Mr. Morris. We must pass by unnoticed many fine or pleasant passages and phrases which it would have been a pleasure to quote, but there is one reference to “an ugly word for a dreadful fact,” which we must just mention to show that it is not, so to speak, a mere lowering of the artistic franchise that Mr. Morris aims at, a mere extension to the class of skilled artisans of the sweetness and light supposed to flourish within the range of middle-class æstheticism. “Ancient civilisation was chained to slavery and exclusiveness, and it fell.” Modern civilisation will fall likewise, instead of growing into fresh artistic life, unless it can deal with what we call “the residuum.” And to what

quarter can we look hopefully for help in this task, except to that which Mr. Morris has appealed to already? Let the manufacturer and the mechanic moralise each other (and settle amongst themselves which shall have the honour of beginning), but it is the mechanic alone that can moralise his labourer. The upper hundred thousand must set the fashion —of decent living—to the millions below them.

This vast, and, as some might think, hopelessly remote aim —as well as the abolition of “carpet gardening” and the regeneration of decorative art—is included in the cause in which Mr. Morris seeks to enlist his hearers and readers, and, to conclude in his own words: “That cause is the democracy of art, the ennobling of daily and common work, which will one day put hope and pleasure in the place of fear and pain, as the forces which move men to labour and keep the world a-going.”

EDITH SIMCOX.



## ENGLAND AND IRELAND: AN AMERICAN VIEW.

THE area of Ireland is only 32,000 square miles; its population somewhat over five millions. Yet in time of profound peace its government requires some 15,000 military constables and 40,000 picked troops, to say nothing of the navy constantly encircling its shores. And whatever else may be the marks of bad government are to be seen in Ireland to-day: a declining country, a discontented people; the resort to all the powers of despotism on the one side, contempt of authority and defiance of law on the other; arbitrary arrests, vindictive punishments, searches, seizures, proclamations and suppressions, the garrisoning of hamlets, the patrolling of roads, burnings, maimings, and assassinations—at once the white terror and the red terror. Surely it is time thoughtful Englishmen began to ask themselves what it is they are trying to do in Ireland.

The common belief among Englishmen seems to be that they are trying to do a righteous and benevolent thing—to keep order among a turbulent people while redressing real grievances; and coercion is regarded as the necessary incident to a kindly act—the tying of a patient mad with pain in order that an operation for his relief may be performed. But so far from making coercion less hateful to Irishmen, this sharpens its sting. To be coerced is bad, but to be coerced upon the assumption that coercion is good for you is worse still. Nothing could be more irritating to a high-spirited people than the assumption of superiority that blends with so much that Englishmen intend for the expression of kindly feeling towards Ireland, and it naturally produces that indignant revulsion which Englishmen often take for Irish ingratitude.

The assumption of race differences that do not exist is, in fact, responsible for much misunderstanding. The belief that Ireland is discontented and turbulent because it is the nature of the Irish race to be discontented and turbulent, stops further inquiry into the causes of discontent; the notion that the restiveness of Irishmen under English rule is the restiveness of a lower civilisation under the impact of a higher, suffices to prevent any examination of the character of that rule.

The majority of Englishmen do not begin to realise the badness of the government they maintain in Ireland; still less have they the remotest idea that the people of Ireland may have passed the point when even such a measure of self-government as prevails in England

could satisfy them. In fact, nothing better shows why one people should never attempt to govern another people than the utter ignorance of Ireland that prevails in England.

But the government of Ireland is not the government of one people by another people. It is worse. It is English force that is holding Ireland; but it is a small privileged class who, by the aid of this force, are the real governors of Ireland.

Here is the real reason that, after the lapse of centuries of political connection, Ireland has never been really incorporated with the British nation, but yet remains, in greater part, a conquered province, held by sheer force, and, given but the chance, as ready to rebel as ever.

The Normans conquered Saxon England. They were ravenous and brutal. They despised the people they had conquered, and were hated in return. Yet after a time the two peoples blended, and formed the English nation.

But supposing Normandy had been as much greater and stronger than England, as England is greater and stronger than Ireland, and that the Conqueror and his successors had remained in Normandy, looking upon England merely as a conquered and barbarous province, hardly to be visited once in a reign; looking upon those among whom the English lands had been parcelled as his civil garrison, just as the Norman soldiers maintained there to support them were his military garrison: supposing, too, that the Reformation had affected one country without affecting the other, and that advantage had been taken of religious differences to mark more clearly the gulf between conquerors and conquered, and to increase the power of the one, and intensify the degradation of the other by atrocious penal laws,—what would have been the result? The result would have been that, though as in Ireland one language might have supplanted the other; and the blood of conqueror and of conquered have become thoroughly mixed; and, after a time, the penal laws have been relaxed or repealed;—a ruling class would have formed, which relying upon Norman strength to secure its dominance, and engrossing all power and emolument, would be clearly marked off from the body of the people. Under such circumstances England would to-day be as restless and as turbulent as Ireland, and the masses of the English people would hate the Norman union as bitterly as the people of Ireland hate the English union.

Irish landlords have been sufficiently characterised by English writers. The name, wherever the English language is spoken, has become synonymous with recklessness, cruelty, and extortion. Yet it is by and for this class and their dependants that Ireland has been and is governed. England has not governed Ireland, does not govern Ireland; England but supplies the force and bears the shame.

The history of English dominance in Ireland is a history of misgovernment blind and cruel. This Englishmen readily admit. What they largely fail to see is that, irrespective of bitter traditions, the realities of the present are enough to make Ireland restive. Yet I think no right-minded Englishman can go to Ireland and mix with the people (not exclusively with the landlord and official class, as most Englishmen who go there do) without feeling that only a race of slaves could be quiet under the government maintained in Ireland—without what was left of his English pride consoling itself with the belief that, were the Irish people English, Ireland would be ten times as turbulent.

The masses of the Irish people have no more control over the Government under which they live than they have over the process of the suns. The suffrage is restricted in England, but, grouping borough and county franchise, it is much more restricted in Ireland. And to those who have the franchise it amounts to little more than a means of occasionally showing their feelings or making a protest. This is not merely so at present, when any one chosen by the people may be locked up by the Government; it is so irrespective of the Coercion Act. The non-payment of members, much as it tells against the proper representation of the English masses, tells even more powerfully in Ireland. For while an Irish member must travel farther and submit to a greater interruption of his ordinary business than an Englishman, the real political division in Ireland is more nearly a division between those who have means and those who have not, and the popular party in Ireland can find proper representatives only with extreme difficulty.

But representation in Parliament, whether better or worse, does not give the Irish people control of their own affairs; for the Imperial Parliament is not, like the American Congress, a general Legislature having power only to make general laws, applying alike to all parts of the country. It makes local laws as well; and in Ireland not a gas-pipe can be laid or a mile of railroad built without permission of the Imperial Parliament. And as the Irish members are in the minority, and that section of them most in sympathy with the masses of their people in a woeful and detested minority, it is really the English and Scotch members who make laws for Ireland, and make laws for Ireland that they do not make for their own kingdoms. I am told that in regard to the Land Bill of the last session—a measure of the first importance, relating exclusively to Ireland—the Irish members were not even consulted. So little control over their own affairs does their representation in Parliament give the people of Ireland that they do not value it, save as a means of making a protest or gaining a concession by annoying the representatives of the rest of the country.

Over other branches of government the Irish people have, if that be possible, still less control. All judicial officers, from the mere honorary magistrate to the highest judge, are appointed mediately or immediately by the Government. This is substantially as it is in England; but in Ireland it means something much worse than in England, as the governing class is sharply marked off from the rest of the people, and between them are class animosities. The High Sheriffs of Counties are appointed in the same way, and they practically have the appointment of the Grand Juries, which, in addition to the presentment of indictments, assess local rates and make grants in compensation for injuries to property. The schools are under control of one central board, appointed by Government; the prisons of another, and so on.

The ratepayers elect some members of the Local Poor Law Guardians; but this is little more than an empty privilege, for the additional votes given on account of rate payments accrue to the benefit of the landlords, so that some landlords have thirteen, or even fifteen votes. But in addition to this advantage given the landlords as to the elective guardians, the returning-officer names from the magistrates (all landlords) highest rated, a number of *ex-officio* guardians equal to those elected. And, further still, over all these Boards of Guardians is a Government Bureau, called the Local Government Board, consisting of the Chief Secretary and two or three other Castle officials, who have absolute power to review their proceedings, disallow their grants, dismiss their employés, or even set the whole Board aside and appoint others in their places. The incorporated cities have Mayors and Councillors elected by the ratepayers on a very restricted franchise, who control certain little matters of municipal regulation and finance. But these Mayors and Corporations (even of the City of Dublin) have no control whatever over the municipal police. The direct and entire control of all the police in Ireland is in Dublin Castle.

As to the police outside the metropolis—the Royal Irish Constabulary—nothing better shows the real character of the Government of Ireland. They are anything but constables of the Anglo-Saxon type. They are a standing army of occupation, carefully disciplined and drilled to prevent them from having any sympathy with the people among whom they serve, and carrying, not the staff of the peace-officer, but the rifle and bayonet of the soldier. The rank and file are recruited from the sons of tenant-farmers, to whom the high pay, the good uniform, and the life of ease offer great temptations. The commissioned officers—Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors as they are called—are taken from the landlord or bureaucratic class. When a farmer's son enlists in the Royal Irish Constabulary he separates from family and friends as effectually as

though he had enlisted for foreign service. For never while he remains in the force can he serve in the district in which he is born or brought up. After a time spent in drilling in the constabulary head-quarters in Dublin, he is sent to some different part of the island. Here he lives in barracks, and wears a uniform on duty and off. He is encouraged to learn the habits and characters of the country people about where he is stationed, in order that he may act the spy and informer, but is kept from any such association with them as might lead to friendship or sympathy, and if there are any signs of this he is moved to another locality. After good conduct—which of course means conduct agreeable to his superiors—for a certain number of years, he is allowed to marry. But he can never again serve in the district in which his wife was brought up, or in which her family reside, without the special leave in writing of the Commanding General of Constabulary. He must still live in barracks. He is permitted to keep his children until they are thirteen years old; but then they must be sent away lest through them he should imbibe sympathies with the people. Thus is created a gendarmerie who in their native country are almost as completely isolated from the people as would be Swiss, or Hessians, or any of those foreign mercenaries in which despotic governments have always delighted. There are, in addition to nearly 40,000 regulars, some 15,000 of these troops in Ireland—more than the whole standing army of the United States when they had 30,000,000 of people and an enormous Indian frontier; half as many as the whole standing army of the United States is now. It must furthermore be remembered that this constabulary does duty mainly in the country, and among a people remarkably moral and religious, where ordinary crime is almost unknown. Their helmets and bayonets are to be seen at every railway station; in every little hamlet are their barracks; and they are to be met by twos and fours prowling along the most unfrequented roads. A good Government could have no need for such a force.

The spirit of the Royal Irish Constabulary is the spirit of the whole administration. Whenever in Ireland a man goes into Government employment he becomes a member of the official class, and is cut off from the people. How he may conduct himself towards the people makes little difference. Their respect and friendship can do him no good, and may do him harm. The public sentiment to which he must defer is the public sentiment of the ruling class. For continuance in place and for promotion he must look to his official superiors. So long as they consider him a good and faithful servant he may be to the people with whom he comes in contact as insolent and as brutal as he pleases, and in many cases it seems that the more insolent and brutal he is, the better a servant

he is considered by those who alone have power to reward or to punish him.

There being little commerce or manufactures in Ireland, the growth of an independent middle class has been slow and small. The landlord-official class being the only class that had money to spend, patronage to bestow, and social recognition to give, has controlled the professional and trading classes. Subserviency to it has been the road to success and the badge of respectability, and has produced slavish habits of thought. There are more lions and unicorns and similar heraldic devices over the shops in the principal Dublin streets than can probably be seen in the same space anywhere else in the world. To get an invitation to a Castle ball is said to be a well-to-do shopkeeper's life-ambition, while the privilege of attaching the initials "J. P." to one's name is valued as the proverbial dog is supposed to value an extra tail: while for the physician not only does the best and most reputable practice lie among the landlord-official class, but there are an extraordinary number of places connected with prisons, workhouses, hospitals, and examining boards, which in a poor country of high official salaries, such as Ireland is, constitute the overpowering prizes of the profession.

As for the Bar, its relations with the present movement are worth dwelling on a moment, as they illustrate both the character of the Government and the character of the movement.

What more natural than to find among the active leaders of a movement so sweeping and strong that in the greater part of Ireland it can, in spite of the restrictive franchise, elect whom it pleases to such offices as are open to election—numbers of young and ambitious lawyers. But there are none. This seems at first the more strange because Irish movements heretofore have been largely recruited from the Bar. Patriotism—the writing of ringing verses and the making of fiery speeches—used to be the orthodox way of attracting the attention of the Government and getting bribed into loyalty with good places; and there are more than one of the present higher Irish judges who thus commenced their career. But now the feeling of the Bar is bitter against the Land League and all its works. Nor is this, I think, because the Land League is peculiarly wicked. There is a readier explanation.

In the first place, no Irishman can become a barrister in Ireland. He must go to England and keep two years' terms in the English Inns of Courts, the business of which consists in eating dinners. The time that must be spent, and the money required, amounting to what any but the rich would consider a small fortune, operate to keep out from the Bar all but young men in sympathy with the dominant class. And once within the Bar, not only does practice depend upon subserviency to this class and its representatives the judges, but to

ambition and cupidity the strongest temptations are offered. To say nothing of the comfortable places made by that Special Providence of the Irish Bar, the Land Act, there is said to be one official position for every three practising barristers. Naturally, therefore, every barrister is striving for a place. And when the barrister becomes a judge, while he is independent for life of the people, there is still a keen sense of favours to come from the Government. For beyond one step rises another step, with still larger pay, and above the highest is the vision of a peer's coronet and a stall in St. Patrick's Cathedral—all to be won only by thorough identification with the views and wishes of the "Government."

But the governing class of Ireland has cared for the English connection only as furnishing the power necessary for the maintenance of its own position. It has in part become at times restive under this connection, and has had no serious objection to a little sentimental patriotism, if it did not indeed look back regretfully to the good times preceding the Union, when the English Government had to buy through a Parliament of Irish landlords every measure it wanted. Home Rule, or even absolute separation, did not directly threaten the landlords. Smith O'Brien was a landlord, and wanted to make his revolution with sacred respect for vested rights. Isaac Butt used to urge in favour of Home Rule that it would secure Irish landlords from being overwhelmed by the agrarian wave that sooner or later must arise in England. But the present movement is primarily a social movement; it directly menaces, not the English connection, but the landlord class. They repel it instinctively, and the sentiment of the landlord class dominates the Bar.

It is difficult to imagine a Government more demoralising and more irritating than this class government of Ireland. How contemptuous is its spirit towards the people, whoever reads the Dublin Castle organs may see; how brazenly despotic, any one who reads in the same papers the reports of the doings of constables, and magistrates, and judges may also see. The Irish Government is, in short, a vast system of repression, and espionage, and corruption, run in the interests of a particular class, disgraceful to the English nation whose power maintains it, and degrading to the people who are compelled to live under it. A purely foreign Government, even though as repressive and as tyrannical, would not be as corrupting; for just as this Government takes the peasant's son, and, bribing him with an easy life and high pay, turns him against his own people, so does it, through all the walks of life, tempt men to forget their country and join the ranks of its oppressors.

At the head of the Irish Government stands nominally the Lord-Lieutenant. His functions seem to be to sign such documents as the Chief Secretary directs, to preside at banquets, and hold levees; and

no one in Ireland ever talks of him except in such connection. The real Viceroy is the Chief Secretary. He is the true head of the whole centralised administration, and has in his hands almost unlimited power over it.

It is bad enough that the government of a country of five million people, with the power of sending to gaol whoever it chooses, should be turned over by a lot of overworked Cabinet ministers to one of their number, just as the first lady of the bedchamber might turn over to the second lady of the bedchamber the sweeping and dusting of her Majesty's apartments. But the Chief Secretary is only a nominal ruler. Were he a man who knew things by intuition, who had as many eyes as a fly and as many hands as some of the Hindoo deities, who could get along without sleep and be in several places at once, he might run the bureaucratic machine; but being, no matter how good and conscientious, only a man built on the ordinary pattern, the bureaucratic machine runs him.

This is the mysterious thing that is called "the Government" in Ireland. Who it is or what it is, nobody seems to know; but it is spoken of vaguely as "the Castle." This bureaucracy, which constitutes the real government of Ireland, is of course animated by the spirit of the landlord class, who, having been masters of Ireland, have filled up all branches of the administration.

It is hard for one who has imbibed traditions of English liberty to realise that there can exist in an English-speaking community such a condition of things as exists in Ireland to-day. Of course all the world knows that in Ireland over five hundred men are held in prison on suspicion, and that an English official may at any hour of the day or night send to gaol whom he pleases. But wantonly and recklessly as the Coercion Acts have been used, the worst tyranny and oppression take place under the ordinary law. Talk to an intelligent Irishman in Ireland about what the Government can or cannot do, and he will tell you the Government can do anything. And any one who reads the daily records of the Irish papers will come to very much the same conclusion. In fact, it is difficult to see what the Coercion Act was really needed for. Men and women are being daily sent by the county magistrates to gaol—and to a worse punishment than that permitted by the Coercion Act, for they are treated as common felons—under an old statute of Edward III., which has been dug up for the occasion, and by virtue of which the magistrates send any one to gaol of whom they are suspicious, and who will not or cannot give bail. Mr. Parnell or Mr. Dillon might have been as easily sent to gaol in this way as Father Feehan, or Captain Dugmore, or the ladies of the Land League.

The advocates of "stronger measures for Ireland" talk about martial law; but unless by martial law they mean a revival of the



atrocities of the yeomanry of the last century—mean indiscriminate hanging and shooting, and the sending of men into penal servitude on suspicion—martial law could hardly be any worse, and if administered by English officers would probably be much better, than the “magistrates’ law” that prevails in Ireland now.

When the police can seize a gentleman and rifle his pockets in the market-place; when a magistrate can point his finger at a peaceable citizen and order him to be taken to the police-barracks and searched; when he can send for shopkeepers and tell them that if they refuse to sell goods to such and such persons he will commit them to gaol; when the police force an entrance into private houses where two or three ladies are meeting, and insist upon remaining to see what they do; when a dozen young fellows found walking together, and suspected of being on their way to a Land League hunt, can be committed without bail on the charge of “marching in a manner calculated to terrify her Majesty’s subjects,” and boys are imprisoned for “whistling with derision;” when newspapers can be suppressed by detectives; when a policeman can search a shop, and carry off what he pleases without exhibiting any warrant or making any payment; when letters can be opened and mail matter seized; when the police can enter any peasant’s cabin in which they see a light after ten o’clock; and when they suspect a man, rouse him up two or three times a night to make sure he is at home,—it is rather hard to say what additional power martial law can give. And even as to beating and shooting, it is to be observed that the respectable citizens who were wantonly clubbed by the Dublin police at the Phoenix Park and on the evening following Mr. Parnell’s arrest never got any redress. In the one case an “Act of State” was pleaded in lieu of proceedings; in the other those who dared prosecute were wearied out by having their cases postponed and postponed. Practical immunity has been granted to the police who bayonnetted to death a young girl at Belmullet.

These things are justified by the plea that they are necessary to preserve order. But they do not preserve order, as the advocates of strong measures now admit in their demand for stronger. Is this to be wondered at? Is Ireland a country where grapes may be gathered from thorns and figs from thistles?

Take any intelligent man who knows anything of human nature and of history; tell him that there is in the moon, or in the planet Mars, a country governed as Ireland is governed, and he will tell you that it must be a turbulent country.

For in any place or time the enforcement of law and the preservation of order must rest on public opinion. Let the constituted authority become corrupt and inefficient, and what in the United States is called “Lynch law” will spring up. Let it become

tyrannous and arbitrary, and it will be hated and despised, and will have no power beyond the reach of the policeman's arm. For when the idea of legality is divorced from the idea of justice, the strength and virtue of law is gone.

Whoever will consider what is being attempted to be done by law in Ireland will not wonder that the law fails. The true province of law is narrow. It is to maintain order; to secure from violence person and property. It may well be doubted whether legal interference as between man and man can ever be carried farther than this without doing more harm than good; but at any rate it is well settled, both in theory and practice, that it should go no farther than the collection of debts and the enforcement of contracts by pecuniary penalty. And it is equally well settled that law should never attempt to punish anything less than overt acts of violence or criminal fraud, or at most the direct and specific incitement thereto. The reason of this is clear. The moment punitive law is extended beyond these bounds an endless field for tyranny and abuse is opened; the freedom of speech and of action which is necessary to healthy social and political life is destroyed; peaceful methods of withstanding usurpation, of bringing about reform, or of adapting institutions to national growth and social progress are interdicted; and the hatred and contempt into which the administration of the law inevitably falls, palsy its legitimate functions. Here is the line of the long battle between the spirit of despotism on one side, and the spirit of liberty on the other, which runs all through English history from the field of Runnymede to the trades union cases. And when, under the British flag, men are being dragged to prison upon "reasonable suspicion of having encouraged divers persons to incite other persons to intimidate certain persons from doing what they had a legal right to do," is it not enough to make one wonder whether Magna Charta is yet read in England, or the name of John Hampden remembered?

What social, or political, or religious reformer has there ever been against whom such a charge as this would not lie?—what reform movement which, to the satisfaction at least of the interests that would suffer from it, could not be charged with just such constructive intimidation as this? As for the trades unions, whose battle has been fought and won in England, they are one and all based on precisely the same kind of intimidation which the Land League has advocated; for, whatever individuals may have done, the Land League as a body cannot be fairly charged with advocating more than passive resistance and non-intercourse. And when it was attempted to suppress these unions by the law, as it is now attempted to suppress the Land League, did not outrages of the same kind occur?

The advice, incitement, or combination to pay no rent, or to take

no farm from which a tenant has been evicted, are of precisely the same character as the advice, incitement, or combination to strike, or to take no place from which a union man has been discharged. In the one case, as in the other, the only legitimate point for legal interference is the point of violence. The landlords will say, as the masters said, that if the law does not interfere terrible things will happen. But both reason and experience show that worse things happen from legal interference with anything short of violence, or the direct incitement thereto; for not only is there no stop to the principle when it is once admitted, but it is certain that there can be no effective combination of this kind unless some bitter injustice is felt by a large class. Such combination is not easy. It cannot be made effective except under tremendous pressure, or carried past a very moderate success. And if the law be applied to its suppression, either the wrong will remain unredressed, still to fester, or the struggle will be made more desperate.

As for "boycotting," to attempt to prohibit and punish that, as is now attempted in Ireland, is so clearly to carry law into a province where it can do but harm, that it should not need discussion. "Boycotting" is not an invention of the Land League, nor a thing peculiar to Ireland; it is known wherever the social state exists. To suppress it by law is as hopeful as to control thought by law. In the main it answers a need and serves good social purposes. It may be abused, and has been abused in Ireland, even from a Land League standpoint, but the abuse is incident to excitement, which all these repressive measures serve to heighten. And certainly the lesson of acting together is one sorely needed by the Irish tenants. In their terrible eagerness to bid against one another has lain the power of the landlords to extract such monstrous rack-rents.

There can be no doubt that there has been much exaggeration in the recitals of outrages, which have done so much to excite passion in England. The landlords, credulous as to everything relating to the Land League, have been themselves deluded. They have been deluded partly in the way Mr. Herbert Gladstone pointed out, by peasants who desired an excuse for withholding rent they could not or did not want to pay, and partly by the desire to obtain damages from Grand Juries or to make favour. And beyond all this, there has been in the political demand, and in the commercial demand (for the outrage report has been paid for more readily than any other item of news from Ireland), a constant temptation to make everything an "outrage," and even to manufacture outrages out of whole cloth.<sup>1</sup>

(1) Americans can well understand these exaggerations of Irish outrages. After the war, while "carpet-baggers" and "scallawags" were maintaining themselves in the South by Northern power, and political purposes were to be served by appeals to Northern passion, our Northern papers had their regular columns of Southern outrages,

Nevertheless there are real outrages many and cruel. But it must not be forgotten that there is beneath this Irish movement a terrible reality. It springs from famine. It has in it the desperation of men literally at bay. Large numbers of the poorer tenants of Ireland cannot pay their rents, were they ever so anxious. Their only hope of escaping eviction is to stand together and to have it understood that their holdings, should they be evicted, shall not be taken.

Here, combined with the suspicion sown throughout Ireland by arbitrary arrests and the secret bribes known to be offered to informers, is the main cause of the outrages. And, without justifying outrages, are English and Americans such a peaceable race that they can justly look upon Irish outrages, occurring under the circumstances that they do, as reason for condemning a whole people or a great party?

No matter how high or just its aims, every struggle that arouses passion and into which force enters is sullied by violence. Was not the triumph of Christianity over paganism marked by outrages? Has the Gospel never been preached by the sword? Was not the Reformation everywhere stained by brutalities, and cruelties, and vandalisms, and the effort of the older faith to keep its place accompanied by butcheries and persecutions? Were not Tories tarred and feathered, their houses burned, their goods taken and destroyed during the American Revolution by those whom the majority of Anglo-Saxon race now revere as patriots? Or if on either side of the Atlantic there yet be those who regard the side of King George as the side of right, was there not called on in its aid even the tomahawk, and scalping knife, and torture stake of the savage? Did not the army of God and Holy Church that won us Magna Charta have its camp-followers, just as the army that broke the back of the American slaveholders' rebellion had its "bummers"?

Every large movement includes men of all kinds. All the good people never get on one side, nor all the bad on the other. Did any great issue stir the people of London as the people of Ireland are stirred, the roughs who are constantly committing as brutal outrages as ever heard of from Ireland would be on the popular side, and would doubtless give to many of their outrages political pretext or

just as the English papers have now their columns of Irish outrages. Worse stories were told of the Kuklux Klan than are told of "Captain Moonlight," and especially as elections were coming on, what we got to know as "the outrage mill" was worked with redoubled energy. But now that the "carpet-baggers" have gone—now that South Carolina and Louisiana are as truly sovereign members of the Union as New York and Massachusetts—we hear no more of Southern outrages and the masked horsemen of the Kuklux Klan. Not that all the stories of Southern outrages were exaggerations or fabrications. On the contrary, many of them were horribly real, just as there are many horribly real Irish outrages. But reality and exaggeration were both products of the same state of things.

colour. But it would be unfair on that account to condemn either the whole people of London or the popular cause. And so is it unjust to condemn, on account of outrages, the people of Ireland or the Land League movement. Agrarian outrages are no new thing in Ireland. They have marked every period of distress and repression. And with or without the Land League no one who knows anything of Irish conditions or Irish history could expect the present period to be exempt from them.

The Land League preached passive resistance. In its instructions to its organizers it urged them to discourage violence by every means in their power, and this was always the effort of those best entitled to speak in its name. In this Michael Davitt was specially earnest and anxious, and to the day he was sent to Portland prison exerted his great influence. The Land League was an open organization, and a very loose one. The men in its lead could not have afforded to countenance murder or outrage, and to have done so would have set against it the clergy, whose power, especially among the classes from which the Land League drew its strength, is very great, and would have killed the movement. But, further than this, the generative idea in this Land League movement is not the idea of violence, but of moral force. "Spread the light," the watchword of the radical or "socialistic" section, means spread the truth, disseminate ideas; and the doctrine of "the Land for the People" is to them as applicable and as needed in England as in Ireland; in America as in Europe. And it is instructive to note how, both in individuals and in popular movements, the idea of a fundamental error in the organization of society displaces those narrower notions that look for remedies to the employment of force and to mere political change. For with a recognition of the truth that the enslavement of the masses all over the world is due to the same cause, comes also a recognition of the truth that the only thing that can emancipate them is that intellectual quickening and moral awakening that will lead to a more just and healthy organization of society.

In speaking thus of the Land League I am speaking of the Land League proper, and of that peculiar leaven which distinguishes this from previous Irish movements. The truth is that what is spoken of as the Land League embraces most divergent elements, from the man who would not take off his coat for the social question, but for its bearing on the political question, to the man who cares nothing for the political question, save as it bears on the social question. Just as any attempt to prohibit any worship save that of the Established Church would in England unite all other denominations from the Catholic to the Quaker, so repression and misgovernment have in Ireland welded together divergent elements. Or rather, to draw a more exact parable, just as all other denominations might in

such case unite under the lead of the strongest, so has it been in Ireland. Land Leaguism proper is a social movement, but under its banner have united Nationalism, Democracy, Fenianism, Ribbonism, the "cupidity," as the landlords call it, of the tenant-farmer, and the vague discontent of the labourer.

To suppress the open organization of the Land League, cautious from the very fact of its openness, was at once to prevent the legitimate expression of strong feelings, while greatly exasperating them, and to remove a check from the more violent, while the ruthless use that has been made of legal and extra-legal authority has intensified hatred of that authority.

The truth is, that the whole strength and activity of the Government of Ireland is directed, not to repress disorder, not to punish outrage, not to give the possession of land to those whom the law declares to be its owners, but to compel the payment of rent and to break up and punish any combination, direct or indirect, for its non-payment. It is to effect this purpose that every resource of the ordinary and extraordinary law is being strained. Men of the highest character are dragged to prison on suspicion—not of intimidation, but of giving countenance and moral support to non-payment of rent; ladies are hampered and bullied and sent to felons' cells, not because any one imagines they are inciting to outrage and murder, but because the work of charity in which they are engaged destroys the deadly fear of eviction, by which Irish landlords have extorted their rack-rents; and to the same end police terrorism is invoked and draconic sentences imposed by maddened Dogberries.

Law, to command more than forced obedience, must be impartial; but law in Ireland is but a weapon in the hands of one of the parties to a great social struggle. The landlords may freely write, talk, meet, combine, boycott, do what they please for the protection of their interests; but the popular party are gagged, dispersed, imprisoned. A great movement, stirring the Irish people as only at long intervals and under great provocations any people are stirred, is driven in. Is it any wonder that there is lawlessness and outrage, that evidence cannot be obtained, and that juries will not convict unless they are packed?

That criminals cannot be detected in Ireland does not prove that the Irish are peculiarly a lawless people, but that among them law has been used for purposes that outrage the moral sense. The Irish horror of the informer has become traditional during generations in which priest and patriot have been hunted by the bloodhounds of the law. And to-day this feeling is being intensified. In countries where the constable chases only the thief and the murderer, every bystander will join in the hue and cry; but where constables drag off to prison those whom the people must love and honour, he who flies

from the constable, even though he be thief or murderer, finds help and concealment. This is only human nature.

Nor yet does the failure to find juries to convict in cases which have any tinge of agrarian or political complexion prove that the jury system is not suited to Ireland. The Anglo-Saxon jury is not an invention for the surer punishment of crime; it is a device to prevent the inforcement of law when not sanctioned by public opinion. Let judges charge as they please, this always has been the real power and the real usefulness of the jury. And it is this that has made it a safeguard of popular liberties. Many criminals have escaped, even in the teeth of law and evidence, by reason of the jury system; but on the whole when it has prevailed social life has been freer and purer. For when juries habitually fail to do justice, the fault lies deeper than any judicial method. And to give up the jury because in certain cases convictions cannot be had, is to abandon those principles that have made the Anglo-Saxon race what it is, and to adopt the theory of despotism.

This is the choice that in regard to Ireland the people of England must make—full liberty or the most ruthless, brutal despotism; there is no half-way course.

Here, in a few words, is the situation in Ireland. A privileged class in whose hands is all the machinery of government, and who have long been accustomed to look upon the rest of the people as their serfs, find making way against them a social revolt, which their rapacity has provoked. And nothing is more bitter, more cruel, and more unscrupulous, and at the same time more blind, than a privileged class threatened with loss of power.

This class has had the ear of the English Legislature, and through the English Press of the English people, and all things relating to Ireland have been seen in England through the medium of their prejudices and their fears, and they have led English statesmen into the blunder of treating a revolution as though it were a petty conspiracy, and so accelerating what they thought to crush. Surely it is time that English statesmen and the English people should seriously ask themselves what they are trying to do in Ireland.

Why should not the people of England let the people of Ireland settle their own affairs? Why should England take upon herself the cost, the trouble, and the danger of trying to govern Ireland? Is this effort to keep one set of Irishmen under the feet of another set of Irishmen to the profit or the strength or the glory of England? On the contrary, Ireland is to England to-day an expense, a weakness, and a disgrace.

A connection is possible between the two countries that would be to mutual advantage; but the present connection is plainly a curse to both.

HENRY GEORGE.

## NEWGATE: A RETROSPECT.

IN antiquity and varied interest Newgate prison yields to no place of duration in the world. A gaol has stood on this same site for almost a thousand years. The first prison was nearly as old as the Tower of London, and much older than the Bastille. Hundreds of thousands of "felons and trespassers" have from first to last been incarcerated within; and to many it must have been an abode of sorrow, suffering, and unspeakable woe, a kind of terrestrial inferno, to enter which was to abandon every hope. Imprisonment was often lightly and capriciously inflicted in days before our liberties were fully won, and innumerable victims of tyranny and oppression have been lodged in Newgate. Political troubles also sent their quota; the gaol was the halfway-house to the scaffold or the gallows for turbulent or short-sighted persons who espoused the losing side; it was the starting-place for that painful pilgrimage to the pillory or whipping-post which was too frequently the punishment for rashly uttered libels and philippics against constituted power. Newgate, again, was on the high road to Smithfield; in times of intolerance and fierce religious dissensions numbers of devoted martyrs went thence to suffer for conscience' sake at the stake. For centuries a large section of the permanent population of Newgate, as of all gaols, consisted of offenders against commercial laws; fraudulent bankrupts were hanged, others more unfortunate than criminal were clapped into gaol to linger out their lives without the chance of earning the funds by which alone freedom could be recovered. Debtors of all degrees were equally condemned to languish for years in prison often for the most paltry sums—innocent persons also; gaol deliveries were rare, and the boon of arraignment and fair trial was strangely and unjustly withheld, while even those acquitted in open court were often haled back to prison because they were unable to discharge the gaoler's illegal fees. The condition of the prisoners was long most deplorable. They were but scantily supplied with the commonest necessities of life. Light scarcely penetrated their dark and loathsome dungeons; no breath of fresh air sweetened the fetid atmosphere they breathed; that they enjoyed the luxury of water was due to the munificence of a pious ecclesiastic. As for their daily subsistence it was most precarious. Food, clothing, fuel were doled out in limited quantities by prosperous citizens as charitable gifts, while some bequeathed small legacies to be expended in the same articles of supply. These bare prison allowances were further eked out by the chance seizures in the markets; by bread



forfeited as inferior or of light weight, and meat unfit to be publicly sold. All classes and categories of prisoners were herded indiscriminately together: men and women, tried and untried, upright but misguided zealots with hardened habitual offenders. The only principle of classification was a prisoner's ability or otherwise to pay certain fees; money could purchase the squalid comfort of the master's side, but no immunity from the baleful companionship of felons equally well furnished with funds and no less anxious to escape the awful horrors of the common side of the gaol. The weight of the chains again, which innocent and guilty all alike wore, depended upon the price a prisoner could pay for "easement of irons," and it was a common practice to overload a new comer with enormous fetters and so terrify him into lavish disbursements. The gaol at all times was so hideously overcrowded that plague and pestilence perpetually ravaged it, and the deadly infection often spread into the neighbouring courts of law.

The foregoing is an imperfect but by no means overcoloured picture of Newgate as it existed for hundreds of years, from the twelfth century, indeed, to the nineteenth. The description is supported by historical records somewhat meagre at first perhaps, but becoming more and more ample and better substantiated as the period grows less remote. We have but scant information as to the first gate-house gaol. Being part and parcel of the city fortifications, it was intended mainly for defence, and the prison accommodation which the gate afforded with its dungeons beneath, and garrets above, must have been of the most limited description. More pains were no doubt taken to keep the exterior strong and safe against attack, than to render the interior habitable, and we may conclude that the moneys willed by Whittington for the re-edification of Newgate were principally expended on the restoration and improvements of the prison. "Whit's palace," as rebuilt by Whittington's executors, lasted for a couple of centuries, and was the principal gaol for the metropolis. Reference is constantly made to it in the history of the times. It was the natural receptacle for rogues, roysterers, and masterless men. It is described as a hot-bed of vice, a nursery of crime. Drunkenness, gaming, profligacy of the vilest sort, went forward in the prison without let or hindrance. Contemporary petitions, preserved in the State papers, penned by inmates of Newgate pining for liberty, call their prison house a foul and noisome den. The gaoler for the time being was certain to be a brutal partisan of the party in power, especially bitter to religious or political opponents who fell into his hands. Such an one was Alexander Andrew, the keeper in Mary's reign. So violent was his hatred of Protestants, Foze tells us, that he would go to Bonner crying, "rid my prison, I am too much pestered with heretics." Overflowing

with zeal, he brought all his powers of persuasion, fair words and promises of kind treatment, to induce his prisoners to recant. He had so little compassion that he forbade good old Master Rogers, the proto-martyr of the Maryan persecutions, to share his meals with his starving fellow-prisoners. Alexander, on the other hand, was lenient enough to prisoners of the right way of thinking. In the narrative of Underhill, the Hot Gospeller, committed to Newgate in 1553, Alexander Andrew and his wife, who shared his duties, are described as feasting and carousing in the great central hall of Newgate with prisoners who were clever enough to keep their religious views in the background, and ready to pay for their gaoler's entertainment. Underhill gives us a curious glimpse of the inside of the prison. Having duly treated Andrew to liquor unlimited, he was constituted "white son" to the governor and governess of Newgate, and was given the best room in the prison, with all admissible indulgences. The best room was very draughty, unquiet, and full of evil savours, and Underhill, falling into an ague, was moved into the gaoler's own parlour, far from the noise of the prison. But his new chamber was near the kitchen, and the smell of meat was more than he could bear, whereupon Mistress Andrew put him away in her store-closet, "amidst her best plate, crockery, and clothes."

With occasional, but not always sufficient, repairs, but without structural alterations, Whittington's Newgate continued to serve down to the seventeenth century. About 1629 it was in a state of utter ruin, and such extensive works were undertaken to re-edify it that the security of the gaol was said to be endangered, and it was thought better to pardon most of the prisoners before they set themselves free. Lupton, in his "London Carbonadoed," speaks of Newgate as "new-fronted and new-faced" in 1638. Its accommodation must have been sorely tried in the troublous years which followed. It seems to have been in the time of the Commonwealth when "our churches were made into prisons," and demands for space had greatly multiplied, that Newgate was increased by the addition of the buildings belonging to the Phoenix Inn in Newgate Street. The great fire of 1666 gutted, if not completely destroyed, Newgate, and its reconstruction became imperative. Some say Wren was the architect of the new prison, but the fact is not fully substantiated. Authentic and detailed information has, however, been preserved concerning it; it is figured in a familiar woodcut which may be seen in every modern history of London, while a full description of the interior, both plan and appropriation, has been left by an anonymous writer, who was himself an inmate of the gaol. The prison was still subordinated to the gate, which was an ornate structure, with great architectural pretensions. Tuscan pilasters with statues in the intervening niches decorated both fronts; the

western had a figure of Liberty with Whittington's cat at her feet; on the eastern were figures of Justice, Mercy, and Truth. But as a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* well put it about a century ago, "The sumptuousness of the outside but aggravated the misery of the wretches within." A fair conception of the horrors of the interior will best be obtained from a brief account of its various parts. Some effort was made to classify, and the Newgate of that day contained five principal divisions or sides: there was the master's side, for debtors and felons respectively; the common side, for those same two classes of prisoners; and lastly the press yard, for prisoners of note. The master debtors' side consisted of three wards or rooms which were furnished at high rates, with flock beds, tables, and chairs; in the master felons' side were a couple of wards above and communicating with the "gigger," an interviewing chamber where felons, on payment, saw their friends, while below the gigger was an underground tap-room, or drinking vault, to which the felons on the master's side had access at all hours, and where they might drink as deep as they pleased. The right to occupy the master's side was a luxury dearly purchased, but the accommodation obtained, albeit indifferent, was palatial to that provided for the impecunious on the common side. Penniless debtors were cast into the "stone hall," close to which was the "partner's room," a species of punishment cell for the refractory; into "Tangier," a larger room, but "dark and stinking," and aptly named; or into a debtor's hall, a third room upon the top story, well provided with light but with unglazed windows, and having as its immediate neighbour "Jack Ketch's kitchen," where that "honest fellow, the hangman," boiled the quarters of those executed and dismembered for high treason. The poor debtors were not denied the indulgence of liquor, if they could only pay for it. In one corner of the stone hall above mentioned was a "tap-house," which felons on this side were secretly permitted to enter, to drink with the debtors, "by which means such wretchedness abounded, that the place has the exact aspect of hell itself." To the common felons this must have been their only enjoyment, for their condition was truly awful, and the side they occupied is fitly described as "a most terrible, wicked, and dreadful place." There were five wards in it; the stone hold, an underground dungeon, dark and dismal, into which no daylight ever penetrated, and which was reserved for such as could not pay their entrance fees; alongside was the lower ward, also an underground den; above it was the middle ward, for felons who could just meet the simplest demands for fees. These were for males; female felons were lodged in "waterman's hall," a very dark and stinking place, and having as near neighbours the "press room," used for the infliction of *peine forte et dure*, the "bilbows," another refractory cell, and the women's condemned cell, a

dismal cheerless dungeon. The female felons had another ward, at the top of the prison, a foul place lighted by one small window, where the women "suffered themselves to live far worse than swine, and, to speak the truth, the Augean stable could bear no comparison to it, for they are almost poisoned by their own filth, and their conversation is nothing but one continued course of swearing, cursing, and debauchery, insomuch that it passes all description and belief."

The only inmates of the Newgate prison I am now describing comparatively well off, were those admitted to the press yard; a division composed of "large and spacious rooms" on all the three floors of the prison, and deemed by a legal fiction to be part of the governor's house. That functionary made these, his involuntary lodgers, pay just what he chose. His rates were proportionate to a prisoner's means, and might be anything between twenty and a hundred pounds as a premium, with a high weekly rental, and exorbitant charges for extras besides. But the gentlemen of the press yard, whether State prisoner, aristocratic, or opulent criminal, could buy what was denied to their poorer fellows upon the other side: abundant light and air, decent beds, clean and sufficient bedding, and the attendance of servants. Above all, they could exercise under the free air of heaven, in the long but narrow passage which bordered the gaol on the northward, and which was "handsomely paved with Purbeck stone." No other prisoners could take the air: the master's debtors might stretch their legs in the hall ward; the master's felons in the high hall, a long gallery just under the chapel in which stood the stone anvil on which the condemned men's chains were struck just before they entered the Tyburn cart.

Enough has been said to show how desperate was the case of the bulk of the inmates of Newgate. The whole place except the press yard was so dark that candles, "links or burners," were used all day long; the air was so inconceivably foul, that the ventilator on the top of the prison could exercise no appreciable effect. That malignant disease, the gaol fever, was chronic, and deaths from it of frequent occurrence. Doctors could be got with difficulty to attend the sick in Newgate, and it was long before any regular medical officer was appointed to the prison. Evil was in the ascendant throughout; wickedness and profligacy prospered; the weakest always went to the wall. Tyranny and oppression were widely practised: not only were the gaolers extortionate, but their subordinates, the inferior turnkeys, even the bed-makers, and the gate-keeper's wife levied black mail on the pretence of affording relief, and with threats or actual ill-usage when payment was withheld. Certain favoured prisoners wielded recognised authority over their fellows. Unwritten but accepted customs suffered the general body to exact

"garnish," or "chummage," from new comers, fees for the privilege of approaching the fire, and generally for immunity from persecution, the sums thus raised being forthwith expended in strong drink. The "cellarmen" were selected prisoners who could sell candles at their own prices, and got a percentage upon the liquors consumed, with other advantages. Other prisoners were employed in the distribution of food; in the riveting and removing of shackles; even in the maintenance of discipline, and when so acting were armed with a flexible weapon, "to the great terror and smart of those who dispute their authority." Into these filthy dens, where misery stalked rampant and corruption festered, unhappy prisoners brought their families, and the population was greatly increased by numbers of innocent persons, women, and even children, to be speedily demoralised and utterly lost. Lunatics raving mad ranged up and down the wards, a terror to all they encountered. Common women were freely admitted; mock marriages were of constant occurrence, and children were frequently born within the precincts of the gaol. There was but little restriction upon the entrance of visitors. When any great personage was confined in Newgate, he held daily levees and received numbers of fashionable folk. Thus Count Ronigsmark, when arrested for complicity in the murder of Mr. Thynne, "lived nobly" in the keeper's house (no doubt in the press yard), and was daily visited by persons of quality. When political prisoners, Jacobite rebels, or others were incarcerated, their sympathisers and supporters came to "comfort them" by sharing their potations. Even a notorious highwayman like Maclean, according to Horace Walpole, entertained great guests, and it was the "mode" for half the world to drive to Newgate and gaze on him in the condemned hold.

In sharp contrast with the privations and terrible discomforts of the poorer sort was the wild revelry of these aristocratic prisoners of the press yard. They had every luxury to be bought with money, freedom alone excepted, and that was often to be compassed by bribing dishonest officials to suffer them to escape. The Jacobites captured in "the '15" fared sumptuously; they had fish at exorbitant prices, early peas at forty shillings a dish, "venison pasties, hams, chickens, and other costly meats." Money was so plentiful among them that while change for a guinea was difficult to procure in the street, any quantity of silver could always be got in Newgate. Their leisure time was spent in playing shuttlecock, or basking in the smiles of female admirers, some of whom were ladies of the highest rank. They kept late hours, collecting in one another's rooms to roar out seditious songs over endless bowls of punch. At times they exhibited much turbulence, and refused to be locked up in the separate chambers allotted to them. On Jacobite anniversaries they wore state dresses, drank the absent King's health, and com-

ported themselves defiantly. Nothing much was done to them: and all this leniency is the more remarkable because the bulk of those within the precincts of Newgate were so disgracefully ill-used. One case may be quoted, that of the Rev. Lawrence Howell, a non-juring parson, who a few years later found himself in the gaol for publishing a so-called improper work, and who was "slowly murdered there by the intolerable horrors of the place."

As a general rule the movement through Newgate was pretty rapid. The period of imprisonment for debtors might be often indefinitely prolonged, and there was the well-known case of Major Bernard and his companions, who were detained for forty years in Newgate without trial or the chance of it, on an alleged charge of being concerned in the assassination plot against William III. Some, too, languished awaiting transfer to the West Indian or American plantations by the contractors to whom they were legally sold. But for the bulk of the criminal prisoners there was one speedy and effectual system of removal, that of capital punishment. Executions were wholesale in those times. The code was sanguinary in the extreme. Male coiners were quartered as traitors, and females were burnt. Larceny, forgery, bankruptcy, all these were punished by death, and the gallows tree was always heavily laden.

There was every element of callous brutality in the manner of inflicting the extreme penalty of the law. From the time of sentence to the last dread moment the convict was exhibited as a show, or held up to public contempt and execration. Heartless creatures flocked to the gaol chapel to curiously examine the aspect of condemned malefactors on the Sunday the gaol sermon was preached. Those men who had but a short time to live mingled freely with their fellow-prisoners, recklessly carousing, and often making a boast that they laughed to scorn and rejected the well-meant ministrations of the ordinary. The actual ceremony was to the last degree cold-blooded and wanting in all the solemn attributes befitting the awful scene. The doomed was carried in an open cart to Tyburn or other appointed place; the halter already encircled his neck, his coffin was at his feet, by his side the chaplain or some devoted amateur philanthropist and preacher like Silas Told, striving earnestly to improve the occasion. For the mob it was a high day and holiday; they lined the route taken by the ghastly procession, encouraging or flouting the convict according as he happened to be a popular hero or unknown to criminal fame. In the first case they cheered him to the echo, offered him bouquets of flowers, or pressed him to drink deep from St. Giles's Bowl; in the latter they pelted him with filth and overwhelmed him with abuse. The most scandalous scenes occurred on the gallows. The hangman often quarrelled with his victim over the garments, which the former looked upon as a

lawful perquisite, and which the latter was disposed to distribute among his friends; now and again the rope broke, or the drop was insufficient and Jack Ketch had to add his weight to the hanging body to assist strangulation. Occasionally there was a personal conflict and the hangman was obliged to do his office by sheer force. The convicts were permitted to make dying speeches, and these orations were elaborated and discussed in Newgate weeks before the great day; while down in the yelling crowd beneath the gallows spurious versions were hawked about and rapidly sold. It was a distinct gain to the decency and good order of the metropolis when Tyburn and other distant points ceased to be the places of execution, and hangings were exclusively carried out in front of Newgate, just over the debtors' door. But some of the worst features of the old system survived. There was still the melodramatic sermon, in the chapel hung with black, before a large congregation collected simply to stare at the convicts squeezed into one pew, who in their turn stared with mixed feelings at the coffin on the table just before their eyes. There was still the same tumultuous gathering to view the last act in the tragedy, the same bloodthirsty mob swaying to and fro before the gates, the same blue-blooded spectators, George Selwyn or my Lord Tom Noddy, who breakfasted in state with the gaoler, and so got a box seat or rented a window opposite at an exorbitant rate. The populace were like degenerate Romans in the amphitheatre waiting for the butchery to begin. They fought and struggled desperately for front places: people fell and were trampled to death, hoarse roars came from thousands of brazen throats, which swelled into a terrible chorus as the black figures of the performers on the gallows stood out against the sky. "Hats off!" "Down in front!" these cries echoed and re-echoed in increasing volume, and all at once abruptly came to an end—the bolt was drawn, the drop had fallen, and the miserable wretch had gone to his long home.

The policy which had brought about the substitution of Newgate for Tyburn no doubt halted half-way, but it was enlightened, and a considerable move towards the private executions of our own times. It was dictated by the more humane principles which were gradually making head in regard to criminals and crime. Many more years were to elapse, however, before the eloquence of Romilly was to bear fruit in the softening of our sanguinary penal code. But already John Howard had commenced his labours, and his revelations were letting in a flood of light upon the black recesses of prison life. It is to the credit of the authorities of the City of London that they had recognised the necessity for rebuilding Newgate on a larger and more approved plan before the publication of Howard's reports. The great philanthropist made his first journey of inspection towards the end of 1773; in the following year he laid the information he had obtained

before the House of Commons, and in 1777 published the first edition of his celebrated "State of Prisons." As early as 1755 the Common Council had condemned Newgate in no measured terms; declared it to be habitually overcrowded with "victims of public justice, under the complicated distresses of poverty, nastiness, and disease;" they had neither water, nor air, nor light in sufficient quantities; the buildings were old and ruinous, and incapable of any "improvement or tolerable repairs." It was plainly admitted that the gaol ought to be at once pulled down. But as usual the difficulty of providing funds cropped up, and the work, though urgent, was postponed for some years. The inadequacy of the prison was so obvious, however, that the matter was presently brought before a committee of the House of Commons, and the necessity for rebuilding clearly proved. A committee of the Corporation next met in 1767 to consider ways and means, and they were fortified in their decision to rebuild by convincing evidence of the horrible condition of the existing prison. A letter addressed to the committee by Sir Stephen Jansen stigmatizes it as "an abominable sink of beastliness and corruption." He spoke from full knowledge, having been sheriff when the prison was decimated by gaol fever. In the same year Parliamentary powers were obtained to raise money to rebuild the place, and the new Newgate was actually commenced in 1770, when Lord Mayor Beckford, father of "Vathek" Beckford, laid the first stone. Its architect was George Dance, and the prison building, which still stands to speak for itself, has been counted one of his finest works. Howard, who gives this historic prison the first place in his list, must have visited it while the new buildings were in progress. The plan did not find favour with him, but he enters into no particulars, and limits his criticisms to remarking, "that without more than ordinary care the prisoners in it will be in great danger of gaol fever." According to modern notions the plan was no doubt faulty in the extreme. Safe custody, a leading principle in all prison construction, was compassed at the expense of most others. The prison façade is a marvel of massive strength and solidity, but until reappropriated in recent years its interior was a limited confined space, still darkened, and deprived of ventilation, by being parcelled out into courts, upon which looked the narrow windows of the various wards.

The erection of the new and commodious gaol, as it is described in an Act of the period, proceeded rapidly, but three or four years after Howard's visit it was still uncompleted. This Act recites what had been done, referring to the valuable, extensive areas, which had been taken in in prosecution of this great prison, and provides additional funds. In 1780, however, an unexpected catastrophe happened, and the new buildings were set on fire by the Lord George Gordon



rioters, and so much damaged that the most comprehensive repairs were indispensable. These were executed in 1782. Many years were to elapse before any further alterations or improvements were made.

It was soon evident that Dance's Newgate, imposing and appropriate as were its outlines and façade, by no means satisfied all needs. The progress of enlightenment was continuous, while complaints that would have been stifled or ignored previously were now occasionally heard. The wretched prisoners continued to be closely packed together. Transportation had now been adopted as a secondary punishment, and numbers who escaped the halter were congregated in Newgate waiting removal beyond the seas. The population of the prison had amounted to nearly six hundred at one time in 1785. According to a presentment made by the Grand Jury in 1813, in the debtors' side, built for one hundred, no less than three hundred and forty were lodged; in the female felons' ward there were one hundred and twenty in space intended for only sixty. These females were destitute and in rags, without bedding, many without shoes. In later years the figure rose still higher, and it is authoritatively stated that there were as many as eight, nine, even twelve hundred souls immured within an area of about three-quarters of an acre in extent. We have the evidence of trustworthy persons that grievous abuses still continued unchecked. All prisoners were still heavily ironed until large bribes had been paid to obtain relief. All manner of unfair dealing was practised towards the prisoners. The daily allowances of food were unequally divided. Bread and beef were issued in the lump, and each individual had to scramble and fight for his share. Prisoners had no bedding beyond a couple of dirty rugs. Exorbitant gaol fees were still demanded on all sides; the Governor eked out his income by what he could extort, and his subordinates took bribes wherever they could get them. It was customary to sell the place of wardsman, with its greater ease and power of oppression, to the highest bidder among the prisoners. Unlimited drinking was allowed within the walls; the prison tap, with the profits on sales of ale and spirits, was a part of the Governor's perquisites. All this time there was unrestrained intercommunication between the prisoners; the most depraved were free to contaminate and demoralise their more innocent fellows. Newgate was then, and long continued, a school and nursery for crime. It was established beyond doubt that burglaries and robberies were frequently planned in the gaol, while forged notes and false money were often fabricated within the walls and passed out into the town.

The disclosure of these frightful evils led to a parliamentary inquiry in 1814, and the worst facts were fully substantiated. T

prison was not water-tight, rain came in through the roof; broken windows were left unglazed; it was generally very dirty; the gaoler admitted that with its smoked ceilings and floors of oak, caulked with pitch, it never could look clean. The prisoners were not compelled to wash, and cleanliness was only enforced by a general threat to shut out visitors. Sometimes a more than usually filthy person was stripped, put under the pump, and forced to go naked about the yard. The poor debtors were in terrible straits, herded together, and dependent upon casual charities for supplies. Birch, the well-known tavern-keeper, and others, sent in broken victuals, generally the stock meat which had helped to make the turtle soup for civic feasts. The chaplain took life very easy, and, beyond preaching to those who cared to attend chapel, ministered but little to the spiritual wants of his charge, and his indifference was strongly condemned in the report of the Commons Committee. The chapel congregation was generally disorderly; prisoners yawned, and coughed, and talked enough to interrupt the service; women were in full view of the men, and many greetings, such as "How do you do, Sall?" often passed from pew to pew. No attempt was made to keep condemned convicts, male or female, separate from other prisoners; they mixed freely with the rest, saw daily any number of visitors, and had unlimited drink.

It was a little before the publication of the Committee's Report that that noble woman, Mrs. Fry, first visited Newgate. The awful state of the female prison, as she found it, is described in her memoirs. Nearly three hundred women, representing all crimes and categories, were crowded together in two wards and two cells, where "they saw their friends, kept their multitude of children, and had no other place for cooking, washing, eating, and sleeping." They slept on the floor; many were nearly naked; spirits and strong drink freely circulated; the most frightful oaths and imprecations were on every lip. Everything was filthy, and the smell intolerably disgusting. The officials were reluctant to go among these terrible unsexed creatures. Mrs. Fry was strongly advised to leave her watch behind her at the lodge, or it would be torn from her. What she saw when she entered baffled description. To use her own words, "The filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke, baffle description." Three years elapsed between her first visit and her second. In the interval, the report last quoted had borne some fruit. An Act had been brought in for the abolition of gaol fees; gaol committees had been appointed to visit and check abuses, and something had been done to ameliorate the condition of the neglected female outcasts. The accommodation had been extended; mats had

been provided; gratings erected to separate the prisoners from those who came to visit. Yet the scene within was still dreadful. Some women were gambling, or fortune-telling, others begging at the bars for money with spoons attached to sticks, and fighting for the alms thus obtained. What Mrs. Fry quickly accomplished against such tremendous difficulties, is one of the brightest facts in the whole history of philanthropy. How she persevered in spite of prediction of certain failure; how she won the co-operation of lukewarm officials; how she provided the manual labour for which these poor idle hands were eager, and presently transformed a filthy den of corruption into a clean whitewashed workroom, in which sat rows of women recently so desperate and degraded, stitching and sewing orderly and silent: these extraordinary results with the most unpromising materials have been read and appreciated all over the world.

There was no one, unfortunately, to undertake the same great work upon the male side, and this is plain from a letter addressed to the Common Council by the Hon. H. G. Bennet, who had been chairman of a committee on the police of London. He had been a witness to the ministrations of Mrs. Fry, and he is keenly anxious that the City should cease to treat its prisoners "in a manner against which common sense and the most ordinary humanity revolt." "The mismanagement of Newgate has been for years notorious," he says, "yet there is no real reform. The occasional humanity of a sheriff may remedy an abuse, redress a wrong, cleanse a sewer, or whitewash a wall, but the main evils of want of food, air, clothing, bedding, classification, moral discipline remain as before." But appeals, however eloquent, were of small avail. Time passed, and there was a general impetus towards prison reform; the question became cosmopolitan; close inquiry was made into the relative value of systems of punishment at home and abroad. Millbank Penitentiary was erected at a cost of half a million, to give full scope to the experiment of reformation. Public attention was daily more and more called to prison management. Yet through it all Newgate remained almost unchanged. It was less crowded, perhaps, since relieved by the opening of the Giltspur Street Compter, and that was all that could be said. In 1836, when the newly-appointed Government Inspectors made their first report, the internal arrangements of Newgate were quite as bad as ever. These inspectors were earnest men, who had made prisons a study. One was the Rev. Whitworth Russell, for many years chaplain of Millbank; the other Mr. Crawford, who had written an admirable State paper upon the prisons of the United States, the result of long personal investigation.

It is almost inconceivable that the old evils should have been suffered to flourish in view of the changes introduced elsewhere. There was still the old indiscriminate association of tried and

untried, old and young, pure and hopelessly depraved. Lunatics were still mixed up with the rest. The state of the "middle yard," where the worst prisoners were herded together, was as terrible as in the darkest times. Matters were somewhat better on the female side, although the efforts of the Ladies' Committee, instituted by Mrs. Fry, had sensibly relaxed. Still, there was now a resident matron and female officers, where previously the women had been under the sole control of the male turnkeys.

Well might the inspectors close their report with an expression of poignant regret, not unmixed with indignation, at the frightful picture presented of the existing state of Newgate.

This report framed a strong indictment against the Corporation, who were mainly responsible. The charges were unanswerable, the only remedy immediate and searching reform. As a matter of fact various abuses and irregularities were put an end to the following year, but the alterations, so said the inspectors in a later report, only introduced the outward semblance of order. "The master evil, that of gaol association, and consequent contamination, remained in full activity." Year after year the inspectors repeated their condemnatory criticisms, but were unable to effect any radical change. For quite another decade, Newgate continued a by-word with prison reformers. In 1850, Colonel, afterwards Sir Joshua Jebb, told the select committee on prison discipline, that he considered Newgate, from its defective construction, one of the worst prisons in England. Captain Williams, a prison inspector, was of the same opinion, and called Newgate quite the worst prison in his district. The fact was, limitation of space rendered it quite impossible to reconstitute Newgate and bring it up to the standard of modern prison requirements. Either great additions must be made to the site, an operation likely to be exceedingly costly, or a new building must be erected elsewhere. These points had already been discussed repeatedly and at length by gaol committees and the Court of Aldermen, and a decision finally arrived at, to erect a new prison on the Tufnell Park Estate, in the north of London. And this, now known as Holloway Prison, was opened in 1852.

Newgate, relieved of the unnatural demands upon its accommodation, was easily and rapidly reformed. It became now simply a place of detention for city prisoners, an annexe of the Old Bailey, filled and emptied before and after the sessions. Considerable sums were expended in reconstructing the interior and providing the largest possible number of separate cells for the confinement of the limited number of prisoners who now required to be accommodated. With this establishment of the prison, in harmony with the most approved and advanced ideas, this retrospective glance at the varied history of the old place of durance naturally ends.      ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

## HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE events of the last six weeks will undoubtedly be regarded by the future annalist as one of the most remarkable passages in the gloomy chronicle of the relations between England and Ireland. They form one of those conjunctures which in a play or an epic the critics call by the name of *peripeteia*; a chain of sudden incidents which come upon the spectator by surprise, and instantly change the whole face of things. We are much too close to these events, as yet, to be able to discern all their consequences, but there can be little doubt that they will be found to have given a new turn to the fate of ministries, the fortunes of political parties, and perhaps in the long run to the constitution of the British Empire. Such results as these do not flow from the mere accidents of a month, but the accidents disclose the working and the drift of deeper social and historic forces lying underneath.

It had become evident by the beginning of April that events were forcing upon the Government a reconsideration of their Irish policy. They had opened the session in the hope that the Land Act would gradually clear up the difficulties between landlord and tenant, while the detention of nearly a thousand persons suspected of being the chief promoters of disorder would allow the disturbed districts to return to a quieter condition. Before Easter it was painfully certain that this calculation would not stand good. Disorder increased instead of decreasing. The Chief Secretary was compelled to admit that the Government had not succeeded as they had hoped, and that they had under-estimated the forces with which they had to contend. The Irish members of nearly every shade warned the Government that unless the defaulting tenants were relieved of the desperate load of inveterate arrears of rent, there could be no pacification. The friends of the landlords in the Upper House, with Mr. W. H. Smith for their spokesman in the Lower, announced the necessity of taking further steps for helping occupiers to become owners of their holdings. The Land Question was once more open. On the other hand, the spreading sense of the failure of Coercion made it incumbent on Ministers to face the probability that the Coercion Act would only be renewed, if at all, in face of the very gravest parliamentary difficulties.

These were the circumstances under which voices began to be heard in the lobbies, at the political clubs, and in at least one of the public prints, insisting on the very obvious fact that the ruling policy was a failure; that the political suspects ought to be released;

that the question of arrears ought to be settled; that there ought to be a thorough overhauling of the Irish administration; and that in order that the new policy should have a fair chance, it ought to be entrusted to a new Lord-Lieutenant and a new Chief Secretary, free from the odium and the discouragement of the past. While ideas of this kind were working in the minds of observant politicians, and while a new departure of some kind was every day being more and more widely perceived as imminent and necessary, an Irish member, not belonging to Mr. Parnell's group, put himself in communication with the Government, with a view of urging them to take up the question of arrears, and to settle it on a liberal basis. During Mr. Parnell's release on parole from Kilmainham, this Irish member had frequent conversations with him, and learned his views upon the situation. Mr. Parnell had become seriously alarmed by the spread of murder in Ireland; he expressed his belief that the perpetrators of outrage were animated by apprehension of eviction; and he pronounced the settlement of arrears to be the urgent necessity of the moment. On April 13th Mr. O'Shea wrote to Mr. Gladstone and to Mr. Chamberlain, putting them in possession of Mr. Parnell's views. Mr. Gladstone replied that he would lay the matter before Mr. Forster. He did so; and in fact, from the first moment to the last, the whole Cabinet were cognisant of every detail of these communications. The replies of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain are important justificatory pieces, as showing the spirit in which the "new departure" was originally conceived, namely the expediency of listening to Irish opinion in settling plans for Irish pacification. Mr. Gladstone said:—

"Whether there be any agreement as to the means, the end in view is of vast moment, and assuredly no resentment, personal prejudice or false shame, or other impediment extraneous to the matter itself, will prevent the Government from treading in that path which may most safely lead to the pacification of Ireland."

In the same way, Mr. Chamberlain:—

"I entirely agree in your view that it is the duty of the Government to lose no opportunity of acquainting themselves with representative opinion in Ireland, and for that purpose that we ought to welcome suggestion and criticism from every quarter and from all sections and classes of Irishmen, provided that they are animated by a desire for good government, and not by a blind hatred of all government whatever. There is one thing must be borne in mind—that if the Government and the Liberal party generally are bound to show greater consideration than they have hitherto done for Irish opinion, on the other hand the leaders of the Irish party must pay some attention to public opinion in England and in Scotland. Since the present Government have been in office they have not had the slightest assistance in this direction. On the contrary, some of the Irish members have acted as if their object were to embitter and

prejudice the English nation. The result is, that nothing would be easier than at the present moment to get up in every large town an anti-Irish agitation almost as formidable as the anti-Jewish agitation in Russia. I fail to see how Irishmen or Ireland can profit by such policy, and I shall rejoice whenever the time comes that a more hopeful spirit is manifested on both sides."

This was what had been going forward in the region of the red boxes. On Monday, April 24, Mr. Parnell returned, after a fortnight's absence, to prison at Kilmainham. A series of startling surprises now awoke politicians outside to the fact that the time had arrived for that change in Irish policy which had for nearly a month been felt to be in the air. On the afternoon of Wednesday, April 26—the date, as it happens, of the impressive and ever memorable funeral of Mr. Darwin in Westminster Abbey—the House of Commons met in eager expectation of the Ministerial plan for settling the burning question of arrears. There was a Bill before the House, which was known to embody Mr. Parnell's ideas. To the universal amazement, Mr. Gladstone announced no plan of his own, but expressed the desire of himself and his colleagues to be guided by Irish opinion. As this was the first civil word that had been addressed to the Irish malcontents for many months past, members busily began to ask one another what it could mean. It was at once felt with electric rapidity that if Irish opinion was to be consulted, and if Mr. Parnell's measure was to be treated as sketching the lines of a feasible settlement, it was impossible that Mr. Parnell himself, the most powerful of the representatives of Irish opinion, could be much longer kept in prison. Everybody with any political instinct became conscious that the old policy was breaking up. Would the personal instruments of it remain? This exciting question was soon answered. On Friday afternoon (April 28) it was known that Lord Cowper had resigned his office as Lord-Lieutenant, and that Lord Spencer was to be his successor, retaining his seat in the Cabinet. The incident was easy of interpretation. It was obvious that to send to Ireland a Minister of Lord Spencer's position in the Cabinet, and with special Irish experience, could only signify two things, a reversal of policy and the virtual supersession of the Chief Secretary. Would Mr. Forster acquiesce in this implied censure? Would he remain at the Irish Office, or exchange it for some other post, or would he leave the ship? These were the speculative questions that agitated political circles on Saturday and Sunday (April 29, 30). On Monday the Cabinet met, and when it separated the world was no wiser in the evening than in the morning. Nobody knew whether the Chief Secretary was in or out. Ministers were to meet the following day (May 2) at noon. When members trooped down to Westminster that afternoon it was buzzed about in the lobbies that Lord Granville at one o'clock had gone by

special train to Windsor. This was one of those movements which stir the quidnunc to the inmost depths of his being; he girds himself up as if we had really come at last to the eve of the Battle of Armageddon. The suspense was not long. At four o'clock Lord Granville was in his place to announce the news. Mr. Forster was out, and the three members of parliament were at once to be set free from Kilmainham. Mr. Forster had not only left the Irish department; the difference between himself and his colleagues was too vital for him to remain a member of the Government.

None of the minor political incidents of our day have created a more lively sensation. For many months Mr. Forster had been from his position the most prominent member of the Ministry, next to the Prime Minister himself. He had borne the fire of the Irish attack in parliament, and with indefatigable tenacity had done his best to hunt down the enemy on his own ground. He had for two years been incessantly in the public eye; his homely fashion of speech had an eloquence of its own; above all he was known to represent a policy, the policy of Coercion and measures called strong; and for all these reasons his sudden fall created for a few hours a certain shock. Ill-advised friends raised the foolish cry that he had been made the victim of an intrigue. They forgot in their hurry, that if there were an intrigue, the Prime Minister and a dozen other of the most upright and most capable men in public life must necessarily have been either dupes or accomplices. It was not long before a more reasonable explanation was perceived also to be the true one. Circumstances had forced upon his colleagues that their past policy had broken down, and shown them the necessity of trying a new tack, of opening new channels of information from the scene of confusion, and of calling in fresh aid in the duties of administration on the spot. Mr. Forster is by the natural composition of his character ill-fitted to recognise a situation of this kind. He is not versatile, flexible, or quick of apprehension; it is not easy, perhaps it is even downright impossible, for him to alter a course to which he has once committed himself; and, consequently, it is simple enough, without supposing that wounded vanity had much to do with it, that he should not have been able to bring himself to admit that all his toil and devotion for so many months past had really been no better than assiduous blundering and elaborated failure.

On the following Thursday, May 4, Mr. Forster explained why it was that he had felt bound to sever himself from his colleagues. Mr. Forster has no great command of the gift of lucid statement, but from what he said on this and some other occasions, we are able to piece together the story. His view was that the suspects ought not to be released unless one of three conditions was satisfied; unless



either Ireland was quiet, or the Government had acquired fresh powers, or else the suspects would give a public promise, without any conditions whatever, that under no circumstances should they aid or abet or instigate intimidation. None of these conditions was satisfied. (1) Though there was no open resistance to the law, though the Land League had been defeated, though rents were being paid, still the secret societies were active, there were many outrages, and Ireland was not quiet. (2) The Government were prepared to acquire fresh powers for dealing with crime, but not to let a measure with that object take precedence of everything else. (3) The suspects had not given and were not willing to give any public undertaking to cease from intimidation. There was something besides this in Mr. Forster's mind. On Sunday, May 30—that is to say immediately after Lord Spencer's appointment to be Lord-Lieutenant—Mr. O'Shea came to Mr. Forster, to give an account of an interview which he had had on the previous day with Mr. Parnell in Kilmainham, and producing a letter written to him by Mr. Parnell, but not intended by the writer to be shown to the Chief Secretary. It was this letter and some expressions used by Mr. O'Shea which made Mr. Forster unalterably averse to releasing the suspects, and extremely sorry that he had taken any part in the communications with them or any of them. He interpreted the letter as implying that Mr. Parnell would use his influence against intimidation on condition that the arrears were dealt with; there was no unconditional promise, therefore, such as Mr. Forster required. Secondly, Mr. O'Shea, in his over-eagerness as amateur negotiator, offered to supplement Mr. Parnell's letter if necessary, and meanwhile pressed on Mr. Forster the importance of what had been obtained, namely, "that the conspiracy [or organization] which has been used to get up outrages will now be used to put them down." This struck Mr. Forster as cynical enough, but he was still more shocked when Mr. O'Shea told him that Mr. Parnell hoped to get back a certain Sheridan from abroad, as this man would be able to help him to put down conspiracy or agitation, inasmuch as he knew all its details in the West. So, says Mr. Forster, the situation was this:—

"I was informed that if certain things were done, if a Bill were brought forward, on the merits of which I do not wish to speak now—there is a very great deal to be said in favour of it—that if that were brought forward, then Mr. Parnell would cease from his illegal course, and would strive to help the law, and the illustration that was given was one that perfectly surprised me. It gave me a sort of insight into what had been happening which I had not before—that a man whom I knew, so far as I had any possibility of knowing, was engaged in these outrages, was so far under the influence of Mr. Parnell, that upon his release he would get the assistance of that man to put down the very things which he had been provoking."

As Mr. Forster reported in a memorandum to his colleagues the conversation which had made so deep an impression upon his own mind, some persons have been surprised that they did not share his sense of the cynicism of what had been said, and his repugnance to have any more to do with the prisoners in Kilmainham. Mr. Chamberlain explained this in a perfectly intelligible way. They attached no importance to the language which had revolted Mr. Forster.

"It appeared to them that it was absolutely impossible to suppose that Mr. Parnell had the supreme folly to say that the organization, which he always maintained was a legal organization, was a conspiracy for the purpose of getting up outrages. No man in his senses would make such a confession, and least of all a clever man like Mr. Parnell. It seemed to him so absurd that he arrived at the conclusion that these might have been the words, not of Mr. Parnell, but of Mr. O'Shea, and therefore a matter of small importance on this account. Mr. O'Shea might have called the Land League a conspiracy; that might have been his view, because it was very well known that he did not approve all the proceedings of that organization. That was not a matter of great importance, but it was absolutely incredible that Mr. Parnell, who had always contended that the Land League was a legal association, could have made use of those words."

The position of the Government comes out perfectly clearly, in spite of the unparalleled efforts made by the Opposition to misrepresent and to obscure it. These efforts were, no doubt, partially aided by the needless air of mystery with which the fact that communications had been received from an important quarter was announced. If Mr. Gladstone had stated the whole facts simply and succinctly, as was afterwards done by the Home Secretary and by the President of the Board of Trade, not more than the ordinary criticism of official opposition would have been passed upon them. Why had the three suspects been released? Because the grounds on which they had been arrested no longer existed. They had been arrested on the "reasonable suspicion" that they were using their influence to intimidate the tenants against going into the Land Court, and to deter them from paying their rents. What is the case now? The Land Court is blocked with suitors, and rents are being paid. There was good reason to believe, moreover, that they would now use their influence in the direction of law and order. On what pretence, therefore, was their further detention to be justified? Clearly there was none. Apart from this, policy showed that the arbitrary detention of the popular leaders both kept up a serious irritation in Ireland, and was made an excuse for lawless action, even by men whose irritation was not serious. It is felt that the difficulties that still confront the Government would be sharper than they are, as they would certainly be obscurer, if the chief suspects were still lying in prison. Their release leaves us with

one perplexity the less. "But the moral impression in Ireland," we are reminded: the disaffected population will be sure to believe that Mr. Parnell has successfully defied the British Government. If it be so, such a result can only be due to the infatuated spirit of party, which insists on manufacturing dirty linen for the purpose of washing it before the world.

These explanations were not given to the world at once, but on three or four separate occasions, under circumstances of painful bitterness and party rancour. Meanwhile a terrible blow had fallen. Mr. Forster resigned on Tuesday, May 2. The next evening it was quietly whispered at a Ministerial party that Lord Frederick Cavendish had been appointed in his place, and the following afternoon the appointment was publicly announced in both Houses of Parliament. On Friday night Lord Frederick left London for Dublin, and the next evening, Saturday, May 6, as he was walking homewards for the first time through the Phoenix Park, in company with Mr. Burke, the permanent Under-Secretary, they were attacked by a band of four assassins and brutally murdered.

It is impossible to describe the horror and the consternation with which this cruel stroke fell upon the country. Nothing was wanting to heighten the effect of the catastrophe. The character of the two victims; the pacific and conciliatory mission of one of them; the moment, which was one of hopeful anticipation; the horrible swiftness of this furious retort to the new policy—all combined to give to the tragedy a deadly emphasis. The effect in Ireland is not easily ascertained. Undoubtedly every decency has been observed by every part of the population, and it might seem as if shame and remorse had struck even the wildest opponents of the British Government. Some, however, who know Ireland best, believe that this regret is no more than superficial; that at the best it is confined to the death of Lord Frederick Cavendish; and that at bottom there is a certain reckless and vindictive satisfaction even in his lamentable case. Of course, those of us who have begun to teach themselves to face the fact that an English official is regarded in Ireland much as an Austrian was regarded in Tuscany or Venetia, will not find this surprising. It is only too credible that the demeanour of a great meeting of Irishmen in New York on May 12 typifies the sentiment that prevails in the disaffected population in Ireland itself. Though some of the dynamite faction were present, the meeting was mainly composed of the more moderate class, and yet the only resolution that satisfied the majority was an ungracious amendment, which ran to the effect—"That while it may be deemed a matter of expediency to express regret for the slaying of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, we, the Irish exiles of New York, in mass meeting assembled,

express our greater regret that England should still continue her old practice of murdering our people in Ireland by buckshot, bayonet, and starvation." Even allowing for the exaggeration of passion which always inflames the exile, still we shall probably not go far wrong if we assume that there is an appreciable number of the inhabitants of Ireland whose mind is fairly represented by this resolution. It indicates an unjust, a deplorable, and most perplexing state of national feeling. But at least let us not attempt to hide from ourselves what it is with which we have to deal.

The motives of the perpetrators of the atrocious deed must be merely matter of conjecture. Whether they were mere mercenaries hired by others, or members of a secret society told off for the purpose, it is impossible to know. Ireland is said to have been covered with a network of secret organizations since the League was broken up. This is no more than was foreseen and foretold both by Irish and by some English politicians when the Coercion Bill of last year was introduced. But it is contended by men who have reason to know something about the subject, that in no revolutionary society on Irish soil has the baleful doctrine of political assassination ever struck root. Betrayal of the secrets of the confederacy, no doubt, has been punished by death, and two murders believed to be traceable to this source have taken place in Dublin within the last few months. Crimes, however, like the two murders in the Phoenix Park, must, it is argued, have been planned in the United States by the desperate faction which has its head-quarters in New York. However this may be, and whether this particular plot was devised by the desperadoes of New York, or by Fenian Irreconcilables in Dublin, it is equally clear that England, too, may now at last be entering upon an era of political assassination. An appalling fact, if it prove to be one,—bringing with it, in their most venomous form, all the interruptions, all the demoralisation of war, without any of the heroism, the magnanimity, the elevation of spirit, by which the hatefulness of war is in part at least redeemed.

The shock affected the leaders of the Irish popular party in Parliament as severely as if they had been the Government. It was a sign that the movement was being violently forced into other channels and beyond their control. Another such crime would sound the knell of their political existence, for it is impossible to call a party political whose Extreme Left is composed of assassins reeking with innocent blood. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon travelled up from Portland with Michael Davitt—whom they received on his release from prison—the very afternoon on which the murders took place at Dublin. On learning the ghastly news the following morning, they lost no time in drawing up an address to the Irish people.

"On the eve," they said, "of what seemed to be a bright future for our country, that evil destiny which has apparently pursued us for centuries has struck another blow at our hopes, which cannot be exaggerated in its disastrous consequence. In this hour of sorrowful gloom we venture to give an expression of our profoundest sympathy with the people of Ireland in the calamity which has befallen our cause through a horrible deed, and to those who had determined at the last hour that a policy of conciliation should supplant that of terrorism and national distrust."

There can be no doubt that this was the spontaneous and uncalculated expression of real feeling. But the difficulties of their position are not easily to be overcome, and before many days were over Mr. Dillon found himself obliged to use language of resolute antagonism to the British Government, and a little later (May 20) Davitt at Manchester was busily purging himself of any sympathy or complicity with English "Whigs."

Not the least unfortunate result of the atrocious adventure in the Phoenix Park is that it at once impelled the Government to introduce a Coercion Bill, which would otherwise have been delayed, and even might never have been brought forward at all. The Dublin murders are supposed to have shown the Government that there was more activity and danger in the secret societies than they had supposed. Otherwise they had intended to try for a season the experiment whether the settlement of arrears, by stopping evictions, would not of itself be sufficient to stop outrages at the same time. Perhaps English opinion made it impossible, after the Dublin murders, that they should adhere to this course. If so, the result is to be regretted. There is too much reason to fear that the new Coercion Bill, with its excessive and misdirected severity, will not work any more smoothly than the old. It raises the whole Irish question again. It will give the Irish of the south and west a fresh excuse for their disaffection. It will be taken as demonstrating once more the impossibility of getting just and equal treatment from England. And when all is done by legislation of this kind, the secret societies will remain untouched. They will be stronger than they were before, just as they were made stronger and more active by the suppression of the Land League.

The outlook is sombre and obscure. It is impossible with any confidence to calculate the chances that the immediate future has in store for us. How little anybody can forecast events in that impenetrable field may be seen by the violent turns that have been given to Irish policy, not by the caprice of Ministers, but by the force of unexpected circumstances, in the course of a single month. To bring home to our minds the profound uncertainty of the hour, we need only reflect

with what doubt and dismay any statesman of either party would commit himself to a dissolution of Parliament. The legislature has now to reckon with a really national and a hostile representation. A very competent observer has described the change that has come upon us in this respect :—

“ We have had quite as noisy and as able men before now, dashing like Manchegan bulls into the parliamentary arena, but there were at the Treasury those who knew from long experience how to reduce these fervent spirits to calmness—to make them manageable at all times, and useful if there was really a pinch. But at present the great mass of the new members is composed of men, some of them mere adventurers, only intent on retaining their parliamentary honours and any little gains which outside Parliament may accrue from the appendage of M.P. to their names ; but some sincerely, even fanatically devoted to the cause they have embraced, all of them voluble in words, determined in action, and many of no ordinary ability. Such men as these cannot be cajoled, or bullied, or even bribed. They have a clear and definite policy—a policy understood and vehemently approved of in every townland and village in three provinces of Ireland, and not without strong sympathy in Ulster. They know there is not a word or act which brings with it obloquy and disgust in England that does not endear them more and more to their constituencies ; and they also know that every single promised measure—the lowering of the county franchise, the abolition of grand juries, land acts divorcing landlords from all interest in their land and influence with their tenants—must increase and consolidate their power.”

If all this is really true, and there is only too little reason to doubt it, how can we resist the conclusion that the structure of the existing order of society in Ireland is undermined in the very foundation, and that we are only at the beginning of changes that must end in a complete transformation of its political system ? What shape that transformation will take, no careful onlooker will even venture to predict, still less at what pace it will progress. Home Rule ! But what is Home Rule ? Whatever it may be, how can we overlook the words of a moderate journal in Ulster, which appeared only a day or two ago ?

“ The Liberals and Conservatives of Ulster have no intention of separating from Great Britain. They will not do so, no matter what Governments or Parliaments may say or do. Belfast is now almost as large as Dublin. It is the centre of a prosperous and intelligent community who owe nothing to governments. The intelligent, independent, and respectable classes here will not allow themselves to be swamped, to be deprived of all power and influence, through even a numerical majority of disaffected peasants in the South and West of Ireland. They would not do so under any consideration. Rather than submit, we say unhesitatingly that they would prefer civil war, and defend their property and their lives, which would both be in jeopardy. These are grave words. They are not lightly written.”

Separation, then. But separation, says the writer quoted above, would "be absolute and immediate ruin to Ireland. Our country would become the prey of the strongest, fiercest, and most ruthless adventurers." And we must remember what the Dublin murders have brought into terrible prominence, that the battle would now lie, not merely between the Catholic peasants of south and west on the one hand, and the Protestants of the north, but that to the former would rally the more vehement spirits among their kinsfolk on the other side of the Atlantic.

The English nation would refuse to enter upon a path which would make them responsible even for the bare risk of such a scene of bloody confusion as might arise from the conflict of these mixed forces. To move in the other direction, that is, towards a Crown Colony, is still more impossible, in face of the power of the Irish voters in English constituencies, not to speak of the general power of liberal and popular ideas, which might be masked for a time, but which would be constantly tending to recover their ascendancy over men's minds. The best hope is that the present effervescence may subside, as such things have done in Ireland before now, and that then the British Government may contract some scheme of skilful, equal, and wise administration, that will at least take the sting out of the prevailing discontent. This is the best hope, but it is hardly more than a hope.

*May 24th, 1882.*











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